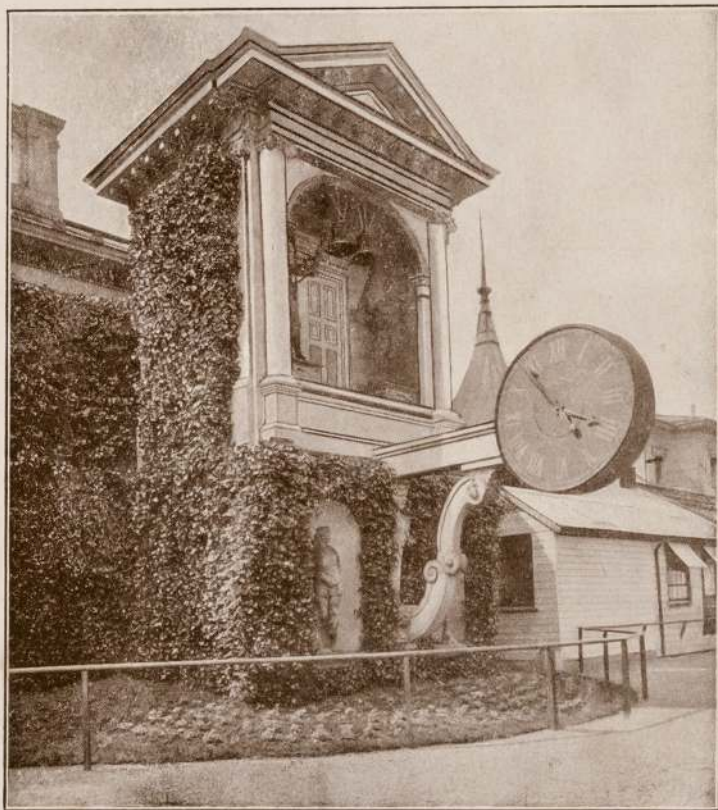


St. Dunstan's



Review

For the Amusement and Interest of Men Blinded in the War

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



ST. DUNSTAN'S STALL AT THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW AT OLYMPIA, JUNE, 1920.

St. Dunstan's Review

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EDITOR'S NOTES

I NOTE a reference in Captain Williams' sports notes on another page of this issue to the keen interest that has been taken in swimming by many men still at St. Dunstan's. I hope, therefore, that the following article which I wrote for a very early REVIEW may be of interest to those men who are newly taking to this form of exercise and who may be spending part of their summer holiday by the sea:—

"There is, perhaps, no exercise more suited to blind people than swimming. Exercise is to some extent limited, and a sport which provides this so easily and pleasantly should be cultivated with assiduity.

"In all forms of exercise blind people are to a certain extent dependent on the eyes of others. It is true that they may walk alone, but a certain amount of thought and care is always necessary, and this, to some extent, must check speed and ease of movement.

"Swimming is, I think, the only other form of outdoor exercise which can reasonably be taken alone, and as the blind swimmer's movements are never restricted, this exercise is more suitable than walking. The wonderful feeling of freedom which one gets in the sea, the absence of need for care or wariness in movement, are among the chief delights of swimming. The companionship of a friend will, of course, make the sport more enjoyable, and if possible a swimmer as good or as bad as oneself should be found. A word now and then will keep the blind man straight, though after a few times he will be able to do this with practically no help by listening to the noise his companion must inevitably make. Though I used to indulge in side-stroke swimming before I was hit, I seldom do now, for having one ear under water makes it difficult to hear. There are, of course, occasions when a companion cannot be found, but the blind man need not give up his swim on this account, for it is quite easy to swim alone. At first the swimmer should keep quite near in, and should move among the other bathers, whom he will easily hear. The surf can practically always be heard breaking on the shore, and will give the direction for returning.

"Blind people usually feel a certain nervousness in first entering the water. This is natural enough, though there is no need for it at all. The beginner should go slowly, and should never go out of his depth. Perhaps the indoor bath is the best place to take the first plunge, for a friend can be on the side ready to give directions should the need occur.

"I most strongly advise every St. Dunstaner who lives in a fairly large town to ascertain if there is a bath in his locality, and to make himself acquainted with the route that leads to it from his home. After a few bathes he will have learnt the bath, by which I mean he will have acquired sufficient knowledge of the shape, size and relative position of the bath and dressing-rooms to go and swim alone. It will be surprising to the beginner to find how easy it is to swim round a bath. There is nearly always a chute, which makes a spashing noise; this is of considerable assistance in obtaining direction. Then nearly every bath has waste-pipes at the corners, which take away splashed water;

these make a distinct noise, which also serves as a good guide; these are only two of the many different sounds which can be discovered, stored up in the memory, and used when occasion demands, to assist in locating the position occupied at any time.

"The ability to leave one's home and have a swim without having to call upon anyone for assistance will be found to be a source of healthful exercise and keen enjoyment."
I. F.

Persistence of the Military

(Reprinted by the special permission of the Proprietors of *Punch*)

IN pre-war days, when one's health was tested at the order of a verbally polite but fundamentally distrustful insurance company, the examination was a pleasant affair, conducted by a benign old gentleman who behaved like one's own family physician.

Now all that is changed. I lately took the liberty of offering to bet a Company that I would not live for ever in spite of my present rude health. In reply I was invited "to meet our medical advisers at our office."

I arrived obediently at the appointed time and was ushered into a room in which sat behind a table two elderly gentlemen of ultra-military appearance. When, later, they addressed each other as "Colonel" and "Major" I knew that they were civilian dug-outs militarised by the War.

Colonel drew himself up and spoke to me in a C.O. voice: "Well, what is the general state of your health?"

I felt that it was up to me to play the old war-game, even if it ruined my chance of getting insured. I therefore started to enumerate the various minor ailments from which I suffered.

"To begin with," I explained, "I've strained my wrist rather badly and—"

"That won't prevent you holding a rifle," interrupted Colonel severely.

"Then," I continued, "sometimes I have a headache."

"Ah," said Major, "and I suppose when you run up-hill your heart palpitates like a pea in a drum?"

"Yes," I replied quickly, "it does do that. How did you know?"

Major laughed a laugh such as Hindenburg himself might have delivered. It was cold and mirthless and must have hurt his face.

"Come," said Colonel sharply, "let's have no more of this humbug. Drink and smoke less and keep yourself fit; and don't come whining before us complaining of this and that. A few route marches will soon set you up."

"But, seriously," I objected, "my health is not of the best, and I feel I ought to warn you that there are slight disabilities in my constitution which—"

"Which make you," interjected Major, "of course unfit to do your duty." His voice was like steel wire, and I hated him.

"Very well, then," I answered calmly, "I will say no more."

"You'd better not," roared Colonel, "It's no use your thinking you can impose on us. I've marked you down A1. I'm sick to death of you fellows who try to get behind a doctor directly your comfort is threatened. That disposes of your case. About—turn!"

Mechanically I left their presence. . . .

I don't know what the insurance company will make of it when they find all their candidates passed as first-class lives. Somebody ought to tell these doctors that the war is over.

It was washing-day, but Bridget did not seem to be moving very fast downstairs. So down went the mistress to investigate. Imagine her surprise when she found in the kitchen Bridget's favourite policeman regaling himself with the remains of last night's dinner. Looking at her erring servant, the mistress demanded angrily: "What are you supposed to be doing?" "Filling up the copper, ma'am," was the reply.

NOTES BY THE CHIEF

VERY best wishes to all St. Dunstaners for a happy holiday, with the best of weather-luck. The next issue of the REVIEW will, I am afraid, not contain a contribution from me, as I hope to be in the beautiful Pyrenees mountains, which lie between France and Spain, when it goes to press.

ONE of the blinded officers who left St. Dunstan's some time ago told me when I met him the other day of a recent experience which left him rather crestfallen, and which I think will amuse his fellow St. Dunstaners.

He was at a fête for the benefit of a local charity, and someone came up to him and asked him in what part of the battle area he had been hit, how he was getting along, and so forth. The officer answered the questions and then asked, "Did you serve in the army during the war?" To which his unknown questioner replied in the affirmative. Just then someone bustled up and said "Excuse me for interrupting you, Lord Haig, but it is just upon time for you to make the speech you promised to deliver."

I DON'T know, though, that this officer was very much more embarrassed than I was by something I did the other day.

One of the earliest St. Dunstaners, who adopted massage as a profession, called to see me with his wife and little girl, aged about two. I shook hands with the father and mother and kissed the baby, whom the mother was carrying. Then we talked about how business was going, etc., and I said good-bye to the father and mother and took the baby's face between my hands and gave it a good-bye kiss. Mrs. Bates came into the room just at that moment, and was so overcome with some emotion which I did not understand that she found it difficult to tell me what she wanted to say. I asked her to pull herself together and speak more distinctly, to which she replied, "I think you would find it difficult

to speak distinctly if you had seen yourself kissing Mrs. So-and-so." The baby, which I had imagined to be still in its mother's arms, was on the floor, with the unexpected result which I have set down.

LIEUT. FREDERICK MARTIN sends me the following hint which I think many St. Dunstaners will be glad to adopt when leading a dog through crowded streets, as well as through game coverts:

"Some readers of the REVIEW may, like myself, own a dog which is particularly tractable and follows well in normal circumstances, but which tries to roam abroad when one's walk lies through pheasant or one's other coverts. I have found that an ordinary leash is an unsatisfactory device for controlling a fairly powerful dog when one cannot see him. An active and intelligent animal will get the leash round his owner's ankles in a very little time. My device is to hook the crook of my walking stick through his collar and by this means get him safely through difficult country. The difference between a supple leash and a rigid stick is obvious."

ON page 6 of this issue will be found an extract from a letter which I recently received from Fleetwood, one of the early St. Dunstaners, whom I particularly remember as being a great exponent of physical jerks. I cannot imagine why the plan which Fleetwood is so successfully carrying out has not occurred to any of us before. It is really an excellent one for men who make things for sale, and I hope will be widely followed by other St. Dunstaners.

MR. W. P. MERRICK, a blind friend of mine, who is a member of the Council of the National Institute for the Blind, sends me the following interesting comment:

"I was delighted to read your notes on country sounds in the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW, as this subject has always interested me. I wonder if you know the blind French

musician, Gerard de la Bassetière, who must have devoted most of his leisure in the study of what one may call the music of Nature? Apart from articles on the sound of the wind in various kinds of trees, contributed to 'Le Louis Braille,' he has published both in ordinary type and Braille a really important work on bird-song entitled 'Essai sur le chant de quelques oiseaux.' In this book he has attempted to note the music and phonetic values of many kinds of birds' songs and cries. As a young man he had the help of an old country servant in identifying the songsters—the most difficult part of the study,

especially for a blind man. Another very useful book is 'The Evolution of Bird Song,' by Charles A. Witchell, which is now, I believe, out of print. It is interesting to compare the tunes of common birds such as the blackbird and skylark as notes by these two writers. Though both of them give many phrases, I think I have heard others, especially of the blackbird's song, which neither has recorded."



The Ju-Ju Panther

A TRUE STORY

(Reprinted by permission from *The London Magazine*)

IT HAPPENED to be having lunch one sweltering hot day with a late agent-general of the Royal Niger Co. on board the river gunboat *Liberty* about eight hundred miles up the Niger River. The conversation turned round to the marvels of the Ju-Ju men. Tales were related that sounded impossible, though I had seen sufficient in the then little known Hinterland to realise that truth was, in reality, stranger than fiction. The secret practices of Ju-Ju were gone into, and I then mentioned the famous Ju-Ju rock situate on the bend of the Upper Niger close to the native town of Jebba, and intimated my intention of climbing this spirit-haunted spot.

I was told, in plain language, that I was a madman hunting for trouble, which was nearer the truth than I imagined at the time. My duties at that time obliging me to proceed up-river, it was only a matter of a few days ere I found myself in sight of the supposed haunted Ju-Ju rock inhabited only by baboons and millions of a particularly aggressive species of wasp. It was an easy matter to secure a companion to cross from the north bank of the river in a canoe—a companion who was never tired of scoffing at the Ju-Ju man and more especially the Ju-Ju rock.

This rock, which more resembles an island owing to its size, is about 500 yards

round by, say, 2,000 feet in height, and is composed of large uneven boulders partially hidden by thick vegetation. Carrying Martini-Metford carbines, we both stepped ashore, our first task being to secure the canoe to a rubber vine.

I might mention the fact that we were alone, having found it impossible to obtain a native to accompany us, in spite of the most tempting bribe, for the natives had very pronounced ideas about the uncanny dangers of the Ju-Ju rock, and would have nothing to do with it.

After forcing our way through a tangled mass of creepers and clinging plants, we arrived at a fairly open spot, probably having a superficial area of 75 feet.

Here it was that misfortune started to dog our footsteps. The small stones made any advance extremely difficult, and my companion was not sparing in scornful expressions of his opinion of Ju-Ju, etc. A hot breeze was blowing, but immediately after he had voiced a particularly venomous description of "nigger spirits and drunken Ju-Ju men," the breeze suddenly ceased, leaving us in a calm of silence that could almost be felt. Not a leaf nor bough stirred on the tree, and we had a strange feeling of being surrounded by things unseen.

Half fearful of what we knew not, we attempted to advance. Our feet seemed

to cling to the stones. Concentrating all our energies, we crept forward a few paces, only to be thrown back by invisible blows. A weird sobbing seemed to fill the air. Again we attempted an advance, and for the second time failed to force aside the mysterious and unseen barrier that prevented our passage in a quite open spot.

Turning to my companion, who, I think, was quite as scared as I was myself, I asked him whether it was wise to scoff at the unseen when we were guilty of intruding upon a spot that was undoubtedly sacred.

A burst of abuse followed, in which I was also included, but as this came from a now badly-frightened man I ignored it. Suddenly he rose to his feet and pointed, and, like a whisper, the words fell from his lips, "Look! Look! It's talking to me!"

I did look, and felt shiver after shiver of fear passing through me. For this is what I saw. Standing upon a large flat boulder was the largest panther I had ever seen, its tail almost as long as its body. A strange, filmy mist seemed to hover around it, and I distinctly saw its lips moving as if in speech.

I confess I was rooted to the spot with fear. What my companion was doing I knew not; my eyes were riveted upon the terrifying creature still standing on the rock. The filmy substance suddenly seemed to surround it and then ascend, leaving the rock absolutely bare.

For a moment my companion seemed to go mad; he raised his carbine and fired shot after shot across the plateau into the dense bush until his ammunition was expended. The answer to this outburst was the sudden reappearance of the panther seemingly from thin air, but this time accompanied by the shadowy form of a very old man, a white, or nearly white, man, robed in a loose gown, his brow bound round with what looked like a metal band.

Whether my companion, now standing some thirty paces to my left, saw this I know not, but, placing a shadowy hand upon the head of the panther, the old man pointed a finger at him.

Again the apparition dissolved into thin air, and we both rushed from the spot,

tearing our way through the undergrowth regardless of our clothes, regardless of everything save that terrible plateau.

Our nerves seemed to return as we reached the canoe and hurriedly pushed her off. Arriving in midstream my companion suddenly rose to his feet, exclaiming: "Well, so long, old chap, I'm off! The panther told me what would happen!"

"Sit down, you fool," I answered, "You'll upset the canoe. You've got a touch of fever!"

In answer to this his hand was extended to me as cool and steady as if there were no such thing as fever. "I am to find repose in the belly of an unclean animal," he said, and with these words on his lips the crazed and unfortunate man leaped over the side into the alligator-infested river. A swirl of waters, and the rapid view of an enormous, scaly tail told me his fate.

So much for the Ju-Ju rock. With rather badly-shattered nerves, I shortly found my way to a native town where I was on friendly terms with the head-man, and to my surprise the Ju-Ju man of the village narrated to me all that had passed on the Ju-Ju rock. I asked him how he became possessed of the news. His answer to me was that the spirits had warned him to expect me, and that I would suffer an illness three days after leaving the town.

I arrived at Lokoja three days later, and at once broke out into most painful sores, which covered me from head to foot. So bad did I become that I was invalided home and was put on half-pay for the time being. Twice I expressed a wish to return to the West African coast, and twice the panther, presumably as a warning to me not to return, appeared to me. The second visitation was more than strange. The panther seemed to melt away, and in its place there stood the village Ju-Ju man whose strange prophecy of my illness had come to pass.

After this I decided never to return to West Africa. M. H. Lawrence.

THERE is no earthly hope for a young man who sits around and waits for an engraved invitation to kiss a pretty girl.

News of St. Dunstan's Men

THIS letter from C. Fleetwood of Bideford, Devon, to Sir Arthur is of particular interest to all St. Dunstaners (see Sir Arthur's note on the subject on page 3):

"I am writing to let you know how I have been getting on this year.

"As you are aware, I have been here in Littleham just over three years, and as local orders were not coming in so well as I thought they ought, I decided to get along and see what could be done, so in April last, I had some bills printed which some of the tradespeople in Bideford were good enough to put in their shop windows, announcing the fact that on the 20th of that month I intended to have a stall in the market displaying my goods, selling what I had and booking orders. I also had some price lists which I was able to give to any enquirers, and on the day mentioned into the market I went. On that particular day I took about £5 in cash, and a good number of orders which kept me busy for some time. Now I go into the market whenever I have a good enough stock of articles; in all I have been five times, and a number of people make enquiries for me whenever I am not there.

"I am beginning to think that I am going to really work up quite a nice little business. It takes Devonshire people a time to know you are about, but once they do know, they are quite ready to buy a good thing when they see it."

The following interesting letter has been received from R. Graves, one of our masseurs, who has gone to Italy for a long holiday:

"You will be interested to hear that we arrived in Florence safely on May 15th, after rather a trying journey from Paris.

"We travelled through France and Switzerland to Milan and found there was a strike of hotel servants there. In Paris there was a strike of taxicabmen and it cost us 40 francs to get the luggage from one station to another. Everywhere we

found people trying to extort money in one way or another, and our luggage was continually costing us something.

"However, we eventually reached Florence at 4.30 a.m., but there was no one to meet us as the telegram we had sent from Milan arrived four days after us. We had to change at Bologna and had the unfortunate experience of standing in the corridor for four hours.

"We found the heat so great in Florence that we arranged to come here—Frassinoni—and have taken a little house at the high price of three francs a day furnished (equal to about one shilling at present exchange), and my wife's aunt has come with us. We shall stay here through the summer. We are nearly 2,400 feet above sea level and in the heart of the Appenine mountains. The air is superb, so cool and refreshing, and the change ought to set us up for a long while.

"This would be an ideal spot for poultry farming and the country life where one can do as one likes.

"My wife is happy to be in her native country and the attraction rather makes her wish to live there again. We find living cheaper than in England at the present rate of exchange.

"We thoroughly enjoy the mountainous walks round here and are just about to go and fetch the drinking water from a fountain near, and then to fetch the milk further on. There is one boarding house here and it opens on the 15th. We are two hours from Florence and an hour's walk from Pracchia station.

"We shall be glad to hear all the news and hope all is going well with the fellows at the Hostel."

B. Hamilton, a poultry-farmer and mat-maker, living in Norfolk, wrote:

"Although in its infancy, my little farm does not look at all bad, and I am highly satisfied with the progress made up to date. I finished my first hatching season about seven weeks ago, and having weeded

From all parts of the World

out my surplus cockerels, I have now left about a hundred head of growing stock, of which ninety per cent. are pullets. I do not consider this at all bad for the first year, and what I am losing in capital I am gaining in stock.

"My garden looks very well, and my wife and I are now beginning to reap a little reward for our labours.

"I thank you, sir, and the whole of St. Dunstan's for what you and it has done for me. I must also thank our noble Chief for the splendid spirit and example which he set me, and in fact, all St. Dunstan's. Where is there a St. Dunstaner who will ever forget that first meeting with Sir Arthur Pearson?"

C. H. Smith, a boot-repairer and mat-maker, living in Bury St. Edmunds, writes:

"I have pleasure in writing to tell you how I am getting on in my business. I started here about nine months ago as a boot-repairer and mat-maker, and I am glad to tell you I am doing well. From the start I have been kept busy with repairs and I have had some of all kinds, also a lot of good class work and repeat orders which shows I have given satisfaction. I am always pleased to see the instructors, both in boots and mats. They have given me some good tips. My wife is a great help to me all round, and given good health, there is no reason why I should not continue to do well.

"I took a size seven mat home to-day, which is the third to the same customer, and it is Sir Arthur and his staff at St. Dunstan's who made it possible for me to do this. I feel I can never sufficiently thank all those who took such pains to make me efficient at my work.

"Wishing St. Dunstan's every success."

H. Birley, a boot-repairer and mat-maker, living in Manchester, sent the following letter to the Director of the After-Care Department:

"Just a few lines which I am delighted

to send on to you and other colleagues of St. Dunstan's to show my appreciation, and to thank you all, and the After-Care Department, for the grand services which you have all done for me during my disablement, both at St. Dunstan's and also since I have been settled in my place of business.

"I have been in my business now for a little over fifteen months and I am glad to say that I have been keeping the work of my old customers. I have also had plenty of orders for mats, which I have made, but I have not had the chance of making any more. It is not that I am short of orders, but it is because I have plenty of work to carry on with in the boot and clog line, and already in a fortnight's time I have been given orders for seven mats, but owing to my having repairs to do I have not got time to carry on with these seven mats. I know that on different occasions I have even ordered mats from St. Dunstan's to fulfil and execute the orders of customers owing to my not having the chance of making them, so that I may get profit, and I did not mind doing this as it was keeping my custom together. As regards the clog trade, I am glad to say that I will always be very thankful to your technical instructor, for he has given me very good assistance and helped me on in my business, and I can always say that he has been of good service to me and has also shown me exceedingly good workmanship. I know that I can't say too much of the help and aid which he has given."

The following letter was recently received by Sir Arthur from Lieut. G. Swales, who after being trained at St. Dunstan's returned to the services of the Great Eastern Railway with whom he worked before the war:

"In thinking whether I have fresh news for you, it has just struck me that I did not tell you of my arrangement for the services of an Industrial School boy. He

takes me from my house to the car and vice versa on the return journey. These boys are very smart and well trained in discipline. They can be thoroughly relied upon as they are immediately replaced in sickness or other unforeseen circumstances. I thought that this might prove a useful tip to other blind people who only need the services of an escort for a few minutes each day. They are available for many services, gardening, odd jobs, etc., and an application either to the Master of the School or the Mayor of the Town usually procures their services. I started from the beginning to find my way from the car to the office each day, but not wishing to overdo it, his help at this end of the journey has been acceptable. Now that I am more settled, however, I hope shortly to do away with his service and undertake the additional walk myself."

J. W. Green, who was trained at St. Dunstan's as a masseur, and who has returned to Canada, writes as follows to Sir Arthur:

"I passed my examination very successfully. I received the following marks in the different subjects—Theory of massage 75, practical work 80, physiology 90, and anatomy 88. My percentage is higher than that of any other blind student who has taken their examination at the McGill University, and I can assure you that I felt rather proud of the result, but all credit is due to old St. Dunstan's, for it was there and from one of its graduates that I received my tuition.

"Captain Baker secured me a position in the Fleming Home in this city. I have been on the job for three weeks, and up to date my work has been very satisfactory; in fact, I have been congratulated several times by the different medical men on my work and on my ability to manipulate the electrical equipment. There is a good opening in this city to work up a private practice, which I intend doing after hospital hours, and by next spring I am hoping to be in business for myself."

In writing to Sir Arthur in March, N. Campbell, who was trained at St. Dunstan's

as a masseur, and has returned to New Zealand, said:

"All prospers on this side with the Campbells. My wife is fit and well, and her daughter, now six months old, is always screamingly happy and well.

"In the work line things continue to prosper. My payment for half-day work at the hospital has increased.

"To-morrow I shall have four daily cases for private practice work, so that will mean just over £10 per week from private work for the next few weeks. My average since starting would be very slightly below that, but all seems very well. The doctors were spasmodic in support at first, and kept me going only irregularly, but now seem to have dropped some of their very natural misgivings and keep things going very regularly.

"I believe myself that I have got over the worst, the starting part, and should have a more even course from now onwards. At present I go out to one case only. This one is about half-an-hour's walk away, and I always land at his bedside without assistance, except, of course, from kind souls who often butt in."

Competition for Braille Writers

MISS ADA M. YOUMANS, 5407 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, U.S.A. (herself blind and a subscriber to the REVIEW) offers a prize of a one dollar bill to the person who writes the most interesting essay, story, letter, article or poem, containing the following words: soldier, chocolates, "Over the top," birthday, braille, cigarettes, seven or seventh.

It must be written in Braille, bearing the full name and address of the writer in Braille and in ink, and sent direct to Miss Youmans at the above address. All entries should be despatched, written on a good quality paper and rolled up in a strong protecting wrapper, so as to reach this address before September 30th. It should be noted that it still takes about four weeks for an embossed letter to travel from England to Chicago.

Departmental Notes

The Braille Room

WE heartily congratulate the following officer and men on passing their Reading and Writing Tests:—

READING: Lt. S. Rattray, J. A. Bocking, E. H. Carpenter, T. L. Evans, J. R. F. Treby, M. R. Keenan, D. Ironside, T. Cheshire, T. J. Floyd.

WRITING: A. Gauthier, H. D. Gamble, I. H. Poole, J. W. Birchall, W. Strachan, O. E. Stevens.

By the time this REVIEW is published, the holidays will be very near, and if there are any Brailleists who would like to have a book to read in the holidays and have not already given in their names at the Braille Office, will they please do so at once.

Books can be sent by post, so they need not add to the cares of holiday luggage. D. P.

Netting

OUR readers will be interested to hear that we have now designed a small, portable stand for our nursery swings which have proved so

News from the Workshops

THE references made to work accomplished by men in the Workshops from month to month appear at first sight to be rather similar. Though the actual work accomplished is the same, each record is the result of much effort on the part of individual men, and the achievements of those who follow on are as remarkable as the work of their fore-runners.

In the Boot Department, the work of A. E. H. Brown and C. E. Johns is satisfactory. T. Evans is getting good heel shapes with a nice finish, and A. G.

popular. The only drawback to the sale of these swings has been the difficulty of fixing them, but we have now overcome this. The stand is of strong beech wood and is so made that it can be folded closely together and can therefore easily be carried about. Both swing and stand were shown at the Royal Horse Show at Olympia, and were very much admired. G. H. W.

Shorthand, Typewriting and Telephony

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

P. Summers, E. J. Thompson, C. Singleton, W. W. Watson, H. J. Morrison, H. Rushworth, F. E. C. Bully, C. A. Luker, S. J. Jordan, J. T. S. Scrymgeour, L. Hardy, and C. Cotterell.

Our very best wishes and heartiest congratulations go with the following men, all of whom have obtained posts as telephonists:—

H. Saunders, T. D. Doubler, F. Griffec, C. H. H. Ellis, and M. E. Horan. E. McL.

Rogers is a very willing and energetic worker. The recent advance made by T. Batt has been very marked. G. Burnett gets a very good edge to his soles, and the advance made by J. Griffiths and D. Fenton is very pleasing. H. O. Garrett turns out some nice heels with half lifts let in, and H. F. Morrison is improving all round, especially with edges. W. Walker turns out good class work without assistance. The rivetting and finishing of a pair of men's boots by A. Dakin was remarkably good; both he and A. H. Luker are also doing well on mats. J. Fairclough has turned out several nice jobs in both

men's and ladies' work this month. The standard of the work of C. A. Glasspool has been well maintained, and he undertakes any job with very little assistance. A. F. Smith is another capable man on good class work, including Louis heels and pumps.

E. E. Bryer is going on in quite the right style with mats, and should make a very capable worker. E. Mackie has been very industrious and made good advance. The instructors also reported very favourably indeed on the work W. Peters has been doing for the last few months. O. E. Stevens made three good strong kneelers, and a mat, with five diamonds in red, made by J. Fleming was very well reported on. A mat, with a piece shaped out of one corner, made by E. Bartlett was an excellent piece of work, and an equal standard in several design and border mats has been reached by J. W. Thom and A. T. Turrell.

In the Basket Department, T. E. Ashall and J. Edwards have made some useful square arms. A. W. Grocott is gaining confidence and working his rod well. B. E. Ingrey and V. Smith are doing quite well with the familiar barrel basket; R. Warren is also doing well revising these, and has made some nice bread baskets. H. Bridgeman has done exceptionally well with square arms and round work. Three dog baskets made by J. H. Matthews showed remarkable advance, and the keen interest taken by E. D. Martin in square arms and small hampers has been most noticeable. Among the advanced men we have pleasure in commending the following pieces of work:—Square arms and barrels, by A. J. F. Jolly; oval cane clothes baskets, by C. R. Masters; a hamper, by J. Tweedie; two cane and buff scalloped cabin trunks by E. J. Laker; soiled linen basket and two laundry hampers, by J. Taylor; barrel, oval arm, and round waste paper baskets by B. Wood. The excellent work done by E. J. Laker has justified his appointment as pupil teacher, and he has now taken over the duties.

The test clogs made by C. F. Jones were of excellent quality, and W. Alston has done some excellent hand closing on slipper clogs.

The following Proficiency Certificates were awarded during the month:—F. V. Hesketh (mats), S. Batten (mats), A. H. Luker (mats), J. Cooney (baskets), A. J. F. Jolly (baskets), J. Galloway (baskets), A. F. Smith (mats), H. J. F. Goodwin (mats), F. Waring (boots), T. Batt (boots), S. Page (boots and clogs), C. F. Jones (boots and clogs), A. Charman (baskets), W. J. Higginson (joinery), J. Smith (mats), E. W. Stevenson (mats), J. McNicholls (centre cane baskets), J. Bruce (baskets), P. M. Austin (mats), C. Pyke (boots and mats), J. H. Hey (boots and clogs), W. V. Sargeant (picture framing), J. Burley (joinery), J. W. Thom (mats), H. E. Lambert (mats), J. Taylor, (baskets), F. C. Harris (baskets), J. Fairclough (boots), J. W. Gimber (boots), T. Horsfall (boots), and A. G. Loveridge (boots).

W. H. O.

Notice

MEN who have left St. Dunstan's who send articles to the After-Care Department for sale, should note that the name of the sender must be written on the back of the special labels printed by the Department. Recently a number of men have sent consignments of mats and other articles from distant parts of the country without taking this precaution, and the result has been delay in making payments.

THE lady who likes children was gushing over Helen, aged three:

"How old are you, darling?" she asked.
"I isn't old," said Helen, "I'm nearly new."

CURATE (discussing the drink question):
"Mind you, I'm fond of a glass of beer myself, but I can't indulge. It doesn't agree with me."

RUSTIC (sympathetically): "Dear, dear! Ain't there no cure?"
Punch.

Sports Club Notes

VISIT OF MR. H. M. ABRAHAMS

A VERY interesting experiment was arranged on Friday, the 18th June, through the kindness of Mr. H. M. Abrahams, the famous Cambridge Blue Midlands Champion, and English representative at the Olympic Sports at Antwerp. Mr. Abrahams kindly consented to run three races of 90 yards on our sports ground on the same conditions as the men have to run—with a ring on a fixed guide rope extending the length of the course. In the first race Mr. Abrahams ran by himself and covered the 90 yards in 9 seconds dead. In the second he ran with two of the men—H. Northgreaves and A. Biggs—and in a splendid race he beat the boys by nearly 10 yards in the wonderful time of $8\frac{9}{10}$ seconds.

In the third race he insisted upon being blindfolded and this time the boys had their revenge by beating the Blue by 5 yards in $10\frac{2}{3}$ seconds. A. Biggs was first, H. Northgreaves second, and H. M. Abrahams third.

The races were most interesting because they gave a clear idea of what the men can actually do. To be beaten by less than 10 yards by a champion in the magnificent time of $8\frac{9}{10}$ seconds is no mean performance, and it is a real encouragement and inspiration to the boys for the future. We are very grateful to Mr. Abrahams for his kindness and are hopeful of having his assistance, together with that of his "brother Blue" W. R. Seagrove, at our Sports Day.

SWIMMING

Swimming is going strong. Already seventy men are on the books of the new swimming instructor, Mr. W. Jones, for instruction at the Finchley Road baths each morning at seven a.m. ! The men go in their turns so as to give the instructor an opportunity for giving them individual tuition. He reports most favourably upon the prowess, enthusiasm and ability of his pupils and hopes to be able to enter them for certain swimming galas before very long.

Swimming tuition supplies a long felt want, for not only is it exceedingly useful to be able to swim in the event of a boating accident, but it is one of the best forms of exercise.

WEEKLY SPORTS

The Saturday morning sports are still going with a swing. There are quite a number of men now participating who never used to take part and we notice they are doing extremely well. A. Biggs, of Sussex Place Annexe, is one of them, and this month he has won Sir Arthur Pearson's prize. We shall heartily welcome any more men who have not yet joined in. The leading scorers for Saturday Sports during last month were as follows:—

H. Northgreaves	495	J. Simpson	170
A. Biggs	445	H. M. Steele	165
G. J. Farrell	290	A. D. Kerstein	155
G. Taylor	260	J. L. Brooke	155
J. H. Tindall	220		

As H. Northgreaves had a handicap of 162 points his score with this handicap taken off is, therefore, 333 points; this leaves A. Biggs with the leading score of 445 points. Accordingly A. Biggs wins Sir Arthur Pearson's Prize.

THE BANGKOK CUP

At the last General Committee Meeting held at the Sports House on Monday, June 21st, several important matters were brought forward, discussed and settled to everyone's satisfaction. It was decided that the massive silver Bangkok Cup, presented by Mr. Heal, should be awarded to the best all-round sportsman in St. Dunstan's. Points will therefore be awarded for each event in Putney Regatta and also for certain events in the Sports Meeting, which is being held in Regent's Park on Saturday, July 17th. Points will be: 5 for first place, 3 for second and 1 for third, in the various races. The competitor getting the highest aggregate in both Regatta and Sports Meeting combined wins the trophy outright.

PUTNEY REGATTA

Our last Regatta, which was held on Tuesday, 13th July, was in every way most successful. First of all a record number of 309 entries were received and so a very elaborate preliminary programme was arranged on the lake on Thursday, July 8th, when sixty-five races were attempted and carried through.

The day of the Regatta was in every way favourable to us; the weather was fine and warm, whilst the wind was not too strong. Racing went through without a hitch and it was extraordinary how well we kept up to the time table.

The great event of the day was the final of the "Fours" in which the crews stroked by Carter, Kerstein, and Gimber took part. It was a glorious race; the boats kept together practically from the start and only towards the end did Gimber's crew gradually draw away from Carter's four, winning by just over a length, leaving Kerstein's four in the third position. In spite of the fact that the crews were practically rowed out, they showed true sportsmanlike qualities by giving each other three hearty cheers. The rowing taken all through was possibly the best we have witnessed in connection with our regattas and experts who watched the races were loud in their praises.

Our best thanks are due to the Secretaries and Committees of the Vesta and Thames Rowing Clubs who so generously placed their Clubhouses at our disposal.

But the day was not yet over, for Sir Arthur most kindly invited all the Putney competitors, officials and some guests to dinner at the Trocadero later on in the evening. This was a most happy function, and was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone who was present. Sir Arthur congratulated the boys upon their excellent rowing, and also thanked not only those who had so kindly presented cups, but also Mr. H. D. Blackstaffe and Mr. S. Groves, the representatives of the Vesta and Thames Rowing Clubs, who were present, for all their goodness to his men.

Sir Arthur then presented the prizes won at the last regatta, also those won at Olympia and in the Physical Jerks Competition.

An excellent musical programme, combined with a few interesting speeches and an expression of thanks by P. J. Sparkes and A. D. Kerstein on behalf of the men, and musical honours to Sir Arthur, brought a delightful evening to a close.

The winning Four—J. Gimber, F. Ashworth, E. C. Oram and R. Edwards—had the honour of representing St. Dunstan's at the regatta of the Worcester College for the Blind at Worcester on the 16th July.

Our deep expressions of gratitude are due to the Sports Sisters and coxes for their splendid work, and also to the instructors and all who assisted to make the regatta so successful.

The following is the list of winners:—

Single Sculls (Junior Lt. Wt.)—Conlin (3 lengths); Shread; Curtis.

Single Sculls (Novices Hy. Wt.)—Strachan (2 lengths); Meredith; McCheyne.

Single Sculls (Novices Lt. Wt.)—Robinson (2 lengths); Jenkinson; Brooks.

Single Sculls (Junior Hy. Wt.)—Wiltshire (2 lengths); Greening; Pike.

Single Sculls (Huskinson Cup)—J. S. Harrison (2 lengths).

Single Sculls (Seniors Lt. Wt.)—James (2½ lengths); Harris; Alston.

Double Sculls (Junior Hy. Wt.)—Pike and Robinson (2½ lengths); Mummery and Martin; Wiltshire and Bockock.

Double Sculls (Junior Lt. Wt.)—McIntosh and Scrymgeour (4 lengths); Johns and Brelsford; Curtis and Bocking.

Open Single Sculls (Phillips Cup)—Kerstein (6 lengths).

Pair Oars (Lt. Wt.)—Conlin and Taylor (2 lengths); Ham and Harrison; Oram and Edwards.

One Armed Pairs—Young and Stroughton (½ length); Owen and Gunson; Simpson and Meighan.

Single Sculls (Seniors Hy. Wt.)—Gimber (5 lengths); Kerstein; Mummery.

Double Sculls (Senior Lt. Wt.)—Ham and Harrison (3 lengths); Tindall and Barratt; Alston and Northgreaves.

Double Sculls (Senior Hy. Wt.)—Kerstein and Taylor (½ length); Gimber and Ashworth; Craigie and Carter.

Double Sculls, Open (Dr. Bridges Cup)—

Kerstein and Taylor; Scott and Steel; Edwards and Oram.

Old Boys (Single Sculls)—H. V. Thompson (2 lengths); C. F. Thompson; Breed.

Pair Oars (Hy. Wt.)—Gimber and Ashworth (1 length); Craigie and Carter; Kerstein and Guthrie.

Open Fours—Gimber; Ashworth; Oram; Edwards; Craigie; Carter; Ham; Harrison; Kerstein; Guthrie; Biggs; Taylor.

One-Legged Race (Single Sculls)—Albertella; Bridgman; Roberts.

GOAL SCORERS

During the whole third competition H. Northgreaves with 9 goals and N. R. F. Treby with 7, head their respective class, while H. M. Steele, who scored 4 goals at one match, is deserving of special mention.

As these goal kicking competitions are so popular we hope to be able to continue the competitions after the summer holidays. J. D. V.

SPORTS MEETING

On Saturday, July 17th, we hope to hold our first Sports meeting. It will be seen that quite a comprehensive programme has been arranged, so that every keen competitor should have a splendid opportunity of winning one or other of the events. The fact that the first seven events carry with them points for the Bangkok Cup will add more excitement than ever to the races. Programme of Events:—

1. 90 Yards Sprint Handicap (for both classes).
2. Putting the Weight Handicap (for both classes).
3. Jumping Handicap (for both classes).
4. Throwing the Cricket Ball.
5. Tug-of-War, 6 a side; total weight 65 st.
6. Climbing the Rope.
7. Skipping Competition (for both classes). (Above events count for points.)
8. Target Competition (for totally blind).
9. Obstacle Race (for semi-sighted).
10. Quoits (for those unable to take part in ordinary events).
11. Weight-Guessing Competition.
12. Egg and Spoon Race (for both classes).
13. Cigarette Race (for totally blind and semi-sighted), pairs.
14. Wheelbarrow Race (for totally blind and semi-sighted), pairs.
15. Veterans' Race (for men over 40).

16. Relay Race (teams of four).

17. Walking Relay Race (for totally blind and semi-sighted), pairs; teams of four.

18. Costume Race (for pairs, totally blind and semi-sighted).

19. Sisters' 100 Yards Sprint.

FOOTBALL KICKING COMPETITION

The Final for Sir Arthur's Cup was played off on Tuesday, June 29th, between the College Old Boys and the Tombolas. The former won the toss and went in first, securing 3 goals. The Tombolas followed and were unable to score. The College Old Boys went in again and scored 4 more goals, to which the Tombolas could only reply with 2. Thus the College Old Boys won by 7 goals to 2.

Sir Arthur, who came down to the match himself, was most interested. At the conclusion of the match he congratulated the men on their splendid shooting and presented the cup to H. Northgreaves—the captain of the winning team.

Scorers were H. Northgreaves 2, J. Gimber 3, A. Turrell and W. J. Harris 1 each, for the winning team, and T. Batts and B. Ingrey for the Tombolas.

St. Dunstan's Competitions

THE prize of 10s. offered for the best limerick in our last issue has been awarded to L. Johnson, The Bungalow Cottage, Hare Street, Buntingford, Herts. His limerick is as follows:—

"There was a young fellow from Stoke,
Who the Huns in the eye gave a poke,
To St. Dunstan's he went
And found hens were his bent,
And now he keeps chicks and a moke."

A further prize of 10s., again offered by our generous friend Mr. Chas. J. Jones, will be awarded to the sender of the best "Bullet" constructed from the words "St. Dunstan's Hostel," that is to say the best sentence descriptive of St. Dunstan's in three words, each word to commence with one of the letters used in the spelling of "St. Dunstan's Hostel."

All "bullets" should be addressed to the Editor, St. Dunstan's Review, St. Dunstan's Hostel, Regent's Park, N.W.1, and should reach us not later than the 6th August.

Notes by a Demobilized Braille Teacher

THE Braille Room is undoubtedly a temple where strange rites take place, but there seems a variety of opinion as to which are the victims. The pupils say that they certainly are; while the teachers are convinced that after the first month spent up there, they are completely qualified for any sacrifice.

I myself had only one attempt made on my life. Having a noisy and effective cold on my chest, my pupil showed great anxiety about my health. I repeatedly forgot to buy the drug that he assured me would cure me, but he was so persevering and insistent that finally I went to the chemist's to get it. The chemist was obviously startled on being asked for it, and on hearing what I was going to do with it, put the bottle back on its shelf untouched, and said succinctly:—"Whoever recommended that had a grudge against you and wanted to kill you." So perished a somewhat shortsighted attempt to finish with Braille, for the chief priestess who presides over the temple would have got even with that man by passing him on to one of her special "Hot Stuff" brand whom she keeps in the test rooms.

The casual visitor wandering round hears many strange phrases. "Will you *never* remember," says one petulant teacher, "that the letter 'Y' stands for 'you'?" This has an ambiguous sound; but the question which the pupil finds it wiser not to answer is, "Of course 'H L' stands for 'holy'—what else could it stand for?" What, indeed?

The subject of bringing Braille more up to date is too large a one for this paper, but a good deal should be easily done. For instance, there is a long column of words which are abbreviated by writing a dot four, followed by a single letter, mostly pious, and used for transcribing the Bible (though dot four P does not stand for "Pope," as a logical Irishman insisted that it did). Dot four A and dot four B would naturally fall to a distinction between Government Ale and real Beer. Two, four, six, H might save much space by

representing "Hope you are in the pink, as this leaves me at present," and an F P would mean "fed-up," a most useful word in connection with Braille.

The duties of the Braille teachers are not confined to teaching Braille—far from it! A complete knowledge of the Tube systems of London, with notes as to the more suitable exits for appointments; a happy restaurant manner, capable of compelling the attention of the most alien of waiters, or of the haughtiest of waitresses; a powerful finger for beckoning taxi's; and a good "attack" in a bus scrimmage, are all qualifications to be taken into consideration. In the old days at the House and of the Sussex Place cupboard, a certain skill in helping a pupil to avoid *that* exit where the less popular visitor was waiting, and to secure his hat and stick from under her very nose, was also a useful asset.

A great capacity for eating salmon and éclairs and three teas in one afternoon has been known to spell success; but this class of teacher has no staying power, and is almost invariably obliged to "retire hurt" after a few months.

The true relation between teacher and pupil is best shown perhaps by the depressed return of one of the heroes from a summons on the telephone. "They told me a lady wanted to speak to me," he exclaimed resentfully, "and when I got there it was only my Braille teacher!"

Personally, I learnt many useful lessons. How to strike and keep alight a match in a high wind, how to clean a foul pipe quickly and neatly, some undreamt-of additions to my vocabulary, and I finish these notes by answering the question of a Tuesday afternoon visitor, who had spent an unusually long time watching a lesson. "And what do the teachers get?" she enquired. They get gratitude in a wholly unexpected degree—a great admiration for the pluck, patience and perseverance of their pupils, and they find friendship and affection which in many instances will last all their lives through.

Church and Catholic Chapel Notes

Church Notes

WE were so pleased to have the Chaplain-General to the Forces—Bishop Taylor Smith, C.V.O.—with us on Sunday, 13th June. He gave a most delightful and helpful address which greatly interested and impressed us. It was most encouraging to have such a splendid attendance—the chapel actually had to be enlarged by the removal of the curtains leading into the outer lounge, to accommodate the congregation.

The Chaplain-General has promised to come and speak to our workers later on in the year. We shall look forward to his visit.

The Holy Communion will be celebrated at 8 a.m. each remaining Sunday of Term.

As Sunday, 18th instant, is our last Sunday before the holidays I trust that we shall have a good attendance of men and staff at both the 8 a.m. and 10.15 a.m. services.

We are sorry to lose temporarily the services, through sickness, of our keen Chapel sister, Miss Marks. She has our best wishes for a speedy recovery.

J. W.

Catholic Chapel Notes

IN the corresponding issue of the REVIEW in past years it has been our pleasant duty to give a short summary of the past year. We are very glad to say that progress can be reported in every respect, progress that bears ample testimony to the great constructive work of St. Dunstan's.

A very impressive ceremony took place at the Church of St. James, Spanish Place, on Saturday, June 26th, when C. Durkin, of the Bungalow, was married to Miss

Phyllis Stribbling. Bishop Butt kindly placed the church at our disposal and the marriage ceremony was followed by Solemn High Mass. The music was rendered by the children of Lower Seymour Street Convent, and was voted beyond criticism. One who was present summarised the marriage as follows:—"Wonderful ceremony, beautiful music, magnificent church." We offer our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Durkin and trust that their future will be as harmonious as their wedding.

To those who are leaving we offer our best possible wishes for the future, and to those returning the same for a very pleasant holiday. The chapel will re-open on Sunday, August 29th. P. H.

Births

J. A. COBBELL, daughter -	May 5, 1920
F. W. DOUEL, son - - -	June 4, 1920
J. PEARSON, son - - -	June 5, 1920
C. H. SMITH, daughter -	June 13, 1920
H. BIRLEY, daughter - -	June 14, 1920
F. GILHOOLY, son - - -	June 29, 1920
W. MEGSON, son - - -	June 29, 1920
C. McCAIRN, daughter -	July 3, 1920
E. W. MARTIN, daughter -	July 7, 1920

Marriages

ON Saturday, June 5th, F. Scott was married at Marylebone Parish Church, to Miss E. M. Hunt.

On Wednesday, June 15th, W. T. West was married at Marylebone Parish Church, to Miss W. M. Fuller.

On Saturday, June 19th, T. W. Groves was married at St. Stephen's Church, Skipton, to Miss A. Jackson.

On Tuesday, June 22nd, J. Muir was married at Marylebone Parish Church, to Miss D. W. Eustace-Smith.

On Monday, June 21st, C. F. Jones was married at Marylebone Parish Church, to Miss H. F. Dawson.

On Saturday, June 26th, C. F. Durkin was married at St. James' Church, Spanish Place, W., to Miss P. D. Stribbling.

On Wednesday, June 30th, H. Vickers was married at St. Augustus Church, Bournemouth, to Miss B. F. Young.

On Saturday, July 10th, E. Gregory was married at Christ Church, South Hackney, to Miss A. E. Edmunds.

On Saturday, July 10th, W. Henshaw was married at St. Mark's Church, Wood Green, to Miss J. L. Nutting.

St. Dunstan's Discussion Club

ON Monday, June 14, the Bungalow Lounge was well filled for Dr. Alexander Irvine's address; the success of his previous visit had made everyone "want more."

After Miss Greenwood's introduction, he gave such a delightful account of his life experiences—alternately humorous and pathetic, but always Irish—that his audience was held spellbound.

The son of a shoemaker, he was working, forty years ago, in a coal-pit (with Keir Hardie). Wanting to learn more of the world above-ground, he next tried Scotland, but, while "lodging" in an empty packing case, he decided to join the army in order to get some education. Attracted by the uniform, he found himself enlisted as a marine; which, owing to their excellent schools, was "the luckiest stroke of my life, except being born in Ireland!" The severe Puritan lines of his upbringing forbade boxing; but a widening of the principle—and some lessons with the gloves (costing half his daily pay)—soon won him a position both with authorities and companions, thus also establishing his right to say his prayers in peace.

After being under Kitchener, then a Captain of Transport in Egypt, his hunger for learning eventually won him a scholarship at Balliol College, Oxford. But this wild young Irishman evidently made Oxford too hot to hold him. America was his next bourne, driving a milk cart, earning a living as best he could for five years, till he gained entrance to Yale University, where he met Jack London. And so

Baptisms

ON Sunday, June 6th, Mary Eiluned, daughter of Evan Arthur Pugh, was baptised in the St. Dunstan's Chapel.

On Sunday, June 6th, Joan and Gladys, twin daughters of Isaac Mathew Corns, were baptised in the St. Dunstan's Chapel.

On Sunday, June 27th, Frederick Charles Arthur, son of Frederick Douel, was baptised in the St. Dunstan's Chapel.

On Monday, July 5th, Margaret Joan, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Ian Fraser, was baptised in the St. Dunstan's Chapel.

onwards and upwards, past a phase of preaching, till the war found him lecturing, a qualified Doctor of Philosophy. Though a naturalised American, the struggle in Europe called him, as being for world-right, and he was glad to be sent round to camp after camp, where his addresses, from so sympathetic a view-point, always brought cheer and encouragement. Being thus uniquely qualified, he felt that all the foregoing years of struggle were only preparation for this his real life work, of which he was justly proud.

A PRISONER was being tried for assaulting a police constable.

"Now," said the magistrate, "tell us at once, without any prevarication, did you or did you not strike the constable?"

The prisoner was thoughtful for a minute, then he quietly replied:

"The answer is in the infirmary."

THE following incident occurred during the inspection of dinners by the Orderly Officer:—

OFFICER (Irish): "Any complaints?"

PRIVATE: "Yes, sir."

OFFICER: "What's the complaint, my lad?"

PRIVATE: "Spuds are bad, sir."

OFFICER, turning to Orderly Sergeant (Cockney): "What does the man mean by 'spuds,' sergeant?"

SERGEANT, saluting: "Take no notice of that man, sir, he is very ignorant. He means 'taters.'"

Farewell to the Matron of Cornwall Terrace

THURSDAY, JUNE 10th—this was a day of regrets for many St. Dunstaners resident at the Cornwall Terrace Annexe, as it was the occasion of the retirement of Miss Hacking, who, ever since the Annexes' inauguration some two and a half years ago, has carried out the duties of Matron, with what success could best be judged by the enthusiasm shown during the whole evening, when the boys of Cornwall Terrace met together, forming themselves into a concert party, to pay their Matron their last tribute.

Half way through the musical programme, a presentation was made to Miss Hacking in the form of a wrist watch. This was marked by the wildest signs of enthusiasm which had in it that tone of genuineness that one seldom has the pleasure of hearing. It was not so much the volume of the applause as this touch of genuineness and the cheering which made the most casual observer feel that the Matron was not merely appreciated, but worshipped by the boys to whose comfort she had devoted her whole time and energies.

The presentation was made by H. D. Gamble, who when speaking of the appreciation and heartfelt gratitude of all the boys for the untiring and unselfish efforts of their Matron, was greeted by "Hear, hears," from every corner of the room. He went on to say that in making the presentation on behalf of the boys, both past and present, of Cornwall Terrace, it was the wish of everyone of them that the Matron could look back on the days she spent with them with the assurance that she had won their heartfelt gratitude, and that the present itself might often serve to remind her of the time she spent at Cornwall Terrace and of the boys who owe her and love her so much.

The Matron then in a few well-chosen words replied. Addressing the company as "Her dear boys," she spoke of the happy times she had spent with them and was unhappy in the thought of having to leave them. She went on to say how her

beautiful present would always remind her of the boys she had learned to regard as part of her life.

When the wild outburst of cheering had subsided, there appeared to be a strange tension in the air. Everyone seemed deeply touched, as though, carried away by the music of the first part of the evening, all had forgotten the real purpose for which they were there, and, as though this little touching speech of the Matron's, so true and so genuine, so filled with deep feeling of love for her boys, had, as it were, reminded them of the real reason of their presence, and that all were unhappy in the thought. It lasted only for so long as to make it noticeable, but it was there, and no wonder, for the boys are proud of their Matron, and accepted the fact of her leaving with many regrets.

The musical programme was really excellent, and when one remembers that there are only fifty boys at Cornwall Terrace, and that with the exception of one item the entertainment was carried out entirely by them, it was truly a great achievement.

Over twenty boys took part, and the enthusiastic applause of the audience testified to the proficiency of the artists. There were, of course, all the Cornwall Terrace veterans of the footlights, namely, A. B. Taylor, T. Thomas, G. J. Webster, E. C. Slaughter, H. D. Gamble, H. Costigan, R. C. O. Cowley, M. Mills, A. Bennett, V. Guthrie, W. Phelan, and P. J. Sparks, who were all at their best. Those who appeared in public for the first time, too, namely, J. Gunn, C. H. Cornwell, J. McIntosh, C. Hainsworth and J. Whitelam, did remarkably well.

The hit of the evening was a verse written and sung by H. D. Gamble, who, while dealing in a light and humorous way with the peculiarities of the Matron, really showed how warm were the relations between her and the boys. The following is the text of the verse:

The news of Matron leaving is a shock you will agree,
 From which we are not likely to recover,
 For she's studied all our comforts,
 Our whims and fancies, too,
 We'll have some trouble in finding such another.
 When we hear that song "Remember
 California in September,"
 We'll think of Matron, far across the sea.
 But our parting will be cheery, for we love our
 Matron dearly,
 And we'll all feel lost without her at C.T.

Chorus—

But still I s'pose we'll have to make the best of it;
 Of course we'll miss her most when she is gone,
 No one to read the paper, and pick out all the snips,
 And say "Thank Heaven" when she hears the
 gong.
 She reads the paper nightly,
 All the news from far and wide,
 But of scandal she will never breathe a breath.

Bread from Sawdust

UNTIL quite recent times sawdust was regarded in wood mills as a waste product. Now it serves many purposes and has a commercial value of something like ten shillings a hundredweight.

Sawdust is particularly useful in the manufacture of various building materials. Mixed with clay it makes splendid tiles and bricks, while combined with concrete an economical and good-wearing flooring material is obtained.

To French chemists belongs the discovery of sawdust dyes. They found that a combination of various chemicals acting upon sawdust produced a substance which is said to be quite as effective as the best aniline dyes for colouring purposes.

In Germany during the War a huge amount of sawdust was used for making bread. It was first treated with chemical agents to extract certain harmful ingredients, after which it was mixed with flour and baked in the usual manner.

Probably the most remarkable discovery of all is that a gas, excellent both for lighting and heating purposes, can be made from sawdust. From experiments that have been conducted in America it is believed that, particularly in the neighbourhood of sawmills, the gas could be produced so cheaply as to be supplied for a few pence per thousand feet.

But she'll read of building houses, and Mallaby-
 Deeley's trousers,
 Till we're simply absolutely bored to death.

The delightful singing of Miss Taylor was much appreciated by all and the untiring efforts of Miss Killen (Music Mistress) were of immense help in making the show the great success it was.

The proceedings concluded with the presentation of a hand bag to the Matron from the staff, by Mr. Vaile. Then the gathering broke up and one felt that although the Matron had gone, she would ever be in the thoughts, and always have a place in the hearts of the boys of Cornwall Terrace.

"Mouse in Footlights."

Have You Rubber Eyes?

BEFORE the war most of the artificial human eyes used in this country came from Germany, whence we imported about ten thousand every year. This source of supply having been now cut off, numbers of them are now being made here, mostly in Birmingham, of a greatly superior quality to the German stock articles.

British-made artificial eyes are of glass, and their manufacture is highly-skilled work and well paid. A really first-class eye-maker can easily earn his £15 to £25 a week, and he need never be idle a moment, for the demand just now is greatly in excess of the supply.

A few other countries have made eyes for us, notably France and America. During the war an enterprising Frenchman introduced a rubber eye, the front of which is covered by enamel which is painted to resemble a human eye. The two advantages claimed for this eye were that it was not so easily broken as the ones made of glass, and that being comparatively soft is more comfortable in the socket. The authorities of St. Dunstan's went thoroughly into the subject and invited the inventor over to England to demonstrate his production. It was found, however, that the appearance of the painted enamel was not nearly so good as that of the ordinary glass eye, so the rubber eye was not adopted.

Reading for the Blind

(By F. M. and E. E. M.)

THE production of books for the use of blind readers, although little is known of it outside the small circle of those immediately concerned, is a department of publishing which is of great and growing importance. It has reached its present considerable proportions because of the modern appreciation of the intellectual needs and capabilities of the blind, coupled with an immense improvement in the mechanical processes of Braille printing. What Caxton did for the world at large has been accomplished for the blind community by Braille, the inventor of a system of embossed writing, and those experts in mechanical contrivances who have brought to perfection a printing press adapted to the rapid reproduction of his symbols. In Braille (the system now being known by the name of its inventor) the characters of the alphabet are represented by combinations of six dots, arranged in their primary order, like the six dots of a domino. The characters are embossed on paper and can then be distinguished by touch. The advantage of this system over the old method, that of embossing ordinary type, is that the dotted line is easily distinguished by touch, so that recognised contractions may be used and the characters may be reproduced in comparatively small size without sacrifice of clearness of outline. A thorough knowledge of the system, including its set of contractions, can be acquired by a few weeks study; as compared with Pitman's shorthand, for example, it presents little intellectual difficulty. Ability to read by touch as quickly and as easily as the normal person reads by sight comes with practice. Some idea may be gained of the extent of the revolution wrought by the adaptation of the printing press to the reproduction of Braille when it is stated that in the early days of the system all embossing had to be done dot by dot and by hand. As the Braille page has to be printed from the back, all this embossing had to be done from left to right of the page, involving a laborious

infliction of pin-pricks appalling to contemplate. And after all this expenditure of patient labour the result was only one copy of the transcribed book, short-lived, for the passing of the fingers in time obliterates the dot. All this has been changed and simplified by the invention of machines whose operations are analogous to those of the typewriter and the linotype in relation to ordinary writing and printing. The Braille linotype operates directly upon a sheet of metal from which the final printing or embossing is done. Thus the process of producing a book in Braille is much the same as the operation of setting up and printing a newspaper, with the elimination of the foundry part of the process necessary in the case of the newspaper. . . . It must not be imagined, however, that the day of the Braille hand-writers is past. Each of the institutions which cater for the blind reader has at its command a small army of men and women ready to undertake the work of reproducing by hand, in Braille, any book that may be desired. The value of this work cannot be over-estimated, and in spite of the great developments of technical apparatus, it seems certain that there always will be need for the assistance of the hand writers. It frequently happens that some blind person interested in a particular course of study, desires to have a Braille edition of the work of some specialised subject. It may be theology, science or mechanics. The demand for such a book is not sufficiently large to justify the expense of its reproduction by a mechanical process, and it is here that the work of the skilled and patient hand writer is of inestimable value. And that is not all, for these industrious men and women devote much time to the reproduction of books of general interest. Their work is of the very highest order, for it demands scrupulous accuracy and it is by no means spectacular.

It is natural that the publishing department of the National Institute for the Blind should be active and enterprising, for the

President of the Institute and the leader in all matters affecting the care and education of the members of the blind community in this country is Sir Arthur Pearson, whose fame in the larger world of publishing was built upon enterprise and success.

In order to promote and encourage the love of reading among the blind as much as possible, the National Institute makes very large grants of books and pamphlets annually to the National Lending Library, free of all charge whatever.

The literary needs of the blind are catered for, in the main, by the National Institute, as printer and publisher, and the National Library for the Blind, Westminster, which possesses a very large stock of books, covering a wide range of literature. A glance at the Library catalogue is sufficient to indicate how far we have travelled since the days when the pious belief was that all that could be done for the blind reader was to present him with a copy of the Bible in embossed type, and to leave him to ponder on his sorrows and to comfort himself with the hope of release from an unhappy lot which death alone could bring. The governors at both the institutions mentioned are alive to the needs of their clients. On the question of the literary education of the blinded soldier, we propose to offer some considerations later. First, however, it may be of interest to illustrate one or two of the problems which have to be solved by the Braille publisher in discharging his duty towards the civilian blind, who form, of course, the big majority of his patrons. Braille publishing is not a commercial business. It is not possible to judge of its success or failure on the basis of profit and loss. The rough and ready device of placing on the market a miscellaneous assortment of wares and trusting that the good sellers will balance the dead-heads is not feasible here. The Braille publisher stands in the position of a trustee, responsible for the employment in the most beneficent manner of the money placed at his disposal by a generous public, and responsible also to his clients. He is, of course, relieved of many of the anxieties which trouble the ordinary publisher; indeed, he is greatly indebted to his brethren of the trade, for he has permission to

transcribe into Braille practically every book issued in this country. This is his great task—to select from the mass of material at his disposal the books most desired and most worthy to be read by those for whose benefit he exists and who are themselves unable to range over the whole field of literature, sampling its fruits for themselves. He is, in fact, the keeper of the literary conscience of his public, the arbiter of what they shall read. There are many interests to be considered. Children at school, students of special subjects, men and women of varying culture and divergent taste; all these have to be thought of and an endeavour has to be made to allocate the material available fairly as between the different classes. This is a task great even from the point of view of bulk, for the classics of English literature of former periods have to be dealt with as well as the modern books, of the making whereof there is no end. The Braille publisher and those who advise and assist him are but human, and the end for which he strives is modified by the means at his command. He is apt to look askance at the classics—particularly in these days of paper scarcity—for the classical writers are often prodigal of words. The paper necessary for this style of printing is thick and of good quality, and until the introduction of the new standard dot which allows about twenty-five per cent. more reading matter in the same space as before, it was impossible to squeeze more than 180 words into a page of about the same size as a page of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Under these conditions a novel of even modest dimensions becomes voluminous. The greatest classic of all, the Bible, when done in Braille, attains to the stupendous dimensions of something like forty volumes. It says a good deal for the generosity of the public and for the enterprise of the publishers that no author has been banned by the Braille libraries merely on account of his loquacity.

A year or two ago the editor of the "Braille Literary Journal," a monthly periodical circulating among the more cultured members of the blind community, invited his readers' opinions of the Waverley Novels. His object was, in part, to

ascertain whether the vogue of Scott was such as to justify the continued transcription into Braille of that somewhat wordy maker of romance. A good many readers responded to the invitation and all of them wrote with enthusiasm of the merits of "Waverley," some of them also making shrewd comments on his idiosyncrasies. An editorial suggestion that "The Heart of Midlothian" might have been a better novel if the last third of it had never been written met with no support; in some cases with indignant repudiation. So far the enquiry may be said to have produced nothing very different from what might have resulted had the jury been composed of normal, sighted people of average intelligence. What may be considered remarkable was that the majority of these blind readers named as their favourite of the Waverley Novels, "Ivanhoe." One lady, deaf and blind from infancy, described Scott as the delightful companion of her lonely girlhood, and declared her preference for "Ivanhoe," with "The Talisman" as second favourite. Were it possible to induce a score of healthy British schoolboys to read the Waverley Novels and to pass judgment on them, would they not give exactly the same verdict, bestowing the palm upon the stirring tale of valiant knights and peerless maidens, tourneys and deeds of derring-do? Yet what a world of difference lies between the lives and experiences of the two classes of critics. The literary taste of the blind varies in much the same way as that of other folk. The only definite statement that one cares to make is that there is always an eager welcome for books of travel dealing with the manners and customs of far-off lands, and for works on natural history.

So far we have been dealing with the needs of people who have been blind from birth or infancy and whose tastes have been formed under the influence of a system of education adapted to their peculiar condition. The case of the soldier blinded in early manhood presents a different set of problems. Surely to the man whose activities are henceforth to be circumscribed by reason of his heavy loss no greater service can be rendered than to create where it is non-existent and to

foster where the seeds are already sown an appreciation of what literature has to offer of consolation, inspiration and delight.

"Choose for me"—such is the usual reply of the newly-blinded man when he is asked what he would like read to him. With the burden of choice thus thrown upon him, the reader—having first considered what this particular man would like—finds himself eventually confronted with the larger question—what would be liked by newly-blinded men as a class. To answer it he asks himself wherein they differ from the sighted, and so he reaches the conclusion that their reading takes more time per word, and this whether they read Braille or are read to. The newly-blinded man is likely to be impatient with what is diffuse. Inanities are more stifling to one who cannot skip over them, and the man we have in mind cannot skip himself owing to the difficulty of picking up his thread, neither can he be skipped for—that is to say, that as to skip when reading to a blind man is to confess boredom, the reader is apt to read with the more animation the more bored he feels. On the other hand, as the blind man gives more time to each line of print, he may be able to assimilate more thought per line than one who travels faster. These considerations seem to indicate that the reading which is best for the blind is that which is short and pithy.

They are, however, considerations which do not apply to reading that is purely informative, for instance, a text book on the rearing of poultry. With this, as the blind man is subject to the general law that beyond certain limits concentration defeats its own object, it is of no advantage to him to find statements which should be susceptible of one interpretation, and one only, expressed in terms too abstract to call up any precise idea. Nor does the formula govern reading for amusement. Since this is undertaken to distract rather than to exercise the mind, it may make too great demands on the attention by being concise; moreover in the nature of things it will vary with the individual to a greater extent than that which deals with the large principles which are common to mankind. Perhaps all that can be usefully said of it

is that, as the blind man has difficulty in referring back to clear up ambiguities, the telling should be lucid and logical; and that, as he travels slowly, the tale should not be so long that the beginning is forgotten before the end is reached. O. Henry is a popular author with blind men. His sinewy, vivid sentences hold the attention without tiring it, and the promise that they are leading up to some startling conclusion is not only amply fulfilled, but fulfilled sooner than the reader expects and in a way he had not reckoned with. Another author equally popular is Jack London—partly perhaps because his gift of selecting those details which conjure up images puts the blind man on a level with the sighted; partly because each of his short chapters can be regarded as a complete story of some striking event; partly again because each chapter, nevertheless, leads up to and throws light upon the next. He gives full measure of incident, and the incidents possess cumulative value and are logically articulated. This articulation means much to a man who has to take his reading in small portions; and one may doubt if many blind men will find pleasure in the typical Russian novel, a long, rambling psychological study, in which the hero proffers his vitals for inspection, a handful of oddments at a time. Truth is doubtless there, but depicted in a form which leaves the revelation of the parts to the whole not easily discernible. In fact, if connections are important they must be clear; where long books are deliberately chosen by a blind man, usually they will be found to present loosely connected pictures of life—for instance, such novels as *Pickwick*—or to be works of biography or history, where the arrangement, dictated by the factor of time, is obvious without investigation or effort of memory. To sum up, there must either be a plot or no plot.

But these vague indications will not open those magic casements which reveal fairyland to blind and sighted alike. In the rough classification that has been suggested there remains a third division. Beside books that instruct and books that amuse, there are books that stimulate thought—those "few books that are to be chewed and digested"; in short, books which

constitute literature. To put in communion with literature those among the blind who have difficulty in reading to themselves or in finding others to read to them is to confer on them so incalculable a boon that the man who is taught Braille should be taught not only to read, but at the same time inwardly to digest what he reads. A literary class, then? In effect, yes; but the term is too formal. What the blind man needs to acquire is the art of chewing the literary cud; and he could pick it up best from what the French call a *causerie*—a gossip about an author by someone who has found him entertaining and is burning to share his find. Instances would be Mr. Chesterton on Dickens, Mr. Kipling on Mark Twain, Mr. Bernard Shaw on G.B.S. Blind men can find the time for thinking out the implications of each sentence, and their thoughts are "long, long thoughts." Even at St. Dunstan's, where it is a brave axiom that blindness is nothing worse than a handicap, they are taught pastimes, and as the occupation of deciphering a line of Braille letter by letter is one which exacts rather than kindles attention, the time will pass not less pleasantly if the investment of a minute's fingering brings with it as a bonus an hour of spontaneous mental absorption.

To the blind man as to others there come periods, when, though he is in no mood to master useful facts, books which merely amuse—books of which the type is the detective story—are too fantastic to be satisfying; but he is unlike others in having fewer outlets for the energy of which he is conscious. Tell him, then, about the magic casement. The books which instruct and the books which amuse present him with other men's thoughts, that is, with something from without which takes possession of him, no mean gift, but not one to be varied at his pleasure: moreover instruction tires and amusement palls. On the other hand literature takes the reader out of himself; her gift is ecstasy; at her bidding the newly-blinded man—the man who passes the shy, slow hours feeling his way with a stick—the man who must stand and wait—is free to wander where he will at the moment of his own choosing, unhampered by those

fetters of time and space that weigh more heavily upon him than upon those who can see. Literature restores to him his independence, the loss of which is an ever-present reminder of his other losses.

What we are considering here is the pleasure of the blind man rather than his profit; the aim is to make his life more pleasant by indicating how he can keep alive those interests from which, in the bewilderment of a prostrating shock, he may believe himself cut off. It was one line from Bacon about books to be chewed that set in motion what is written here. First it set in motion a train of thought, and then it prompted the writing of a paper which—however little it may interest the reader—filled for the writer several hours very pleasantly, filled them indeed with the most absorbing of pleasures—the pleasure of making something. Almost any line from the same essay, together with a typing machine, would have done as much for any blind man who let himself be enticed into a ramble round his own mind. He need not have kept to the hard high road as we have done; he is not going to market. There were green paths he might have sauntered along; one in particular which branched off backwards at the point where short books were recommended. A step or two aside here and he might have been gazing at the huge panorama where the three peaks of the glittering d'Artagnan range dominate court and camp. "So then," says the objector, "you would deny Dumas to the blind man?" Not necessarily, for he draws pictures of life if any man did. Moreover, what it is essential you should remember you cannot forget—Dumas sees to that. But his exuberance is as much part of himself as fat is part of Falstaff. His native amplitude is not to be reduced. Some good books can be condensed; few would be found to protest if "Old Mortality" were shorn, for instance, of its introduction; but who could be trusted to summarise Dumas? Only that enthusiast who would think it sacrilege to cut him at all. Conceive some worthy patriot—fearful lest we should become dissatisfied with our 5 oz. of offal—censoring the great gormandising scene in which the King and Porthos eat against

each other—deep calling unto deep, as viands and vintages are engulfed! Such people exist, and they will be the first to offer themselves as readers. There was Miss Yonge, who "introduced me to d'Artagnan to dissuade me from a nearer knowledge of the man." But our by-path has led us into the Stevenson country, and we must hurry back to the high road.

The point is that good reading means entertaining thinking. But what is good reading? The term implies the sensibility to discriminate between what is good and what is not good; and with most of us the necessary delicacy only comes with cultivation. But the seeds of discrimination can be learned, and the student would do well to let himself be guided at first in his choice of books. One might offer two hints; first, let him have faith enough to credit writings that have stood the test of time with some merit; secondly, let him ask himself if he agrees with what is stated, and why. In the matter of stimulating thought the writer—the good writer—whose assertions excite protest should be more fertile than the one who commands assent. If we read in the Bible that "The Lord is a man of war," we accept the statement out of respect for its source, and pass on without paying further attention to it—our attitude is that of any wife to any husband. But if we read in Nietzsche "Ye say that a good cause sanctifies even war, but I say that a good war sanctifies every cause," we are apt to mutter "bosh," because we are prejudiced against the source. Give reasons for the rejection, and if you put them down on paper you will want a column for your saving clauses, such a tangle will you find yourself in over ethics. In certain social gatherings one pays a penny for every oath; in the literary class one should fine oneself a reason for every movement of impatience.

So much for the reading that makes you think; there is also the reading that makes you see. "As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land"—blinded Australian from the "Peninsula," does that make you see something? The Bible again? At the very time when there is a reaction against the theory that would confine the blind as God-afflicted men to religious reading, we

come back to the Bible by another road. For the mind's eye the Bible is the greatest picture-book in the world. What book has less padding? "They slew the son of Zedekiah before his eyes and put out the eyes of Zedekiah." Think it out. The pictures we have already mentioned; as a further instance take "His daughter came out to meet him with timbrels and with dances." The Bible appeals to the mind with aphorisms and to the feelings with poetry. *Poetry?* Is not that what we have been looking for? More concentrated, more vivid, more suggestive than prose; one stanza of it—one line—may set the blind man musing and dreaming. And then—who knows?—whose musings may grow into an essay, his fancies into a poem, his ramble into a trip to market with wares to sell of his own making. But the selling is no such great matter: "to journey hopefully is better than to arrive, and the true success is to labour." Nevertheless it may hearten the blind man to be reminded that other blind men have been to market

The Rose of No-Man's Land

HERE'S a Rose that grows in No-Man's Land, and its wonderful to see,
Though its sprayed with tears it will live
for years in my Garden of Memory.
'Tis the one red Rose the Soldier knows, 'tis the
Work of the Master's Hand,
Midst the War's Great Curse Stood the Red Cross
Nurse:
She's The Rose Of No-Man's Land."

I wonder how many of us ever think how true these words are! I was standing on the ground where one of the greatest battles of England was fought some years ago, and as the scent of the Rose came to me, my mind travelled back to when we were in France. We were advancing, and the Hun was well ahead of us. There were streams of villagers coming along the road, glad to be free from the Hun, and amongst these was a young woman, carrying a large bundle on one arm, and in her other hand she carried a small book. She sat down to rest, and we got into conversation with her, and she showed us a small rose that she had in this book. She had kept this since the beginning of the War. It was given to her

before him and done a good trade with their wares. "The gate with dreadful faces thronged and fiery eyes," suggests that blind Milton could see enough for his own purposes, and what eyes were ever turned to better literary account than blind Homer's:

"But the child shrank crying to the bosom of his fair-girdled nurse, dismayed at his dear father's aspect, and in dread at the bronze and horse-hair crest that he beheld nodding fiercely from the helmet's top. Then his dear father laughed aloud, and his lady mother."

In the last few years hundreds of soldiers have seen the very things described by Milton and Homer, and, if they would not have written about them in the same way, it is not that either the words or the thoughts are a monopoly of trained men of letters. Indeed they are simple enough to suggest that the darkness positively helps the blind man to visualize the things that matter by hiding all that is trivial.

In the pleasant orchard closes
"God bless all our gains" say we,
But "May God bless all our losses"
More suits with our degree.

by a sister who had gone to nurse the French soldiers, and who had not been seen or heard of since. It was not until I stood on this old battle-field that I had recalled this incident, and then I thought of these words, "The Rose of No-Man's Land." I thought then of this Nurse—perhaps in an unknown grave in what was once known as No-Man's Land, and this brings the words of another song to my mind: "For You a Rose—For Me there's just a Memory."

And I wonder to how many other people to-day, especially soldiers, these words would convey the same meaning. It is only those who were wounded who know what it was to hear the soft voice of the Sister who dressed his wounds and cared for him during his days of sickness and pain. The soldier received the loving care of "The Rose of No-Man's Land" and for her—"There's just a Memory." To-day there are many of these roses who are loth to fade still giving their fragrant scent to us at St. Dunstan's. *W. Mc.*

Entombed in a Sunken Ship

(By John G. Rowe)

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DAY was just breaking on the morning of Tuesday, August 20, 1907. The steam trawler *Quail* belonging to Hull, was anchored in the Humber. There were only three men on board—the skipper, W. Lewis; the mate, Harry Willey; and the third hand, J. Noline. Of these, the two first-mentioned were below, asleep in their berths in the cabin, while Noline was on watch on deck.

All at once the mate was roused from his slumbers by a shout of alarm from Noline. As he started up in his bunk and flung the clothes off him there came a terrific crash, and the trawler heeled over almost on her beam-ends.

Willey was pitched headlong out of his berth, but was unhurt. He scrambled madly to his feet and rushed into the main cabin, just in time to see the great cutwater of a steamer protruding through the berth opposite that of Captain Lewis, of whom he could see nothing.

Without waiting to take a second glance, Willey made a dash for the cabin door. Behind him the water poured in through the skipper's shattered berth in a mighty flood. Before he could reach the door, however, the ice-cold torrent washed him off his feet, and ere he struggled up again the rising water was banked high against it. His strenuous efforts to open it were futile; the flood had jammed it tight; and, tug and strain as he would, it remained fast shut. In a very few moments, while he struggled with the door, the flood in the cabin was up to his chest.

The noise of its in-pouring drowned every other sound; and with the fear of death strong upon him, Willey looked wildly about him for some other loophole of escape.

The bow of the other vessel had by this time disappeared from the shattered berth, and the water was entering through the gaping rent like a cataract. There was no hope *that way!*

To add to the horror of the situation, he felt the stricken trawler settling down—

sinking, with him literally trapped like a rat. While he stared wildly around, the swirling tide once more swept him off his feet, and he swam to the table and got upon it, only to be nearly thrown off by the drunken rolling of the trawler as she foundered. Contriving to stand upright, the mate grasped the coaming of the iron skylight over his head, and thus managed to keep himself erect.

Unhappily for him—or mayhap fortunately, as it turned out—the skylight was closed and fastened, and he found it impossible to break out through it.

All the time the water was rising rapidly about him. It was soon up to his armpits, and it kept on rising as the trawler sank lower and lower. He put his head up inside the skylight and beat frantically upon it, shouting for help till he was hoarse. But there came no sign of succour.

Presently the water rose to his chin, and he was compelled to stand on his toes in order to breathe. As he did so, to his immense relief, he felt a dull shock. The trawler had struck the bottom! Simultaneously she fell over on to her side, and the flood within her cabin went rushing, with a mighty surge, over to the lower side. Willey was nearly carried off the slanting table by the shifting water, and the wash went over his mouth and nose, causing him to choke. Desperately he drew himself still higher, standing on tip-toe, bending his head back inside the skylight, and pressing his haggard face almost against its top. Gradually the water, washing to and fro, found its level and stood steady.

The fisherman's hopes rose again as he found that the flood was not rising higher. The skylight still afforded a few cubic inches of breathing space. But for how long would the air last?

Meanwhile, what had actually happened outside? The Wilson liner *Dynamo*, outward bound from Hull for Antwerp, had run into the *Quail* and sunk her. Captain Lewis had been killed in his berth, being struck by the cutwater of the liner as it



Entombed in a Sunken Ship—continued.

burst in the trawler's side. Nicoline, the third hand, was never heard of again after that first ringing cry which had wakened Willey. He must have been swept away and drowned as the trawler sank beneath him.

The *Dynamo* promptly reversed her engines, stopped, and launched her boats, which cruised round the spot where the trawler had gone down, vainly looking for some of the fishermen. But they could find no one, and presently returned to the liner.

Harry Willey, imprisoned within the cabin of the sunken wreck, up to his chin in water, and straining on tip-toe to keep his mouth above it, suddenly discovered, to his unspeakable joy and surprise, that the flood around him was sinking.

He could not credit the fact at first, and thought that his imagination was playing him some trick. But when the water dropped to his shoulders and he found that he could safely lower himself to his heels he nearly became delirious with delight.

Still lower the water sank, until it was only up to the chest. Then he realised the reason, and, with a deep sigh of thankfulness, knew that it was only a question of time for the flood to recede sufficiently to admit of his getting out of his living tomb.

The *Quail* had not sunk in deep water; she was resting on the bottom, and now the tide was ebbing. That was the explanation of this seeming miracle.

With hopes of speedy deliverance once more nerving heart and brain, Willey waited with what patience he could muster, until the water was at his ankles and the table-top was once more showing above the flood.

Then he sprang down from his perch, waded to the door, and made a further attempt to force it. He got it open two or three inches, allowing the flood to rush out; then it swung right open so suddenly that the flood carried him out with it.

Utterly exhausted from his terrible experience, he had just sufficient strength left to crawl up the companion-ladder on to the upper deck, where he collapsed and sank down.

The *Dynamo* was lying by the wreck, in order to send her boats aboard to examine it when the tide had ebbed. How great was the amazement of those aboard the liner to see a living man suddenly emerging from the lately-submerged vessel the reader can imagine. A boat was at once called away and sent to the wreck, the upper works of which were now standing high out of the water and rapidly drying in the warm, bright sunlight.

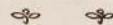
Clambering aboard, the boat's crew picked up the exhausted Willey and took him off to the *Dynamo*, where he was soon restored and able to tell of his marvellous escape.

The dead body of Captain Lewis was subsequently recovered from the shattered berth; but, so far as I am aware, the body of the unfortunate third hand was never found.



THEY were a couple of bookmakers with very little capital. They had lost heavily over a certain race and were forced to suspend payment. When their clients turned up next day to receive their money they found a closed door, on which the following intimation appeared:—

"Result of Liverpool Spring Cup: Star of Doon, 1; Queen's Advocate, 2; Wuffy, 3. Also ran: Me and my Pal."



FIRST BOY: "My father has a canary that whistles the song 'Home, sweet Home' so nicely that the tears roll out from its eyes."

SECOND BOY: "That's nothing, because my father has a blackbird that can whistle the 'Village Blacksmith' until the sparks fly out of its gizzard."