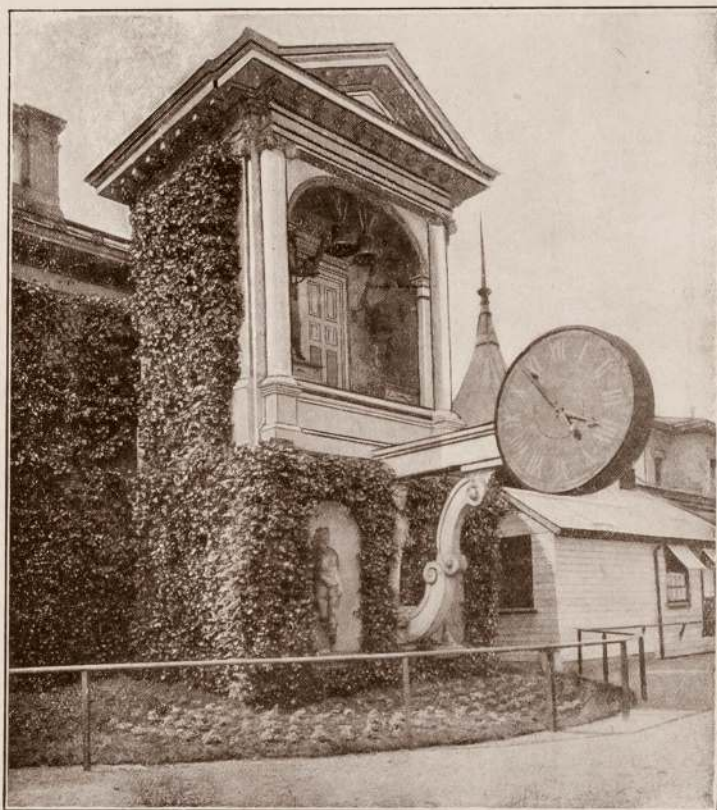


# St. Dunstan's



## Review

For the Amusement and Interest of Men Blinded in the War

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



ST. DUNSTAN'S SPORTS DAY · REGENT'S PARK · JULY 17<sup>TH</sup>

# St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

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## EDITOR'S NOTES

**S**T. DUNSTAN'S re-opened on August 25th after the summer holidays, so that by the time these notes appear in print men and staff will have quite settled down. We hope our readers had a pleasant holiday, and only regret that the weather in most parts of the country has been so unfavourable. Very jolly times were spent at our holiday and seaside Annexes by Colonials and others who have no homes in England to go to. West House, Brighton, was full, and though the men there did not enjoy the best sort of summer weather, at least they have had the consolation of knowing that from the point of view of sunshine they did better than most people.

**I**T is with much pleasure that we are able to report that Miss Pearson, who has been ill for so many months, is slowly recovering and that she is now able to be up and about for a few hours a day. The men of St. Dunstan's will always be grateful to Miss Pearson for the splendid way in which she has managed the Brighton Annexe, and it will be a great relief to them to know that her health has so much improved.

**W**E again remind our readers that the After-Care Department is an insurance agent, able to undertake all kinds of insurance business with leading and well-established companies. We offer no apology for mentioning this matter so often, for we only last week came across a St. Dunstaner who, by some ill chance, had not heard of the facilities the After-Care Department can offer, and had insured his life through some other agent. It is very extraordinary that this should be so, for constant publicity has been given to this matter in the REVIEW, and whenever possible we have endeavoured by circularisation and by notices to Adjutants and others to make the facts known. We do all the work for the men of St. Dunstan's in connection with any kind of insurance policy and return our commission to them, and we have special arrangements by which life and accident insurance are available at the ordinary rate charged to sighted persons. It will be seen from the above that the blinded soldier can, in reality, insure himself at less cost than others who do not get the advantage of a rebated commission.

**O**N page 21 we publish a short account from a London newspaper of Ernest Barry's splendid race by which he brings the world's championship back to England. Very many fellows will remember that when he was invalided from the Army and was in hospital near St. Dunstan's, he was good enough to spend a number of his afternoons and evenings in coaching our scullers and oarsmen. Sir Arthur sent a cable to Barry on behalf of the men of St. Dunstan's congratulating him upon his magnificent win. We hope that when he returns to England he may visit us again.

**O**N page 7 we publish extracts from the first number of a little news-sheet which Mr. Clutha Mackenzie is editing for circularisation among New Zealand St. Dunstaners. We print these because it is of general interest to St. Dunstaners to know how their comrades in the Antipodes are getting on, because it will be of particular interest

to New Zealanders still at St. Dunstan's, and also in the hope that it may inspire some Colonial in our other overseas dominions to follow Mr. Mackenzie's example and gather together news of his countrymen's doings for their own and our reading.

IN a lecture recently delivered before the British Association at Cardiff, Dr. Blair remarked upon the interest that attaches to blind people's dreams. He had made a careful study of the dreams of blind children, and had noticed the interesting fact that practically all blind, deaf, or crippled children appear to themselves to be perfectly normal in their dreams. This recalls an interesting discussion which took place in the columns of the REVIEW in the early days of St. Dunstan's, when Sir Arthur remarked upon his own similar experiences and asked his readers to send him a note of what they saw when they were asleep. The unanimous opinion of his correspondents was in agreement with Dr. Blair's observations, for they all reported that things with which they had been familiar before they were wounded were seen in a perfectly natural way in their dreams. In regard to people and places met with since eyesight was lost, some said that in their waking hours they were in the habit of forming mental pictures which were faithfully reproduced in sleep, while others stated that the impression of the place or the personality of the individual occurring in the dream was distinctly present, though not actually visible.

Of course Dr. Blair's observations related to children who lost their sight after the age of five or seven years, and had, therefore, had the opportunity of seeing the world and storing up memories of all that is in it. With those who have always been blind no such mental pictures have been made, and the sight centre of the brain has, therefore, never been developed. Enquiry among such people elicits the fact that they very seldom dream at all, and that when they do it is invariably about some story they have read or some impression which they have actually received or might have received through their remaining senses. For instance, one man who has been blind since the early days of infancy, told us that his only dream was one in which he found himself on an enormous common, wandering indefinitely about, unable to find his way. Perhaps the mental process of this dream is analogous to the experience so common to normal people, in which the constant endeavour to achieve some simple thing—such as the packing of a trunk or the escaping from some wild beast—is indefinitely frustrated.

Psychologically, this is a very interesting study, and it would be well worth while re-opening a discussion in the REVIEW on the subject in the light of our readers' recent experiences. We shall, therefore, welcome correspondence from any St. Dunstaner in which they tell of the things they see or do not see in their dreams. Any such letters should reach the Editor before October 1st for insertion in that month's issue. EDITOR.

### Blind Persons Act, 1920

ALTHOUGH the provisions of this Act do not directly affect blinded soldiers, our readers will be interested to know the main features, which are summarised as follows:—

"The Blind Persons Bill which has now received the Royal Assent provides 'old age' pensions for people who, having attained the age of fifty, are 'so blind as to be unable to perform any work for which sight is essential.' The measure also makes it incumbent upon County and County Borough Councils to promote the welfare of blind persons resident within their area and to provide or to contribute towards the provision and maintenance of workshops, hostels, homes or other places for the reception of blind folk. It also secures technical education for those who are capable of receiving it and benefiting by it. Lastly it applies the terms of

the War Charities Act 1916 to all charities for the blind, thus ensuring the stamping out of all bogus societies."

The scope of the Act is very comprehensive, but even so a very large field will be left for voluntary agencies to fill. The work of the National Institute for the Blind and other similar bodies will not, as a result of the operation of this Bill, be anywise lessened, but rather broadened and increased.

NEW YORK KNUT: "Do you know that in the States monkeys sell tobacco?"

LONDON FLAPPER: "That's nothing, in England Lyons sell tea."

## The Eyes of St. Dunstan's

AN ANGLING EXPERIENCE  
(Reprinted by kind permission from the *Morning Post*)

WE were chums long before he went to St. Dunstan's, and I never doubted that, so far as was humanly possible, he would overcome his war disability. But when he wrote suggesting that for a week we might fish together his Scottish trout stream I wondered. True, he would doubtless retain his old skill in casting, and his sensitive touch would hold good. But surely other difficulties would prove insurmountable.

Rain had been falling and the sky was dull when we set out on the adventure. The bridge across the stream had been partially washed away in spate, and there was an ugly hiatus between the bank and what remained of the bridge. When I hung back to guide him he gaily waved a "Carry on," and, using his hands and feet as eyes, he made the crossing with more ease than I. That was the first lesson.

The fragment of sight remaining to him was enough to show him the glimmer of the water, and soon the line was running out and the fly floating down stream. And then one saw the working of the new sense—the gift of the St. Dunstan's gods. The right foot, as it moved up stream, seemed to be all eyes while it worked its way surely along the bank. It knew the boggy parts; it sensed where the bank had been washed away by the rains; for the rest, the voice of the river, now babbling noisily over the stones, now still at the deep pools, sufficed. True, my angler knew every foot of the stream before he lost his sight, and a sure instinct brought it back, every foot of it.

"Got him," soon he cried, and in a few seconds the first of his gleaming trout was lying on the bank. Thereafter the sound of the reel was frequent and cheery enough. Though trout were small, sport was good. Myself, I am but a poor prentice hand at the game, and my eyesight availed me but little in clearing the mess of tackle brought into being by my woeful inexperience. But my friend was all patience and skill; with sensitive fingers and (apparently) equally

sensitive teeth, he unravelled the knots. Once the hook caught the mid-stream weeds. "Flies are flies nowadays," quoth he, and with no more ado he waded bare-legged into the river and with wonderful sureness of foot and delicacy of touch followed the gut to the clutching weed and unharnessed it, what time the town mouse stood agape on the bank.

Once and once only were we unitedly baffled. To reach a likely stretch I piloted my friend over a ditch and a barbed-wire fence, only to find facing us a fine bull lying by the bank. I communicated the fact. "Heave a brick at him," urged my friend. I did. The bull rose slowly.

Now it had taken us three deliberative minutes to cross the ditch and the wire. If the bull charged it would take us less time to recross with or without his assistance. Should the advance be attempted? The bull was a stranger to my friend, who had (as will readily be understood) never seen him and had not even suspected his existence, though on consideration he recalled a mysterious deep breathing that had followed him while he fished there, alone, on another occasion. We held an unhurried council. Then the bull raised his head and surveyed us. We evacuated the position—ingloriously, it may seem to you; but what would you have?

We whipped the dead old stretch again with scant success. Near the victorious bull the trout were invitingly leaping.

AN Irish publican, having suddenly become a regular Church attendant, was given the privilege of reading the Lesson. It was most unfortunate, however, that he should have announced what he was to read as the "Thirsty-first Chapter of Guinness's."

"A WOMAN has more honour than a man."

"Yes, but it's the man who has to pay for what's on her."

## News of St. Dunstan's Men

### A BLIND HANDY MAN

**F**C. FLEETWOOD, of Bideford, writes:—"My wife has gone to the market to-day with mats and netted articles; I hope she will sell out. I wonder how many of us fellows have a shot at getting their own dinner! To-day I am looking after a big fire, several pots and pans, doing a bit of baking, giving the dog his dinner and doing a bit of matting into the bargain. And I am enjoying it! I do not omit to lay the cloth properly because I am alone. I can make quite as many dirty dishes as my wife, and I can wash them too."

### WELL DONE, ROBBINS!

A. C. Robbins, a boot-repairer and mat-maker at Bristol, is to be congratulated upon this splendid report which has just been received:—

"I am taking the greatest of pleasure in sending you my report, which I am sure you will acknowledge to be a great achievement for a St. Dunstanian."

"I left St. Dunstan's May 14th, 1919, and I had great difficulty in getting a shop, but eventually I was successful in getting one with the aid of a Mr. Webb, also a St. Dunstanian; with the help of the After-Care Department everything was settled, and I opened my shop on the 18th March this year. It has been open now about four months, and I have worked up a very good connection. Of course I had the usual rush of work when I first opened, but instead of rushing the work out I took my time and made sure that each pair of boots was perfect, in the finishing as well as the repairing. I had the first rush about six weeks ago, and I got over it with great success. I marked my customers as they came, and as soon as I saw them bringing their repairs the second time I knew that the work which I learnt at St. Dunstan's was going to be a success in my business. I get a call for all I learnt at St. Dunstan's, consisting of netting and boot-repairing."

"Now, Sir, I am sending you a record of last week's work, which I think is a record for any who have left St. Dunstan's. You can use this to put in the REVIEW, as it will encourage many and also let other people see what can be done by a totally blind soldier after he has been at St. Dunstan's for a year. This is the record, and you will admit it is a record when you hear it. Last week I had no less than seventy pairs of boots come into my shop, and all these were completed and finished by Saturday. I don't say I did all the work, for Mr. Marcus, the After-Care Boot-repairing Instructor, helped me a bit, and I was very grateful for his assistance, and with his help I got all this work out by Saturday. I thought that this would be a fine record to put in the REVIEW in order to let the boys who are now at St. Dunstan's know what is being attained outside by one of their flock. You must excuse me not writing before, but I really wanted to do something, which I think I have done, before sending in my report. So now I must thank you for my training and for all the comforts which I enjoyed at St. Dunstan's while I was there. I send you, Sir, my heartfelt thanks and best wishes to you, and success to St. Dunstan's, and I must not forget the After-Care Department, which is everywhere at the right moment. I send them best wishes and many thanks for all they have done for me, and all that I can say is, 'Long live the After-Care Department.'"

"So now, as I think I have said all I have to say at present, I will close, trusting this will reach you quite well in health. May God bless you."

### A FINE TESTIMONIAL

The following testimonial from a London firm is very gratifying both to Thompson, the telephonist mentioned, and to St. Dunstan's:—

"Our internal telephone exchange, consisting of three lines and twelve extensions, has been operated for the last

## —From all parts of the World

twelve months by a blinded soldier whom we obtained from St. Dunstan's.

"Prior to his engagement every effort to obtain efficient handling of the telephone had proved unsuccessful. After twelve months' experience I am able to state emphatically that it would not be possible to improve upon the efficiency which we have obtained since the installation of our blinded soldier."

"I am constantly receiving expressions of opinion similar to the above from business firms who have a great deal of telephonic communication with us."

### ST. DUNSTANER'S PRIZE AT EISTEDDFOD

W. Last, of Llanllwni, Pencader, sends us the following letter. We congratulate him upon his success:—

"You will remember a little while ago you asked me to write and let you know how things came off with me at the Llanllwni Show. Well, I had a stand at the Show, and these were some of the articles I exhibited: hammocks, mats, ladies' handbags, rabbit-nets and children's swings. After the end of the Show I sold them, and got nearly £6, so you see I did not do very badly. Also I have secured quite a number of orders from people who were at the Show. I do not remember whether I told you that I won a prize at the Welsh National Eisteddfod for a red, white and blue hammock, so you see that my training at St. Dunstan's has been a great benefit to me, and that I am doing my best to show my thanks to all at St. Dunstan's who spent so much time to teach me."

### SUCCESS OF A TELEPHONIST

P. Ashton, of Walthamstow, writes to Capt. Fraser as follows:—

"Now that I am quite settled in my new post with Messrs. Phillips Patents, Ltd., as telephone operator, I think it is quite time I wrote you a good report of my progress here."

"By a strange coincidence I started here exactly two years after leaving St. Dunstan's, my first post being at the headquarters of the Comrades of the Great War, where I did very well and left with a good reference."

"My switchboard has twenty extensions, but only one exchange line, which makes work rather difficult at times, but I am hoping to get two more lines in shortly; we shall then be quite business-like. Messrs. Phillips are ideal employers, as they do everything to make their staff comfortable, and I am quite happy here."

"During the five months I have been here my salary has been increased twice."

"I am just starting the Pelman course of Mind and Memory Training, which promises to be most interesting, and will, I hope, be of great use to me."

"On July 17th the firm's annual outing took place at Walton-on-Thames, where we had sports and tea fights, etc., and it was a most enjoyable turnout."

"I trust everything is going well with both you and St. Dunstan's, and I wish you the best of good fortune."

### INTERESTING LETTERS TO SIR ARTHUR AND MEMBERS OF ST. DUNSTAN'S STAFF

J. Brodie, of Berwick-on-Tweed:—

"I am pleased to let you know I am doing well with my mat-making. I get more confident every day, and confidence is the chief thing. Also I am fond of mat-making, and this is necessary if one wishes to make a good mat. Initial mats are liked here very much; I am so glad I went in for initials. Accept my thanks for everything I was taught at St. Dunstan's, and the bright outlook it has given me in life. St. Dunstan's is the place to make one happy."

A. W. Bundy, of Gloucester:—

"I am very pleased to be able to state that I am still doing very well at my boot-repairing business. It is nearly two years

since I left St. Dunstan's after undergoing my training, and since then I have had constant work on hand, and now I am quite at home with a fair knowledge of the trade. With the help of the After-Care instructor who calls upon me occasionally I become more and more practical. I look forward very much to the instructor's visits, as the tips and ideas he gives me from time to time are very helpful."

B. Hamilton, of Methwold, Norfolk :—

"I have a nice little homestead, of which I am very proud. I started with my poultry in December last, and now after my first hatching season, after weeding out my surplus stock, I have eighty pullets, March and April hatched. These are independent of my three adult pens, and a few stock cockerels.

"I have also over fifty rabbits, and I have six goats. My kitchen garden and my flower garden both look very well, and from both these my wife and I are now receiving a little recompense for our labours. To be correct, I should say that the garden is now paying my wife for her labour, because Mrs. Hamilton is the gardener.

"I have lots of visitors to look over my place, and I receive many compliments regarding my stock, and also on the general appearance of The Croft and my outbuildings, which are erected according to plan. One visitor informed me yesterday that I had the finest sample of chickens in the Colony, as Breckville is called, and if that is true, it is saying something, I can assure you, because everybody dabbles in poultry here.

"I must now switch off, sir, because it is feeding time for the stock, and the stock must be attended to."

F. Jackson, of Limehouse, E. :—

"I am very glad to say that I am getting along very nicely at my situation. As far as I can gather I appear to have given my employers complete satisfaction. The same remark applies to the doctor and to the patients I have to massage every day. If I am right, it is quite possible they will be employing other St. Dunstan's men in

the future. In closing I must say how thankful I am that I came to St. Dunstan's, for the enjoyable time I had when I was there, and the splendid training I had to enable me to keep my place among fellow citizens.

A. Prettyjohns, of Stoke Newington :—

"You will be pleased to hear that I have never sent a single article to be sold at St. Dunstan's since I left; I find that I can get rid of them here and with the help of my post office friends. I have had a great many repeat orders; one lady has had as many as ten baskets for friends who have seen the one I made for her. Everyone seems satisfied with my work. I get a great many repairs; my wife helps me with these, and she takes a great interest in my work."

J. Woodhouse, of Hulland, Derby :—

"I am very pleased to say that I have not had to spend any idle time since I came home, and work keeps coming in. I am going to try and help in the hayfields this year."

L. Green, of Gosport :—

"You will be interested to hear I am jogging along and making good progress with the baskets, especially the barrel and cycle ones. I might mention with reference to the latter that a cycle dealer in this town has from time to time kindly taken a good number off my hands at retail price, and, again, my brother, at present at a military camp in Sussex, has been instrumental in disposing of my work. I should like to make a suggestion to basket makers who, like myself, are working in their own shops and not in business premises, and are keen on advertising their goods, to ask the various shopkeepers in their town to exhibit samples in the window and to take orders for same. I am confident this method would prove successful and beneficial. A short time ago I was asked to read the Scripture lesson in Braille at the meeting of the Brotherhood of this town, with the result that I am honoured in being asked to oblige again."

## New Zealand Blinded Soldiers

IT seems to me to be a good notion to run out on a foolscap sheet all the news I have of the different fellows, and to send a copy round to each once a month or thereabouts. At best it will be but an ill-composed collection of facts as to the manner in which most of the boys are passing their days, and of such other useful information as I may glean; but perchance it may be found useful, and you may all say "Stop it!" if you do not like it. I shall give a few brief details of each man.

Honouring first the far and roadless North, we discover James Chisholm heroically knocking some acres of Kauri gum land into shape: digging, fencing, draining, grass-seeding, navvying, and so on; much of which is necessary before the North will blossom like the rose. Still, he is always cheery, does not mind the mud, the isolation, and the weekly mail; makes water-tanks out of cement and broken beer bottles—a thirsty place, the North, for instead of stone or shingle the place is littered with beer bottles. Stokes, when last heard of, was busy cow-farming in the Bay of Islands, and had recovered much useful sight.

In Auckland there are far more of the boys than in any other part. Campbell and McPhee are both hard at work with their massage. Both are doing half-day work on the digger outpatients at the General Hospital; Neil Campbell has been the longest at work and is getting well into his stride at private practice for the other half-day. Mac, having completed the furnishing of his professional rooms, commenced private work a month ago. Jack Arniell is at home at Ponsonby, and does much yachting when yachting is seasonable. Harry Sims, with Mrs. Sims and the two boys, went into their new home at Olive Road, Penrose, a month ago, and are very comfortable. Harry is busying himself putting the garden straight until the string and the necessary fixings have arrived for him to go ahead with serious professional hammock and swing making. Glassan is not yet fit

enough to start in seriously, and is having massage at the hospital.

Ireland, Te Kowhai, Ngaruawahia, who has been back about two months, is looking round for a suitable place in the Waikato farming. He was bee-keeping before the war. Bill Woods had left his abode of three and a half years at Hammer Springs and the employ of the Government to go into private massage practice at 182 Fitzgerald Avenue, Christchurch. He has been fully occupied for some months getting into his new house, furnishing and getting the necessary electrical fittings, telephone and so on, and finally commenced work about a month ago with three patients. Genet is going strong with his poultry-farm at Pananui, Christchurch, and is thoroughly well and comfortably settled. Charles Johnston, 130 Moorhouse Avenue, Christchurch, who arrived with Mrs. Johnston in the same ship as Ireland, is at present having two months' extra course in poultry-farming at Cashmir under the Repatriation Department.

Jack McGill is now very comfortably settled, and he is in full swing with his poultry-farm at Dunsandel, and has a very nice home indeed. Mac is busy with pigs, cow, vegetables and fruit, as well as his birds, and says that every man who is going in for poultry-farming should without doubt grow lucernes—it is tremendous help.

J. R. Robinson, Ngatimote, Nelson, has been down in Dunedin for some months having his jaw treated in the military hospital there. He was having an operation about this time. When he is quite fit he will probably start shorthand and typing work in Wellington. George Scott has also been delayed in getting to work by having to go into hospital, but he is now busy getting the poultry-farm at Mosgiel into working order.

Andrew Johnston, c/o Wright, Stevenson & Co., Gore, was up in Auckland towards the end of May to meet his Scottish bride, who arrived in the *Ionic*. They were married this week in Gore, and they have a home ready to go to in Gore.

## Departmental Notes

### Massage

**M**ESSRS. Neivens and Guthrie sat for their Massage Examination in June last and both succeeded in satisfying the examiners as to their ability to undertake any ordinary massage case with complete confidence.

It is worthy of note that every student sent up for that exam. has passed and, with the exception of two, at the first attempt. *F. G. B.*

### Shorthand and Typewriting

**W**E offer our heartiest congratulations to the following men on having passed their Typewriting Tests:—

A. Sneddon, A. Doyle, H. E. Raymond, A. Waite, E. G. Rushforth, W. Hill, A. Mann, A. E. Hodgkins, A. E. Brown, C. V. Smith, S. McCheyne, E. H. Dyer, W. Muller, J. A. Godwin, W. Shute and F. W. Chudleigh.

The following men have obtained posts in Government offices as stenographers:—A. M. Hunt, at the Ministry of Labour; T. W. Scott and C. F. Durkin, at the Board of Trade (Enemy's Debts Office); and J. C. Robbins, at the Board of Trade (Profiteering Act Department). We offer them our most hearty congratulations and all good wishes for their future. *M. P.*

### The Braille Room

**W**E sincerely congratulate the following men on passing their Braille Reading Test:—R. R. V. Newman, G. Woodburn, R. Colville, A. B. Hill, C. Davey, R. Young, A. E. Trigg and M. H. Oldroyd.

There are no results of the National Institute Writing Test to be published this month, but we have very great pleasure in reporting that Harold Thomson has passed the Test of the National Library for the Blind. He is only the third St.

Dunstaner who has succeeded in doing this, and as the Test is a proof of efficiency to transcribe books it will be understood that it contains very real difficulties, and we offer Thomson our heartiest congratulations. *D. P.*

### Pensions

**C**ONSIDERABLE delay and confusion has been caused through letters addressed to "The Pensions Office, St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park," being delivered by the postal authorities to "The Pensions Office, Ministry of Pensions, Regent's Park." All letters should therefore be addressed in future to Mr. W. Askew, St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, N.W.

Misapprehension still appears to exist with regard to the notices issued by the Ministry of Pensions to the effect that "an additional allowance of 10s. a week has been awarded for a constant attendant." This notice does not imply that a further 10s. has been awarded, but is merely a formal notice issued by the Ministry of Pensions to intimate that the original award of 10s. has been extended for a further period, and is not additional to the 10s. already being drawn.

The maximum attendant allowance for N.C.O's, and men who have no disabilities apart from blindness, is 10s. a week.

*W. A.*

### Netting

**W**ITH the approach of Winter we propose to meet the inevitable decline in this season's demand for hammocks and garden nets by working for stock instead of for immediate sale. After-Care netters who find their own market will do well to follow our plan, and to prepare certain nets for next Spring.

As regards tennis boundary nets, we recommend that a standard width of 9 ft. shall be maintained, and that the nets shall be worked to a length of 30 or 60 ft., but

that they shall not be decreased to the finish. This will allow the nets to be lengthened and finished off according to special requirements at short notice. Fruit nets should be prepared in the same manner. Hammocks can be netted, but not mounted, so that they may be finished with clews or half hitching, according to what models are required later on. *G. H. W.*

### Netters at Netley

**O**N Wednesday, September 1st Miss Witherby and a small party of St. Dunstan's netters attended the Agricultural Show at Marley House, Netley Marsh, at the very kind invitation extended to them by the organising committee, in order to display the nets, rugs, etc., produced in the workrooms, and at the same time to prove to the farmers that the exhibits were the unassisted product of blind workers.

Excellent arrangements had been made by the committee, the party being met at the

## News from the Workshops

**A**T the conclusion of the term, the men who were leaving devoted their attention to a complete revision of their work and to the special instructions which prepare them for their new venture. The test work in boot-repairing and mat-making and the articles made by basket-makers to stock their shops, reached a very satisfactory level, and included many excellent specimens of craftsmanship.

In the Mat Department, J. R. F. Treby and H. Roberts have been doing some good work, and R. Wass has made good progress with all his work during the last two months. Three kneelers made by J. Morris were in quite the right style. H. E. Lambert did some excellent work on a special sized mat. A mat with a design of five diamonds, by Chas. Cottrell, and another with red border and initials, by C. H. Hawkins, deserve commendation.

In the Boot Department, H. T. Mummery is putting up his work very well, and the steady care which H. Lea and C. Woodburn

station by a motor, which conveyed them to the ground. Here they were received by R. T. Othen, Esq., chairman of the committee, and conducted to a small *marquée* which had been set aside for their use. After having arranged their exhibits and samples the party then proceeded to an excellent luncheon which had been prepared for them, at the conclusion of which a very cordial welcome was extended to them by W. F. Perkins, Esq., M.P., Member for the New Forest and president of the society. The party then gave an exhibition of work throughout the afternoon and attracted a great deal of attention, business at times being very brisk. At six o'clock the party was conveyed by motor to the station, and arrived in London about ten o'clock, tired but well content.

We offer our cordial thanks to the gentlemen and members of the committee who gave us such a hearty welcome and made such admirable arrangements for our comfort.

give to all their jobs is having result in increased confidence and satisfactory finish. E. Varley is also profiting well by instruction, and has made several sound jobs of men's and women's heels. G. H. Barratt has reached a good general level, and C. S. Johnson is making good all-round progress. A. Hazel deserves special commendation for many recent jobs, especially on some ladies' suede shoes. The advance made by J. McFarlane is remarkable. He has made the best use of his time, and is particularly self-reliant. The work of F. Warin has been of a very good standard, and Wm. Paul has been turning out some very good jobs since his return to the shops. A. G. Loveridge completed his mat course satisfactorily, and did work in the boot shop in a thoroughly capable style. E. J. Lloyd has also done excellent work on mats, and will return to the boot shop as a pupil teacher.

The barrel baskets made by A. Waite and F. Peacock were very pleasing, and also some waste-papers and barrels made

by S. Duncan. J.W. R. Shread put in some good work on a cane scalloped hamper, and C. E. Beck has done particularly well on square hampers. C. Williams and E. T. Humphries have also made some nice square arm baskets. J. V. Tweedie continues to do very well with all he touches, and also gave useful assistance in the temporary absence of a pupil teacher. S. Evans, J. Cooney, and J. E. Bruce have been revising all their work, and the stock made for their shops has included arm baskets of all kinds, oval clothes baskets, and some good soiled linens. W. H. Byrd has made excellent progress on oval clothes baskets and square baskets without lids, and A. Greening has been doing exceptionally well with some laundry hampers. A very neat barrel basket made by J. Taylor was presented by Lady Pearson to the Countess of Athlone, who visited the workshops on July 16th.

The following Proficiency Certificates were awarded during the month of July:—T. Till (joinery), W. Walker (boots), E. W. Stevenson (boots), F. C. Perrett (boots), J. McFarlane (boots), G. B. Bond (boots), and A. G. Loveridge (mats).

### The Association of Certificated Blind Masseurs

THE Armitage Hall of the National Institute for the Blind, London, London, was the scene of an interesting ceremony on 22nd July, when the Association of Certificated Blind Masseurs held a meeting to inaugurate the first year of the Association's inception. That the Association, whose president is Sir Arthur Pearson, and which numbers among its vice-presidents many of the most famous medical men in the country, has amply justified its existence was proved by the report presented by the Secretary of what had been accomplished in the short time that has elapsed since the foundation of the society. The membership of the Association comprises soldiers blinded in the war and trained at St. Dunstan's, and civilian masseurs and

W. V. Sargeant has been set up as a picture-framer in Bedford. His work as a pupil teacher has been very thorough and successful, and we have pleasure in recording our sincere appreciation of it. In a similar position in the boot shop, T. Horsfall did very valuable work, attending closely to his duties and giving the men useful and ready assistance.

Mr. Tuppen has made good progress at picture-framing, and his achievements during the month have been very creditable. Mr. Channing is also "making good" as a picture-framer. H. E. Raymond is making steady progress and promises well, the tool-chest he has just completed being a very fair sample of his work. E. Tebble completed his meat-safe in a very satisfactory manner, and is now the proud possessor of it. D. Ironside is a real good tryer, meeting with reasonable success, having recently made some good bed trays. Mr. Campbell completed an oak bed tray which was a splendid specimen, and his test mortising and tenoning was excellent. Capt. Marriott has always shown great interest in his work, which has included an oak bed tray, an octagonal table, and some picture framing.

masseuses trained at or under the auspices of the National Institute for the Blind.

The meeting was well attended, with Mr. P. L. Way in the chair and supported on the platform by Major W. H. Broad, M.D., R.A.M.C., and Cortlandt MacMahon, Esq., M.A., two of the Association's Vice-Presidents. At the conclusion of the proceedings the Honorary Secretary of the Association, Mrs. F. Chaplin Hall, was presented with a signed address and a note-case containing a cheque, as a tribute to the untiring devotion she has shown in the interests of the members of the A.C.B.M.

We wish the Association all the success it deserves, for the suitability of Massage as a profession for the blind needs no emphasis in these pages.

### Sports Club Notes

NOW that we are all back again after a very restful holiday, we are all keen to recommence our sports. We have a very busy term in front of us, for not only have we got our own sports, but have received many kind invitations from outside organisations to take part in their athletic meetings.

#### FOOTBALL

The League games having now commenced, we are anxious that all those interested and desirous of attending should send in their names as early as possible, stating the special matches they wish to attend. We are hopeful that the Chelsea and Arsenal authorities will again extend to us the same courtesy as was so kindly shown last season, when we were invited to all their League games.

#### FOOTBALL COMPETITION

Will captains of teams please get their men together for the new football kicking competition for Sir Arthur's Challenge Cup, which will commence shortly. Opportunities will be arranged for practice.

#### SWIMMING

A large number have already joined the swimming class. Will all who swim, or are desirous of learning, send in their names immediately to the Sports Office. We have already received invitations to take part in several swimming galas, and on October 4th we are sending two teams to compete in the 30 yards races at the Old Citizens' Swimming Gala.

#### SATURDAY SPORTS

After the great enthusiasm shown at our big Sports Day, there is sure to be keen competition each Saturday morning. We hope it may be possible to arrange for Messrs. Abrahams and Seagrove—two Cambridge Blues and Olympic runners—to come and give us some running tuition.

#### PHYSICAL EXERCISES

The jerking men have already commenced their morning exertions. The jerks competition will shortly recommence and will extend to the Christmas holidays.

#### BIG SPORTS IN REGENT'S PARK

On Saturday, July 17th, St. Dunstan's first Annual Sports Day was held in Regent's Park. It was a huge success, there being between eight and nine hundred entries, while large numbers of spectators watched throughout the day. Everything went off swimmingly, and everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves. During the afternoon selections were played by an excellent band, conducted by Mr. J. R. Copcutt. The weather, too, favoured us most of the day, but just at the close it started to rain, but fortunately by this time our programme was practically completed.

The races and other events were very good; one race in particular caused a great deal of excitement. This was the 100 yards V.A.D.'s sprint for a gold wristlet watch, kindly presented by the "Watchers" of the *Evening News*. There was a large number of entries for this race, over thirty handing in their names, necessitating two heats and a final. Miss Blackiston was the winner, coming home in great style. She was secured immediately after the finish by several men and chaired round the field, while the various pressmen were busy taking snapshots.

The running of the men throughout the day was extremely good, and the interest was maintained until the end of the twenty-four events. The obstacle race proved most exciting, and was won by H. M. Steel after a hard finish. The tug-of-war competition also supplied much excitement, and was won by A. D. Kirstein's team, after some strenuous pulling.

Much fun was caused by the "guessing" competition. A box, containing a curious mixture of things—from chocolates to Keating's—was made up. The men were asked to guess the weight, which was 6lb. 4oz., and many "huge" estimates were received. J. Gimber, however, guessed within two ounces, and thus won

the prize—the box itself—which had to be opened in full view of the spectators.

Chief interest was centred in the "Bangkok" Cup, the first part of the competition having been completed on the previous Tuesday in the rowing regatta at Putney. Here points had been awarded for first, second and third places, and the rowing leaders were anxious to win certain field events which would enable them to win the Cup. Although H. Northgreaves secured the highest points on the Sports Day—21—the poor day he had at Putney, when he only secured one point, placed him out of the running. The Cup was eventually won by A. D. Kirstein, who secured a total of 32 points. The leaders for the "Bangkok" Cup are as follows:—

	Rowing	Sports	Total
A. D. Kirstein	- 20	12	32
P. J. Conlin	- 10	13	23
J. Gimber	- 18	5	23
J. Ham	- 11	11	22
H. Northgreaves	- 1	21	22
H. M. Steel	- 3	16	19
F. Ashworth	- 16	0	16
A. Biggs	- 1	15	16
J. S. Harrison	- 16	0	16
G. F. Taylor	- 16	0	16

#### PRESENTATION

Sir Arthur most kindly presented the "Bangkok" Cup to A. D. Kirstein on Monday, July 19th, amid loud applause from the men. He also presented the gold wristlet watch to Miss Blackiston, and congratulated the Sports Sisters generally upon their splendid work.

#### SPORTS DAY, JULY 17TH, 1920

##### LIST OF WINNERS

*Obstacle Race (S.S.)*—1, H. M. Steel; 2, F. J. Conlin; 3, J. Simpson.

*Throwing the Cricket Ball (S.S.)*—1, J. L. Brooke (63½ yds.); 2, J. Ham (62 yds.); 3, A. James (60 yds.)

*Throwing the Cricket Ball (T.B.)*—1, H. Northgreaves (75 yds.); 2, J. Winter (73½ yds.); 3, J. Meighan (62 yds.)

*Skipping (S.S.)*—1, P. J. Conlin; 2, J. R. Treby; 3, W. Scott.

*Skipping (T.B.)*—1, H. Northgreaves; 2, A. D. Kirstein; 3, A. A. Biggs.

*Jumping (S.S.)*—1, J. Ham (25 ft. 11 in.); 2, P. J. Conlin (25 ft.); 3, H. M. Steel (24 ft. 2 in.)

*Jumping (T.B.)*—1, H. Tomkinson (26 ft. 6½ in.); 2, A. A. Biggs (24 ft. 4½ in.); 3, A. D. Kirstein (23 ft. 11½ in.)

*Putting the Weight (S.S.)*—1, J. Gimber (25 ft. 2 in.); 2, J. Ham (25 ft.); 3, E. J. Lloyd (24 ft. 4 in.)

*Putting the Weight (T.B.)*—1, H. Northgreaves (26 ft. 8 in.); 2, A. D. Kirstein (25 ft. 9 in.); 3, A. A. Biggs (23 ft. 10 in.)

*Walking Relay (Fours)*—1, A. D. Kirstein, A. A. Biggs, P. J. Conlin, H. M. Steel; 2, H. Jubbs, J. Winter, F. Wenborn, J. C. Robbins; 3, C. W. Fawcett, J. T. Scrymgeour, S. McIntosh, W. Strachan.

*100 Yards Relay (Fours)*—1, W. Scott, H. M. Steel, P. J. Conlin, J. Simpson; 2, J. Ham, R. Edwards, J. L. Brooke, E. J. Lloyd; 3, J. R. Treby, G. H. Barratt, A. James, C. J. Fawcett.

*90 Yards Sprint (T.B.)*—1, A. A. Biggs; 2, E. Tomkinson; 3, H. Northgreaves (11½ seconds).

*90 Yards Sprint (S.S.)*—1, H. M. Steel; 2, J. Simpson; 3, P. J. Sparkes (10½ seconds).

*Cigarette Race (Pairs)*—1, A. A. Biggs and H. M. Steel; 2, H. Northgreaves and R. Edwards; 3, L. E. Carter and J. Ham.

*Wheelbarrow Race (Pairs)*—1, P. J. Conlin and A. D. Kirstein; 2, W. Scott and M. Burran; 3, H. M. Steel and A. A. Biggs.

*Egg and Spoon (S.S.)*—1, J. Simpson; 2, J. W. Simpson; 3, J. Gimber.

*Egg and Spoon (T.B.)*—1, D. E. Carter; 2, A. A. Biggs; 3, A. D. Kirstein.

*Tug-of-War*—1, A. D. Kirstein, W. Strachan, J. T. Scrymgeour, P. J. Conlin, A. A. Biggs, H. M. Steel; 2, J. Meighan, J. Simpson, J. W. Simpson, C. F. Jones, C. Pike, A. H. Wernham.

*Target*—1, A. A. Biggs; 2, W. Henry; 3, A. D. Kirstein.

*Weight Guessing*—J. Gimber.

*Sister's Race*—Miss Blackiston

#### WORCESTER REGATTA

As we were only able to have a "one day" regatta at Putney in July last we were unable to have any outside races. So instead of the Worcester crews coming up to Putney as they have previously done, Mr. Brown, the headmaster of Worcester College kindly invited one of St. Dunstan's crews to take part in their Regatta on the

Severn. It was decided that the crew to go should be the winners of the final in the open fours at Putney. The fortunate crew turned out to be J. Gimber, F. Ashworth, R. Edwards, and E. C. Oram.

On Thursday, July 15th, we went down to Worcester by the 9.45 a.m. from Paddington and arrived just before one o'clock. We were met at the station by Mr. Brown's representative and conveyed to the Crown Hotel, where a good lunch was provided, and we were made very comfortable. Mr. Brown's representative was very impressed with J. Gimber's dimensions and told the Worcester College boys when he returned that the St. Dunstan's stroke weighed thirteen stone! This report was soon spread round the College that a crew of giants had arrived! our crew really averaged about ten stone.

After lunch Mr. Gibson took our men for a trail spin on the river to give them an opportunity of getting used to the boat and the various currents. On Friday, we spent a quiet morning, and after a very light lunch went down to the Worcester Rowing Club headquarters feeling very fit.

Our first race was against Worcester first four, St. Dunstan's won this race quite easily. Both crews got away well, but our men were quicker and were soon leading by quite a few lengths. About half way down the course Worcester's stroke unfortunately caught a crab, which put them right out of the running, our crew paddling home six to seven lengths ahead.

Our second race was against Mr. Mowatt's four; this was not on the programme, but as Mr. Mowatt expressed a wish to row against St. Dunstan's, our men readily consented, although it necessitated rowing two races on top of each other. St. Dunstan's again won by quite a few lengths.

Our third race was against Worcester College Old Boys' four. This proved the best of all. We lost the toss and so had the roughest side of the river, but could not complain, having won the toss on the two previous occasions. Our men again got away in quick time and led all the way, winning by about four lengths.

Mr. Brown and the boys of Worcester College gave us a most cordial welcome,

and showed us the utmost hospitality, which we all very much appreciated. May we extend to Mr. Brown and the Worcester College men our grateful thanks for inviting us, and for the splendid time they gave us?

#### COMRADES OF THE WAR RALLY

Owing to the kindness of the Comrades of the Great War Association a party of our men attended a massed rally at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, August 28th. The party, consisting of twelve men, competed in a special race for St. Dunstan's men, viz., 100 yds. Pairs Race. We left the Bungalow at 12.15 p.m. in the Tank, and went merrily on our way until Victoria was reached, when one of the tyres burst. After this temporary delay we eventually reached the Palace in double quick time. On entering the Palace grounds we were greeted with the sight of an 18-in. gun with shells complete, which was one of the many exhibits of the Great War Exhibition. On reaching the sports ground we were cordially received by Mr. Long and his Committee and comfortably seated in the centre stand until our event was to take place.

The men, on marching to the starting-point, fully equipped in their running outfits, received an extraordinary enthusiastic reception from the 25,000 spectators present. The race was a very fine one, and the huge audience were greatly impressed with the wonderful athletic powers of our men. After a keen fight A. Biggs and G. Taylor won by about one yard, H. Northgreaves and R. Edwards being second, D. Kirstein and W. Alston third. There was very little between first and third, so close was the race.

After the event we were entertained at tea by the Comrades Association, and again received tremendous applause.

Starting home merrily in the old Tank all went well till we reached Loughboro' Junction, where once more she stopped and refused to go any further in spite of much coaxing with water and pushing assistance by the occupants! We arrived home, however, safe and sound by the aid of tram and tube after having had a most enjoyable outing.

J. D. V.



## Church and Catholic Chapel Notes

### Church Notes

WE are all so sorry that we have lost our beautiful little Chapel, owing to the fact that the ground upon which it stood had to be cleared of all buildings. Yet we are most grateful for its use; it will be a spot of hallowed memories to all St. Dunstaners.

It has not yet been possible to fix definitely a place where we can permanently hold our various services, but it is hoped that everything will be arranged this month.

In the meantime, the services are being held in the quiet lounge of the Bungalow, and it was certainly most encouraging to have the lounge quite full of men and staff for the opening service on August 29th.

We are very pleased to welcome back men, staff and workers, and we hope that, in spite of unkind weather, they have all benefited from their rest and change of air.

### Catholic Chapel Notes

THE Chapel re-opened on Sunday, August 28th. Our numbers are naturally smaller than previously, and it is earnestly hoped that all who are here will remember that the Chapel is for their use and convenience, and thus make a special effort to be present at Mass here, and not go outside to fulfil their obligation. For the benefit of newcomers the times of the services are as follows:—Sundays: Mass, followed by Benediction, 9.15 a.m. Days of Obligation: Mass 8.30, Benediction 2 p.m.

### Marriages

ON Saturday, June 26th, J. G. Wishart was married at St. Paul's Church, West Pelton, Durham, to Miss A. Knapp.

On Saturday, July 10th, J. Deegan was married at Marylebone Parish Church, to Miss E. Earwaker.

On Saturday, July 10th, E. W. Stevenson was married at Marylebone Parish Church, to Miss M. L. Breeze.

On Thursday, July 15th, P. Sumner was married at St. Swithin's Church, Lincoln, to Miss E. Allen.

On Saturday, July 17th, R. Giffin was married at Marylebone Parish Church, to Miss D. B. Bamford.

### Births

J. BATCHELOR, daughter - June 22, 1920  
 J. COX, son - - - - June 23, 1920  
 W. SHERRIDON, son - - June 29, 1920  
 G. C. SHIELDS, son - - July 8, 1920  
 A. S. HENDERSON, son - July 14, 1920  
 P. C. PRATT, daughter - July 25, 1920  
 J. S. BAILEY, daughter - July 26, 1920  
 A. WILLIAMS, daughter - July 28, 1920  
 W. LILLEY, son - - - Aug. 16, 1920  
 G. PERRY, daughter - - Aug. 21, 1920  
 G. A. HOLLINS, son - - Aug. 29, 1920  
 LT. W. G. T. PEMBERTON,  
 daughter - - - - Sept. 3, 1920

### Baptisms

ON Sunday, July 18th, Michael Ivor, son of William Nichols, was baptised in the St. Dunstan's Chapel.

On Monday, July 19th, June, daughter of Thomas William Grove, was baptised in the St. Dunstan's Chapel.

On Sunday, September 5th, John Stewart Adamson, son of Francis Gilhooly, was baptised in the St. Dunstan's Chapel.

LIFE is short, and we have never too much time for gladdening the hearts of those who are travelling the dark journey with us. Oh, be swift to love, make haste to be kind!  
*Amiel*

## If Sir Arthur Pearson were Chancellor of the Exchequer

THERE, the wretched thing is done at last! I can't pretend that it has any literary merit, though its completion has cost me a vast amount of trouble. There are no poetic touches in it, no delicate flights of fancy, it is just a study in realism, the faithful setting down of literal facts. Whether it will content the exacting critic to whom it must be despatched I cannot say; probably enough he may detect flaws in it and send it back for revision. Yet I've done my best to please him, and have spent time in the effort that could have been employed far more pleasantly. And now it is finished and signed, and lies there ready for the post. If the poet was right in asserting that the work which its author "does not take a pleasure in creating, the world, in its turn, will not take pleasure in contemplating," I hate having to supply it. If there were any honest way of escape I should take it, and I am sure that you, my reader, will sympathise with this feeling, for the abhorrent form of writing in which I have been engaged for the last hour or so is the filling-up of an income-tax return. And that task, displeasing enough in any circumstances, is made quite detestable by the methods of the revenue authorities. Why should the form be printed on paper of a dingy brownish-yellow, on the surface of which no ordinary pen can write without blots? Why should the numerous directions be written in a jargon which is a mere parody of English? Above all, why should they imply that you, the person who has to fill up the form, are a liar and a rogue? For that, beyond question, is their tone. "Look here," they say in effect, "we know you're not to be trusted. We are sure you mean to cheat the Government if you can. But you had better be careful. Just note this, my friend—treble the duty, heavy fines—that's what's in store for you if you try on any of your tricks. So if you don't fill up the form without any of your falsehoods, understand clearly that you'll suffer."

What right has an income-tax form to talk in that way, when—even if arithmetic is not your strongest point—you are a perfectly honest citizen, prepared to pay your legal dues? Is such language even wise from the Inland Revenue's own point of view? It stirs resentment, it insults self-respecting folk, it makes one long to score off those officials if they can.

Very different (and far more effective) would be these income-tax circulars were (let us say) Sir Arthur Pearson made Chancellor of the Exchequer. Then how alluring, how persuasive would be the request! Of course it would take the form of a personal letter from the Chancellor, with his signature (in facsimile) at the end. "My dear Sir—Do please forgive me for troubling you with this reminder about income-tax for next year. I just hate to bother you, for I know what difficult times these are, and how many must be the calls on you. But really I have no choice. I'm simply bound to get the money somehow. For instance, I have to maintain, at the very moderate figure of £400 a year apiece, over 600 members of the House of Commons. If you could only see these poor fellows, and know how eagerly they look forward to their quarterly cheques, I am sure you would value this chance of helping them. What may I put you down for this time? I daresay you're puzzled to know what your contribution ought to be. Well, the recognised rate—unless you happen to be a rich man—is six shillings in the pound of your income. But I won't give you all the bother of working that out, leave that to my staff. Just scribble down how much money you received last year, and I'll drop you a line later on telling you exactly what you ought to pay. With grateful thanks for your assistance in past years, believe me"—how pleasant a change this would be from the form now in vogue, with its threats and insults!

A GIRL is never satisfied until she draws her beau into a knot.

## A Blind Scientist

THE University of Leeds did itself as much honour as it did the recipient when some time ago it conferred its high degree of Master of Science on Mr. John Grimshaw Wilkinson, the well-known blind botanist, who is a familiar figure in nearly every part of the West Riding.

Mr. Grimshaw Wilkinson has in truth an astonishing personality. At the age of twenty-two he lost his sight as the result of an attack of rheumatic fever. Up to that time he had, whilst really learning the grocery business, devoted no small portion of his leisure to painting. Art ran in his family. The famous Yorkshire painter, Mr. Atkinson Grimshaw, was a cousin, while Mr. Arthur Grimshaw, the musician, whose songs are well known, was another relative. Mr. Percy Grimshaw, the scientist, of Edinburgh Museum, also belongs to the family.

When his sight was gone, the young man of twenty-two at once resolved not to despair but to be up and doing in some way which would overcome the great loss he had just sustained.

He got a friend to take him into the woods at Temple Newsam, near Leeds, where he had often spent hours in painting, and to put him near a fine ash tree which he used to love. From that tree he asked for a leaf and, placing it on his tongue, he quickly began to note its characteristics by his delicate sense of touch.

He found that his tongue possessed a marvellous power in this way and he went on to study other leaves in the same fashion day by day, until he could distinguish any leaf given him simply by his delicate touch of the tongue.

From leaves he passed on to stems, flowers and fruits, and thus became so amazingly expert and skilful that he can to-day distinguish more than 4,000 plants unerringly by this wonderful method.

So delicate and astonishing is Mr. Wilkinson's sense of this kind that he has been able to point out to botanical

authorities several important mistakes which they have made in the classification of plants, by showing them that many species which they had set down as indigenous to Britain were really aliens, brought here two or three hundred years back. He has been able to tell us this by comparisons with his tongue between them and their prototypes in other lands. It was for such discoveries that the University of Leeds conferred on him the degree mentioned.

Mr. John Grimshaw Wilkinson's amazing sense of touch has led him to incredible success in regions of social science also. If you put before him a number of convicts mixed with a number of ordinary citizens he can, by his keen sense of hand-shakes, point out which are the convicts and which the others!

Still more astonishing, perhaps, is it to find that when you shake hands with this wonderful man he will tell you what part of the kingdom you belong to, from the feel and impression your hand-shake makes on his delicate sense of touch.

The blind "Master of Science" wanders almost at will over a wide area of the West Riding, never having any difficulty or trouble in making his way rightly. The medical students at Leeds are fond of him, and often accompany him on rural rambles, both for the benefit of his great botanical knowledge and teaching, and also to study the unique qualities which have replaced his loss of sight. Men and women, boys and girls, far and near, look for his coming and greet him heartily, for everybody knows and loves this kind, good natured, great-souled Yorkshire scientist.

Mr. Wilkinson is to-day sixty-four years of age, enjoys excellent health, and has great activity of mind and body. He is a living example of what a man, stricken by a heavy blow in youth, may become by dint of real grit and true pluck. John Grimshaw Wilkinson is one of the real heroes of Britain!—*The World's Work*.

## "The Gentleman Tramp"

THE Gentleman Tramp" was the only name by which he was known along the thousand-mile route he followed between Land's End and John o'Groats. His identity was a secret known only to his relatives and a few friends, for he recognised that however insistent his will power, failure might overtake him, and in any event he was not anxious for publicity. He would be heard of, or seen, among the tin miners of Cornwall; again news would arrive that he was making his way through Lancashire, and so on, week after week.

The mystery of his identity, the glamour of his feat of endurance, his age—he is in his seventy-eighth year—made him an object of special interest wherever he appeared, and now that the adventure is complete the element of mystery may be swept away in the announcement that the veteran pedestrian is a well-known resident in Harrogate, Mr. Charles England, of Ripon Road, who is a magistrate for the borough, and connected with numerous religious, educational and social welfare bodies in the town.

He never posed as an athlete or entered for any sporting event, and the idea of his long walk arose out of a couple of incidents. Two or three years ago, in consequence of a friendly challenge, he walked thirty-six miles in a day, and a year ago he managed to improve upon that total. He remembered that he had covered over a hundred miles in a day on his bicycle, and he began to wonder whether a man of his age, who had lived an active and temperate life, could bear the strain of walking 1,000 miles.

The usual route between Land's End and John o' Groats is 886 miles, and he decided to make it into four figures by including a visit to the Lizard, the most southern point, and Dunnet Head, the most northern, with other variations, and though he set himself no time limit, he calculates that he would have been home quite a month ago if he had not consented to collect for St. Dunstan's from people whom he met on the road.

His primary object was a holiday, but feeling personally indebted to men who had served in the Forces, he undertook the collection on condition that he travelled under an assumed name—hence "The Gentleman Tramp."

During his walk the "Tramp" was dressed in a grey tweed shooting jacket and knickerbockers; he wore over all a loose oilskin cape; a covering of similar material protected his grey tweed cap when it rained. On his feet were what in the Army are known as "ammunition boots," not very elegant in appearance but more comfortable than any boot made on a civilian last. For the rest, he was florid of complexion, his white whiskers and moustache were closely trimmed, he was bright of eye and alert of step, and carried his seventy-eight years exceedingly well.

So generally happy were Mr. England's experiences that he would have turned again from John o' Groats and tramped back with pleasure to Carlisle, had opportunity permitted. When he started he had touches of gout and muscular rheumatism. Both have gone. During the tour he had a nasty accident, falling on an awkward, winding staircase, with the result that for weeks he walked like a cripple, but the effects have disappeared, and he ended his holiday in far better health than when he started, declaring, quite seriously, that the railway journey home had tired him more than any of his longest days on foot.

His holiday has been as varied as any young man seeking adventure could wish it to be, he says. Not only has he seen the country from end to end and had opportunities of visiting places of interest not always accessible, but he has experienced every variety of weather, from excessive heat in the Wye Valley—where he struck a heat wave—to the bitter cold of stormy weather in Caithness and of the winds blowing from Pentland Firth.

At the very start, which began at the end of April, he wandered about Cornwall visiting the mines when he ought to have

been on the road. Then he engaged in house-to-house collections, which he found occupied more time than he could well afford, and finally he had the misfortune to fall downstairs at one of his stopping places, with the result that he was kept in bed for a week with badly strained muscles of the back. Then the Wye Valley, which is always warm, proved this year as hot as a furnace, and in going through it he developed foot trouble. Blisters impeded his going. He attributed this to the indiarubber soles, so he ripped them off, walked on solid leather, and there was no more inconvenience from blisters.

He put up at some of the most expensive hotels, and he was often glad of the humble accommodation afforded in bare roadside inns and cottages. Once he found absolutely no place to rest his head, but after arranging to spend the night in a broken-down lorry on top of a load of cotton, he heard of a cottage where he might be able to sleep. After some beseeching he was allowed the privilege of lying on a sofa, so narrow that he had to hold on to the back and at least a foot short of his length, and at that time he was still suffering from the effects of his fall. As a last resource he has spent the night in common lodging-houses, and generally he met with the greatest kindness and civility.

Between Peebles and Edinburgh, however, he was refused even shelter in a roadside inn at eleven o'clock at night. There was no other accommodation within three miles, and he had passed the last few hours of his journey in a wild, bleak, almost uninhabited district, facing a heavy gale. Rain had drenched him to the skin, running from his waterproof and filling his boots.

In that condition he was refused admission, but was ultimately allowed to enter a wooden shed. A boy took him to a corner and saying, "This is the driest part; here are some sacks, lie on them"; left him in darkness. He soon found he was not the only occupant of the shed, for a drunken man disturbed the night silence by alternately swearing, snoring and hammering with his heavy boots on the floor. The next day Mr. England walked into

Edinburgh without feeling any ill effects of his experience, and was welcomed by the Lord Provost on the day the King and Queen and Princess Mary were there.

In the mining districts of Cornwall and among the colliers of Lancashire and the South of Scotland he was welcomed as a "good old sport." In the hotels at which he stayed he found equal admiration of his pluck and perseverance, while receptions by Mayors and Provosts were regular occurrences. In the Highlands pipers turned out to cheer his steps and announce his arrival at different places. The Provost of Wick and the Chairman of the Caithness County Council entertained him at a public luncheon. At the other end of the social scale he was equally happy in the treatment he received. Early in his tour—near Exeter—he fell in with a man on tramp, not of the professional class, but a demobilised sailor who was wounded on the Mole at Zeebrugge.

"Been on the road long?" asked the sailor.

"Some time," was the reply.

"Hard lines, isn't it?" was a question they both answered "in the affirmative."

Together they tramped into Exeter, and the sailor, on leaving his unknown companion, offered him a bottle of beer and some bread and cheese to "help him on his way."

Asked how he collected the money for St. Dunstan's, he said he made himself known at his various stopping places, stated his object and obtained from guests and others contributions large and small. When he came across a wayside inn, he entered and begged; he stopped people on the road and endeavoured to impress upon them the duty they owed to wounded soldiers and especially to blinded soldiers. For every subscription he received he gave an official receipt, and day by day he posted to headquarters the amounts he collected. "This is a very much bigger job, however, than I had expected," said he during his walk. "At my week-end stopping places I am simply overwhelmed with correspondence, and after attending church, as I always do on Sunday, the rest of the day is taken up with letter writing." As one who has a strong objection to self

## A St. Dunstan's Staff Wedding

A VERY pretty wedding took place at St. Peter's Church, Ealing, on 31st July, when Mr. J. J. McClellan, of the Treasurer's Department, was married to Miss I. Airs of the Sports Department. The church was well filled by their many friends, which included quite a large party from St. Dunstan's. The bride, who looked charming in a dress of ivory chiffon taffeta with lace side-panels, with wreath and veil, carried a shower bouquet of pink carnations, white roses and white heather. She was attended by Miss Airs as bridesmaid, and also by Master Sidney Clifford and Miss Sheile Blomeley. The Resident Chaplain of St. Dunstan's officiated.

After the ceremony a reception was held at the Institute, Ealing, to about eighty guests. The numerous and costly wedding presents showed the esteem in which both the bride and bridegroom are held by their friends. The presents included a very handsome canteen of cutlery from Sir Arthur Pearson and staff, and a beautiful silver flower vase from the Sports Department.



## 3,000-Year-old Story

DO you know which is the oldest work of fiction? It is the "Tale of Two Brothers," written over three thousand years ago by the librarian to King Merenptah, the supposed Pharaoh of the Exodus. The story was written for the amusement of the King's son, who afterwards reigned as Seti the Second. He has signed his name in two places on the manuscript, and these are probably the only surviving autographs of a King of Egypt. The "Tale of Two Brothers" is written on nineteen sheets of papyrus in a bold hieratic hand. It was purchased in 1857 by the British Museum from a Mme. d'Orbiney.



FRANK: "Do you notice any change in me?"

TED: "No. Why?"

FRANK: "I just swallowed a penny."

advertisement, he made it a stipulation that his identity should not be divulged. He preferred to be known as "The Gentleman Tramp." Curiously enough, at the very start of his journey and before he was well clear of Cornwall, he stumbled across a man with whom he was well acquainted; and in other parts of England he occasionally met persons who somehow or another had ascertained his name. "It is very difficult," he assured us, "to maintain one's anonymity when on tramp."

"No," he replied in answer to a question, "I underwent no special preparation for this journey and observe no dietary rules except those which ordinarily guide me. All my life I have been a temperate man, a hard worker, and for forty years a total abstainer—although I don't parade it. I have travelled in every Continental country, been over the greater part of England, and now I have seen Scotland. The Border country is beautiful." In further conversation he said he had long been interested in religious and philanthropic affairs, and during the war had taken up all sorts of work among the soldiers at great military centres. Now that the war had ended he felt that he was personally indebted to every man who had served. He felt that many had been shamefully treated after demobilisation, and now, when verging on his eightieth year, he had adopted this means of raising money on behalf of the many blinded soldiers who had suffered for him. He did not believe in overdoing the thing at his age, and although he sometimes walked from twenty-two to twenty-three miles in a day, he considered any distance over twenty-five miles hard work. His average walk would be from fifteen to sixteen miles, which was just a pleasant stroll. By the time he had finished his walk he would have travelled 1,000 miles on foot.

Now he is home again he looks far more robust than he did ten years ago, and is a confirmed disciple of the open road.

All past and present men of St. Dunstan's will join us, we are sure, in offering our heartiest congratulations and most sincere thanks to the gallant "Gentleman Tramp" on the conclusion of his wonderful performance.

## Savage Swells

AN article in the current issue of the *Strand Magazine*, entitled "Savage Swells," gives some amusing details relative to the love of natives for finery. It may be little known, but there is an actual outfitter of cannibal kings and queens. His name is John Hyman, and apart from his former business as the Worth of West Africa and the Poiret of Polynesia, he is one of the best-known of London stage costumiers. The following are some details given to the author of this article by Mr. John Hyman himself:—

"It was about eight years ago that I started selling old stage costumes to African and other natives," Mr. Hyman said, rolling a long black cigar to the other side of his mouth, "and I was inspired to begin doing it by a queer and fairly exciting adventure that befell a friend of mine. He's a great traveller and, incidentally, a very fancy dresser—a regular 'knot' in fact. At the time I speak of he was the only passenger on a tramp steamer that was working its way from Beira to Chinde, if I remember rightly, on the east coast of Africa. Well, the ship was wrecked, and my friend was cast up on a cannibal island, whose inhabitants were eager to sample some real white meat. All that kept this chap from figuring as the principal dainty on the next day's menu was his extremely saucy clothing. As luck would have it he was wearing something choice in the way of a fancy waistcoat, which went with a real Bond Street suit of mixed tweeds, and underneath he had some pink silk underwear that had cost two pounds the garment in Piccadilly.

"This raiment made a big hit with the cannibal chiefs, and it saved my friend's life, for he told the chiefs that they might have every rag he had on if they would keep him out of the casserole; and this they agreed to, it not seeming to occur to them that after he had been sent along to the chef his clothes would be theirs anyway. Anyhow they spared him for the

sake of his togs, and my friend, wrapped principally in a reverie, was taken in one of the catamarans that they used out there to a neighbouring island, where he got in with a consul and eventually was put on board another ship. On the way back he did some hard thinking, and when he got home he told me that if the natives were as pleased as all that with just ordinary things like waistcoats and underwear, they would trade almost anything for really showy stuff like theatrical costumes. I saw the point quick, and that's how it started."

Mr. Hyman has some queer stories to tell of the parts that second-hand actor-clothes have played in the life of the jungle, and the strangest of the lot might have seemed too "steep" to be related in print, had it not been confirmed in all the essential details by an English missionary who was seen by the writer on his return, not long afterwards, from a lengthy residence in Africa.

The scene of this happening was a district in the Canicage region—Portuguese territory—which is, or was ruled over by a chieftain who used to be one of Hyman's best customers. This dusky ruler's extensive wardrobe included, at last accounts, one complete British First Lord's uniform, as worn by Sir Joseph Porter in "Pinafore," the costume of a Spanish toreador that formerly figured in "Carmen," and the complete livery of a flunkey in a Drury Lane melodrama, besides other ornate get-ups that must have looked weird enough in an environment of mud-huts and ju-ju.

The old chief ruled in peace until a Pretender arose in the land in the person of an ambitious nephew of his. The latter began to foment a revolution, and attracted so many adherents among the "have-nots" of the Canicage region that things began to look uncommonly black for the reigning monarch. The royal crown appeared to be on the point of changing heads, when the astute old king tried bribery as a last resort. He sent for the pretender, and

without mincing matters proposed to buy him off. The inducement he offered was nothing more or less than a "Hamlet" costume, which the king had bought from one of Hyman's travelling men. Maybe it was the one that Sarah Bernhardt wore when she played the melancholy Dane in Paris, and caused a duel between two dramatic critics who disputed as to whether Hamlet was fat or lean. Anyhow, it proved too attractive a bait to be rejected by the aspirant to the throne of Canicage. After hesitating awhile—possibly soliloquising "To be or not to be?" after the fashion of the Prince of Denmark himself—he capitulated to the lure of the costume and agreed to call off the revolution. The old chief muttered "Saved!" and went back to the throne-room to receive an anti-Pussyfoot deputation that was due at the palace at 3.30 p.m.

## Barry Wins

SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP COMES HOME AGAIN

THE Sculling Championship has come back to England, Ernest Barry defeating Alfred D. Felton of Australia, over the Australian championship course of 3 miles 330 yards on the Parramatta River, Sydney, N.S.W.

It was an easy victory, Barry proving successful by 12 lengths.

The race has aroused very great interest in England and Australia, Barry being the first Englishman to scull a championship match in Sydney.

Everyone in the world of "sculls" from Putney to the Parramatta will rejoice at the victory of Ernest Barry, reputedly the finest wielder of the "feathers" any time since Hanlon electrified watermen.

His victory in his thirty-seventh year is a triumph and a revenge—a triumph for age over youth and a sporting revenge on Felton, who defeated him on the Thames in October last.

Moreover, it is an English triumph, as this is the first time a home-born Englishman had raced in Australia, and a very big thing in the sculling world, as Barry

Hyman says that a Congo belle became the favourite wife of her ebony lord by dint of attiring herself in the spangles and lace that once adorned a member of the ballet at Convent Garden Opera House; and he also told of a novel spectacle that greeted the eyes of one of his "bagmen" who visited a native village on the Gold Coast for the first time. It seems that, in the meantime, the inhabitants of this village had done some bartering with those of another one nearer the coast where Hyman had already placed a fair-sized consignment of cast-offs, and the first thing that the traveller saw when he struck the second town was a local beauty who was sporting a huge "Merry Widow" hat and a sash of faded pink ribbon, but the remainder of whose costume could have been pretty successfully hidden under a postage-stamp

had carried the war into the camp—or on to the river—of the all-conquering Australian.

### HIS PREVIOUS ILL-LUCK

Barry is perhaps the finest oarsmen yet produced in this country. He won the championship in 1912, by defeating Richard Arnst on the Thames.

He suffered defeat, as stated, last year by Felton, but Barry had the greatest ill-luck, and the river was exceptionally against him and his syle.

He is essentially a scientific sculler, and has brought the union of water-craft and the human machine to great perfection.

In private life the cheeriest and best of good fellows, tall, up-standing, clear-eyed, frank and modest, he is a favourite among all good sportsmen, and his victory will be hailed with delight in this country as "one more for the homeland."



A NOISELESS gun has just been invented. It will now be possible to wage war without the enemy complaining of headache.

## All At Sea

A HOLIDAY STORY—By Sydney Mattingly

ON a certain summer Sunday morning, Mr. Edmund Ponsonby was walking with imposing mien along the sea front at Tormouth-on-Sea.

Mr. Ponsonby was designed by nature to be imposing, as he stood 6ft. 3in., and was broad in proportion; and he assisted nature by wearing a frock coat, expansive white waistcoat, and immaculate top-hat.

This was because it was the Sabbath. When on his first visit, some years before, Mr. Ponsonby had appeared in this exotic garb, Tormouth local opinion had been inclined to object. Tormouth was not a watering place, but a fishing village, and it desired to be treated as such. A top-hat had never before paraded its simple street, and must do so at its own risk, in the shape of stones, rotten apples and other convenient missiles propelled by the hands of the small boys who felt it their duty to make Tormouth's feelings known.

Mr. Ponsonby, however, was of a resolute disposition. At Surbiton his Sabbath garb was a top-hat and frock-coat. He saw no reason to change during his summer holiday. Public opinion was nothing to him; for three successive Sundays he stalked through a hostile world, pointed at by the finger of scorn. On the fourth an ungainly youth, seeking to win fame, scored a direct hit on Mr. Ponsonby's top-hat with a decayed onion. He had miscalculated his distance, however, and Mr. Ponsonby caught him before he could reach sanctuary. Such were the persuasive powers of Mr. Ponsonby's iron grip that the youth consumed the onion if not with a relish at least with a considerable dispatch, in sight of a large crowd of onlookers.

Mr. Ponsonby passed on; but lo! a miracle had happened.

The fickle thing, public opinion, veered round like a weathercock. Mr. Ponsonby's Sunday clothes were tolerated; nay, before long they were even admired and pointed out as one of the sights of Tormouth; and at the time at which we write Mr.

Ponsonby ranked with the Fisherman's Arms and the weather-glass among the town's most respected institutions.

The passing of the years, while it had increased slightly the girth of Mr. Ponsonby and intensified, if that were possible, the sheen on his top-hat, had also developed the determination of character already mentioned. Mr. Ponsonby was, in short, obstinate, not to say pig-headed and yet of a kindly, even, lovable disposition.

And this was proved on the morning of which we write, for as Mr. Ponsonby proceeded along the almost deserted front—for it was nearly one o'clock and Tormouth was preparing to eat its Sunday dinner—he came across a sobbing urchin vainly endeavouring to retrieve a ha'penny which had rolled from his hand through the railings which ran along the edge of the concrete sea-wall.

Mr. Ponsonby carried an umbrella—an umbrella in keeping with his garb, gold-handled and magnificent. Bending down he succeeded in hooking back the errant coin. As he did so, his top-hat blew off, over the railings, and rolled down the shelving beach towards the sea.

For a man of his size Mr. Ponsonby climbed the railings quickly; but the wind was off the shore, and by the time he reached the water's edge his hat, brim up, was already sailing merrily to sea. He tried to hook it back with the umbrella, but it was just beyond his reach. Still, a yard would do it. Wet legs seemed preferable to Mr. Ponsonby to the loss of a new top-hat. He took one step into the waves. Alas, still a contemptible matter of inches separated the umbrella from its prey.

It has been mentioned that Mr. Ponsonby was possessed of a resolute, not to say obstinate, character. His soul became filled with a resolve that his hat should not escape. The water lapped round the skirts of his frock-coat, invaded the sacred expanse of white waistcoat, and a moment later Mr. Ponsonby was swimming.

Those who have bathed at Tormouth will not need to be told that even the best swimmers should not trust themselves beyond their depth. With the tide on the ebb an insidious current seizes the unwary and sweeps them out to sea. Mr. Ponsonby was a swimmer of exceptional power, but he knew that even so, once beyond a certain point the current was too strong to swim against. But at that moment he was not thinking of currents but of top-hats and regretting that his umbrella was not a foot longer. Again and again the hat eluded him by the little that is on occasions like this, such a lot; but opposition ever increased Mr. Ponsonby's resolution; hampered as he was by clothes and umbrella, he plunged ahead with half a dozen furious trudgeon strokes and victory and the hat were within his grasp. He placed it upon his head and turned shorewards.

It was then he realised the situation. Tormouth was far away—the current was bearing him swiftly seaward—his Sunday dinner was indefinitely postponed.

Mr. Ponsonby however, did not give way to panic. He was not afraid that he would sink—Nature had given him a body as buoyant as his disposition—and out at sea he could discern a sailing boat and the smoke of a steamer. Methodically reviewing the situation, he prepared for a lengthy cruise.

First of all he tucked his top-hat, brim upwards, beneath his arm. The imprisoned air made it a most efficient lifebuoy. Then putting up his umbrella he trimmed it to catch the breeze that wafted from the land.

Mr. Ponsonby was delighted with the result. Though his body—or shall we say hull—was hardly of stream-line design, he progressed through the water with a pleasing and rhythmical rapidity; and he reflected that he was getting the combined delights of swimming and sailing without the effort entailed by the one and the danger of sea-sickness inseparable from the other.

With a fair wind and a fair tide an occasional leg stroke was all that was needed to keep Mr. Ponsonby's course straight for the sailing boat. With the

exception of a fleeting regret that his cigarettes and matches were, so to speak, in the cabin and thus not available for smoking purposes, Mr. Ponsonby's enjoyment of his novel situation was complete.

The distance between him and the sailing boat diminished with almost incredible speed, and he was almost within hailing distance, when without warning the phenomena began to happen.

A large and scaly tail arose from the water with a loud "plop" and in its descent narrowly missed Mr. Ponsonby's nose. For a moment uncomfortable visions of a newspaper paragraph headed "Sharks in the English Channel. Tragic fate of Surbiton resident off Devon Coast," flashed through his mind, but these were speedily obliterated by still more amazing happenings. A female face, Gorgon-like and crowned with blonde and serpentine locks, appeared upon Mr. Ponsonby's port bow. With the utmost presence of mind and a vigorous stroke of his left leg he changed his course to starboard, only to find himself in danger of collision with another female—this time a brunette. Mr. Ponsonby went full speed ahead, but without avail. More faces appeared, more tails. The thing was either becoming a preposterous nightmare, or it was a plain fact Mr. Ponsonby was sailing through a sea absolutely infested with mermaids.

Then, suddenly he became aware of a voice using strange and idiomatic language. Its purport seemed to be an exhortation to himself to fold up his umbrella and drown himself.

The latter course, however, Mr. Ponsonby was not prepared to take. He raised his umbrella, put on his top-hat (as if thereby to assert his respectability), and looked ahead.

The sailing boat was close at hand. It was a good-sized yacht, and on the deck, dancing as if in agony behind a cinematograph machine, the handle of which he was turning, was a man dressed in clothes with a strong Chicago accent. The man was talking still and his discourse now was of the superfluity of porpoises in top-hats in that part of the English Channel.

He still turned the handle, but in a faltering and uncertain manner.

"Sit on his head, Ethel," he shrieked. "Cram his umbrella down his blinking throat. He's spoilt a hundred feet of film already. Duck him, girls, drown him—get him out of the picture somehow."

The mermaid called Ethel—she was the blonde one—seized him by the shoulders. The other mermaids gathered round, an awful purpose in their eyes.

At this moment from the deck of the yacht arose another figure. Green as to the face and wracked by untold agonies of mal-de-mer, it sprang with fury upon the cinematograph operator, whose hand had ceased to turn the handle, and gripped him by the biceps.

"You decorative son of a Chinese washerwoman," he shrieked, "you ain't fit to take pictures of a stationary engine in a fertiliser factory. Nature beats Art every time. The old geyser in the stove-pipe is Nature, and he's going to make this film worth half a million dollars!"

The last thing Mr. Ponsonby saw before the mermaids closed in upon him was the indomitable green-faced figure turning the handle and screaming exhortations to his tormentresses.

Then issued a wild phantasmagoria, in which Mr. Ponsonby believed himself to be fighting for his life. Gleaming white arms seized him with fierce playfulness. Time after time he was plunged beneath the waves, the thunder of many waters, mingled with eldritch laughter, filled his ears, and still he fought furiously for life, and, as if they were part and parcel of it, he clung not less tenaciously to his umbrella and top-hat.

Some time afterwards—Mr. Ponsonby could not tell whether it was ten minutes, an hour, or a matter of a week or two—upon the deck of the *Golden Film*, he was confronted by a figure that even in his dazed state he could not fail to recognise.

No longer green-faced—for excitement had changed its hue—Mr. Isodor K. Stott, Napoleon of the World's Film Producers, offered him the choice of a whisky and soda, a high-ball, or a mint-julep, recommending the latter as a sure preventive of a chill on the liver.

"And after that, if you'll step down

into the saloon, stranger," he said, "I'll sign a contract with you right now for your exclusive services that'll put you on the same line as C. Chaplin and M. Pickford. Isidor K. Stott knows genius when he sees it, sir, and reckons to pay the market price and a bit over."

Every lover of the Movies, will recollect the furore created by "Mr. Bultitude among the Mermaids." They will remember how wildly the public called for more antics from it's central figure, and how they called in vain.

The reason is now disclosed for the first time.

Isidor K. Stott's most tempting offers, his humblest entreaties, even the blandishments of Ethel (who, on being dried, proved to be by no means unattractive) could not move Mr. Ponsonby. He retired inexorably into private life, and all he could be prevailed upon to accept for the service he had already rendered was a new top-hat and frock-coat. In these—or possibly by now in their successors—he may still be seen of a summer Sunday morning taking the incomparable Tor-mouth air.

### St. Dunstan's Competition

THE prize of 10s. offered in our last issue for the best "Bullet" from the three words "St. Dunstan's Hostel," has been awarded to A. E. Hicks, 19 Upland Road, East Dulwich, S.E.22. His "Bullet" is as follows:—

St. Dunstan's Hostel,  
Sorrow Dies Here,

which we think all our readers will consider most apt and appropriate. The runner-up was as follows:—

Sanct Dunstan's Hostel,  
Independence Taught Successfully.

A good Limerick, sent in for our Limerick competition in the REVIEW recently, is as follows:—

There is a fine House near the Zoo,  
With a Chief who's all gold through and through;  
Though we found life a teaser,  
We soon "cocked a breezer,"  
And now we can earn a good "screw."

### Strategy on the Jetty

(By Humphrey Parcell)  
(Reprinted by kind permission of *The Windsor Magazine*.)

"THEY says women is fickle," said old Ned Burney, as he tapped his clay pipe on the jetty seat and peered into the empty bowl, "an' so they is. But, for pervarsity, give me men—old 'uns with money.

"Likely you've seen that young feller from Lunnon that's engaged to the Colonel's darter? 'Aven't you? Well, there 'e is now, a-takin' 'er down to the motor launch. Engaged to 'er 'e is, announced in all the papers, an' only a fortnight ago the Colonel says to me, 'Ned,' 'e says, 'if that young pup ever comes anigh the Manor again, I won't trust myself what I'll do to 'im.' Them was 'is very words.

"'E's not such a bad young feller, mind, but foolish, and I was sorry, for the old Colonel's sake, that Miss Margaret 'ad took up with 'im. But I'm sorrier still the Colonel gave in as 'e did.

"It was 'ere on this very jetty 'e changed 'is mind, as sudden as you like, an' I can't 'elp feeling as 'ow I was partly to blame. Any'ow, I come by this silver watch as a result. But I'll begin at the beginning.

"One evenin' this Mr. 'Aver'll come along 'ere for a stroll, with Miss Margaret. It was getting dusk, and they was walking arm-in-arm, an' I will say that Miss Margaret seemed 'appy and contented like. They was just about level with me, sitting 'ere as I am now, when the Colonel come tearing down from the town after them.

"They stopped an' 'esitated for a minute. Then Mr. 'Aver'll come up to me, leaving Miss Margaret waiting, and shoves a ten-bob note into my 'and.

"'Ned, I want you to do me a kindness,' 'e says. 'Ere's the Colonel comin' along to make a row, on account of my walking out with Miss Margaret. Now, when 'e comes up, I want you, accidental like, to push 'im into the 'arbour. Be sure it seems accidental like, or 'e may get annoyed. Then, when 'e's nice and wet, I'll jump in and rescue 'im. All you've got to do is to

push 'im in,' he says, 'and, if it succeeds, I'll make you a present of a fiver.'

"Well, you don't need tellin' that wasn't no way to talk to a man like me, what's been a friend of the Colonel's for five-and-thirty years, and that's why I don't think as well of the young feller as I'd like to.

"'Ere,' I says, givin' 'im back the money, 'what you want is a tough from the East End to do your dirty work for you.'

"The young feller was quite upset. 'E tried to talk me round, but I wasn't 'aving none. All the time the Colonel was coming nearer, and at last Mr. 'Aver'll got nervous. 'E tried to push the money into my pocket, and naturally I tried to stop 'im. I didn't want 'is money—least-ways, I didn't want it that much.

"Exactly what 'appened I'm not quite clear about, but I must 'ave shoved 'im 'arder than I intended for, and, just as the Colonel came puffing up to us, over went Mr. 'Aver'll into the water.

"'Eh, what's this?' says the Colonel. Can 'e swim?'

"'Like a fish,' says I, meaning to explain the 'ole thing to him. But Miss Margaret vowed 'e couldn't swim a stroke, and the Colonel, starin' over the edge, saw that 'e was making an un'oly splash. In ten seconds the old boy 'ad off 'is boots and coat and was in the water after 'im.

"The Colonel is not much of a swimmer, an' about as graceful as a young elephant, but 'e's very proud of the bit 'e can do. The way 'e brought Mr. 'Aver'll round to the steps would 'ave made a cat laugh. Mr. 'Averill was all but done in, and the Colonel fussed about 'im like 'e was an innercent child. 'E wouldn't even let Miss Margaret touch 'im because 'e was so wet, and 'im on one side and me on the other, 'elped the young feller all the way to the Manor.

"The engagement was announced a week afterwards, and now the Colonel and Mr. 'Averill is the greatest pals you ever



## Strategy on the Jetty—continued.

seen. Everyone they meet 'as to be told the story, and Mr. 'Aver'ill is taking swimming lessons from the Colonel afore breakfast.

"I suppose it was just light-'eartedness what made Mr. 'Aver'ill give me this watch, for I can't make 'ead nor tail of what 'e said when 'e give it to me.

"'Ned,' he says, 'the reason you shoved me in was that I wanted to pay you for a box of matches you gave me, and you wouldn't 'ave it. Remember that, Ned.'

"I didn't give 'im no matches. We said nothin' about matches. And the more I think on it, the more it seems to me that I didn't shove 'im in neither."

## Euclid in Public Affairs

By A. P. Garland, in the "Daily Mail."

**A** LINE is the policy that may be adopted in respect to any public matter.

A straight line is the policy that will not be so adopted.

The wangles in the basis of an international agreement extend to infinity.

All conferences are the same conference.

A Budget is that in which the income and expenditure, though reduced ever so many times, will not meet.

A wrangle is the disinclination of two Ministers who meet at a golf club.

A circle consists of a number of points on the earth's surface at which every month Germany is forced to keep the Peace Treaty.

A Pole is the straight line connecting Germany and Bolshevia.

A superman is a Minister from whom all lines radiate at a small extra charge.

If in the same street and on the same side of it be two Government departments each to each, and if the number of controllers, deputy-controllers, assistant controllers and charwomen in one be equal to the number of controllers, etc., in the other, then shall the annual public charges be equal, each to each. For, if not, let one be the greater, then the other will have shown a slight tendency to economy—which is absurd.

OLDLADY: "I want the Bank of England."  
POLITE POLICEMAN: "I'm afraid I can't let you have it, ma'am."

## Gretna Green Marriages

**A**LTHOUGH it is no longer possible for any English couple, by simply crossing the border in Scotland, to be wed "off hand," as was once the case, Gretna Green marriages are not altogether unknown even in these days. Now and again a couple for romantic reasons elect to be married at the old Gretna Green smithy by means of a simple declaration and the joining of hands; but as ever since 1856 the law has been that one of the contracting parties must be actually resident in Scotland for three full weeks before the ceremony, such weddings are not very often runaway ones. Provided the above condition is fulfilled, however, such a marriage, even if a runaway one, is perfectly legal, though in a sense irregular.

Apart from the cost of the railway journey to Gretna Green, the expense is small. In pre-war days the cost was about £2, which included an excellent tea to the bride, bridegroom and witnesses, and refreshments for the "priest." The "priest," by the way, is the local blacksmith, James Dixon, a descendant of the original "Blacksmith of Gretna Green," celebrated in song and story.

SHE sat on the steps at eventide,  
Enjoying the balmy air;  
He came and asked, "May I sit at your side?"

And she gave him a vacant stair!