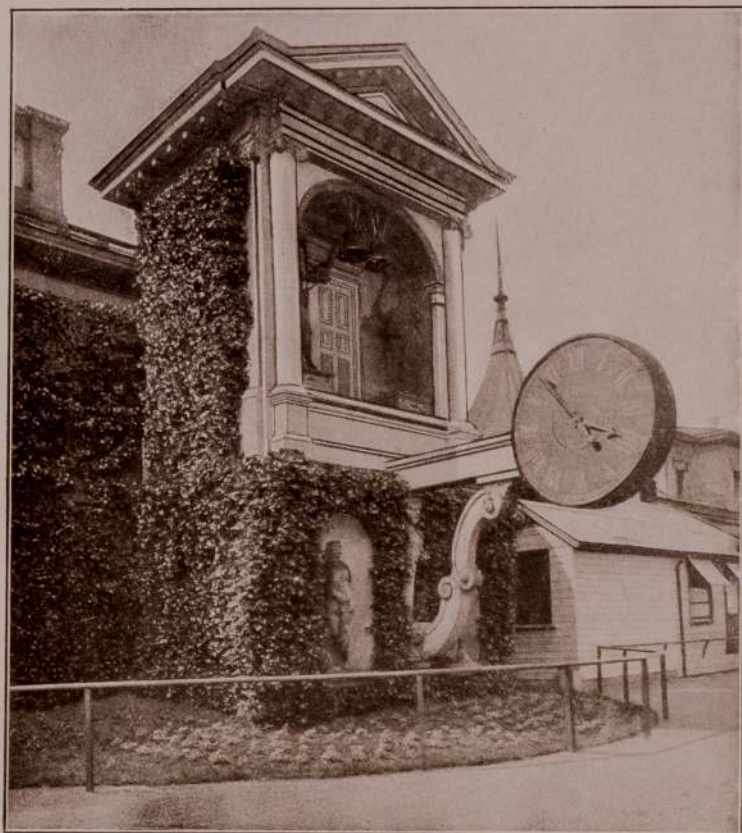


# St. Dunstan's

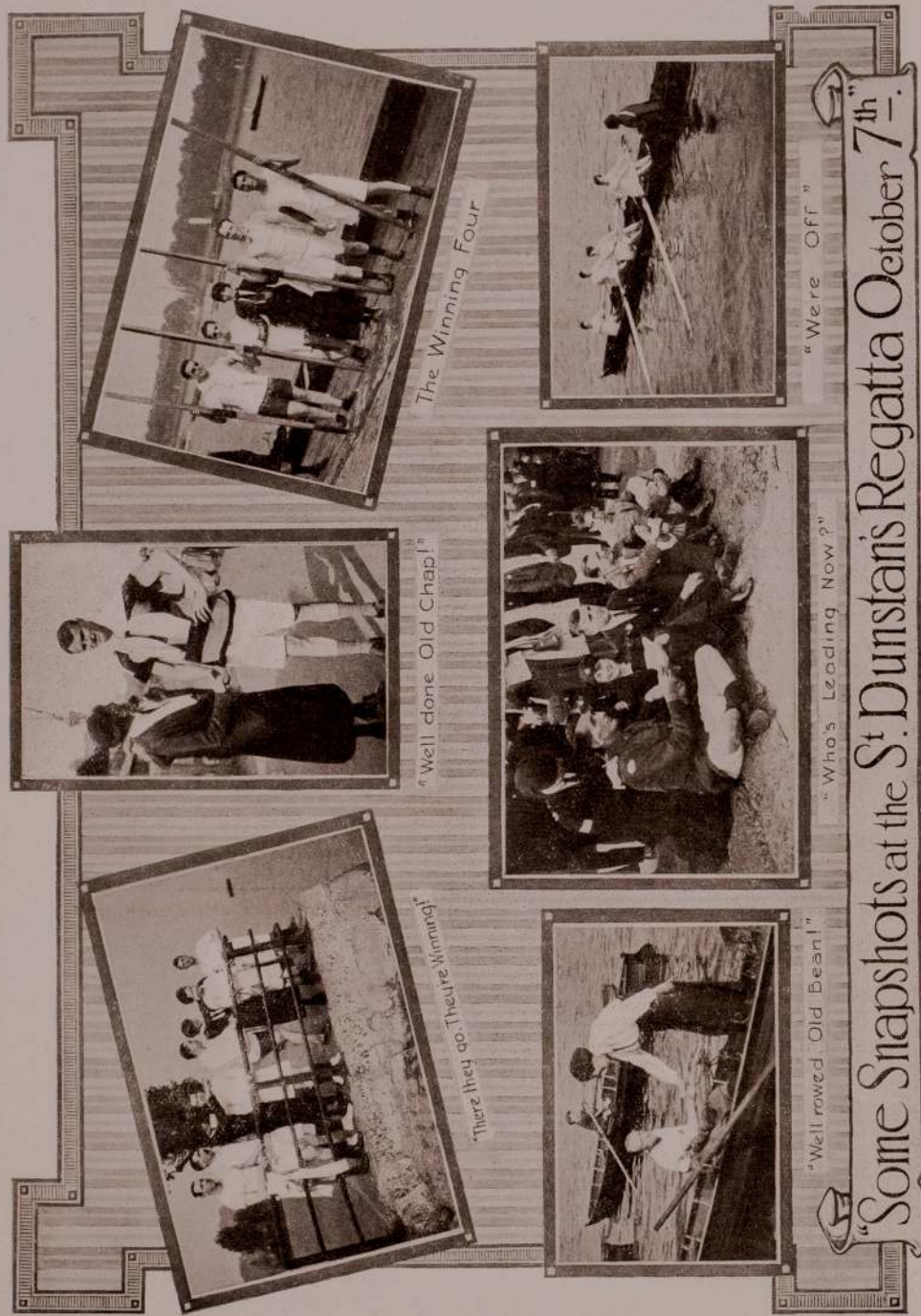


## Review

For the Amusement and Interest of Men Blinded in the War

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





Some Snapshots at the St. Dunstan's Regatta October 7<sup>th</sup>.

# St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

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[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN.]

## What Does The After-Care Department Do?

Some Facts about its Activities—By Captain Ian Fraser

ON the 20th September I was invited by the Committee of St. Dunstan's Discussion Club to talk to the men at present in training about after-care matters. I was very glad of the opportunity, for I attach great importance to plain speaking between the men of St. Dunstan's and those whose privilege it is to look after their interests. With this idea in view, therefore, I described the various activities of the After-Care Department to the best of my ability and laid myself open to questions of any sort from my audience, with the result that at the end of my talk a number of points that were of particular interest to individuals were dealt with. It would not be of very great interest to my readers to enlarge what I said, for the men who have left know all there is to know about the After-Care Department, and the majority of the men here paid me the compliment of turning up on the night set aside for this subject. Probably, however, few even of the men who have left St. Dunstan's realise the very large amount of work that is got through by the After-Care Department and its staff in keeping going its various activities and services. I do not write these notes from any personal point of view, for this would be worthless, but since I have been entrusted by Sir Arthur with the organisation and administration of this branch of St. Dunstan's work I feel it incumbent upon me to give some account of my stewardship.

Very naturally, when men started to leave St. Dunstan's it fell to the lot of the Workshops' Department, who already dealt in raw materials, to issue these to the men who had left, and to sell their finished products, while the instructors in the workshop itself undertook the very small amount of technical visiting then necessary. Sir Arthur dealt personally with the assistance of his secretarial staff, with all matters both general and individual to do with the welfare of the men who had left St. Dunstan's, a course which he was naturally unable to pursue when our numbers increased, and more important matters needed his attention. A little later on the National Institute for the Blind started a civilian After-Care Department, and it was decided to merge the soldier business with this. For a time, therefore, the After-Care business was carried on from the National Institute for the Blind in Great Portland Street, until the number of men settled rose to between two and three hundred, which was towards the end of 1917. It was about this time Sir Arthur asked me to take charge of the business. There were then some six or seven hundred men in training, and in view of future developments, therefore, I suggested that it would be an immense convenience if our organisation could be conducted from St. Dunstan's. Sir Arthur saw the force of this argument, and with his usual promptness decided to have an office built in the grounds of St. Dunstan's, with the result that early in 1918 we were duly installed in the offices from which I am now writing. Towards the end of the year we shall make what will be our last



move, for we have to give up the grounds of Mr. Otto Kahn's estate, which he has so very generously lent us since the beginning of 1915, by the end of December, and have taken St. John's Lodge, a fine establishment just across the Park, to form St. Dunstan's headquarters for the future. More about this move and about the new place will appear in a later issue of the REVIEW.

Our after-care system, indeed the whole system of St. Dunstan's, is quite unique, for in the past organisations for dealing with disabled men have been exclusively of the Institution type, like the ordinary blind Institution, or Lord Robert's Workshops. The plan is, of course, to train a man in a trade or occupation, then provide him with employment as a journeyman in a factory for the rest of his days. We will not here discuss the merits of this system and of ours which aims at returning a man to a position as nearly as possible like that in which he lived and worked before he was wounded, but, in passing, I will point out the impossibility of applying any such institutional system to the men of St. Dunstan's, and will leave the results of the plan Sir Arthur did adopt to speak for themselves. First of all, we undertook to take in every man who lost his sight directly or indirectly as the result of the war. Nobody could possibly know how large this number was likely to be and were it only two hundred instead of nearly two thousand, it would still have been quite impossible to establish a factory with suitable living accommodation for men and their families near it. Even if no difficulties of this sort had existed, Sir Arthur would have stuck to his home industry scheme, for he believes most thoroughly in the great advantages to be obtained by a blind man's settlement in his own home as a normal individual, and life under these circumstances is probably much more happy and interesting than it could possibly be in a permanent institution. When a man is at St. Dunstan's he is apt to think that it would be an admirable place to spend the rest of his days, but he must remember that quite apart from any other considerations, it would have been impossible to have had a permanent establishment in so

central a position as St. Dunstan's, and immediately you establish a colony in the country you would be cut off from the thousand and one little advantages and pleasures which are enjoyed at St. Dunstan's. An essential feature of the home industries plan, as I have called it, was a system of after-care which provided supervision of work in our men's homes, and overcame the difficulties of purchasing materials, by supplying them from a central store at cost price and carriage paid, and of disposing of their goods by establishing a sales organisation and guaranteeing them a market. There is no need to dwell upon these activities of the After-Care Department, for they are obviously familiar to the men who benefit by them, but the following figures will give some idea as to their magnitude. There are at the present time roughly 400 men who have been settled sufficiently long to justify our counting them as regular purchasers of materials. In the course of a year at present rates; these men purchase more than £20,000 worth of materials, which represent an annual turnover of more than £60,000. Our sales organisation in London makes itself responsible for disposing of between £10,000 and £15,000 worth of goods of all sorts per annum, which shows that the men themselves dispose of by far the greater part of their output in their own localities—a very healthy sign. As an instance of the way in which we dispose of our men's goods. I would mention that during the past four months we have sold over £700 worth of mats of special size and shape, to racehorse owners, including His Majesty the King. I have an uncle who keeps race-horses, and one week-end when I was staying with him and was looking round his stables, I discovered that loose-boxes in which valuable horses live are lined all round with cocoa-fibre mats. It occurred to me that this was a possible opening for us, so in July last I arranged a little exhibit at the Horse Show, and this, coupled with a certain amount of judicious advertising and circularising, has led to the splendid result I have mentioned.

An interesting feature of our work is our Insurance Department, which is run by my

very able secretary, Miss Fitt. It arose because of the difficulty which blind men experience in insuring their lives at ordinary premium rates, for prior to the arrangements we were able to make with various leading companies, it was the custom to charge extra premiums for blindness. As agents, we of course received commission on all work transacted, but naturally we do not exist to make profits, so we decided that this commission should be deducted from the premiums our men had to pay, with the result that blinded soldiers could insure themselves at even lower rates than other people. The extent to which St. Dunstaners have taken advantage of these facilities is shown by the fact that since the scheme was started just two years ago, we have transacted over £41,000 worth of life, accident and sickness, fire, burglary and other insurance work. The profit we have been able to make for our men on this business, and which has been deducted from their premiums, exceeds £200.

The distribution of the Children's Fund is another of our jobs, and this involves the sending out of 444 allowances every week, while on top of this round about 250 grants, pensions, rent and other allowances have to be despatched. This routine work, many thousands of interviews, and an average of close upon 1,000 letters dealing with every conceivable subject under the sun, go to make up our usual week's work.

It is impossible to mention the very many other divers matters we have to deal with, but they include the running of a savings bank, the repair of typewriters, Braille machines, shorthand machines and Braille watches, arrangements for distribution of Braille magazines, settlement of shorthand-typists, telephonists and masseurs—the latter itself involving an enormous amount of technical and administrative work—arrangements for admission of men to our hospital or to our convalescent annexes, the running of our very large visiting organisation, through which roundabout 20,000 visits per annum are made to our men's homes, the conduct of experiments in connection with electrical apparatus, shorthand machines, and other mechanical appliances of

possible use to our men, production of the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW every month, and of the *Officers' Gazette* annually, etc., etc.

In short, the After-Care Department is a combination of a despatching agent supplying anything from mat yarn and timber to typewriting ribbons and boot polish, a sales organisation, and an enquiry and employment bureau.

### Blind French Officer's Triumph

ALTHOUGH completely blind as the result of wounds received in the war, Lieut. René Leroy will shortly take up his duties of engineer in the Department of Roads and Bridges in France. He recently passed a stiff examination, coming out at the head of those who studied at the Polytechnic. Lieut. Leroy, who is twenty-five, was wounded at the battle of the Aisne. As soon as he left hospital he returned to the Polytechnic, where he had been a pupil, and continued his studies, astonishing his teachers by his rapid progress. He refused to consider his blindness as making him useless in life. He dances, swims, and takes long walks alone, just as he did when he had his sight. One day he entered a barber's shop, and, having had his hair cut, he pretended to look in the hand mirror placed behind his head by the barber, who asked him if the hair-cut was all right. Leroy said it was, paid, and walked out.

### Miners' Blindness

SOME further information on miners' nystagmus, the disease of the eye arising in mines owing to defective lighting, is given by Dr. Lister Llewellyn in a paper in the *Journal of State Medicine*. The economic aspect of this industrial disease is dealt with, and it is estimated that no fewer than 6,000 men have been incapacitated in the United Kingdom at any given time since 1913. The cost to the employer is placed at £200,000 a year, but the loss of coal output, the trouble caused by the employment of unskilled workmen, and the diminished capacity for work of the incipient cases all swell this total. In addition, accidents are probably precipitated.



## News of St. Dunstan's Men

### NEWS FROM ITALY.

**R.** GRAVES, who since he left St. Dunstan's was employed in a hospital in London, has again written us from Italy, where he and his wife and little girl have spent the last few months. The following extracts from the letter will be particularly interesting to our readers:—

"We are returning home at the end of October. Altogether we have spent four months in the Appennine Mountains, but now the air there is a bit too fresh, and as we have seen very little of Florence, we are glad to go there before we leave Italy. You will have heard and read of the terrible earthquake in this vicinity; we experienced four shocks at different times, one of which lasted seven seconds. We thought our last day had come, for the house rocked from side to side. We also experienced a terrible storm, but apart from minor damage to fences, etc., no lives were lost. The following day we read of several railway accidents due to landslides during the storm.

"When we came away all the village folk were busy gathering the chestnuts. This process lasts for a month, as the place is covered with them. They use them for making chestnut flour, from which they make many appetising dishes, and they practically live on this and the different kinds of ham, etc., from the pig, which they all keep and fatten for the winter. When there is a holiday they kill a few chickens and make a variety of delicacies, and generally eat more that day than all the other days of the week put together, and finish up the day dancing to a concertina until the early hours of the next morning.

"Our little girl was three years old yesterday, and she is thoroughly enjoying herself here and speaks Italian nicely; she never thinks of speaking English. We are looking forward to returning, and hope the strikes will not interfere with our journey. Please remember us to all at St. Dunstan's Hostel."

### A DORSET POULTRY FARMER.

E. A. Steel, of Verwood, Dorset, writes:—

"We are going on very well with our little farm here. Our chicks are all well and thriving. I have got all my young stock marked, and anyone telling me the marks I can say at once when the bird was hatched, and in nearly every case which was the hen from a particular pen that the eggs were collected from.

"I am quite looking forward to trapping this autumn again to see how all these pullets turn out. I do not find trapping a long, tedious job as I thought it might be. We were pleased to see Miss Ayre recently, as she was the first introduction we had to St. Dunstan's, so it seemed like old times to hear her voice again."

### MAT-MAKING IN AUSTRALIA.

We are glad to have news in the following letter from G. Joyner, of Australia, which, together with other news we have had from time to time, shows that mat-making is paying in that far-off country, as it is here:—

"I am still going on very well; work has been quite all right for some time, and just now I am busy with sample mats, one of each kind I make. Also, I must again tell you, in these samples I am to make another mat, the same as last, with the good old motto 'Victory over Blindness.' It is a cash order, so I will not be making it just for show. I am having a good run on the lettering; up to now, I have used well over 30lbs. of fibre, so you will see I am making a successful job of it. I have the greatest confidence in myself. I have a perfect and easy system of working out all letters and designs, so I take all work that comes along, including the most difficult pattern mats."

### ONLY TWO CHICKS LOST.

G. James, a poultry-farmer and mat-maker living at Barrow-on-Soar, writes:—

## —From all parts of the World

"I am enclosing a photograph of myself and one I had taken with a few of my chickens.

"There is very little to relate as I have not travelled very far lately and my work amongst my poultry keeps me very busy. I have got 240 chickens in all, and all of them good, strong, healthy birds. There is one thing I must say; thanks to the good training I received at St. Dunstan's I have only lost two chickens, which I consider very good considering the bad weather we have had to battle against."

### A FAREWELL MESSAGE.

To the Editor, ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW.

Sir,—Please allow me the privilege of your columns to say goodbye to my many friends among the staff and instructors, also to those of my comrades with whom it has been my pleasure to "rub shoulders." My one regret in returning to Tasmania is that I feel I am leaving behind many real pals, both past and present St. Dunstaners, and should any or all of them ever decide to take a trip out yonder, my wife and I are prepared to offer them a real and hearty colonial welcome at "Bonnie Vale," Somerset, Tasmania.—Yours etc.,

FRANK MARRIOTT.

### IN FRANCE AND FLANDERS.

An interesting letter has been received from A.C. Evans, describing his experiences during a recent trip to the battlefields in France and Flanders. He went by way of Boulogne, where he visited a former "pal's" grave and saw the statue of Napoleon, which formerly faced towards England, but now, in the true spirit of the *entente cordiale*, is turned towards Germany. Armentières was the next stopping place, formerly a city with a population of 46,000, but now reduced to under 5,000. Ibblinghem was visited and Bailleul, which is simply a mass of ruins, the population being mainly housed in army huts. In the Ypres district our correspondent visited the war cemeteries, the grave of Major Redmond, and "Dicky-bush" Wood, which consists of a few tree

stumps and tons of barbed wire. At Poperinghe there was a nasty railway accident, eight persons being injured. Lille, Amiens, and Péronne were the next places on the itinerary, and near the latter the Indian and British cemeteries, and a new tank, presented by Great Britain, were visited. The next day a motor breakdown near Bullecourt created an amusing diversion. The party stayed in Paris for eight days, where many places were visited, including, of course, the Eiffel Tower. A somewhat rough passage across the Channel completed a very interesting and enjoyable holiday.

### PERSONAL NOTES.

We are glad to hear that S. O. Chambers, who took a post as shorthand-typist with his old employers early in 1919, is now controlling a very important department of the firm, and has his own staff of clerks.

Hearty congratulations to G. Polley, of Rottingdean, whose baby girl has won first prize at the local baby show.

Capt. E. Baker, writing from Canada, informs us that J. H. Palmer, who left St. Dunstan's last April, is doing very well with mats in Whitby, Ontario, he having at the moment sixty orders on hand.

Congratulations to G. E. Warden on the success he has achieved at his new post at the Ministry of Labour. His efficiency was recently commented upon by Dr. Macnamara at a luncheon at the Aldwych Club.

We are glad to know that E. J. Burgess, of Moorend, has now sufficiently recovered to go away for a change of air. This St. Dunstaner had the bad luck to fall over a chicken coop and break his leg.

We are asked by the Secretary, St. Dunstan's, to acknowledge with thanks the



receipt of the sum of £17 2s. 0d. from the members of the Hauraki Returned Soldiers Association, per Mr. W. R. S. Johnston, secretary. The Association also send their best wishes to any New Zealand comrades of theirs under the care of St. Dunstan's.

## A Visit to the Agricultural Hall

IT was a very happy party that assembled outside Mr. Ottaways' Office on Wednesday, October 6th, our objective being the Shoe and Leather Trade Fair at the Agricultural Hall, Islington.

At the order "Go" we proceeded line a' head under the leadership of Chief Instructor Heath and Instructor Banthorpe through Regent's Park, picking up a bus at Baker Street which landed us in a short time outside the doors of the Hall. Passing through the turnstiles we at once broke into skirmishing order, i.e., into small parties, and proceeded down an Avenue of Stalls. These contained an assortment of leather goods of every kind from all over the world, and each stall in turn was examined very minutely by our party.

First we went down the Southern Avenue, carefully examining the Openend Cutting Press and the Combination Finisher, etc. These machines were carefully explained to us in every detail by the men in charge, ably assisted by our Chief Instructor. A little further on we came to the Blake Sewer and the New American Stitching Machine.

We then went to the Northern Avenue where we found examples of Unbreakable Toe Puffs, Sock Pasting and Stiffening machines worked by power. One man remarked that "his heart was down in his boots" when he saw them working, but I think mine must have taken a different course, as it came up into my mouth, for I had never seen anything like this before!

The lectures we had previously received at St. Dunstan's about these machines proved most useful in helping us to follow the way in which they were worked.

A little further on we came to all kinds of Singer Machines—a Stitcher, a Button Holer and machines for joining Uppers and Vamps together. This work was very interesting to us, and again thanks to the

At a Whist Drive got up for the benefit of an old inhabitant of Little Broughton the first prize was a beautifully made cocoa-nut mat, the generous gift of a blinded soldier, Mr. Harry Trigg, who had been trained at St. Dunstan's.

lectures, we prided ourselves we knew a little about it. All these machines were worked by ladies and here we had a very amusing experience. We came across one young lady working the button-holer who was actually too shy to explain it to us. However, after a few compliments on our part, we succeeded in getting a little information from her. This machine turned out button holes, stamped, cut, and bound very much quicker than I can write these words.

At a quarter to four we retired for refreshment, which was very liberally served and to which we did ample justice. The inner man refreshed, we sallied forth on a further tour of inspection. Finally we arrived at a stall containing ladies' wooden heels of all different sizes and shapes, some sharp enough at the end to kick out the eye of a spider.

We then collected our several parties together and returned to the Bungalow, after a very instructive and interesting afternoon,—and this was the "end of a perfect day." *R. Eggleton*

## Can You Guess?

WHAT man is very unselfish?—A baker, because he sells what he kneads (needs) himself.

Who are the lightest men in Ireland?—The men of Cork.

What four letters of the alphabet would frighten a burglar most?—O.I.C.U.

Why are teeth like verbs?—Because they are regular, irregular and defective.

If a pig wanted a home what would he do?—Tie a knot in his tail and call it a pig's tie (pig-sty).

If all the seas were dried up what would everybody say?—We haven't a notion (an ocean).

When are broken bones useful?—When they begin to knit.

## Departmental Notes

### Netting

WE have again some small novelties to announce in connection with the wool rugs. We are making these to fit the floors of motors, and we are now able to carry out orders of any size and colour. In addition we are undertaking to work coloured initials on these rugs, which much adds to their attraction and utility. Then further, to complete the motorists' comfort, we are turning out excellent foot-warmers in all colours. We do not think it too soon to draw the attention of our readers to all these articles as forming capital Christmas presents. *G. H. W.*

### Pensions

ALL N.C.O.'s and men will, by now, have received a printed form from the Ministry of Pensions informing them that the latest date on which application can be made for Alternative Pension is the 6th December, 1920.

There are men who are eligible for an Alternative Pension immediately as they are at present drawing allowances for a wife or children. They would, however, become eligible if, for any reason, such allowances ceased. It is most essential, therefore, for all men who were earning more than 25s. a week, averaged over the twelve months immediately prior to the outbreak of war, to communicate, *at once*, with Mr. Askew in order that their interests may be safeguarded.

NOTE:—Alternative Pensions are based on pre-war earnings plus a bonus of 60 per cent. and are issued in lieu of the Flat Rate Pension for a man, his wife and children. Attendant Allowance is, however, issued in addition.

Special Regulations are in force for men who, prior to the war, were students or were apprenticed or articled, on any date prior to the 4th August, 1913, particulars of which can be obtained from Mr. Askew.

As the result of enquiries made by St. Dunstan's, the Ministry of Pensions have now decided that Service Pensions may be issued in addition to Alternative Pensions. *W. A.*

### Shorthand and Typewriting

WE offer our heartiest congratulations to the following men on passing their Typewriting Tests: M. Cassidy, W. Grocott, J. L. Windle, J. Bolton, R. Purkiss, and J. R. Lynch.

G. Richards and S. E. Edwards have obtained posts as telephonists, and Mr. J. B. Fryer has resumed work as a stenographer with his old employers, the London, County and Midland Bank. We offer them our most hearty congratulations and all good wishes. *M. P.*

### The Braille Room

HEARTY congratulations to the following men on having passed their Reading and Writing Tests:—

Reading: G. H. Wiltshire, S. McCheyne, S. O'Connell, A. Waite, R. C. O. Cowley, J. W. Boothman, R. Wiley, A. Jenkinson, and A. L. Kauffman.

Writing: W. Castle, D. Ironside, and J. A. Godwin.

Owing to there being no August number of the REVIEW the results of the July tests were not published and they are as follows:—W. Hill, W. E. Bamber, T. S. Meredith, J. G. Straughton, W. M. Jack, E. C. Oram, A. J. Jolly, F. T. Bockock, J. A. Bocking, and E. H. Carpenter.

It is sad to watch the Braille Room growing smaller for we have to say "Good-bye" to many old friends. At the end of last term Miss Morris left us to take up her new post at the National Library for the Blind; much as we miss her, we do not feel that we are losing her altogether for she will still be in close touch with us all through her work.



The following are amongst the books that have recently been added to the National Library for the Blind:—"The Ship of Coral," and "Children of the Sea," by H. de Vere Stacpoole; "In King's Byways," by Stanley Weyman; "The House of Whisper" and "No. 70 Berlin," by W. le Queux; "The Return of Tarzan," by E. Rice Burroughs; "Four Million" and "Options," by O. Henry; "Captain Dieppe," by Sir A. Hope; "Monsieur Lecoq," by E. Gaboriau; "Memories and Portraits," by R. L. Stevenson; "The Navy in Battle," by A. H. Pollen; "'Q' Boat Adventures," by Lt.-Com. H. Auton, V.C.

#### The Discussion Club

THE Autumn session of the above opened on Monday, September 6th, with a lecture on "India," by Mr. H. T. Polak, P.C., given before a large and interested audience.

The subject was a vast one to attempt to compress into a lecture lasting three quarters of an hour, but nevertheless the speaker contrived to give us a wonderful survey of India, racially, geographically and politically, and was listened to with the keenest interest throughout.

The following Monday evening Mr. R. P. Louth, a lecturer on the staff of the Workers' Educational Association, came and spoke to us on "The Meaning of Trade Unionism," and as this is a matter in which most men take an interest these days, and the lecturer dealt with his subject in a very broad-minded way. Both the address and subsequent questions were much appreciated.

Monday, the 20th, was devoted, by request, to an address by Captain Fraser on "After-Care Work of St. Dunstan's." At the conclusion of the lecture questions were invited, and every man in the audience had an opportunity of gaining first-hand information on anything of which he was uncertain.

On September 27th Mr. R. C. Raffé, a lecturer at the Northern Polytechnic, came

to St. Dunstan's and gave an address on "How Wireless Telegraphy Works," in which he explained the wireless system, and afterwards showed and explained some instruments to a few specially interested men.

On Monday, October 4th, the lecturer was Sir Arthur Pearson, who came by special request, to give us an account of the management and production of a newspaper.

The lecture was most interesting, Sir Arthur giving us a vivid description of the work which has to be gone through before the finished article comes into our hands day by day. Sir Arthur told us how the news was collected and selected, how each different part of the staff has its own particular part to play in the production as a whole, how the actual typing and printing are carried out, and above all, emphasised the fact that unless all these processes are carried out *perfectly*, each fitting in with the other, the newspaper would not be able to appear.

The Bungalow Lounge was filled with a large audience, who listened to the lecture with the greatest interest and appreciation.

#### The Association of Women Workers of St. Dunstan's

A COMMITTEE Meeting of this Association was held in the Braille Room on Tuesday, September 21st, 1920, when it was decided that the next General Meeting of the Association will be held early in December, the time and place to be announced later. It was also decided that Miss Phillips should have a list of members of the Association living in London who would be willing to help old St. Dunstaners in this part of the world in any small way such as reading, practising rowing, walking, etc. Therefore any man wanting a little help in this way should write to Miss Phillips, 41 Leigham Court Road, S.W.16, who will put him in touch with the nearest suitable member of the Association.

## News from the Workshops

#### MAT DEPARTMENT.

W. J. PACKWOOD has been appointed as pupil teacher. F. Aubrey continues to do useful work in the same capacity, and has recently made a black diamond border mat which was very pleasing. A mat made by R. Young showed careful and regular work, and was thoroughly sound all round. E. J. Thompson also made two of a very good standard, and one of H. E. Robinson's is worthy of commendation. Among the mats containing initials and letters were noticed particularly those of E. Garthwaite, E. E. Bryer, and T. J. Rouse—the latter man is getting through a good deal of work in the best style.

#### CLOGGING DEPARTMENT.

H. Abbey continues to render very useful service as a pupil teacher, and also does neat work with hand closing and brass nailing. H. Gunson merits very high commendation for his excellent test clogs—slipper, boot clogs, and derby tops—and other work in the boot shop, in spite of the fact that his left hand is badly disabled.

#### BOOT DEPARTMENT.

R. Eggleton instructs his men very well, and is particularly successful in describing the handling of tools and manipulation of work. D. Batchelor continues to be one of our successful pupil teachers. A. Hazel has been doing excellent work all round, and has been appointed a pupil teacher. W. G. Sanders has just left after very persevering and consistent work in both the boot and mat shop. C. Dennison has completed his course with some very good work indeed, his test work being excellent examples of boot repairing. C. B. Baker is also leaving soon, after a very satisfactory course in both boots and mats. Among the new men, M. R. Keenan stands out very prominently, and, among the "veterans," A. Knotwell. F. Cooper is a consistent worker who gives extra time in order to secure satisfactory results. F. Physick is also getting along quite well.

#### BASKET DEPARTMENT.

The patient work of G. W. H. Wright has enabled him to move from barrels to square-arm baskets, and C. Van Blerk has made a further step, undertaking round soiled linens. R. Wenlock, C. Singleton, and W. Moorcroft are doing quite well with small work, and also I. Corns, who will now move on to rather a larger type. W. J. Wood puts in good hard work, and has recently done well with waste-paper baskets. A cane and buff hamper, the work of W. V. Clampett, was recently well commended, and also a soiled linen. Special attention was attracted by the neck and foot of a soiled linen basket made by J. A. Dunlop. Other excellent work being made for a Basket-making Examination of the Worshipful Company of Basketmakers will be referred to next month. At the centre cane table, J. Debnam is showing keen interest, and L. Hardy has been doing quite well on arm-baskets for some time, in spite of his double handicap.

Mr. Joseph Bridge terminated his engagement on September 11th, as Instructor in Basket-making in order to return to his family in Australia, and he carries with him the good wishes of all who knew him here. His work with St. Dunstan's men during the period of two years has been most valuable. All his pupils will remember his direct, firm manner, steadfast devotion to the work in hand and excellent craftsmanship. Every class of work came alike to him, but chiefly he taught hampers and cane baskets, during the period when Colonials were with him. The square frame which he devised, in conjunction with his brother, is now always used in instructing the men, and enables them to keep all their stakes upright and well spaced.

#### JOINERY DEPARTMENT.

J. Burley has just completed an oak bedstead, which is a splendid example of perseverance and craftsmanship, and he can well be proud of his achievements.



Mr. Channing has been taking instruction in working mouldings, which are difficult to manipulate. W. H. Farr has completed one part of a special office fitting. It is a splendid piece of work which has been made to the order of Messrs. Clarke, Cooper & Steele. Capt. Foxon is showing remarkable aptitude, the quality of his work giving clear evidence of the care which he is exercising. J. L. Windle is showing decided improvement of late, and finished some book-shelves for "Auntie" in a very creditable way. The introduction of the poultry-farmers for a short course of instruction in joinery, consisting of articles for use on their farms, is proving a most satisfactory arrangement. A. Greening has made rapid progress, and S. G. Jordon, A. E. Hodgkins, and H. Roberts are running him very close, competing both in time and quality of their work.

#### PROFICIENCY CERTIFICATES.

The following Proficiency Certificates were issued during the month of September:—G. Brooks (boots), C. Dennison (boots and mats), O. E. Stevens (mats), W. G. Sanders (boots and mats), S. Evans (baskets), W. H. Whiteside (baskets), and C. R. Masters (baskets).

#### WORKSHOP STAFF SPORTS.

It will probably be of interest to many of our readers to have the results of the Workshop Staff Sports, which were held on Saturday, September 25th. The results are as follows:—

Ladies' Boat Race (Singles)—Miss Stanley.

Blind Men's Boat Race (Singles)—1, P. Goulden; 2, W. Plumpton.

Blind Men's Boat Race (Doubles)—1, W. Plumpton and P. Goulden.

Flat Race (90 yds.; Blind men)—1, F. Farley; 2, W. Plumpton.

Throwing the Cricket Ball (open; sighted men blindfold)—1, R. J. Bullen; 2, E. A. Heath; 3, F. Farley.

Tank Race—1, S. Westward and G. I. Finch; 2, P. Goulden and E. A. Heath.

Scout Race—1, Scout T. Cane; 2, Scout E. G. Day.

Sack Race (Blind Men)—1, P. Goulden; 2, F. Farley.

Sack Race (Sighted)—1, T. Bridge; 2, F. W. Cunningham.

Hop, Skip and Jump (Blind Men)—1, F. Farley (20 ft. 4 in.); 2, P. Goulden (18 ft. 2 in.)

Hop, Skip and Jump (Sighted)—1, T. Bridge (19 ft. 8 in.); 2, E. A. Heath (19 ft. 7 in.)

Three Jumps (Blind Men)—1, S. Westward (20 ft. 8 in.); 2, F. Farley (20 ft. 1 in.)

Three Jumps (Sighted)—1, E. A. Heath (22 ft. 5 in.); 2, T. Bridge, (21 ft. 3 in.)

Egg and Spoon Race (Blind)—1, G. W. Ellis; 2, P. Goulden.

Skipping (Blind)—1, P. Goulden; 2, S. Westward.

Skipping (Sighted)—1, A. B. Hall; 2, F. W. Cunningham.

Putting the Weight (Blind)—1, W. Plumpton, 24ft.

Putting the Weight (Sighted)—1, R. J. Bullen, 26ft. 9½in.

Obstacle Race—1, P. Goulden and E. A. Heath; 2, H. Foster and H. Whitfield.

Ladies' Race (90 Yards Open; Sighted Blindfold)—1, Miss Hall; 2, Miss Stanley.  
W. H. O.

#### A Word of Warning

A SMARTLY-DRESSED lady, who visited a big West-End shop recently to make several purchases, noticed that as one assistant passed her on to another the remark was passed in a stage whisper—"Two-ten!"

She was struck by the oft-repeated remark, and finally said: "What does two-ten mean?"

"It's nothing," replied the man; "just a password."

But she was not satisfied, so when the messenger brought her purchases home she said to him:

"Boy, would you like to earn half-a-crown?"

"You bet, miss," was the reply.

"Tell me what two-ten means, and I'll give you the money."

"That's easy," replied the youngster.

"It means keep your two eyes on her ten fingers."

## Sports Club Notes

NOW that we are all settled down, the Sports are going along with a good swing. We are delighted to find how keen the new men are; already they have put up fine performances in the rowing, running and swimming. The various games and exercises, particularly swimming, are most helpful in keeping us fit and well, and also tremendously encouraging in discovering that we can keep up sports, and, indeed, make a good show in pastimes that we thought we had finished with. The men are turning out splendidly in the early mornings, and it needs a great deal of keenness and enthusiasm to get up regularly, now that the winter mornings are looming ahead, well before 7 a.m. The other morning actually seventy-eight men were out for various exercises, whilst many millions of Englishmen were in dreamland!

#### PHYSICAL JERKS

The numbers are keeping up splendidly, so that with the advent of the new boys the classes are growing large. We hope the new competition will be commenced by the time these notes appear.

#### SWIMMING

This has proved to be very popular. Indeed, so many wanted to turn out each morning for the Finchley Road Baths that the number had to be restricted owing to too great strain and anxiety being placed upon the springs of the large car which takes us. It is a matter of great regret that, owing to the closing of the Finchley Road Baths, the morning swimming classes must conclude; yet we are delighted to have the opportunity of attending the Marylebone Baths, which the Superintendent and Committee have most kindly and freely placed at our disposal on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from 5 to 6 p.m. Our able Instructor, Mr. W. Jones, will therefore carry on his swimming tuition all through the winter (if the boys continue to be keen), so that if any have not already given in their names will they do so "toute suite."

#### SWIMMING GALA

Our boys spent a very happy evening at the Old Citizens Swimming Gala, held at the St. George's Baths on Monday, October 4th. The Old Citizens, through their Hon. Secretary, Mr. E. S. Chiesman, kindly invited two teams of six to compete in a special thirty yards scratch race for St. Dunstan's men.

The Semi-sighted Team was composed of:—J. Simpson, J. R. Treby, T. J. Evans, C. V. Smith, H. Mummery and D. Yarwood, whilst the Totally-blinded Team was: J. W. Birchall, H. Northgreaves, J. Shread, W. S. Castle, J. Greaves and F. Aubrey.

The men received a splendid reception from the large audience and swam extraordinarily well. Each race was divided into two heats of three, the first in each heat together with the fastest loser to compete in the final. The heats were all very close, and sometimes just a touch separated the men.

The finalists for the Semi-sighted Race were:—J. Simpson, D. Yarwood, J. R. Treby.

The men kept a wonderfully straight course, although it was often difficult for them to hear the voice of the Instructor, who guided from the opposite end of the bath, owing to the applause of the audience.

The result was:—J. Simpson, 1st; D. Yarwood, 2nd; J. R. Treby, 3rd.

In the Totally Blinded final, J. W. Birchall scored first place, closely followed by J. Greaves and H. Northgreaves for 2nd and 3rd respectively.

At the close of their races Lady Newton kindly presented the prizes to the boys.

It was to each one of our competitors a delightful experience, and the boys are keenly looking forward to the next gala. Our Swimming Instructor is deserving of the highest praise for the way he has brought the boys forward.

#### SATURDAY SPORTS

The Sports continue to flourish, and the



boys are out to break "records" now! Unfortunately the weather has been against us, and one Saturday when a great assembly had arrived to run, skip, jump, etc., the ground was found to be under water, and our races were "off." One of the disappointed athletes suggested that we should either hold a swimming gala in the grounds or bring the "fours" there for a race! Wat-er suggestion! I hope the Editor will not strafe me for that!

The new handicap scheme will give everybody a chance, so it is up to all who can move to come along each Saturday at 10 a.m. and see what he can do. It is well worth trying.

#### FOOTBALL

Very enthusiastic parties have been taken week by week to the various big League games, and I trust that the secretaries and committees of the Chelsea and Arsenal Clubs will accept our very grateful thanks for all their courtsey and goodness. They are most kind and thoughtful in every way, and the boys greatly appreciate this, though they often support the visiting teams, especially when it comes from their home town.

Our Footer Competition will soon be in good swing and we will be trying our best to put one or two past the Rev. Father Howell who will continue to keep goal. The boys have already been guilty of much practice as the goalie will soon discover

#### OCTOBER REGATTA

Our last Regatta of the season was held at Putney on Thursday, 7th October.

Altogether over 200 entries were received, and so a very elaborate programme of 46 preliminary races had to be held on the preceding Thursday. The racing was very close, quite a number of events being won by the narrow margins of 1 ft., 2 ft. or  $\frac{1}{4}$  length! The rowing seemed to be better than ever and our Rowing Instructor is justified in feeling very proud of his pupils.

A beautiful day with smooth water, excellent rowing and splendid coxing ensured a successful Regatta, indeed it is said that this was the best we have ever had. A rowing expert at Putney remarked that the standard of rowing was higher than ever, whilst the sportsmanship of the boys was magnificent. It was noteworthy

especially at the conclusion of the "fours" races when the sounds of the cheering crews, losers congratulating the winners, and winners sympathising with the losers, came across the water.

Everybody worked hard to attain success, and certainly special praise is due to Mr. Gibson for all his careful and skilful coaching; also to our excellent sports sisters, Miss Leigh, Miss Paterson, Miss Hodgson and Miss Allen for all the hard work they have put in during the rowing season, and to the coxes who did glorious work all through the Regatta.

Thanks are due also to the various stewards, who kept the racing up to time and the events running smoothly, and to the judges for their careful and impartial judging. A word is due to Mr. R. H. Franckeiss of the Vesta Club for all his splendid help throughout the day, and also to Mr. Martin of the Thames Club House for his splendid catering.

We are greatly indebted to the Thames and Vesta Rowing Clubs for the use of their Club Houses, and particularly to Mr. Grove and the Committee of the first named club in entertaining our rowing men and sports sisters to a splendid concert at the conclusion of our racing events. It was a joyous conclusion to a splendid day.

#### LIST OF WINNERS

*Single Sculls (Novices) Hy. Wt.*—1, G. Brewer (3 lengths); 2, E. H. Carpenter; 3, J. Gibbons.

*Double Sculls (Seniors) Lt. Wt.*—1, A. James and F. C. Harris ( $\frac{1}{2}$  length); 2, J. Ham and J. S. Harrison; 3, S. McIntosh and J. Scrymgeour.

*Pair Oars Hy. Wt.*—1, A. H. Graigie and L. E. Carter (2 lengths); 2, J. Kimber and F. Ashworth.

*Single Sculls (Juniors) Hy. Wt.*—1, W. Strachan ( $\frac{1}{2}$  length); 2, J. A. Bocking; 3, H. Roberts.

*Veteran's Single Sculls (Taylor Cup)*—1, G. H. Wiltshire (8 lengths); 2, J. Gibbons; 3, E. Bartlett.

*Single Sculls (Juniors) Lt. Wt.*—1, B. Ingrey (3 lengths); 2, A. Jenkinson; 3, P. J. Sparkes.

*Single Sculls (Novices) Lt. Wt.*—1, P. Martin (3 lengths); 2, W. Nelson; 3, M. C. Boase.

*Single Sculls (Seniors) Lt. Wt.*—1, A. James (1 length); 2, C. Rideout; 3, H. Northgreaves.

*Double Sculls (Juniors) Hy. Wt.*—A. Biggs and J. Ingram (6 lengths).

*Single Sculls (Seniors) Hy. Wt.*—1, J. Harrison (3 lengths); 2, G. Wiltshire; 3, J. Kimber.

*Pair Oars, Lt. Wt.*—1, R. Edwards and E. Oram ( $\frac{3}{4}$  length); 2, E. J. Lloyd and J. Tindall; 3, A. Smith and A. F. Smith.

*Double Sculls (Seniors) Hy. Wt.*—1, J. Kimber and F. Ashworth ( $\frac{1}{4}$  length); 2, A. H. Craigie and L. E. Carter; 3, H. Mummery and E. D. Martin.

*Open Single Sculls (Huskinson Cup)*—1, A. Biggs (4 lengths); 2, W. Clifton; 3, J. Ingram.

*Old Boy's Single Sculls*—1, C. F. Thompson (2 lengths); 2, S. Webster; 3, H. V. Thompson.

*Open Single Sculls (Taylor Cup)*—1, A. Jenkinson (1 foot); 2, J. S. Harrison; 3, F. Ashworth.

*Double Sculls (Juniors) Lt. Wt.*—1, W. Clifton and A. Greening (2 lengths); 2, E. Garthwaite and B. Ingrey; 3, P. Martin and J. L. Brooke.

*Class "B" Fours*—1, H. Northgreaves, J. Simpson, W. Alston, J. L. Brooke ( $\frac{3}{4}$  length); 2, W. Pratt, C. J. Reddish, C. F. Thompson, H. V. Thompson; 3, J. Tindall, G. H. Barratt, F. R. Aubrey, J. R. F. Treby.

*Class "A" Fours*—1, A. D. Kirstein, V. Guthrie, A. Biggs, G. Taylor (3 lengths); 2, J. Kimber, F. Ashworth, R. Edwards, E. C. Oram.

*One-Armed Pairs*—F. Owen and H. Gunson.

#### A FINE FEAT

The following remarks are taken from a Whitley paper of recent date:—

"Whether you know that a bather, a non-swimmer, lost his footing in the deep end of the Table Rocks Bath the other day, and but for the presence of other bathers who could swim, he would in all probability have been drowned. But who do you think was the first to get hold of him? Why, a blinded ex-service man from St. Dunstan's who was having a holiday at Whitley Bay. He also was in the bath at the time and,

attracted by the cries of the bather in trouble, was actually the first to render assistance."

Heartiest congratulations to J. Simpson of the Bungalow on his excellent achievement and on the handsome silver cigarette case presented to him by the grateful bather.  
E. W.

#### A Blind Violinist

MR. ARTHUR WYNNE, in the *New York World*, gives a short account of the life and artistic career of a blind Russian violinist, Abraham Haitowitsch. When in his second year Haitowitsch had a bad fall from a chair, which caused paralysis of the optic nerve. This happened at Ekaterinoslav, in Southern Russia, in 1896.

When he was quite a little boy Haitowitsch developed a passion for music. His mother procured a violin, on which the boy was taught to play for his own amusement. As time went on he became ambitious to become a great violinist—to master the technique of his instrument and to play a Mendelssohn Concerto or a Grieg Sonata like Misha Elman or Efram Zimbalist. He wanted to play everything—to obtain a repertoire, which generally includes from one hundred and fifty to two hundred concert pieces. And so he adapted the Braille system to his own musical needs, and converted into Braille all the different compositions for the violin which he had made up his mind to study and play. In time Haitowitsch progressed sufficiently to go to Petrograd, where he attended classes in the Imperial Conservatoire of Music. He appeared before the late Czarina of Russia.

When the war broke out Abraham Haitowitsch went to Japan, and thence to the United States. He now lives in New York, transcribing music into Braille to add to his repertoire, practising hard and playing at recitals. The goal he has set himself is recognition as one of the greatest violinists of the day. This goal, it would seem, is not far from attainment for, according to the criticism of the *Humanitarian Magazine*, "Haitowitsch is a genius, and will shortly rank with the greatest."



## Our Own Oddfellow

AN EXTRAORDINARY EXAMPLE OF VICTORY OVER BLINDNESS—From our Own Correspondent

AS we were about to go to press this month information reached us that a St. Dunstan's officer, now resident in the north of Scotland, had developed into an Oddfellow. No sooner had this startling intelligence come to the ears of our energetic Editor than I was despatched to interview the phenomenon. Visions rose before my mind of an expedition into the wilds of Caledonia and of forcing my way into some remote Highland fastness guarded from the Sassenach by ghillies and pibrochs and other inhabitants of the stern and wild north, when to my relief I discovered that the subject of my quest had come south and was basking in the Brighton breezes. I made my way to the seaside town and found that my quarry was in residence at a humble house on the front. Anxiously I whispered to the maid who opened the door that I wished to see the Oddfellow. She took me upstairs and into a room where a man was seated. "Gentleman wishes to see you about the Oddfellows," announced the maid. The man rose from his chair, bowed three times towards the East, hopped five times on his right foot, the toe pointed as is the fashion with the ladies of the ballet, raised his right thumb until it touched his nose, and then extended the fingers of that hand and wagged them slowly. Then in mysterious tones he muttered something that sounded like "Auchtermuchty, Auchechoch, Macsporrán, Hooch Aye." "It is indeed a very fine morning," I agreed. "But they tell me the glass is falling, and I fear there may be rain." My interlocutor sank into his chair again. "Pardon me," he apologised. "That is not the pass word. I now perceive that you are not one of us."

"On the contrary," I murmured, "I am, I hope, a perfectly respectable person and a representative of the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW. We understand that you, sir, who had a blameless career while you were with us, have become what is called an Oddfellow. The REVIEW is hung up

while I endeavour to discover what this means. Will you kindly tell me?"

After that we got on well. The particular brand of Oddfellow to which this gentleman owns allegiance is called the Bolton Unity. It has branches or lodges in the great towns of the north of England and also in one or two centres in Scotland. It appears that the St. Dunstan's officer, having joined the lodge in his neighbouring village in Scotland, had been appointed a delegate to attend the annual conference of the Order, and, as St. Dunstan's always comes out top, he found himself, at the end of the conference, a member of the executive council of the Order. This happened after a contested election, there being eleven candidates for eight seats. An Oddfellow is not a Buffalo, nor is he a Druid nor a Heart of Oak, but he is something like all three. The Bolton is a great Friendly Society whose members are combined together to assist each other when the rainy day comes. The lodges are really partners with the State, for they administer the Health Insurance Act, and they are shortly to tackle that very difficult statute the Unemployment Act. Among the duties of a member of the executive are attendance every two months at a meeting in Manchester, where the affairs of the Order are discussed and determined. Our own Oddfellow told me that the fact that he cannot see makes the process of becoming acquainted with the details of business difficult but not impossible, and that he thinks he will enjoy the work, and that his constituents will not suffer because his eyes are not at their service.

After all, to be one of a dozen men who control the business of a society which has invested funds amounting to £150,000 is something worth while, and it is wonderful that a man who has lost his sight should be a director, as it were, of so influential a body. Here we have another proof that the product of St. Dunstan's is of some value to the country. Congratulations to our St. Dunstan's Oddfellow!

## Church and Catholic Chapel Notes

### Church Notes

WE are all so glad that it has been found possible for us to have a temporary chapel arranged for our use. Through the kindness of Miss Witherby a part of her Netting Room, close to the Pensions Office, was placed at our disposal. This, under Mr. Kessell's direction, has been made into a beautiful little chapel of which we are very proud. Unfortunately, the accommodation is rather limited, yet on the other hand it is extremely encouraging to find every seat occupied at the services; indeed on several occasions would-be members of the congregation had to have seats outside.

### HOLY COMMUNION

Every second and fourth Sunday the celebrations will be at 7.30 a.m. and 10.15 a.m., whilst on the remaining Sundays of the month the celebration will be at 8 a.m.

On Thursday, 28th October, the festival of St. Simon and St. Jude, there will be a special celebration at 7 a.m.

### WORKERS' INTERCESSION

Our short intercession Services have recommenced and we have been cheered by the splendid number of workers who regularly attend. Will those workers who have not yet made a point of attending, come and join us each Friday? I am convinced they will find the few moments helpful.

### CHOIR PRACTICE

Every Tuesday at 6 p.m. we hold an informal choir practice in the Chapel. We shall be grateful for any help from men or sisters.

### CONFIRMATION

Should there be any men who are desirous of being confirmed will they kindly let me have their names immediately? I am hopeful of presenting candidates to

the Bishop of London at St. Pauls on November 13th. *E.W.*

### Catholic Chapel Notes

CONSIDERING our small numbers we have every reason to be satisfied with the Sunday attendances during the past month. However, there are still a few who might help swell the congregation here instead of outside, and it is hoped that these notes will act as a gentle reminder to them. Monday, November 1st, is the feast of All Saints and a holiday of Obligation; there will be Holy Communion at 7.45, Mass at 8.30, and Benediction at 2 o'clock. On November 2nd "All Souls Day" Mass will be said at 7.30. *P.H.*

### Marriages

ON Saturday, July 31st, A. V. Sowter was married at St. Cuthbert's Church, W. Hampstead, to Miss H. I. Putman.

On Wednesday, September 4th, F. Green was married at St. Mary Magdalene Church, Millfield, to Miss A. Elsdon.

On Friday, September 6th, S. E. Varley was married at St. Silas Church, Chalk Farm, to Miss L. Brenchley.

On Saturday, September 11th, J. T. Jones was married at St. Paul's Church, Brighton, to Miss G. Gilbioith.

On Wednesday, September 15th, H. Blakeley was married at St. John's Church, Chelsea to Miss A. Bartholomew.

On Saturday, October 2nd, J. A. Morton was married at Hughenden Parish Church, High Wycombe, to Miss D. Cook.

On Saturday, October 2nd, W. V. Clampett was married at Marylebone Parish Church, to Miss M. H. Spencer.

On Saturday, October 2nd, H. Tomlinson was married at St. Augustine's Church, Kilburn, to Miss E. P. Higgins.

On Saturday, October 2nd, J. H. Bond was married at Newton St. Loe, Somerset, to Miss G. F. Ransom.



## Births

W. C. HERITAGE, daughter	June 17, 1920
R. A. NEWTON, son	June 23, 1920
R. COLLYER, son	July 1, 1920
A. REES, daughter	July 2, 1920
D. MACLEAN, daughter	July 7, 1920
S. K. JEROME, daughter	July 19, 1920
C. TEMPERTON, daughter	July 24, 1920
W. KERR, son	July 24, 1920
C. MACKENZIE, son	July 30, 1920
C. NORMAN, daughter	July 30, 1920
J. McANDREW, son	July 30, 1920
J. FLEMING, daughter	July 30, 1920
C. SPIERS, daughter	Aug. 1, 1920
C. Bregazzie, son	Aug. 7, 1920
W. A. SIMMONS, son	Aug. 7, 1920
F. POLLEY, daughter	Aug. 7, 1920
G. ROSE, daughter	Aug. 8, 1920
W. HOLMES, daughter	Aug. 9, 1920
W. E. CARLTON, daughter	Aug. 11, 1920
E. R. BREED, daughter	Aug. 12, 1920
B. MARTIN, son	Aug. 13, 1920
A. JORDON, son	Aug. 23, 1920
H. BENNETT, son	Sept. 2, 1920
M. O. ANKER, daughter	Sept. 6, 1920
A. KIDGER, daughter	Sept. 8, 1920
A. H. E. HILL, son	Sept. 9, 1920
W. STORER, son	Sept. 12, 1920
J. WILLIAMS, daughter	Sept. 13, 1920
LT. E. J. THOMAS, daughter	Sept. 20, 1920
H. MORRIS, son	Sept. 20, 1920
T. APRHYS, daughter	Sept. 22, 1920
A. SINGLETON, daughter	Sept. 26, 1920
W. H. J. OXENHAM, son	Oct. 2, 1920

## Baptisms

ON Wednesday, September 29th, Albert Edward, son of Albert Edward Holmes, was baptised in the St. Dunstan's Chapel.

On Tuesday, October 5th, Joan Aubrey, daughter of Percy James Sparkes was baptised in the St. Dunstan's Chapel.

On Wednesday, October 6th, Ivor Dunstan, son of James Edison Gunn, was baptised in the St. Dunstan's Chapel.

A sportsman, travelling in Scotland, put his head out of a railway carriage at a station and breathing in the good Scots air, remarked to a friend: "Isn't this invigorating?" "Na," said a passing porter, "its lverary."

## The Magic of the Book

(By Henry Herbert Knibbs)

His mind is filled with mysteries, adventures and histories,  
His heart is like a colt afield that views the distant green;

A colt that yearns to run and run for ever with the rolling sun,  
But finds that ever, like a shield, the fence is in between.

He earns a modest recompence, and gazes past the meadow fence,

A youngling hard at either hand with many questionings;

The while he dreams of Far Away, of lordly banners brave and gay,

And tread of legions shakes the land as in the brunt he flings.

He is a dashing cavalier—again, a swaggering buccaneer

Who rides the trail or sails the sea on many a page at home,

Then turns the light and goes to bed to dream of phantom trails that led

From office desk to Arcady, from garden patch to Nome.

He knows Alaska's biting cold, he knows the lure of desert gold;

Or, anchored in a wide lagoon, he sees the morning ride

Across an isle-enchanted deep, where long-forgotten seamen sleep,

Their anchor song the grey typhoon, their requiem the tide.

Or, voyaging the Northern woods—those misty, fragrant solitudes—

He ventures in his light canoe, with duffel, rod and gun,

To snub her down a foaming pitch, past rock and snag's recurrent twitch;

Or, with his hero, overdue, he takes 'em on the run.

Yet from his home goes never thence beyond the strong-built meadow fence,

Nor ever shows by word or look the life he longs to dare,

But does his work with cheery zest; he gives his all and gives his best;

Then, by the magic of the book, he wanders everywhere.

By prow and helm, by belt and spur, he is your true adventurer,

Undaunted by the odds of fate, the grip of circumstance.

Each day I pass him in the street, as from his work with eager feet

He hastens, quietly elate, to wander with Romance.

Novel Magazine.

OLD GENT: "How many fish have you caught, my little man?"

YOUTHFUL ANGLER: "When I've got anover, I shall have one."

## Dreams of the Blind

SOME INTERESTING LETTERS AND OPINIONS

IN my Editorial Notes last month I commented upon the interesting fact that practically all persons who have lost their sight after they have had an opportunity of seeing the world and storing up mental pictures of all that is in it, see more or less perfectly in their dreams.

My own experience is a curious one, and it would be interesting to know if any other of our readers are able to report the same phenomenon. Usually I dream that I can see perfectly, and no idea of blindness enters my mind. Sometimes, however, an absurd and irrational thing happens, and though I dream that I can see I am somehow vaguely conscious that I am blind. For instance, every now and then I dream that I am taking part in some ceremonial parade, when every detail of the barrack square and the unit which I suppose myself to be commanding is perfectly clear. Perhaps I note that some man in the ranks is sloping arms wrongly, and correct him, or perhaps I execute some particular manœuvre which pleases me very much, and though I see all these details perfectly, at the back of my sub-conscious mind there is a stupid notion that it is rather remarkable for a blind man to be able to drill a body of moving men on a parade ground. It seems to me very curious that one should be conscious of the fact that one is blind when at the same time one is able to see every detail perfectly. Below are some intensely interesting letters from our readers, which tell of their various experiences. I hope they may stimulate other fellows to forward us a contribution for next month's issue.—I. F.

## A PARTIALLY BLIND MAN'S DREAMS.

To the Editor, ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW.

Sir,—I have been reading your notes in the September REVIEW re blind people's dreams, and I think this subject makes a most interesting study. I have had several arguments with sighted people about dreams, and they say, "If a person were blind they would appear blind in their dreams." Although I am a long way from being totally blind, I always see things in my dreams quite as clearly as any normal person. For instance, some time ago I dreamt I stood on some cliffs and could see the ships passing quite distinctly. On another occasion, when dreaming of a horse, I could see every detail quite plain, and not blurred as it would have been at any ordinary time.

I should think that a man who had been blind all his life would dream of things as he imagines them, as, if he were dreaming of a cup, he would not see it, but feel it. Therefore I would say that a person who has once had sight, would dream in a natural way, while a person who had never seen, would dream of things as he imagines them.

If you ever hold a discussion on this subject I should very much like to be present and hear the views of others.—  
Yours etc.,

P. ASHTON

## SIGHT RETURNS IN DREAMS.

To the Editor, ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW.

Sir,—I have read with great interest your remarks in the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW for September on the subject of the dreams of the blind. In this connection, the following remarks may be of interest to your readers. I have been to all intents and purposes quite blind for twenty-seven years, having lost my sight as a boy. I cannot say that I am a frequent dreamer, nor that my dreams are particularly coherent or rational, but in all of them I can see with perfect clearness, nor does this fact ever strike me as peculiar during the dream. It is perhaps worthy of note that the scene of my dreams is frequently laid in those surroundings in which I spent the seeing years of my boyhood, though this is by no means always so. When, in my dreams, I find myself in rooms and streets I now frequent, I find they correspond exactly with the mental pictures I have formed of them during waking consciousness. One curious fact is that, although I have been an enthusiastic reader of Braille for many years, I never dream that I am reading Braille, but constantly that I am reading from ordinary print, the characters of which I distinctly remember.

One of my most frequent dreams is that I am flying, not in any machine, but by



my own power, and below me I distinctly see a widely-spread landscape—fields, villages, hills, rivers, laid out in orderly sequence. This is somewhat difficult to explain, as I have never had any experience in my waking life to form a foundation for such a picture. The nearest I have come to it was the view I had many years ago as a small boy when I saw the Sussex Weald stretched out beneath me as I stood on a high point of the South Downs. In my waking life this recollection is faded and indistinct.

A friend, who took a keen interest in this subject, once told me the following curious story, for the truth of which he vouched. A man who was born blind and who usually saw nothing in his dreams, on one isolated occasion dreamed that he was walking down a certain street. He saw everything in the street with perfect clearness—the houses, pavements, moving traffic and pedestrians. He noticed a large advertisement on a wall, the letters of which were written in large Braille type. I think this shows that there are very definite limits to the imaginative powers of those born blind.—Yours, etc.,

PERCY L. WAY.

RECOGNISING AN OLD FRIEND IN A DREAM.  
To the Editor, ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW.

Sir,—As a student of science and a careful observer of my own dreams, I was much interested in your notes on blind dreaming. Let me put my own case to you. I am one of the semi-blind, in that I can occasionally recognise an acquaintance of distinctive dress or gait when meeting him by the way. Faces are entirely blurred, and almost useless as a recognition mark. My dreams are almost invariably "full-sighted" ones. I may add that I have lost a hand, and that nowadays the lack never appears in dreams at all, though in my early hospital days it used to impress itself very insistently and queerly on my dreaming life.

To return, however, to the sense of vision; in hospital, before ever I had my bandages removed, I was told that my vision would in probability be partly restored. At that time I had several dreams in which I was moving about the country

or town with some difficulty, everything being in a mist, and my depth of vision being very limited. In such dreams I used with great caution to ford brooks, explore mossy lanes, etc. As a matter of fact, the dreams I then had were not bad prophecies, as it were, of the amount of vision I actually regained. A dream I had the other night may be taken as typical of the dreams that very occasionally befall me. I was walking up a street, actually the high street of the town of Sutton in Surrey, and my vision was quite normal. Suddenly I overtook a man in khaki, wearing on his shoulders a distinctive battalion mark that I knew well. But as I drew level to him his form became blurred, and in fact, like the forms of my own waking vision. Still, I could see the red mark on his shoulder well enough to pause and accost him. Then something in his gait struck me, his height, and the grey hair he seemed to have. I felt sure it was my old friend G., whom I had never seen since my blindness. I spoke to him, and found I was correct. So you see that the whole street was normally clear to me, and only the figure in khaki blurred and uncertain. Moreover, though I had not seen this man since my blindness, he appeared to me just as I should judge him likely to appear were I to meet him in the street. I may add that my dreams of people met since my blindness are usually quite clear, and represent the pictures I have of them from the few data that my vision supplies.

I shall read all letters on this subject with great interest, and trust that many will be drawn to narrate their experiences.—Yours, etc.,  
F. L. G. C.

IN DISAGREEMENT WITH DR. BLAIR.  
To the Editor, ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

Sir,—I was very interested to read in a recent issue of the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW a paragraph dealing with the dreams of blind men and inviting correspondence on the subject.

From my own personal experience I am disinclined to agree with Dr. Blair and other experts that the blind see quite distinctly in their dreams. I have retained, up to the present, a certain amount of very deficient sight, in one eye, which, I am

afraid, lands me into trouble more often than not, and, as a consequence, find during my sleeping hours that I am frequently being placed in awkward predicaments, where my half vision merely serves to show up the imminent dangers without being able to help me out in any way.

It may be that the semi-sighted man is

People I'd Like to Kill

(BY A BLOODTHIRSTY CONTRIBUTOR)

THOSE people who still say "Good-bye-ee!"

The man who reads your paper over your shoulder in the train.

The flapper who says "Isn't it too perfectly topping!"

The man (or woman) who invented knitted jumpers.

The woman who says "I prefer to stand" when you've given up your seat for her in a crowded carriage.

The tea-shop waitress who passes you a dozen times and takes no notice when you shout "Miss!" at the top of your voice.

The lady who tells you that "Everything's so dear nowadays."

The golfer who will explain why he didn't do the third hole in two.

The inspector who makes you pay for travelling first when there was no room in the thirds.

The journalist who keeps writing articles explaining why strikes are bound to make the cost of living go up.

The cinema pianist who plays the music from "Chu Chin Chow" to a "Charlie Chaplin" film.

The man who says he thinks there is going to be a change in the weather.

The man who says he can't understand why Foch didn't go on with the war and "finish the job properly."

"DEAR me," exclaimed the worried mother, "I wonder what baby is crying for?"

"He's cross with me, mother," said Lionel. "I was trying to make him smile with the glove-stretcher."

brought up against the possibilities of vision with irritating frequency, whereas the man who is stone blind, though actually in a worse case, accepts the inevitable and it ceases to worry him.

This is merely a suggestion and I should be glad to hear what others in a similar condition have to say.—Yours etc.,

N. MCLEOD STEEL

St. Dunstan's Competitions

(FOR OTHER BLOODTHIRSTY CONTRIBUTORS)

IN the opposite column will be found a list of people whom a blood-thirsty individual would like to kill. Many of them, we agree, are worthy of being wiped off the surface of the earth—especially the Chu-Chin-Chow-Charlie-Chaplin fiend—but probably our readers, if given such a chance of making a clean sweep of their own pet aversions, would give a different list. Now this opens a prospect for an amusing competition, and as our generous friend, Mr. Chas. J. Jones, has sent us another 10s. as a prize, we are offering this for the best list, in the Editor's opinion, of "People I'd Like to Kill," similar in form to the example given, but limited to six items. Lists should be addressed to the Editor, ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW, St. Dunstan's Hostel, Regent's Park, London, N.W.1, and should reach us not later than the first post on November 5th.

Not a Hair Restorer

AT a seaside resort a lady bather got out of her depth, and her screams soon brought the "rescue" on the scene. A few strokes carried him to the spot, and he reached out a muscular arm to grip the unfortunate bather, who was just about to sink. But her frantic struggles just at this moment dislodged her bathing cap, which soon floated away, carrying with it what was more precious, her wig.

"Oh! save my hair!" she cried. "Save my hair!"

"Madam," replied the gallant rescuer, hauling her in, "I am only a life-saver, not a hair-restorer!"



## "Sunshine House"

PROBABLY some of our readers may have heard mention made from time to time of "Sunshine House" without having a very clear idea of what this attractive name exactly represents. "Sunshine House" is the name given to a Blind Babies' Home at Chorley Wood, Herts., established about two years ago by the National Institute for the Blind. Perhaps this does not sound remarkably interesting, but in reality "Sunshine House" is brimful of matter for thought.

### A MOST CHARMING HOUSE

First of all, it is a most charming house delightfully situated in one of the beauty spots of the Chiltern Hills. The air at Chorley Wood is rich in health-giving properties and a walk across the sunny common, with a splendid view all round of woody slopes and picturesque country lanes, is as good as a draught of champagne to the jaded Londoner.

The problem of the blind baby has been always one of difficulty and consequently has only too often been shelved for the time being, with so many other difficult problems of national existence. But the National Institute has now, it seems, found the only solution by taking charge of the blind baby right from birth until the age of five years, when institutions other than "Sunshine House" can continue the specialised training which is always necessary for those deprived of their eyesight.

Perhaps the best idea of what is being done at "Sunshine House" for these little lads and lasses can be obtained by reading what some of the leading writers of to-day have said concerning this unique home. Many well-known authors have visited "Sunshine House" at the invitation of Sir Arthur Pearson, and their views have appeared in leading journals throughout the British Isles. Let us listen, therefore, to what one or two of them have to say:

### A "SUNSHINE" BABY—ALBERT

What is a "Sunshine House" baby like?

This is Mr. Harold Begbie's portrait of one of them:—

"Albert is such a splendid fellow that I doubt if even Mr. Lytton Strachey, armed with the most fault-finding microscope known to the science of depreciation, could discover even an egg-stain on his character.

"Picture to yourself, my dear reader, as handsome a child as ever breathed, a stout, sturdy, deep-chested and big-boned boy, with a Shakespearian head on his little shoulders, and the head so thick and rich and glorious with dark brown hair—hair of a good coarse strength, and inclined strongly to curl—that you positively cannot keep your hands from ruffling it.

"Then picture to yourself—but for this purpose you must stand at a little distance away from the boy—two large blue eyes in the midst of a sunburnt face, pale blue eyes that are a shade or two lighter than his linen overall, and all the lighter for the dark lashes with which they are fringed.

"Look at him, his sunny face lifted up, the lips spread in gurgling laughter, the little clenched teeth shining like pearls, the blue eyes all puckered up with gladness and excitement, the thick hair swaying as he squirms in my hand.

*"How is it he knows how to smile?"*

"From the moment he was born—this most beautiful boy—he has been playing Blind Man's Buff. Never has he seen a smile.

"He has never seen a smile, hasn't the remotest idea what a smile looks like; but Nature has taught him to smile, and his smile is like a summer day."

### ANOTHER—JULIA

That's Albert!

And here is Julia.

"Of Julia it is impossible to affirm so superlative a virtue, although I was assured on all hands, by those who knew her in the intimacy of day-nursery, night-nursery and even kindergarten existence,

that a more speckless young person is not to be found for several miles around. But in spite of this assurance I cannot prevent myself from harbouring the conviction that Julia's body is tenanted by a spirit incorrigibly devoted to the fine art of mischief.

"I verily believe that if it were not for the training of which 'Sunshine House' is the first stage she would grow up to turn the whole world topsy-turvy, perhaps to assassinate the British Prime Minister and marry a German Prince or a Bolshevik.

"At all costs Julia must be trained and restrained. That child, I declare to you, quite worries my peace of mind."

This description of two of the babies speaks well for the treatment at "Sunshine House," doesn't it?

### SUNSHINE LESSONS

But it is not all play at "Sunshine House." Let us hear what Mr. E. F. Benson says of the babies at work.

"From top to bottom there was nothing abnormal or unusual about 'Sunshine House' . . . . . And then it struck my slow brain that this normality was, so to speak, the essence of the place, and the whole point of it was that its inmates should get accustomed to ordinary conditions.

"There were means, of course, to enable them to learn; in the lesson-room, for instance, there were implements which you would not see in other places—dominoes with raised bosses on them, wooden blocks with discs of different sizes fitting into them, so that by touch and the gradually dawning sense of size, conveyed not through sight but through the fingertips, the children might learn to put these discs in their proper places. There were frames with linen stretched over them to be buttoned or unbuttoned, to teach again by touch those different processes of dressing and undressing without assistance. Glory and triumph attended the attainment of this, and one small boy, in the first fine rapture of understanding the ways of buttons and their holes, passionately offered to take his trousers off at once to show that he at last had arrived at complete mastery of that useful accomplishment."

### THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

What is the secret of the happiness that reigns at "Sunshine House"?

"I found," says Mr. W. L. George, "that they were not wept over, or sympathised with or sheltered. No sense of affliction is thrust upon them. They are treated like ordinary children. As Sir Arthur Pearson says, the only way to teach a man not to bump his head is to bump his head. That is how the children are treated: though blind, they must learn to walk; they are given responsibility, which invigorates them. As if they could see, they are provided with pictures, which they can feel: that enables them by description to understand the subjects, and, above all, it prevents them from growing up thinking themselves *different* from the children who can see. To abolish difference, that is the essence of the work.

"In general, these children, blind from infancy, are extraordinarily normal. One expects to see them lie there silent and vacuous, their intelligence darkened by their incapacity. Some do, when they arrive at the Home, and it is a complete plea for the work that is being done there to observe the difference between a child received a month ago and a child that has had a year of affection, education and companionship.

"A sidelight on the intelligence with which 'Sunshine House' is being run is found in the belief of the organisers in light, space, pleasant colour and decoration; they believe that in the case of small children moral sustenance comes, like the physical, through the adults. The brightness makes the nurses bright. They are without self-consciousness; they treat the children simply. They say to them 'Go up stairs,' or 'Close the door,' and the children find their way upstairs or to the door because the belief that they can do this creates in their minds a similar belief."

### THE HOME OF NORMALITY

Mr. Stephen McKenna's opinion of "Sunshine House" is as follows:—

"When I was given the opportunity of visiting the Home in Chorley Wood I accepted the invitation from a reluctant sense of duty. Sight is to me the most precious of all gifts, and I did not want to



be harrowed by meeting five-and-twenty tiny children to whom this gift had been for ever denied. To all my compassion they were welcome—at a distance; but I travelled to 'Sunshine House' with misgiving and distaste. It was when I saw them in their own normality, walking fearlessly up and down stairs, finding their way safely about the garden—with or without the added hazard of a doll's perambulator and a single ecstatic passenger—that I remembered that Country of the Blind in Wells' story, in which sight was a blank impossibility, a monstrous pretence, or, at best, a low wizardry. To these children the external world was a thing smelt, heard and felt with senses 'abnormally' acute; absence of light was to them like a sense of futurity to me; and the life of 'Sunshine House,' had they any standard of comparison, was the happiest in their brief experience. It is well to be frank here; the attitude of the external world towards a blind child in a small home is one of exasperation tempered by sentimentality; normality treats a blind baby as a defective species when understanding would treat it as a different species. And, to be frank again, I think this understanding is hard to find, perhaps unreasonable to expect, in a home where the blind child is an additional, unwanted burden. I have suggested that one of the first duties imposed on the devoted staff at "Sunshine House" is to teach these babies to walk; they have also to be taught how to feed and keep themselves clean, for the normality of their own homes would compel them, being abnormal, to grow up as brute beasts."

#### WHO FIRST THOUGHT OF BREAD AND BUTTER?

The "Sunshine House" babies are extremely curious and ask a vast amount of questions.

"They chatter the whole of the time, do these exhilarated infants," says Mr. Pett Ridge, "and they put questions to grown-ups as maturer students turn to the volumes of the Encyclopædia Britannica. They want to know everything about everything. What is wood made of? Why is the sun warm? Who first thought of bread and butter? Has the gentleman

from London a watch, and if so, does it tell the time? It is stated that they have a method of their own in appraising the rank of any lady visitor; they judge her by the quality of the coat she wears, and thus guess at her position in the world. Luckily, the test of quality in regard to male callers does not go on these lines; it is possible his rank is fixed by the size of the bunch of keys which he carries. There have been decisions in courts of law less just and not so accurate."

#### WHAT IS IT THE BLIND CHILD SEES?

But apart from the amount of knowledge a child blind from birth obtains from sighted people, what is it the blind child sees? May there not be strange, wonderful visions unknown to those who can see, a voyage in some uncharted ocean to coasts whereon no eyes have ever gazed? Listen to what Katherine Tynan says:—

What is it the blind child sees?

The blind child's face is an opening flower,  
Tender soft lips, closed eyes, a shower  
Of golden curls. In the darknesses,  
What is it the blind child sees?

What is it the blind child hears?

Little face like a moon in our dark,  
He hears the linnets, he hears the lark.  
Call of little things call at his ears,  
The talk of the grass and the grasshoppers.

Nothing threatens; no terror peers,  
In his lit darkness is no mirk,  
No danger threatens, no foes lurk.  
The stars sing to him from their spheres.  
The distant fluting of heaven he hears.

There is a secret 'twixt him and God.  
They lean together under the rose,  
Strange and beautiful the child grows  
Like the closed bud on the lily's rod,  
The soft still beauty praiseth God.

The flowers whisper the tale abroad.  
See how lovely the blind child goes!  
God whispers to him under the rose,  
Rose leaves fall where his feet have trod,  
There is a secret 'twixt him and God.

"DADDY," began a small boy on a visit to the Zoo, "Why is it that giraffes have such long necks?"

"In order that they may feed from the tops of trees," promptly replied Daddy.

"But why," continued the youngster mercilessly, "are the trees so high?" Again Daddy rose to the emergency. "In order," he concluded, "that the giraffes may be able to eat."

## Carpentier in Training

WHEN Carpentier was training for his fight with Beckett a gentleman appeared at his Stanmore quarters groaning under the weight of a sack of potatoes, half a side of bacon, half a dozen fowls, and a fine hare. "Why these presents?" asked the French champion. "Its no good thinking of meeting Beckett unless you feed up," answered the bountiful visitor. "The more you eat the better." He was much puzzled and distressed when Carpentier courteously pointed out that such a Gargantuan feast (comparable with Pepys's idea of a "noble dinner" for his high-placed friends) would be the death of him. The theory, which dates from the old P.R. days, that a pugilist in training cannot possibly eat too much is still widely current in this country, where many of the men in the heavier divisions are mighty trenchermen. There may have been something to say for it in the era of fights with "the raw 'uns" when a good thick covering of streaky flesh kept nerve-centres from being injured by the impact of iron-hard knuckles. But the system is worse than useless to-day as a preparation for a faster and more perplexing game, in which speed, adaptability, and concentration are the chief requisites for success. Getting drunk on beefsteaks (to use Charles Lamb's phrase) is even more prejudicial to the attainment of the qualities required in modern boxing than the excessive devotion to beer-drinking which was a characteristic of the older generations of British glove-fighters. Over-eating is still the favourite vice of their successors, and it is the *causa causans*, I have long been convinced, of the slowness and slow-wittedness of so many of our middle-weights and heavy-weights—failings so marked in the case of one candidate for championship honours that a facetious critic, when asked where he had been discovered, replied: "In front of a steam-roller—he used to carry the red flag in front of it!" The manual worker in England, as Defoe once pointed out,

eats three times as much as any of his Continental rivals—so that this form of self-indulgence is likely to remain a part of the orthodox English system of training as long as the great majority of our professional boxers are drawn from what used to be called the working classes.

#### COMMONSENSE IN TRAINING

Perhaps the most instructive passages in "My Fighting Life" (Cassell & Co., 10s. 6d.) in which Carpentier's character and career are so eloquently, even ecstatically described, are those which deal with the methods of training which have been devised for him by Descamps, his inspired teacher and manager and second—in the science and art of seconding he is without a rival to-day. In the first place, Descamps has broken with the absurd practice of taking a boxer entirely out of his natural life when he begins to prepare for a fight, and subjecting him to a rigid routine in which he himself has no voice at all. It is necessary, of course, to keep to the time-table of daily exercises (which must, however, be constantly varied) and to spend as many hours as possible in the open air. Otherwise, life in a boxer's training quarters should be made as much like his ordinary home life as practicable—there is nothing like domesticity, the constant presence of relations and familiar friends to diminish the irksomeness of a preparation and to increase the will-to-victory. British advocates of the old, austere system have been horrified at seeing the French champion take a glass of wine and smoke a cigarette over his coffee. But French and American trainers, following the example set in other spheres of athletics, have recognised the folly of attempting to extirpate all the boxer's ordinary habits. He must be made to feel happy and contented in himself if he is to derive the maximum of benefit from his daily exercises. Days off for fishing or shooting are advisable, and there should be hours in the evening when the business of fighting is clean forgotten. The long



distance plugging along on a road (the other day I saw an unfortunate fellow toiling alone round the Regent's Park Circle!) is a mistake. The up-to-date plan is for the man to go for a country ramble, running races and devising all sorts of boyish games having nothing to do with boxing. Overwork of any kind is fatal—if only because it makes for boredom, which is the preliminary symptom of staleness,

the mind infecting the body. There is no room in the ring for the neurotic or hypersensitive man who cannot release the animal in him at the psychological moment. But even less likely to succeed is the man whose intelligence and initiative and imagination (the last creates opportunities) have been cramped by a training system which looks only to physical necessities and mismanages even them!—*The Morning Post*.

### The Little Patient

FROM THE FRENCH OF COURTELIN

(Reprinted by kind permission from the *The Strand Magazine*)

THE Doctor (at the front door): Is this the house, Madam, where the little boy is ill?

Madam: Yes, doctor. Come in, please. It is my little boy. Just fancy, ever since this morning, poor little dear, he has done nothing but tumble down.

Doctor: Tumble down?

Madam: All day long. Yes, doctor.

Doctor: On the floor?

Madam: On the floor.

Doctor: Very strange! How old is he?

Madam: Four and a half.

Doctor: He ought to stand up well enough at that age. How did this come on?

Madam: I really don't know, doctor. He was quite all right last night, and playing about the room like a monkey. This morning I dressed him as usual. I put on his stockings, his blouse and his knickerbockers, and set him on his feet. Down he tumbled!

Doctor: Perhaps he slipped.

Madam: Wait! I picked him up, but down he went again. It happened six or eight times following. I was simply amazed. As I told you, ever since the morning he has done nothing but tumble down.

Doctor: Marvellous! Well, I'd better have a look at him.

Madam: Oh, yes, do! I'll bring him down.

(She goes out; then re-appears carrying the little boy. He is rosy and fat with perfect health. He is dressed in a long loose blouse, decked with dry smears of "sweeties.")

Doctor: Why, he looks splendid. Put him down, please. (The mother obeys. The child tumbles down on the floor.)

Doctor: I never heard of such a thing in my life! (To the little boy, whom his mother is holding up under his arms): Now, tell me, my little friend, do you feel in pain anywhere?

Toto: No, sir.

Doctor: No ache in your head?

Toto: No, sir.

Doctor: You slept like a top last night?

Toto: Yes, sir.

Doctor: Just so. (He turns to the mother and speaks with the air of a man who knows all about it.) It is a case of paralysis.

Madam: Para—! Good gracious! (She raises her arms—the child tumbles down again.)

Doctor: I am sorry to have to say so. Yes, madam, complete paralysis of the lower limbs. You see for yourself that the little boy's flesh has lost all sense of feeling. (As he speaks he approaches the patient and prepares to make his experiment. Then, all of a sudden, as he pulls up the little boy's blouse, he recoils in amazement.)

Doctor: What's this! What's this! What's this! Good heavens, madam, what's all this nonsense of yours about paralysis?

Madam: But, doctor—

Doctor: Tumble down! What do you expect when you put both his legs in the same leg of his knickerbockers!

A WOMAN who isn't curious is a curiosity.

### Terrible Tennis

THE only games I am any good at are kiss-in-the-ring, shove-ha-penny and backing losers. I've been asked to enter for the halma handicap and the tiddiwinks tournament, but I am not one to overdo sport and go wearing myself to a shadow.

So when Virginia asked me if I play tennis, it put me in a very awkward position. I'd never been on a court in my life but I didn't want to look small, with my rival Jimmie Parsons, standing there sneering; and to say you're not a tennis-player is almost like committing suicide in our suburb.

"Oh, yes," I said in my airy way, "I've smashed the balls about a bit in my time, but what with yachting and motoring, I'm very much out of practice."

"Ah, they've got motor Black Marias now, haven't they?" said Jimmy with his silly laugh.

"You good players are always so modest," gushed the adorable Virginia. "We'll make up a four to-night and you shall be my partner. Is yours the American service?"

That nearly caught me out.

"Er, I'll ask somebody—I mean, oh yes, yes!" I said. "You should hear the twang—"

"We'll see what it's like to-night," sneered Jimmie as Virginia walked off. "I suppose you'll wear your yellow spats and detachable cuffs?"

"Yes," I said. "And it's a pity you've mislaid your detachable brains."

I went away quickly before he could answer. I didn't want him to say things he'd be sorry for, and he's got a nasty tongue.

Now, I'd seen people playing pat-ball in the parks and it looked as easy as sucking iced soda through a straw. They mostly hit the balls into the net and said, "Sorry, partner!"

I was sure I'd be able to show them a thing or two, especially if Jimmie got his ugly nose in the way when it was my turn to swipec.

So I hurried home and raked out a pre-war set of flannels that I was hoarding till my rich uncle died and I could face an outfitter's charges again. I changed, plastered my hair with an extra dose of brilliantine and parted it in the middle so that they'd know that I was a tennis-player, and sewed a silk cigarette-picture as a badge on the pocket of the smoking-jacket that I was going to wear as a blazer. And on the badge I printed "M.O.B.T.C." in ink.

Then I went to a shop with all sorts of sports outfits in the window.

"Have you got a tennis-bat?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "But I'm out of golf-mallets, croquet-cues and cricket-racquets. I can see you're a real sportsman. Er—what's M.O.B.T.C. on your badge, if I might make so bold as to ask?"

"My Own Blooming Tennis Club," I said. "And mind your own business!"

When later the four of us had gathered on the tennis-court and the game started, that fool Jimmie twirled his bat—I mean, his racquet—round his head and threw up the ball just to make me stare at him, and then biffed it viciously and hit me near the belt.

"Don't do that again!" I said. "Showing off, that's all it is! And I thought you were signalling."

"Fifteen love!" came the sweet voice of Virginia.

Such an endearment from her! I thrilled.

"Fifteen it is, darling!" I answered with my soul in my eyes.

But from the look in hers I guessed there was something wrong again.

Generally, when I saw the ball coming, I ran to meet it, meaning to smash it over the net as the others did, but it seemed to jump up and snap at me like a little dog, and then land in my stomach or under my chin. And if I waited for it, it would get as shy as a girl in a last season's hat and hang back, and I would over-reach myself and fall in a heap.

"There's more in this rotten game than meets the eye!" I said to myself. "Never mind, I'll show 'em yet!"





## 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.

OLD LADY: "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!