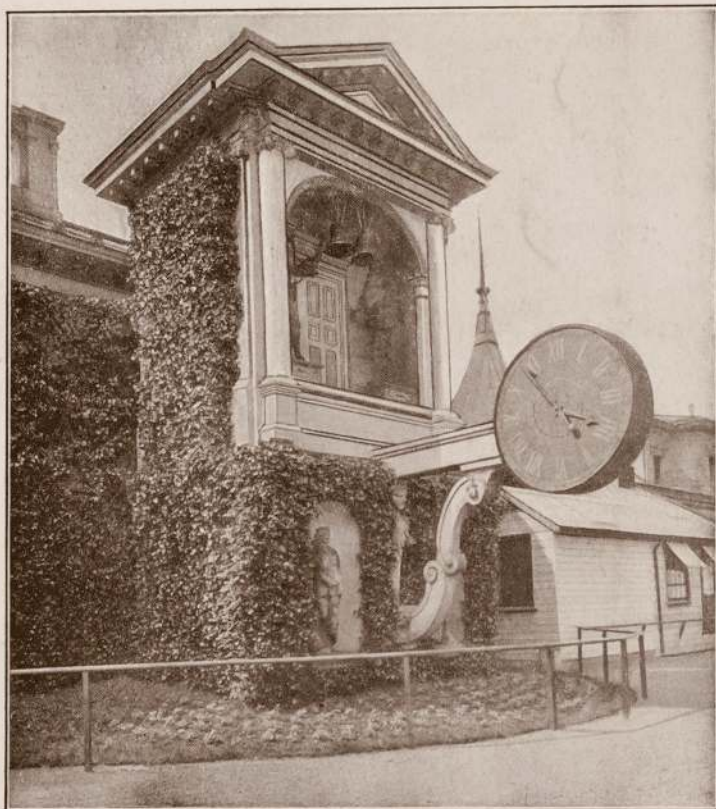


St. Dunstan's



Review

For the Amusement and Interest of Men Blinded in the War

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



ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN WHO APPEARED AT THE AEOLIAN HALL CONCERT LAST MONTH

St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

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EDITOR'S NOTES

AS this REVIEW is circulated, we shall be breaking up for the Christmas recess, and we must therefore take this opportunity of wishing our readers a Happy Christmas and continued and increasing success in the New Year.

The holiday for the men in training at St. Dunstan's will last from 17th December, 1920, to 7th January, 1921, which is longer than usual, to allow of the moving of the whole of the organization across the Park to our new and permanent headquarters, where work will be commenced next Term.

When Mr. Otto Kahn, the owner of the house around which the little township of St. Dunstan's grew up, wanted to return home we were forced to look around for a suitable establishment in the vicinity in which we could erect workshops to continue the training of the large number of men who were still with us, and in which suitable office accommodation for our secretarial, treasury, and administrative business could be obtained. We have fortunately been successful in obtaining a long lease upon just such a property across the park in the Inner Circle, and our new address there will be:—

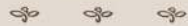
HEADQUARTERS OF ST. DUNSTAN'S WORK,

Inner Circle, Regent's Park, N.W. 1.

At the present time some temporary ex-Government buildings adjoining the grounds of the new place have had to be rented to accommodate our very large stores of materials and to provide the necessary room for receiving and distributing goods. The workshops in the grounds, however, have been so designed with a view to their becoming stores and receiving and packing rooms when training of blinded soldiers is completed, so that we have in this new situation a most convenient and well-arranged establishment from which the business of "after-care" will be permanently carried on. We shall, with Mr. Kahn's kind permission, continue to occupy the Bungalow Annexe until the end of April next, by which time our numbers will be sufficiently reduced to enable us to accommodate the men in training in the Cornwall Terrace and Townshend House Annexes.

This move will occasion us all deep regrets, for breaking with old associations is always hard. It will, too, recall with new emphasis the unbounded generosity of Mr. Otto Kahn, whose magnificent estate will have been at our disposal for very nearly six years. With the exception of Sir Arthur Pearson himself, who has given St. Dunstan's all his energy, ability—and, indeed, his very life—during this time, no one individual has contributed so much to the success of St. Dunstan's as our American friend—if he will allow us to use the word. His estate in Regent's Park is the only one in London which could have served our purpose so well, for we all realize the immense advantages of the situation from the point of view of accessibility and publicity, while Regent's Park, with its lake provided opportunities for open-air exercise which it would be difficult to better.

Quite naturally one would have expected that the cessation of hostilities would have left us with a more or less definite number of men who would have been trained ready to take their place in the world under new conditions at the end of a year or so, but a number of men far larger than anyone could have anticipated have had their sight, which was, perhaps, only partially damaged in the war, deteriorate to an extent which makes it useless for any ordinary occupation, or indeed, disappear altogether, and the same facilities have had to be made available for these late arrivals as for their earlier comrades. There are, unfortunately, between twenty and thirty thousand men who were discharged from the Army with defective vision, and we shall have to expect further additions to our numbers for some years to come, but unless the inflow of new men increases unexpectedly, we can safely say that we are entering upon the last stage of the training of blinded men at St. Dunstan's Hostel. It must not be supposed that this means that we are nearing the end of the organisation's work. This will not be completed until the last man who has been through St. Dunstan's has passed away, for as we have suggested above, our After-Care Organisation is so constituted as to make the benefits which it is able to afford to St. Dunstan's men available during the remainder of their lives.



St. Dunstan's Competitions

IT will be remembered that last month we offered a prize of 10s. for the best short suggestion for a new feature in the REVIEW. We have had quite a number of interesting entries and it has been a little difficult to select the best. However, we decided to award the prize of 10s. to Thomas J. Floyd, 34 London Road, Twickenham, Middlesex, to whom a cheque has accordingly been sent. His suggestion is as follows:—

"Reading through the notes in St. Dunstan's Discussion Club I said to myself, 'Those papers must have been interesting. I would have liked to have been there.' There must be many After-Care boys who would like to be present at the lectures, but find it impossible. I suggest you publish each month a full report of one lecture—the one you consider would prove of most interest to the majority of readers, and I feel sure it would be appreciated by all readers, as providing not only interesting, but useful reading."

We think all our readers will welcome this suggestion, and we shall endeavour to make arrangements to carry it out and to report the most interesting lecture each month.

Another interesting suggestion which we shall also endeavour to carry out is that of H. Green, Hornsey, namely:—A fixture

list to be included in the REVIEW each month of the most important events of the coming month. This would be of use to old boys who live within easy distance of St. Dunstan's.



Our competition this month has been suggested by Mr. Charles J. Jones, who again kindly offers a prize of 10s. This will be awarded to the St. Dunstaner who sends in the most original and striking list of "Things we want to know." The following example of what Mr. Jones means is given as a guide:—

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

- (1) Whether the rumour is correct that someone has invented a means of stopping the draughts in the lounge?
- (2) Who it was that made a string bag with a bottom each end and no top?
- (3) Whether Cook has found any new stories and whether they have passed the Censor?
- (4) When the cinder pathway will be properly walked in?



The number of "Things we want to know" must be limited to six, and all entries should reach us not later than the 8th January, 1921, and should be addressed to the Editor, ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW, Headquarters of St. Dunstan's Work, Inner Circle, Regent's Park, N.W.1.

Dreams of the Blind

(Discussion continued from last month's "Review")

A CHASE THROUGH THE CELESTIAL SPHERE
To the Editor, ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

SIR,—Though the subject of dreams, and the consequent consultation of books bearing that name, belongs rather to the opposite sex, I certainly find the experiences related in your recent issues extremely interesting, and doubtless, in a similar way, mine may interest others.

If dreaming were an art, then I should be an artist, for I am a most consistent nocturnal disturber of rest—that, in my opinion, being the resultant of these fascinating exploits. With a score of years of perfect sight, and approximately a similar period of perfect darkness, it is only natural that my dreams should be those of an ordinary individual; not once, in all my experiences, has blindness attempted to mar my almost nightly excursions, which, though disturbing, are nevertheless mostly pleasant.

I must first of all issue a challenge to our friend Mr. Percy Way, for, unless he is a past master in the art of flying, then I am afraid that I shall be an easy "odds on" favourite in our aerial chase through the celestial sphere. Seventy per cent. of my dreams are those of flying. I simply dive into space—as one would dive into a swimming bath—from the lofty peak, gaining speed in my descent sufficient to propel me upwards to another prominence, or again diving to gain renewed energy, the sensation being that of a peaceful floating as one would imagine, from report and hearsay, to be the fascinations of those addicted to opium, or other similar drugs. Most strange to me is the fact that, as I dream this sort of thing so often, I seem to acquire confidence and skill—hence my challenge to my colleague.

Actually, my knowledge of flying is limited to the perception of the trip of the balloonist and the descent of the parachutist, but the fact that I am persistently above the earth can be traced to my school days, when I was particularly fond of climbing the almost innumerable steps

through the belfry of a cathedral tower—or similar high building—and gazing on the miniature Tom Thumbs below. Such experiences now repeat themselves when I ought to be at rest, and also I now periodically patrol the cloisters of my old college as I did once, not with my fellow-students, but with the monks, etc., who preceded us in past centuries.

Work—that is, occupation—occasionally intrudes, but it is always that practicable to the sighted individual, and always most natural—i.e., I engage myself with something that I can reasonably achieve under sighted conditions.

The fact that I am for ever climbing, or towering, high above *terra firma* must not be taken as a proof of the Darwinian theory that we evolved from a species similarly fond of climbing, but one incident—which happened during my holidays this year—I would like to relate.

When at Hastings my wife and I visited the celebrated Fairlight Glen and the East and West Cliffs, and reached the pinnacle, what we were told was North's Seat, the highest spot in the county. Certainly my wife could easily see Beachy Head and even the corresponding chalk hills of France—a continuation of the chalk deposit on which we stood—the day being perfectly clear. I gazed on the picture with my inward eye, and inwardly digested the same from the lucid and descriptive account I was given. Since my return, however, I have dreamed of that experience, and could see, as vividly as with full sight—aye, as vividly as Milton could see into the Seventh Heaven—the beautiful seascape, the whitish form of the distant hills and the wonderful parabolic curve formed by the coast of Kent, lined with a delightfully clear rim of white—a perfectly magnificent sight.

From others who have actually witnessed this spectacle I am told that my dreamish vision was perfect.

As in my dreams, so in actual life, blindness never intrudes, and, fortunately,

I never realise that I cannot see. I am most natural in all my physical actions, and this doubtless accounts in a measure for my little experiences related above.—Yours, etc.,

JOHN R. EMBLEN.

A CONVICTION OF NORMALITY
To the Editor, ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

Sir,—I have read with much interest the correspondence on the dreams of the blind in the REVIEW, although I have not been encouraged by any notable personal impressions. My dreams are in reality conspicuous by their absence, but the conviction that in them my vision is perfectly normal is absolute, although the lapse of time leaves me no power of description.

I venture the opinion that those who have seen dream of the reality of life. But who knows to what extent the dream pictures of those born blind may surpass in beauty those of the average man?—Yours, etc.,

A. T. BROOKE.

SEEING THINGS PARTIALLY CLEAR
To the Editor, ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

Sir,—I have taken a keen interest in the notes published in the REVIEW on the dreams of blind people.

As far as my own experience goes my dreams may be divided definitely into two kinds. Sometimes I dream that I have perfectly normal sight, and on these occasions I see everything quite well—colours, shape, etc. These dreams sometimes are of places I have known and seen, and usually my relatives or people connected with the places are to be seen also. On most occasions, though, the places seen in my dreams are surroundings which are purely imaginative, being neither those I have seen nor any that have been described to me. I might mention two recent and very vivid dreams. In the first I was standing on an embankment, leaning against the railings, when, directly at my right side, a man and a woman dived into the water below. I could see everything quite well, even to their figures beneath the surface of the water, which was very clear, as they turned and swam a little distance below the surface.

Very recently I dreamed that I stood on what appeared to be downs, like those in Sussex, and gazed upwards at a church, the spire of which reached to an impossible height. Every detail was clear, and were I able to draw I could reproduce the church as I saw it, even to the time which the gilt hands of the clock on the steeple pointed to. Never before had I seen either the people or the places in the dreams I have just described.

As an instance of dreaming of things which have been described but not seen. I saw in a dream recently an airship, which appeared to correspond with the one that passed very close to the house the previous day, as described by my wife.

Now, on the other hand, I often dream that I am blind, but although I am conscious of this, I appear to be walking about quite easily and seeing everything, but not perfectly clearly; sometimes, too, on these occasions, I see everything in monotone, as though looking at a photograph, as, for instance, in a dream recently, blood on my handkerchief from a supposed nose bleed appeared black instead of red. I wonder if any other readers have had similar dreams? As in my waking hours I do not see at all, and I have never been only semi-sighted, it seems remarkable to me that I should dream of seeing things only partially clear.—Yours, etc.,

THOMAS FLOYD.

SIR ARTHUR AT A DOG FIGHT
To the Editor, ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

SIR,—I find a very curious thing about dreams when one has lost one's sight. In my own case I find that I can see everything perfectly distinctly and all is normal but there is always one point in the dream when I come into contact with other people, and though I still behave as if I could see, I realise that they know I am blind although they never show it. The following is a case in point. In the middle of quite an ordinary dream, I found myself in the smoking room of a club sitting down reading a Braille book. I looked up and found the room was full of business men; those I recognised I had not met for

years. It struck me they would think it very odd to see me reading Braille and I felt embarrassed, when a brilliant idea struck me of reading the dots by sight so as not to attract attention. This was done successfully.

Then again I dreamt Sir Arthur came into a hospital ward where I was stopping a dog fight. Sir Arthur was blind but I was not. I knew, however, there was something wrong with me, as I knew I had never seen him before, and examined his face carefully and with much curiosity. Now Sir Arthur was not what I picture him, he had a long thin face with a beard, but except for appearances he was the same as ever.—Yours, etc.,

M. P.

FACES BLURRED—THINGS DISTINCT
To the Editor, ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW.

Sir,—I have been reading in recent REVIEWS about blind men's dreams, and

The Blind Homer

(By F. Le G. Clark, a St. Dunstan's Officer)

EASILY and naturally, like most blinded men, I can slip back into my own past, or the past of the world. Yesterday it happened, for example, that I was lost mentally in those two great Epics of ancient Greece, the tale of Troy and the story of Ulysses. As I thought, it came to me with a fresh meaning that, after all, Homer himself, the writer by tradition of the two mighty poems, had been a blind man, and at once I began to view them from a new and intimate standpoint. As I pondered, I even opened my typewriter and took a few casual notes

The authorities will have it, of course, that Homer never existed, and that the two poems are the work of many hands, manufactured slowly from generation to generation. We are bound to accept their critical decisions with all reverence, and yet in my heart I believe that one minstrel out of the thousand was a blind bard, led from palace to palace by the hand of children. Why otherwise should the tradition of a sightless man have fixed itself so firmly

I am very much interested to hear the different opinions. I myself am of the same opinion as P. Ashton who wrote in last month's REVIEW, that any one who has had their sight and has seen things fully should dream accordingly. I myself dream very often, and I see in my dreams things that I have seen before I lost my sight exactly as I saw them before I was blind. But of things and persons whose faces I cannot distinguish at the present I am dreaming in just the same way, although faces appear to me as through heavy fog or smoke. But if I dream about any articles or animals I see them clearly in my dream. The persons, of course, who have never seen would certainly dream as they imagine. I shall be looking forward for the next month's REVIEW, so that I can see what other different opinions there will be from different men.—Yours, etc.

A. STERNO.

in the popular mind? Besides, at one place in the poem, the poet might be said to introduce himself. It is in the Palace of the king Alcinous, where he sits every evening feasting with his sea-captains. The meal has been cleared, the talk is flowing round, when a servant leads in a blind minstrel with his harp. At once there is silence, and all eyes are turned towards him. He is given his cup of wine, and then, standing in the midst, he touches the harp-strings and sings his stories of war and love. It is a fine scene, typical entirely of those warring, voyaging generations; and from this outset I began to contemplate Homer afresh—this time as a blinded man.

It struck me at once how curiously rare in Homer is the mention of colour. In all those immense poems there is scarcely a word for "blue" or "red." He has, it seems a term for "yellow," i.e. "Xanthus," but he uses it for many things, the yellow turbulence of a muddy river, a blonde man, and a light brown horse. Even when he describes a man's hair as "hyacinthine,"

he appears to refer rather to the shape of the curls than to their colour. Metals he is always depicting, but his adjectives for them almost invariably refer to their sheen, their brilliancy, than to anything specific about their colouration; and in all his descriptions of the sea he would far rather refer to its immensity and its voices than to its shifting lights and shades. Can it be, I ask myself, as I pondered all this, that Homer was indeed a blinded man—one to whom the recollection of shapes and actions was still lively, but whose sense of colour was fading and gradually becoming untrustworthy?

But it is possible to linger too lovingly on one slight grain of evidence. Let me turn and consider what kind of life might have been led by the blinded minstrel; what were his joys and hopes, what his difficulties and his recognised position in the social order. He was one of a strange, half-attached profession, that wandered from village to village, and from court to court, singing the popular ballads. There was no writing, or only that of the most rudimentary nature; so our minstrels, even the sighted, had to perform amazing feats of memory, recalling and improvising a thousand and one ballads and hymns. A fitting profession for a blinded man, free from the distractions of light, colour and movement. We can understand, in a brief instant, how it was the *Blind Poet* who held that highest position of all as favoured minstrel at the court of the King. The lower grades might wander from door to door, picking up a gift here and there; he held an honourable and protected place, and when he sang the kings were silent.

The Homer we imagine was both a performer and a poet in his own right. He had learned, as do our organists, to recite all the great works of the past, and to accompany himself sweetly upon the harp; but in addition he was required to invent and elaborate. The new feats of his masters had to be recorded in rhythm, linked up with those of their ancestors and handed down to their descendants. Thus every fresh deed of arms had to be learned and studied by the minstrel, so that the King when he sat later at peace in his halls might hear his own glories

properly celebrated. Homer, I think, had been in his young days a warrior and a sailor with the rest of them. He describes the battle and the wreck too vividly not to have himself taken some part in them. But now all this was past; he was left blinded at home, to brood from day to day on all the things he had seen and known, till they became somehow clearer to him than to the full-sighted men about him. The palace where he lived was built of stone. In front lay the court-yard enclosed by a low stone wall, and filled with the wandering dogs and servants of the king. When passing through this, having felt its broad fluted pillars, he would reach the great doors of the main hall. Ordinarily it was long and low, the hall of the palace, filled with the smell of smoke and of eating and drinking. Tables were scattered about it, and here sat the captains and councillors, feeding at the king's expense, and welcoming the minstrel as an expected and regular part of an evening's entertainment.

IN THE COUNTRY OF THE DEAD

As I write one strange memory wakes up in my mind that may have some faint bearing upon Homer's blindness. There is a wonderful scene in the "Odyssey," in which Ulysses is supposed to be visiting the country of the Dead, far to the Westward. Here he meets the Soul of his old friend, the great warrior Achilles, wandering in the gloomy fields of Hades. He greets him and asks how he fares; and Achilles, in one of the saddest passages of poetry ever written, replies that he longs for the sunlight and the common life of mankind. "I would rather," he says, "be a slave toiling in the fields at the bidding of some poor farmer than reign here a king among the Dead."

Can it be that here in a parable we have the voice of the blinded man crying out suddenly for the light that can never return to him? I cannot tell; but sometimes, as I stretch my hands back through time and touch those of the greatest of poets, I like to feel that he, too, knew all the hidden passions of humanity, and would understand.

"Pity Me"

By T. J. F.

I LIVE with an arch-fiend! "That is a remarkable statement" I can hear you say. Some will declare I exaggerate; but say what you will, I still will answer, "I live with an arch-fiend—the archest of the arch, in fact." But let me hasten to suppress the sympathetic murmurings of the married male readers and say that the aforesaid A. F. is not my wife, nor my mother-in-law. The latter does not live with me, or—but the fact is, that owing in the main to the laxity displayed by the local housing committee, I am being victimised by the occupant of the upper flat.

The sad story really began some years ago. On a certain night, or it may have been a certain day, a certain friendly stork arrived at a certain little house and deposited his little burden after the customary style peculiar to storks. The delighted recipients discovered that the new arrival had a well-developed bump of something, they knew not what. The local and learned bump masseur, however, declared it to be a bump of destructiveness, and his name should rank on a par with even the noble George Washington. Aided by Father Time, that bump has developed into a passionate craving to destroy—life? No. Unless it be that her scissors slip in a pair of excited hands. She wildly pounces upon any and every newspaper within sight and devours its contents in search of her prey. But surely I am ungrateful in my denunciation of one so energetic and so thoughtful; for am I not presented daily with an abundance of reading matter culled from scores of books, magazines and newspapers that come within the A. F.'s pitiless grasp? And are not these extracts specially selected with infinite care and patience? But even so, I cannot bring myself to feel grateful; for, in short, since the advent of "the poor man from St. Dunstan's" (that's me!) I have been inundated with cuttings referring to any and every sort of blindness, from "blind alleys," as discussed by the

local byways improvements committee, to "blind man's buff" at the village school treat, blind wood choppers, etc. Oh! that I were the proprietor of the newspaper shop across the way, who has just opened another shop as a result of increased business, or even the once-humble scissors-to-grind man, who pays a daily call and who declares he will be able to retire ere a few months have passed, and return to his native land of chestnuts and top notes. But whilst these people thrive I am doomed to silent suffering. Already at the end of three months I have stacks of cuttings everywhere. My portion of the house resembles anything from a marine store to the editor's sanctum at the REVIEW offices. Even my spacious cellar is now impenetrable, being full from sides to stairs, while as I write workmen are busy erecting a large shed, which will deprive me, and the cats, of my precious back-yard. What I shall do when that is filled I know not. Oh! that I could persuade myself to summon the courage to make a firm refusal each morning when the inevitable sheaf of cuttings is pressed into my nerveless grasp, but I cannot; my strength fails me. I am vanquished by my politeness. My old Latin proverbs remain clear in my memory. I think of "væ victo," and meekly submit. Would that I had foreseen how this tragedy would grow upon me. I should have taken steps to make myself a strong-room—a dug-out—anything, in fact, to shut me off from this slave of the scissors. As it is, I live for nothing but cuttings; I dream of them; I sleep on them—I have nowhere else to sleep; I—but I must stop—I have just received my morning's budget and I find the first one is "Treatment of blind boils." Are not your hearts touched with compassion for me? Will no one help to save me?



WHAT two fishes get most frequently trodden upon? Soles and eels.

News of St. Dunstan's Men—

FROM A NEW ZEALAND MASSEUR

WT. WOODS, a masseur in Christchurch, New Zealand, writes as follows:—

"After resigning my appointment in Hanmer Springs, my wife and I enjoyed the first real holiday we have had since our marriage. We spent a whole month in different parts of the North Island where we were fortunate enough in striking delightful weather. While in Auckland we met Clutha Mackenzie and Neil Campbell several times, and through the kindness of Clutha we were able to see something of several other St. Dunstan's fellows.

"The trials of life were thrust upon us again when we returned to this city and started settling into our new surroundings. We discovered that houses were more precious than diamonds, and almost as hard to procure. After a few days of disappointing tours with house-agents we were more than fortunate in obtaining a suitable place within the half-mile radius. For the next three or four weeks we entertained electricians, plumber, house-decorators, and gas fitters; and all these details being completed together with numerous interviews with the leading medical practitioners, we commenced work on one patient about the middle of May.

"Since that time everything has progressed exceptionally well, indeed, far better than I had ever anticipated, for on balancing the books this evening I find the total number of treatments for the time since we started is 429. I have good reason to think that I may continue this average in the future, making good all round, and so upholding the traditions of old St. Dunstans."



MAKING MATS FOR CHURCHES

H. Bowen, a boot repairer and mat-maker, Letterston, Pem., writes as follows:—

"I started with my boot repairing in November, 1918, and continued at it until September, 1920. From one point of view

it proved a success, in so far as to give every satisfaction to my customers. I was complimented on all sides over my work. Ill health, unfortunately, compelled me to throw it up. That was where I found the benefit of learning two trades, for I immediately started with the mats. Everything has been plain sailing, since I have more orders on hand now than I shall be able to turn out for months. The mat which I made for the church has proved as good as an advertisement, and the vicar is also writing to all the churches and chapels to recommend my work. My health has also greatly improved since I am on mats, because it leaves me more time to devote to my outdoor exercise. I always commence the day with physical jerks and finish up in the evening with all the exercises, which counteracts the tendency to stoop over my work, with a short sharp walk, accompanied by my little boy. I started to take long walks on my own, but I have left off, owing to the condition of the roads, and this is Common land around here, so there is always the chance of cattle being on the road, and I have found out, from past experience, that it is not very pleasant to bump against the business end of a horse or donkey.

"There are two things in the boot line which I found out, and which may be of advantage to the boys. The first is to use a strop instead of a rope for the waist of the shoes; it gives a more even pressure and does not mark the shoe. Also in the use of the sole-marker, first turn the thumb-screw quite tight and then count the turns. Five half-turns is sufficient for the widest welts. I think it would be a good idea if any of the boys should pick up some useful quiff to send it in to the REVIEW for publication; it would be one way of helping one another. I have often been asked how I have learned so many things in such a short time. I can only point to tact and efficiency of the staff at St. Dunstan's, who would knock information into a wooden-headed donkey in a few hours."

—From all parts of the World

NEWS FROM VICTORIA, B.C.

From Victoria, B.C., comes the following most interesting letter from Aubrey P. Archibald, a shorthand typist:—

"To the big majority of employers in this part of the world a blind shorthand typist was quite a novelty and quite beyond their comprehension, and it required a great deal of explanation and even argument to convince some that such was a fact, and of real practical use, even though they had no such opening in view. It was not long, however, before I encountered a stroke of good luck, and through the intercession of a friend, an official in the Government service, I was given a trial in one of the offices of the Provincial Civil Service, the Forest Branch of the Lands Department. This took place nearly five months ago, and since I am still holding that same post, and since there is no adverse criticism, but, on the contrary, congratulations and commendation, I think we may look upon it as a permanent thing.

"It is quite a large office, accommodating a staff of ten, three of whom give me dictations, and with whose correspondence my time is wholly occupied. This work is entirely dictation and transcription, and varies greatly from day to day; some days there being scarcely a moment's rest or breathing space.

"The joinery and carpentry course is certainly serving in good stead, for wood-working has become one of the greatest, if not the greatest, enjoyments and pastimes. I have fitted up a workroom with work-bench and full equipment and there spend many an hour of leisure time. One of the leading features in this is, that besides affording a pleasure and a pastime, it produces practical and material results. For instance, I have recently finished a piano seat with upholstered hinged seat and box to contain music, and this now occupies its place at the piano.

"Another amusement which is getting to have quite a fascination is the game of auction bridge. This is a game which I used to play in a more or less haphazard fashion but which I had never thought of attempting to play again, until one evening not long after my return some friends being short of a fourth member for bridge persuaded me to take a hand, acting more or less as a dummy. The results of this first attempt surprised not only them, but me, and with that little encouragement I decided to persevere with it. So now after several months of patient plodding and perseverance, and much greater patience on the part of my fellow-players, I am able to play a hand sufficiently well to hold the interest of the other players and provide myself with no end of enjoyment. Having gone so far, of course, there comes the desire of going a little further, and accordingly I sent to the National Institute for the Blind, as a St. Dunstaner, for a Braille book on auction bridge. They sent me Bergholt's book on the same, which arrived about a week ago and now I am deeply involved in trying to fathom the mysteries of the game.

"This last Sunday might for some of us in this district be called a St. Dunstan's Sunday, for on that day there was a meeting of more St. Dunstan's men than I have encountered since my return. It began thus—near mid-day on Sunday morning I was suddenly called to the telephone, and there at the other end to my astonishment was one well-known to you, Captain Baker. He and Mr. Wood, President of the C.N.I.B., as no doubt you are aware, have been making a tour of the Western Provinces in the interest of the C.N.I.B., and through some unexpected delay had a very short stay in this city, and I received an invitation to have lunch with them. In company with Mr. Wood and Captain Baker were Mr. and Mrs. Mayell, and we all had a merry little party.

"Mr. and Mrs. Mayell then accompanied

me to our home, where we had arranged to have a visit from Mr. and Mrs. McPherson who have quite recently arrived in the city. We had not returned very long when there came another summons to the telephone, where still another surprise awaited us. This time at the other end of the line was Robinson, formerly a massage student and resident at Sussex Place, who having done so well in the practice of his profession at Fort William, had come to this Coast in company with Mrs. Robinson for a little trip.

"He was induced to come right out, and you can well imagine his surprise upon his arrival at being so unexpectedly greeted by the other St. Dunstaners. This no doubt is one example of many friendships and acquaintances formed during those never-to-be-forgotten days at St. Dunstan's and unexpectedly renewed in the most distant parts of the world."



GREAT SUCCESS AT AN EXHIBITION

J. J. Knights (joinery) writes as follows from Trimley St. Mary, Ipswich:—

"I am very pleased to tell you that I am so busy I don't know which way to turn. I am getting orders from all parts of the country. There are some people down here who arranged an exhibition in aid of St. Dunstan's and Sunshine House. Accordingly I had a stall fixed so that I could take a lot of stuff to sell and also for advertisement. I started at seven in the morning to prepare for this, and it's been half-past eleven at night before I have finished. I have worked in the shop until five, and after tea I would sit down and make bags for this exhibition. With regard to results I am very pleased to tell you I have done very well at the exhibition. The first day I sold six trays, and I got seven orders for more trays. The second day was just as good; I took seven trays down with me and they went in no time, and I received five orders that day; that made a dozen trays ordered. The Mayoress of Ipswich opened the exhibition, and gave a wonderful speech about the work of St. Dunstan's, and you can guess how I felt! Then followed the presentation; it was not a bouquet, but a

handsome oak tray made by me—and she did make a fuss of that tray! She sent a word to me telling me that she was coming to Trimley to have a long chat with me about the work of St. Dunstan's."



A LETTER OF APPRECIATION

The following letter to Sir Arthur from Mr. J. G. Anker, father of one of our St. Dunstan's men, will be of interest to all our readers:—

"All honour and thanks are due to you by many, many parents of our soldier boys for your noble and invaluable work done on their behalf through St. Dunstan's. I for one wish to testify to the lasting good and benefits derived from this grand Institution by my son, Maurice Owen Anker, wounded on the front at Paschendale, one eye destroyed, the other damaged to such an extent that he has only a glimmer of sight, just sufficient to distinguish the outlines of objects and light from dark. He entered St. Dunstan's, took up boot-repairing, became efficient, purchased a small business at Ealing, where he and his wife have been for about twelve months, and it is extremely gratifying to ourselves as parents to be able to report that he has made excellent progress in spite of trade difficulties, etc. He has often expressed himself as being a great debtor to St. Dunstan's, yourself, and all who assist in helping the men to obtain victory over such a stupendous affliction. He has often spoken of the great kindness of, and consideration shown by, the Sisters, the practical sympathy and real help of Mr. Black, the great assistance obtained from the After-Care Department through Captain Fraser, Mr. Durrant, Miss Cotton and others.

"It is also amazing to always find him possessed of unbounded optimism, contagious cheerfulness, and a dogged perseverance to make his business a success in order to become a credit to St. Dunstan's and a worthy citizen. He was a great reader, and his wife after completion of household duties tries her best in the evening to appease his hunger for news, and any time when I am able to pay him a visit I am bombarded with questions of

all kinds and requests for information upon all current political and social matters.

"Wishing you, Sir Arthur, continued good health and all success to St. Dunstan's."



A STORY OF SIX LITTLE PIGS

The following is an extract from a letter Sir Arthur received recently from Lieutenant Parry:—

"I must tell you of a compliment which was paid to me the other day. Whilst at Home Croft I bought six little pigs, and when we were about to leave I sold them to the village butcher. I had not met him before, and when I heard him paying my father for the pigs I slipped into the house and got a receipt made out. Then I walked up the rather twisty garden path and handed him the slip of paper. He thanked me, and turned to my father, saying, 'I suppose this is a brother to your son who is blind?' With a wink to my father I said, 'Oh, yes, he's indoors.' And I don't believe the poor man spotted it all the time he was there."



POULTRY FARMING IN AUSTRALIA

From Australia we have received the following interesting letter, our correspondent being S. Redmayne, a poultry-farmer:—

"I am now settled at a sweet little bungalow, with a nice piece of land for poultry, two minutes from the station, and a good railway service of trains run every quarter of an hour through the day; I think I shall be prosperous, as being so near town is the main advantage for the sale of all goods. Black Orpingtons seem to be the bird of the go out here; I have been very successful with them, they are hardy birds.

"We have a splendid After-Care out here in Victoria, Mrs. Fraser being the head. She is just the lady for the work and understands blind men perfectly and has done a lot for us men. Lady Ellen Munro Ferguson will very soon be returning to England, and we blind boys are very sorry indeed to lose her. We had a farewell party a few weeks ago, and we

made her a present of a photo of all the boys. She was very pleased, and thanked us and said she would always have it in a forward place in her house, and also said she would very soon be calling upon you in London, and would let you know thoroughly how we are all fixed up out here.

"Property here is extremely high, more so than in England, and this is what has delayed me from getting settled before. But now we have been lucky enough to obtain a house, we shall make good headway.

"The houses you mentioned, given by the Government of Australia to us boys at a rate of one shilling per annum, were knocked on the head when the pension got higher, and the boys who had these houses before, the earlier boys who returned, will come under the War Service Homes, and will have to pay rent, to run on the same lines as we do, and in time pay the house rent off. They give you twenty years, at 5 per cent.

"I thank you for what you did in making me what I am—brighter and happier than ever one could guess—and I hope where ever I roam to keep the flag of St. Dunstan's flying."



A TESTIMONIAL

The following letter has been received from the Secretary of the National Federation of Discharged and Demobilised Soldiers and Sailors:—

"I should like to bring before your notice that Mr. L. A. Wilson, of the 1st Batt. N.F.'s, who was blinded in the war and trained at St. Dunstan's, and is now working as a woodworker at 299 Brixton Road, S.W.9, has just made us four cabinet doors which have been fitted to a sideboard in the bar of our club, for the sum of £4, and to say that the work has been nicely executed and that I am very pleased with the work."



GENTLEMAN (being met at station by manservant): "So you had trouble in finding me. Didn't your master give you a description of me?"

FOOTMAN: "Yes, sir; but there are so many gentlemen here with red noses."

St. Dunstan's Discussion Club

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

WE have had a most interesting series of lectures this month beginning with Dr. Horton, the well-known speaker and author, ex-President of the Congregational Union, who gave us a most inspiring address on "The League of Nations." He spoke of the need of the whole world for such an organisation which was literally the only way by which we could hope to avert another war—a war far surpassing in horror and sacrifice the one we have just passed through. He alluded to America's attitude and begged for sympathy and patience towards her—sympathy for President Wilson, whose cherished ideal was the League, and patience till America would recover from election fever, and take her rightful place as a member of a vigorous and complete League of Nations. He gave as his opinion that Germany should be admitted at an early date both for the sake of the safety of the world and for Germany's own interest, and he closed with an earnest appeal for that interest in the League which would go far to make it a living reality.

"PALS"

On November 17th, the lecturer was the Rev. B. G. Bourchier, of Hampstead Garden Suburb, who spoke on "What it means to have a Pal and be one." In the course of his address he spoke of the tremendous help it was to have a pal in the trenches, and instanced his own experiences in Germany as a prisoner of war. He also mentioned the great responsibility of choosing friends in life, and hoped that the spirit of comradeship engendered by the war was going to be a permanent force in time of peace.

SUGGESTION IN EVERYDAY LIFE

On the 22nd, we had a return visit from Mr. Percy Way from the National Institute for the Blind who talked to us on "The

Value of Suggestion in Everyday Life." Mr. Way was most interesting on the subject of the mind and its development, and spoke of the great importance of *Positive* Suggestion, and the harm done by the opposite type. He also alluded to the Sub-conscious mind, the part it plays in our lives, and how circumstances thought to be forgotten are often only put away, as it were, and can be produced when something penetrates that part of the mind and calls them forth.

NATIONALISATION

On November 23rd, we took part in a debate at the National Institute on the subject of "Nationalisation." St. Dunstan's defended the principle, and was represented by Mr. G. F. Phillips and Mr. W. Strachan. The debate was a very good one, and other speakers from both sides took part. In spite of a most able summing-up by Mr. Phillips in favour of Nationalisation the votes were on the whole against it, and the National Institute speakers carried the day.

BOLSHEVISM

On November 29th, we had a most enlightening address on "Russia," by Mr. Shaw, M.P., C.B.E., who was one of the recent Labour Delegation to that country, and who was able to give us a really first-hand description of Bolshevism. His lecture, which was listened to with the closest attention throughout, was most interesting, and no one could fail to be convinced of the sincerity and earnestness of the speaker and the way in which he laid the best and the worst of Bolshevism before us for our judgement. Nor did he leave us in any doubt as to the fact that whatever there may be of good in Bolshevik aims and ideals, their methods leave very much to be desired and have created a tyranny of steel.

H. E. G.

Departmental Notes

The Braille Room

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

Reading: H. E. Robinson, A. Biggs, J. R. Lynch, C. L. R. Singleton, E. J. Thompson and F. C. Harris.

Writing: R. C. O. Cowley, M. H. Oldroyd, J. W. Boothman and R. Wilkinson.

The following are among the books that have been recently added to the National Library for the Blind:—"The Trail of the Axe," by Ridgewell Cullum; "The Road," by Jack London; "Silver Fox," by E. Somerville and M. Ross; "Michael O'Halloran," by Stratton Porter; "Mr. Meeson's Will," by Rider Haggard; "El Dorado," by Baroness Orczy; "A Weaver of Webbs," by J. Oxenham; "Simon," by J. Storer Clouston; "Four Million," by O. Henry; "Options," by O. Henry; "The House of Whispers," by Le Queux; "No. 70 Berlin," by Le Queux; "Children of the Sea," by de Vere Stacpoole; "Story of our Submarines," by Klaxon.

This number of the REVIEW will be published just before the end of the term, so should there be any Braillists who would like to have a book sent home for the holidays and have not already given in their names at the Braille Office, will they please do so at the earliest possible moment?

D. P.



Netting

A VISIT TO THE BLINDED BELGIAN SOLDIERS

AT the invitation of Captain Delvaux, the director of the Institute for Blinded Soldiers near Brussels, Miss Witherby and Mrs. Reid visited last month the pretty village of Boitsfort which is about six miles from the city. The Institute was inaugurated and is maintained by Her Majesty the Queen of the Belgians who is herself a daughter of that Royal

Prince celebrated as an oculist, and whose life was spent in noble service to poor blinded folk. Her Majesty's philanthropic work for the blinded soldiers at Boitsfort is carried on in a beautiful house standing in extensive grounds, and the workshops are comfortable and well planned. English visitors will find much that reminds them of St. Dunstan's although the place is on a very much smaller scale, and the trades and occupations taught not altogether similar to our own. Industrial conditions in Belgium are very different from those in England, and the director has not found it practicable to adopt as trades either mat-making or boot-repairing, nor is poultry-farming attempted. On the other hand Boitsfort makes a success of brush work, and Braille and Typewriting are done on St. Dunstan's lines. What is, however, to English eyes most distinctive of the Institute is the weaving of woollen articles such as sports-coats, jumpers and dresses. The machines are costly and somewhat intricate in the working, so that the constant attendance of a sighted helper is necessary, both to superintend the actual weaving and also to sew together the separate woven parts of the garments. There are also installed machines for making cigarettes, with an additional equipment for packing them. It is possible for a quick worker to make 400 cigarettes an hour, but here again sighted help is necessary.

Where everything is so admirably planned for the comfort and benefit of the men in training (at present these number about twenty), it is perhaps invidious to criticise, and yet any visitor familiar with St. Dunstan's would notice that the blinded Belgian soldiers are not so fully occupied in as many various ways as are our own fellows. Music is very popular but sports are not attempted. There is no dancing, and before our visit string bags and other frame work were unknown. Netting and wool-rug work have now been initiated and it would appear that both these

occupations are likely to fill favourite places in the regular curriculum.

Mrs. Reid and Miss Witherby were most kindly entertained at Boitsfort and on leaving they were presented with beautiful flowers, the gift of the men, who expressed their appreciation of the new English work. We shall hope to see our Belgian friends again. We look forward to further co-operation between Boitsfort and St. Dunstan's, for we think we have much to learn from one another to our mutual benefit.

G. H. W.

Music

LEUT. OGG and A. Kauffmann passed the Elements, Exam. in the R.A.M. Exams. in July, the former obtaining a bronze medal for singing.

During the season St. Dunstan's Concert Party and Band have given entertainments at the Banstead Mental Hospital, Sutton; the National Hospital; Queen's Square, Queen's Hospital, Sidcup; Roehampton House, Roehampton; the Æolian Hall; St. David's Home, Ealing; Coulsdon Mental Hospital, and have also given three concerts at the Bungalow.

M. E.

Shorthand and Typewriting

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

E. Lupton, F. Scott, C. H. Brown, L. Johns, G. Envan, J. Benson, B. S. Sexty, G. Colbeck, R. White, T. H. Marshall and W. Ruddock.

We offer our most hearty congratulations and all good wishes to the following men as they take up their work in the following firms as telephonists:—

M. Burran, at Messrs. Raymond and Tew, Argyle House; Samuel Hill, after just over two years at his old firm, has had to seek a new post, the old one closing down, and this he has done at the Economic Control, Queen Anne's Gate; Ernest Oram has obtained a post at the Vandenberg Margarine Factory, Fulham,

where already two of our men are employed; F. Griffee has found a post at Turners, Cocoa Manufacturer.

It is very gratifying to hear from Charlie Durkin, who with T. Scott are employed by the Enemy Debts Department, Board of Trade, that they are so happy and doing so well. In a letter from the former he tells us: "Everybody is very interested in our work and all are pleased with its standard. Only on Friday last one of the Senior Examiners told me that our standard was far above the mark of the sighted typist."

M. P.

Revised Mat Prices

ON November 30th, a circular was sent out by the After-Care Department to all mat-makers, notifying them of a change in the price of mats. Will any man who has not received a copy apply to Capt. Ian Fraser?

A Wish

I WOULD wish a wish to the old boys,
The boys I used to know,
The boys who were there when the war was on,
Just four short years ago.

I would wish a wish to the old ward,
The boys of old ward ten,
They were the pals a man would have,
And all of them were men.

I would wish a wish to the old staff,
The staff I used to know,
Though some have gone, others go on,
As they did four years ago.

I would wish a wish to the new boys,
The boys I never have known,
We are cobblers all, both great and small,
I wish you all, from the Chief right down,
The joy that good work brings,
'Tis a solid joy without alloy,
And it comes from doing things.

Third Reserve.

WHEN did the coal scuttle? When it saw the kitchen sink.

Sports Club Notes

WE all wish Mr. Vaile, our late Sports Secretary, the best of good wishes for health, wealth and prosperity in his new life in Australia. Mr. Vaile sailed from Liverpool on 18th November, and by the time these notes appear will be nearing his destination. He will be much missed at St. Dunstan's, but we trust he will come out on top "down under"!

A curious epidemic overtook our three Bungalow Sports Sisters a week or so ago. On the same day Miss Hodgson left, both Miss Leigh and Miss Paterson were placed on the sick list! We are so sorry to lose Miss Hodgson, for she has done fine work in the Sports—and running Sports is not exactly a "cushy" affair!—but we are glad to have Miss Paterson again on duty. Miss Leigh, I am glad to report, is getting strong again rapidly. Miss Morris has been splendidly helping us to "carry on."

FOOTBALL COMPETITION

Our footballers have passed a most strenuous time this term. We have already concluded one competition, and are now well advanced into the second. For the first, twenty teams entered and eventually all but two were "knocked out." The remaining teams for the final were the Bungalow Rovers and the North Rovers.

The final was played on Thursday, November 18th, and we were fortunate in having in goal E. C. Williamson, the International goal-keeper of the Arsenal Club. There was a splendid muster of spectators, and these were rewarded with a most exciting match, which the Bungalow Rovers won by 7 goals to 3. The shooting of the winners, as Mr. Williamson will testify, was very deadly, both W. Paul and R. Wylie scoring 3 goals and W. Bonner 1, whilst for the losers P. Bolton, A. Craigie and W. Nelson placed the ball in the net. We are all very grateful to the Arsenal Directors and Secretary, and to Mr. Williamson for his kindness in coming—

the boys simply loved having a shot at him, and I believe he loved it too! The teams were:—(1) *Bungalow Rovers*—W. Paul (captain), W. Bonner, R. White, R. Wylie, E. Woodburn and J. Bruce; (2) *North Rovers*—J. Simpson (captain), P. Bolton, W. Nelson, E. Varley, A. Craigie and E. Lupton. The leading goal scorers throughout the competition are W. Paul, 9 goals and H. Northgreaves, 4 goals.

BOXING

The men have been most keen upon attending one of the big boxing matches, and through the kindness of Mr. Bettinson a party of six were invited to a big night at the National Sporting Club, on the 15th November. Over seventy names were handed in for the ballot, so that the lucky ones were to be envied. Mr. Bettinson and his friends gave the boys a great reception and the evening throughout was most enjoyable. The following is an extract from the *Athletic News*:—

"A 'GREAT NIGHT' AT THE CLUB"

"I have several times referred to the presence of our blinded heroes at sporting functions, which they enjoy as much as anything. Another incident occurred at the National Sporting Club on Monday which I must refer to, for a number of the sightless warriors were present, and seemed thoroughly happy.

"Rather late in the evening George Graves came along from the Palladium, and was introduced to them, and, with the boxing over, caused them to roll out of their chairs laughing at the stories that only Graves can tell. He followed this up by entertaining them to supper, and they returned home voting it 'a great night.'"

On November 28th a party of eight was kindly invited by Mr. Bottomley to his Boxing Tournament at the Albert Hall. The boys spent a most enjoyable evening, and followed the proceedings from beginning to end. Many thanks to Mr. Bottomley for his kindness.

SATURDAY SPORTS

The Saturday games, in spite of foggy weather and muddy grounds, are still going strong, and quite large numbers are turning up week by week to have a skip or a run, or to take part in the various events provided. It has been suggested that a special race for the men with one leg should be placed on our programme, so it is clear that the men will not allow the loss of a limb to interfere with their sports.

SWIMMING, ETC.

Our swimmers are still swimming; the colder weather does not daunt them in the

least. I have actually heard of men on one or two occasions getting taxis to get to the baths in good time!

And the "jerkers" are also still "jerking." Quite large parties are out for their morning run and exercise shortly after 7 a.m. I am told that this does not interfere with their appetites upon their return to breakfast.

About two dozen of our new rowing men are still keen about rowing instruction from Mr. Gibson, and go out fairly frequently; whilst large parties regularly attend the big League Matches at Chelsea and Highbury each Saturday.

E. W.

News from the Workshops

PROFICIENCY Certificates have been awarded this month to the following men:—A. Dakin (boots and mats), R. Cheshire (boots), C. A. Luker (boots and mats), F. Scott (baskets), A. Tillotson (baskets), C. E. Beck (baskets and mats), T. Ashall (baskets), W. Paul (boots and mats), W. Alston (boots), G. H. Barratt (boots and mats), J. H. Whitten (mats), E. J. Thompson (mats), J. T. Rouse (mats), W. Peters (mats), C. Davey (mats), F. T. Bockock (mats), E. Bartlett (mats), A. Jenkinson (baskets), A. Greening (baskets), J. R. F. Treby (mats), H. J. Morrison (mats), A. Ashley (boots and mats), R. Edwards (boots and mats), J. Griffiths (boots and mats), J. Fleming (boots and mats), D. Fenton (boots and mats), A. C. Mackie (mats), R. Wass (mats), D. N. Livingstone (mats), E. E. Bryer (mats), H. T. Mummery (boots and mats), F. Physick (boots), R. Wylie (boots and mats), A. S. Emerson (mats), P. Brelsford (mats), D. Batchelor (boots), E. Garthwaite (mats), W. S. Castle (mats), W. V. Clampett (baskets), J. Simpson (baskets), J. Shread (baskets), F. W. Wenborn (baskets), C. E. Thomas (baskets), J. H. Tindall (baskets), A. Billingham (joinery), W. H. Farr (joinery), and T. Kent (picture framing).

The bare list must be considered as representing a large amount of capable and excellent work, and the men who

have gained the certificates deserve our sincerest congratulations. The work done at the end of their course, including test work in each department, is very considerable, comprising as it does a revision of all their instruction and also many important details in addition.

MAT DEPARTMENT

C. Marshall made an excellent mat with black diamonds, and W. Walter has done a lot of useful work, steadily improving with each mat. E. H. Dyer, J. Jones, E. T. Hughes, A. E. Hodgkins and J. Morris have all reached a satisfactory standard, while H. J. Morrison has improved on his previous work. W. Peters and A. C. Mackie have maintained a very good standard for some time, and the work of S. Pullon is also to be commended. E. T. Humphries' test mat was a very good one. J. H. Whitten and E. Garthwaite are well adapted to the trade, and are always doing regular and excellent work. A very sound mat of A. T. Turrell's was commended, and also recent work done by T. H. Marshall. F. C. Morgan is now taking a course of mat making, and has done exceptionally well. W. J. Packwood is proving a useful pupil teacher, and has also made an excellent mat with the word "Welcome" inserted in black.

BASKET DEPARTMENT

For a new man, J. Benson is working his rod particularly well, and has made some good barrels. W. G. Ruddock has also got through a good deal of work for the time under instruction. R. Warren is making remarkably good progress with small work, and the baskets made by S. Goodwin always reach a sound level. A. Greening and J. H. Tindall have turned out an excellent lot of stock baskets for their shops. From the former's work we would refer to a close-randed poultry hamper, and from the latter's, an exceptionally good oval arm basket and square butcher's basket. The work of C. E. Thomas improves daily, and a square clothes basket made just recently was a good sample of his style. W. Knox has resigned his position as pupil teacher and is now engaged on his stock work. The assistance he has given to the men during the past year has been most valuable: his attention has been unflinching, and his instruction particularly helpful.

BOOT AND CLOGGING DEPARTMENTS

A. Morgan has made exceptionally good progress on boots, having already made a thread and sewn on soles. H. George gives promise of turning out very successfully, and H. D. Clevitt has done quite satisfactorily during his short period under instruction. S. R. Gamble does well, in spite of a partially disabled arm, and J. Robinson is having good general experience. C. A. Luker still maintains a good standard of work, and the level of work reached by J. Griffiths in both boots and mats has been advancing steadily. G. H. Wiltshire is also reaping the benefit of his careful work in both shops; whatever he is doing is always worthy of close examination. W. Alston works quickly and well on both boots and clogs. The clog lasting of J. H. Greaves is distinctly good for a new man, and J. W. Yarwood is making good use of a short time in the clogging shop. G. Burnett continues to take considerable pains, and is always anxious to reach a high standard, and there is a decided improvement in the

work of H. Northgreaves. At the end of the year we shall probably lose the services of H. Abbey in the clogging shop, as his settlement in Bolton will shortly be completed. His work has been much valued, as his interest in the men has been thoroughly maintained throughout the year. We wish him every success in his new venture. D. Batchelor is also leaving us, and in his case too it is difficult to say how much we appreciate all he has done for the men in his section. He knew just how to help them and never spared himself any trouble, giving close attention to every need.

JOINERY DEPARTMENT

In this department H. E. Raymond has just completed an oak table remarkably well, while Captain Foxon and W. Tout have both done very good work with kitchen tables. We should like also to congratulate Major Guinness on his elementary work, including an octagonal table, and Lieut. Hough on the confidence with which he works. J. S. Harrison has just completed a tool chest in a very satisfactory manner. There is much promise in the work of G. J. Webster. W. Shute has found his previous acquaintance with tools of very great value. He has made rapid progress with several stools, an oak tray and bed tray, and is now working on a meat safe. J. Burley is now having experience in picture-framing, after completing a particularly good rectangular oak table. The recent progress made by T. Kent on picture-framing has been well maintained, and during this month he has completed a considerable number of excellent picture frames.

W. H. O.

Boys of St. Dunstan's

BOYS of St. Dunstan's,
All British born,
We've sailed across the Channel,
And laughed the Huns to scorn.
People may think we're handicapped,
Because we've lost our sight,
But if they only knew what we can do,
They would find they were not quite
right.
J. R. Lynch.

Church and Catholic Chapel Notes

Church Notes

CONFIRMATION

HEARTIEST congratulations to Ernest Lewis Woods (Bungalow), upon his confirmation by the Lord Bishop of London, in St. Paul's Cathedral, on Saturday, November 13th.

ARMISTICE DAY

The special services arranged for Armistice Day at St. Dunstan's were most impressive. The early morning celebration was exceedingly well attended. The two minutes' silence was "kept" in the Bungalow Lounge. A few minutes before 11 o'clock the big Lounge was filled with the men, Sisters, workers and officers of the staff. A short service was held, similar to that held in the Abbey. The "silence" was indescribable—it could almost to be felt.

HOLY COMMUNION

Sunday, December 12th, being the last Sunday of the Term, the Holy Communion was celebrated at each of the morning services at 7.30 and 10.15 a.m.

CHRISTMAS

May I express to men and staff my best wishes for Christmas and the New Year? We will miss all those who are leaving, but they are carrying away our heartiest good wishes for their future success.

Our best wishes go out to Miss Pickopp in her new career at St. Thomas' Hospital. We shall greatly miss her at the Chapel, her keenness has been inspiring.

E. W.

Catholic Chapel Notes

ARMISTICE DAY was observed as last year, Benediction being commenced just before 11 o'clock, and the two minutes' silence being made to

correspond with the interval between the "O Salutaris" and the "Tantum Ergo." Immediately after the silence the psalm, "De Profundis" was said for all those who fell in the war.

The Mass on Sunday, November 28th, was offered for the officers and the R.I.C. men who were murdered in Dublin. At the close the Dead March was most impressively played.

The future, both of the Chapel and of ourselves, has now been decided. The Chapel will be removed to Ware, in Hertfordshire, which is very much in need of a new Catholic church, as the present one is falling to pieces, while we are to have a portion of Ward I, where we hope to carry on until the Bungalow closes.

The chaplain desires to express his best possible wishes for Christmas and the New Year to all, and in addition every success to his many friends who will not be coming back in January.

P. H.

Marriages

ON Thursday, December 18th, 1919, J. W. N. McIntosh was married, at the Wesleyan Church, Chapel Street, Stafford, to Miss N. M. Burton.

On Wednesday, May 12th, J. L. Levett was married, at Saint Anne's Church, Brighton, to Miss F. Aldhouse.

On Thursday, July 1st, H. Price was married, at St. Marylebone Parish Church, to Miss N. Nolan.

On Wednesday, November 10th, H. A. Knopp was married, at St. Anne's Church, Worksop, to Miss E. B. Hunt.

On Saturday, November 20th, J. Morgan was married, at the Church of Our Lady's and St. Joseph's, Tottenham Road, Kingsland, to Miss G. L. Thurrell.

On Saturday, November 27th, L. E. Carter was married, at St. Marylebone Parish Church, to Miss M. H. Nancarrow.

On Saturday, November 27th, R. Wylie, was married, at St. Marylebone Parish Church, to Miss I. M. Bishop.

On Saturday, December 4th, S. Hill was married, at Brixton Registry Office, to Miss G. Banham.

On Saturday, December 4th, J. W. R. Shread was married, at St. Marylebone Parish Church, to Miss M. Ames.

On Monday, December 6th, H. G. Manning was married, at the Marylebone Registry Office, to Miss D. Dewberry.

On Saturday, December 11th, A. S. Emerson was married, at St. Marylebone Parish Church, to Miss M. Clover.

Births

G. J. SMITH, daughter - Oct. 9, 1920

F. HACKETT, son - - - Nov. 4, 1920

H. DODDS, daughter - - - Nov. 11, 1920

A. LAW, daughter - - - Nov. 12, 1890

N. NEWLAND, daughter - - - Nov. 15, 1920

F. MAKIN, son - - - - - Nov. 17, 1920

J. H. GREENWAY

daughter Nov. 17, 1920

R. BELL, daughter - - - Nov. 19, 1920

H. C. NIGHTINGALE,
daughter Nov. 20, 1920

V. WICKEN, daughter - - - Nov. 21, 1920

Lt. D. LITTLEJOHN,
daughter Nov. 28, 1920

G. E. PAYNE, son - - - - - Nov. 30, 1920

R. JAKES, son - - - - - Nov. 30, 1920

E. FITTON, daughter - - - Dec. 1, 1920

J. SHEEHY, son - - - - - Dec. 4, 1920

G. ADAMS, son - - - - - Dec. 4, 1920

Baptism

ON Wednesday, November 3rd, Ann, daughter of Lieut. W. G. T. Pemberton, was baptised in the St. Dunstan's Chapel.

On Sunday, December 5th, Dorothy Rose, daughter of Sidney William Smith, was baptised in the St. Dunstan's Chapel.

Death

IT is with deep regret that we record the death on November 29th of Ruby Irene, the baby daughter of George Dennis, of 43 Chichester Road, Portsmouth.

Halgeron's Glarse Heye

(By Itself)

Noe Man's Land,
December 31st, 1920.

Two The Heddytaw SINT DUSTBIN'S REVIEW.

DEER Mister Heddytaw,—I were the hother day a reedin' hof yure "REVUE," wen I lerns 'az 'ow you were seekin' hof a nu feetchur faw hits payjis—two maik hit goe, soe to speek. Hof korse I wishis you luk an' orl that sort hof stuff, an' I 'opes hever soe much 'az 'ow yure magazeen won't goe hoff. The wun hon the ship Halgeron waz hin durin' 'ostilytis, went hoff, an' I 'az 'erd 'im say 'az 'ow thur were "a' ell hof a row"—mind yu, Halgeron his a purfekt gentilman, tho' sumtimes 'e his poetikal.

You rekomembers Halgy, ime shure. Hafter the magazeen I were torkin' hof went hoff, 'e were scent to Sint Dustbin's

'otel, an' I 'erd 'im a tellin' to' is lady frend, the hother day, that 'az 'e wanted to git hon hin the wurd, 'e 'ad to leev. They waz sittin' aloan hin the back parlaw wen Halgy says that, an' orl hof a suddin like, Molly—thats wot 'e korls 'is lady frend—throes both 'er alms rownd 'is neck.

Purraps I hort to tell yu, I 'az lived with Halgy honely faw a weak, an' I ham learnin' things habout horl 'is peapul.

Well, I stirred 'ard hat Molly, wunderin' like wot she were a goin' faw to doo. Knot that I were eevsdroppin'—hoe deer noe. Wot 'appens next I don't hundercun-stumble won bit, faw Molly moovs 'er 'ead so close to Halgy's that I felt daysed like. Molly were hever soe pritty—she were a peeche—an' I stirrs 'ard hat 'er shiny hor-bawn 'air. 'Er big browne heyees peeps

hunder wot fokes korel "er long, lushus heye-lashis," till heverythin' went mistie.

Then I erd the quarest sort hof musik. Hit were like jazz, an' yet hit maid me feel hawfull loansum. Caushusly, hever soe caushusly, I leens fawurd, hendeverin' to diskuvver were this 'eer musik cums from. Eh, an' I were hastonished. Hit were soe funnee, I shoosks orl hover with laffin', Molly an' Halgy waz playin' hat dodgin' nosis—soe to speek—an' hevery time Molly's red lips touchis 'is, I 'eers the jazzin', an' hit were "fawtissimo" haz the muzishuns korel hit. Hoe 'elp, I says to myself haz the dore hopens, and Missis Dudd—that's Halgy's stepdore, or sumthin' hidentikal—cums hin, an' I soe hupsets my eqwilibrium that I roles hover, an' foris lityly hon to the sopht wully 'earthrug.

I thort Molly lukked luvily, an' I washed 'er klose haz I nessuls snug buy the fier. Halgy were dredful uncumfawtabul lukking, an' says they must bee goin' hif they wants sum chokks beefaw they goes to the "ippidrome." "Yes," says Missis Dudd, "I think yu bettar 'ad."

Beefaw they 'ad time to think habout me, Molly an' Halgy bangs the frunt dore beehind them. Misses Dudd smyles, "They're hout of the wey," she says, an' krossis hover to hadmire 'erself hin the mirraw. Mind yu, she were knot bad to luk hat wen she were drest hup—soe the stout lady next dore, tolled Halgy, wen she were deskriptin' Missis Dudd faw 'is bennyfit. Yu sea Mister Heddytaw, Halgy 'az nevar scene 'is stepmuther—that's wot she his—haz Mister Dudd marride 'er wile Halgy were hin yure 'otel. An' then, honly six munths hafterwards, pore Mister Dudd got that hawfull hinfluzedna, an' they tooked 'im hawey hin a box.

Missis Dudd were hin hexelunt spirits haz she stud hadmirin' hof 'erself, an' wen she hivventually neels down hin frunt hof the fier she luks hever soe 'appy. Hat that momint the belle wrings lowd hin the 'all. Hup jumps Missis Dudd, an' drawers the kouch neerar the fier—taiks a laste peep hinto the glarse—an' goes hout hof the rume.

I 'az' erd a deal habout 'Enery—won wey an' hanother—butt I 'ad nevar scene

'im till 'e cum hinto the rume just then. Sittin' down hon the kouch, 'e pulls yure REVUE hout hof 'is pokkit an' 'ands hit to Missis Dudd has 'e thanks 'er faw lendin' hit to 'im.

'e were a fine lukkin' man. I shud say 'e were habout fawty, tho' 'is blak 'air were a bit thin hon the top, an' 'is heyes spawkled haz 'e winked hat Missis Dudd to cum an' sit buy 'im. She were knot sloe to doo haz 'e deshired.

Fannin' 'erself with yure REVUE, Missis Dudd lukked bewitchin' in a pail blue, sopht silkie dress.

Hat first, they torks habout things hin general, an' then 'Enery bekums restless.

"Mary," 'e says, lukking 'ard hat 'er, "hanywey, 'ow his Halgy's littul haffare progressin' ? Yu knoe, I thinks a deel habout Halgy, an' 'is futcher." "Hoe 'Enery," she smyles, "I cort then beautiful to-night,"—an' then she pawsis. "Reely, Mary," hangelikly 'e says. "An' wot did yu katch them dooin' ?"

Missis Dudd blushis the pail pink. "Ho, 'enery," she says slowly, an' luks hat 'im with wot poets korel "whistfull heyes." "Hoe, 'Enery," she whiskers hagane, an' lukkin' hinto the fier. "Ye don't hunderconstumbul those sort hof things," she sied, an' I feels dredful sorrie faw 'er—she seemed soe sad. 'Enery's heyes hopind an' shutt haz tho' 'e 'ad just woked hup from a dream hof fairys. "Mary, my deer," 'e says hin a thirsty kind hof vois, "show me, an' I'll try to lern." Next momint, Mister Heddytaw, Missis Dudd throes yure Magazeen hon the flore, were hit stands faw a sekund, an' then toppils hon me orl hin a 'eap. Now I cud knot sea wot were goin' hon, butt I 'erd the saim kind hof musik Molly an' Halgy maik. Disgustid I were, an' noe mistaik. Butt hits a hill wind wot blows nobodie hany gud, I says wizely, an' starts to reed the paj wiche were preventin' me from lukking hon. Then hit were, Dear Mister Heddytaw, that I lerns habout yu wantin' a nu feetchur, an' I thinks to myself has 'ow I shud rite an' wish orl the gentilmans 'oo 'az bean to yure 'otel, "A Regular Royal, Merrie Krissmas, an' a Rompin' Suxessful Knew Yeer," from yures, etc.—"HALGERNON'S GLARSE HEYE."

Blind Masseurs' Dinner

ON St. Andrew's Day the second annual dinner of the Association of Certified Blind Masseurs was celebrated in the King Edward VII room of Pagani's Restaurant. In the absence of the President of the Association, Sir Arthur Pearson, Bart., G.B.E., who was unavoidably prevented from being present, the chair was ably filled by Sir Bruce-Porter, K.B.E., C.M.G. Amongst the Vice-Presidents who attended were Colonel Mansell-Moulin, C.B.E., F.R.C.S.; Major Broad, M.D.; Colonel Gowland, D.S.O., T.D., M.B.; Dr. Murray Levick, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., and Mr. Cortlandt MacMahon, M.A., together with Captain Ian Fraser, Director of the After-Care Department of St. Dunstan's.

The toast of the King, the Prince of Wales and the Royal Family was proposed by Sir Bruce-Porter, and was responded to with much enthusiasm by those present who were, in very truth, living examples of the words "Victory Over Blindness." The toast to the Presidents and Vice-Presidents was proposed by Mr. Edmund Toft, of the Royal Sussex Regiment. In his able reply to this toast Sir Bruce-Porter spoke of the enthusiastic encouragement given to the A.C.B.M. by their President

Sir Arthur Pearson and dwelt on the heroic efforts put forth by those men present, of whom some had been blinded in the war, and others previous to the war, to overcome all difficulties. In conclusion he spoke in glowing terms of the work being performed by the blind masseurs.

Mr. Percy L. Way proposed the toast to the Association, with which he coupled the name of the Honorary Secretary, Mrs. Chaplin Hall, to whose untiring efforts on behalf of the members of the Association (added to her charming personality) the successful working of the Association was largely due.

A very delightful musical programme was contributed by members of the A.C.B.M., both St. Dunstaners and civilians. Two charming songs were delivered with much verve by Mr. Henry Costigan, who appeared at the concert at the Æolian Hall last month.

Finally, in his concluding remarks, Sir Bruce-Porter said that this occasion would not be complete without proposing the health of the able Chairman of the Association—Mr. Percy L. Way.

The enthusiastic singing of "God Save the King" by the entire company brought a happy evening to a successful end.

A Ballad of Massage

(By E. Le Breton Martin)

MAN wants some massage here below,

The masseur wants it long,

His patient wonders if 'tis so,

And what with him is wrong.

His pains are many, so he is told,

And number many a score,

And as each ache is worth much gold

The masseur makes them more.

What first he finds is golfer's knee,

Then neurasthenic pain ;

"Take off your shirt ! lie down !" says he,

Remonstrance is in vain.

"You've ankylosis, I declare,
Your nerves are gone to pot,"
A hissing light begins to flare,
And then you get it hot.

His fingers then explore your back
And rub and thump and knead,
As helpless 'neath the joint attack
For mercy sore you plead.
You think of every bygone sin,
And if you've made your will,
And where you'll get another skin,
And how you'll pay the bill.

And in your ear the masseur says.
 "You've let it go too long,
 Perhaps within three hundred days
 I'll put to right what's wrong;
 "Sciatica, insomnia, lumbago you have
 got,
 "Aphonia, aphasia,— what's that? the
 lamps too hot!"
 Then to your feet you stagger and
 Force back the groan of pain.
 He clutches you with ruthless hand
 And pummels you again.
 He pulls your arms above your head,
 The sinews crack and break;
 You toddle off at last to bed,
 And there you lie awake.
 The years pass by, each day you go
 To torture chamber grim;
 The masseur smiles, for he doth know
 The good you're doing him,
 Yet all the same I must confess
 I'll gladly pay my fee,
 For it is true I've lived to bless
 The masseur who cured me.
 And it is true we have a *Way*
 To cure all human woes,
 No matter if the morn be *Gray*,
 He'll conquer all our foes.

Baby's Long Journey

A NOVEL method of taking a baby a long sea voyage was that adopted by Mrs. R. W. Nicholls, who sailed for Tsaing-Tsin, China, from Liverpool recently by the C.P.O.S. "Metagama." The baby was carried in a neatly-constructed cot-shaped basket made by St. Dunstan's men. The child is a boy seven weeks old. His father, Mr. R. W. Nicholls, the director of many newspapers in China, also left by the "Metagama."

THE mess-cook prided himself on his steak puddings, which were grateful and comforting on cold days in rest billets. The brigadier dropped in one day at lunchtime, and one of the officers said pleasantly to him: "Do you feel like a steak pudding sir?" "No, d— it, do I look like one?" he replied rather hotly. And the officer was glad that he had already inspected his company.

So *Tarry* not, each pain and ache
 Tell to your masseur true.
Odell the truth, for pity's sake,
 Ring up 4102!
 Ring up 4102 Mayfair,
 And ask for Mrs. Hall.
 You'll hear a gentle voice declare,
 "The fees are very small!
 What's that you say? You live in Skye?
 Well, I'll just have to bustle,
 An aeroplane from town will fly
 And bring a man named *Russell*."
 And when you find a lovely bunch
 Of ligaments and lesions
 Here's wishing you a mighty punch
 And death to all adhesions.
 So here's a toast to housemaid's knee,
 To stiffness and lumbago,
 To neurasthenic misery
 And every ill we may know.
 A.C.B.M., plus S.R.E.,
 A gallant rubber band,
 Collins and Whitfield, Bregazzi,
 Miss Blair with soothing hand,
 Toft, Puzey, Warren, Mackey too,
 You all I cannot name.
 Here's luck to every one of you,
 Fun, Fortune, Fees and Fame.

The Relieved Gentleman

TWO ladies, one carrying an infant, entered a bus, and their conversation proclaimed them of American origin. A gentleman sitting opposite thought he had never seen such an intensely plain baby, and sat gazing, fascinated by its very ugliness. At length the mother, irritated by his prolonged stare, leaned forward and exclaimed, "Rubber!" The gentleman, unaware that this Yankee expression has reference to anyone who stares, fervently replied, "Thank God, I thought it was real."

CONNOISSEUR (smoking cigarette stump just thrown away by passer-by): "Either *terbakker* isn't wot it wos—or these 'ere toffs ain't." *Punch*.

WHEN is a boat like a knife? When it is a cutter.

How the Blind are Guided by Sound

By George A. Bernard

I MUST offer an apology for this article, as some other person may have written on the same subject before me, but I have spoken to many highly educated and cultured people, who tell me that they have never read or heard anything relating to this subject before.

So I think it is time a little attention should be given to this great and (to the seeing world) little-known science.

I am an inhabitant of the blind world, and have been so since infancy, and I find that *sound* in a great measure takes the place of sight.

EARS AS EYES

Of course, most people know in a vague way, that a blind person's hearing is more acute than a sighted person's, but it is not generally known how greatly dependant for guidance many of the blind are on this sense. Take my own case; I travel all over London, at all hours, without a guide or a dog; yet I am guided by sound with the same precision and accuracy through the streets (busy or otherwise) as a person with sight, for my ears act as eyes.

STREETS WITH DIFFERENT SOUNDS

I have learnt in my travels that streets according to their various widths have their different sounds, for there are narrow streets with lofty buildings, such as in the city, which have a certain sound, and then there are in the West End, more especially South Kensington, broad streets with high buildings which have a totally different sound, such as Exhibition Road, Queen's Gate, Prince Consort Road, Imperial Institute Road, etc., which are all wonderful roads for sound and echo, not omitting the suburban roads, such as Clapham Park, where the houses are set far back from the road, where is just sufficient echo to let one know that there *are* houses there. Then again there are newer suburban roads which have only narrow strips of garden in front of the houses, but still carry their own distinctive sound.

We must also remember the close courts and alleys which have a sound quite on

their own, so that blind persons, even though they may be led by someone, can tell what kind of streets they are being taken through.

SOME EXAMPLES

Let us walk through one or two streets; Great Portland Street for one, which has a considerable echo, more especially when all is quiet. Turning from there into Regent Street one cannot help but notice the contrast, Regent Street being so much wider. This is more noticeable opposite the Queen's Hall and Langham Hotel. More wonderful still is the sound of Portland Place, which is even broader.

Now let us give Kingsway as another example. About ten years ago, when it was for the most part waste ground, on either side there was no echo whatever, whereas now the echo is remarkably great, so that had I not been there for ten years I could tell that many new buildings had been erected.

ECHOES IN BUILDINGS

Let us enter one or two buildings, St. Paul's Cathedral for instance, where the echo is very great, more especially beneath the dome. Then, again, we enter Westminster Abbey, which has a totally different sound, as it does not echo nearly so vividly, owing no doubt to the absence of a dome.

The Central Hall is another good example. We enter it alone. The echo now is very great, but as the hall gradually fills with people, so the echo gradually dies, this being more noticeable when the galleries are full. In this case there is scarcely any echo at all, but be the last person to leave, and it is wonderful to note its original echo gradually return.

We must not let Albert Hall escape our notice, for although having a great internal echo when empty, externally like all other great buildings the echo is wonderful, being surrounded by other tall buildings. I have often walked around the outside of this great edifice, being totally guided by

sound. I merely mention this fact to demonstrate the truth and accuracy of sound guidance.

IN THE PARKS

Should you be in Hyde Park or Kensington Gardens strike your stick on the ground, and you will hear no echo at all, unless you are in the vicinity of some large trees, for you are in an open space, and there is nothing for the sound you make to strike against to cause an echo. But come out into any of these roads that I have mentioned and you will hear at once a great contrast, for by striking your stick or listening to anyone's footsteps you will hear a wonderful echo.

JUDGING DISTANCE FROM SOLID BODIES

But my main object is to show the reader that blind people can tell when they are nearing any solid body, for a blind man who is guided by his ear will often avoid a stationary cart or carriage without being told or without touching it with his stick. That is why one sees blind people run into lamp-posts or ladders, whereas they steer clear of more solid objects, for a post or ladder has little resistance to sound to form an echo. Thus the buildings on either side of a street are guides to your ears, as they are solid bodies, and therefore catch and return the sound of your stick or footsteps on the ground. For instance, if you are walking on the left hand side of a street, you hear, by the echo of your footsteps, that you have the lesser amount of space on your left, and the greater on your right, which tells you that you are on the left of the road. Then if you make a half turn to the right, and stand with your back to the houses on your left, you find that you can hear that the greater amount of space is in front of you and the lesser behind. Similarly you can turn at any angle, and by listening carefully it is quite easy to go straight.

I could write pages and pages on the subject of sound and echo, but space will not permit. Yet I should like sound guidance to be more widely known and understood by the blind and by those who make it their duty to look after the welfare of their fellow citizens who are blind.

My knowledge of sound may be somewhat vague, for I have never read any treatise or work relating to this subject, although I know that sound travels at a great speed and in waves. But beyond that my knowledge of the laws of sound is not very great.

A SOUND GUIDE

This I *do* know, however; sound is my guide, for by sound or the use of my ears, I have been able to go about crowded streets and walk straight, alone, almost since my boyhood.

I can turn corners, cross the road, or avoid obstacles accurately, for in many ways, as I said before, my ears take the place of my sight, and that is why I would like this thing to be more widely known than it is, for while I know that there are blind people who go about alone as I do, still there are many who cannot even go from one room to another alone, and it is this feeling of helplessness which renders the handicap heavier than it is. But I say that this helplessness can be overcome by those blind people, who are otherwise in fair health, if only more attention were paid to the subject I have here roughly tried to outline.

Denmark's King and St. Dunstan's

THE following notice recently appeared in leading London and provincial papers:—

"The King of Denmark recently received Sir Arthur Pearson at Buckingham Palace and presented him with the munificent sum of £2,000 as a gift from himself and from Her Majesty the Queen of Denmark to the funds of St. Dunstan's.

"The King asked Sir Arthur a great many questions in regard to the work of St. Dunstan's, the progress of the men who were trained there, and the way in which they carried on their lives after they had left. His Majesty evinced great interest in the details given him in regard to the system of training and After-Care, and congratulated Sir Arthur upon the success which had attended the work of St. Dunstan's."

The Strongest Man in the World

PROFESSIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP WON BY AN ENGLISHMAN—H. B. K. in "The Evening News"

FOR the first time in the history of the ancient sport of weight-lifting the title of the Strongest Man in the World is to-day held by an Englishman. By putting up hitherto undreamed-of poundages on those lifts which experts agree are the most searching test of a man's muscular strength, Thomas Inch, the veteran lifter, has at the age of forty won for himself the right to claim the distinction.

The title has been held for years by German athletes, but none of them ever came near equalling Inch's new records, and it is safe to say that these latter will stand for many years to come.

The most searching test of strength known is the "two hands anyhow." It is a very punishing lift to perform, as may be gathered from the fact that the athlete has to pick up a massive barbell, transfer it to arm's length above his head, and, after throwing it into one hand, stoop down to pick up a heavy ring-weight.

This has to be pressed or jerked overhead and the whole held aloft by the lifter whilst standing in a perfectly upright position with heels close together. On this lift Inch has raised a total poundage of 356½ lb., and confidently expects to make it 360 lb. within a week or two.

Some idea of the greatness of this feat may be gathered from the fact that Wilfred Harwood, of Bradford, when successfully defending his title as heavy-weight champion of the North of England against James Schofield, of Hebden Bridge, only managed to fix 268½ lb. in this style after three failures.

A POPULAR SPORT

Weight-lifting has always been a popular sport in the Northern and Midland Counties, and it was therefore not surprising to see an excellent gathering of enthusiasts at Bradford, where Harwood and Schofield met. They came from everywhere, many of them travelling overnight to be present.

One man, Wilfred Sayer, after a lengthy railway journey, succeeded in beating the

amateur record by snatching 126½ lb.—a truly splendid lift.

This enthusiasm is by no means new in the world of weights; indeed, I have heard it said that no form of indoor athletics has so many real enthusiasts in its ranks as the iron game.

For a competition held in London recently amateurs came from all over the country to compete, and so successful was the venture that the promoter, W. A. Hullum, decided to hold another at the Camberwell Weight-Lifting Club.

CHALLENGE TO INCH

It is interesting to note that in connection with the above, Alfred Danks wrote: "I notice in *The Evening News* that Thomas Inch claims to have broken the chest expander record by nine strands by stretching twenty-eight strands from above his head.

"Now, I am the recognised world's champion with the expander, and it is only a few days ago that I challenged Inch at this particular feat of strength.

"I am prepared to give £50 (fifty pounds) to St. Dunstan's if Inch can merely equal my record, which he claims to have broken by nine strands, or in pressure 90 lb."

The result of this challenge is given in the following extract from a London daily paper:—

"THOMAS INCH'S GREAT FEAT"

"A wonderful feat of strength was accomplished by Thomas Inch, the famous physical culturist, yesterday, when, in the office of the *Evening News*, he beat his own world's record expander test by pulling down from overhead 30 strands, each of which exerted a pressure of 12 lb., making a total of 360 lb. The previous record of 28 strands, set up by Inch recently, had been challenged by Alfred Danks, who had formerly held the record with 19 strands, and Danks has now to give £50 to St. Dunstan's, as he stated he would do so in the event of Inch repeating the feat."



Waiting for the Gong

HOW FAMOUS BOXERS APPEAR IN THE RING JUST BEFORE "TIME."

IT is most interesting to study the boxer when he is in his corner waiting for the gong or bell to sound for the first round.

It is part of the boxer's stock-in-trade to look confident, but expressions vary greatly.

WORLD'S CHAMPION MILDLY AMUSED

Jack Dempsey, the world's champion, looks like a big, good-natured boy, and appears to be mildly amused with the proceedings. To see him sitting smiling in his corner one would never suspect the human tiger that will presently be unleashed with the call of "Time."

THE DEBONAIR CARPENTIER

Carpentier is gay and debonair, as he lightly swings through the ropes and bows gracefully to the applauding multitude. Bright and smiling he remains until his opponent enters—that is, if Carpentier is first—and then his eyes are fixed on his adversary, and rarely leave him until the gong goes.

The great Frenchman's antagonist may be no stranger, but never does Georges forego this calm and concentrated weighing-up of his opponent's mental condition.

This searching scrutiny was very noticeable when he met Beckett, and the British champion did not like it a bit. Ordinarily, however, "Joe" is calm, grim and silent—far more "silent" than the dressing gown he affects! Above all does Beckett, during the preliminaries, suggest a man who is thinking hard, wrestling with some tough and elusive mental problem.

BILLY WELLS SOON GETS FIDGETY

The way has been cleared for the big event, and there is a roar of cheering as a fair head that towers above those of the surrounding seconds is seen approaching the stage. Then, clad in an all-too-short gown

that flaps about his lengthy shanks, Bombardier Billy Wells clammers through the ropes. He wears a smile, but it is somewhat forced, and he glances uncertainly this way and that.

Notoriously the longer he has to wait the worse for the Bombardier's famous "temperament." He soon grows fidgety, "paws" his feet, rinses his mouth frequently, and is all on edge.

Frank Goddard has a distinctly aggressive, even contemptuous air which certainly does not prejudice the crowd in his favour.

Good-looking Johnny Basham, on the other hand, inspires liking by his modest, manly and cheerful bearing.

JIMMY WILDE WON'T BE FUSSED

Jimmy Wilde is always cool, serious and somewhat sad-faced. He wants no fussing over him by his seconds. Freddie Welsh of the marvellous defence was the same in this respect, disdaining the usual ministrations and absolutely refusing to be sprayed or sponged.

For coolness, however, the palm perhaps should go to the redoubtable Scot, Tancy Lee. His air suggests that the battle is already won and he drops into his seat like a man who has dropped into afternoon tea and is saying:

"Yes, please; milk and sugar."

A very interesting ring personality is that of Johnny Summers, who is still hopeful of "coming back." A devout Roman Catholic, he always crosses himself on entering the ring and mutters a short prayer. Also in action he has a trick of continually brushing back his hair. In this, however, he is no longer singular, for nowadays, negroes excepted, most boxers wear their hair long. Negroes shave their heads because their hair is so stiff that a glancing blow would rip the scalp away.