



# ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

Monthly,  
Price  
**6<sup>d</sup>**

No. 51  
Vol. V

*For the Amusement & Interest of Men Blinded in the War.*

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**ST. DUNSTAN'S MOTTO: "VICTORY OVER BLINDNESS"**





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# St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

No. 51.—VOLUME V.

JANUARY, 1921.

PRICE 6d.  
 [FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN.]

## EDITOR'S NOTES

**W**ORK was re-started this Term in St. Dunstan's new Headquarters, and by the time these Notes appear in print most of the difficulties created by a complete move of the workshops, class rooms and offices will have been overcome. The Treasury, Secretarial, After-Care, Settlement, Pensions and Estate Offices are all duly installed in their new quarters, and the new workshops in the grounds are in full swing. For a few months—until numbers decrease—Braille, typewriting, and a certain amount of netting is being carried on in what used to be the After-Care and Settlement Offices at the original situation of St. Dunstan's, but the headquarters of the Netting Department is located in the new place, and all the business of this section is being conducted here. In our next month's issue will appear full description of the new offices and workshops, and we will here confine ourselves to reminding our readers that our address is: HEADQUARTERS OF ST. DUNSTAN'S WORK, Inner Circle, Regent's Park, N.W.1.

The main gate of our new headquarters is in the Inner Circle, opposite the glass houses of the Botanical Gardens, and is within seven or eight minutes' walk of Baker Street and Great Portland Street stations on the Metropolitan Railway and Regent's Park Station on the Bakerloo Railway. Men who have left St. Dunstan's who have to come up on business will find their old friend, Hetherington, on duty at the door, and he will direct them to any particular office they have to visit.

**I**N our Sports Notes this month, Capt. Williams outlines a splendid programme for the coming term. There is no need for us to emphasize the advantages of outdoor exercise, for St. Dunstaners have shown themselves only too ready to take advantage of the facilities offered them. It is always cheering, however, to know that the rowing season will be with us again soon, and we join Capt. Williams in hoping that before very long a number of enthusiasts will be seen on the Lake morning and evening getting in some early practice to prepare them for the keen competitions that will take place later on. Of course, as in previous years, facilities will be available for men who have left St. Dunstan's, but who reside in the London area, to join in our sport when their work permits them and applications from them will be welcomed.

**I**N our list of marriages this month, will be found a very interesting announcement that Miss Pilbeam was married on the 6th January to Mr. W. Kerr. This is from St. Dunstan's point of view what might be called a double event, for Miss Pilbeam has for a very long time been a most valuable member of the staff in connection with typewriting and shorthand, and Mr. Kerr is one of the blinded officers who recently brought his Massage Course to a successful conclusion by passing the examinations of the C.S.M.M.G. The wedding was attended by a number of members of the staff and friends, and the reception which was held at Townshend House afterwards was a great success. We wish them the very best of good luck for the future, and hope before long to hear that Mr. Kerr's massage practice in Edinburgh, where he intends to settle, attains a deserved success.



## Why Do Blind People Look Up?

SOME INTERESTING OPINIONS ON AN INTERESTING POINT

"WHY does a blind man generally walk with his head thrown back?" was a question recently asked in the *Daily Express*. Sir Arthur Pearson wrote, suggesting one explanation:—

### A RESPONSE TO SUNSHINE

"The question is one which I have often asked myself, and have found it very difficult to answer.

"Three years ago I found myself getting in the habit of walking along with my face turned towards the sky. I asked people who walked with me to give me a little tap on the back of the head as a reminder of what I was doing, for the action was performed quite unconsciously. Just lately I have again found myself apt to throw my head back when walking about.

"Curiously enough, the tendency never seems to come on one unless walking, and that out of doors. I think a possible explanation may be that though, so far as the blind man is concerned, his sight is entirely gone, there still remains some little response on the part of the optic nerve to the strong glare of sunshine, and the head instinctively turns upwards towards this.

"If any of your readers have a better explanation to offer I, and I am sure many other blind people, would be very glad to hear of it. We are apt to be interested in our little peculiarities."

### NATURAL SELF-ASSERTIVENESS

A few days later the following letters appeared in the *Daily Express*:—

"To the Editor of the *Daily Express*.

"Sir,—I have lost not only my sight, but my eyes and the optic nerves. The greatest flash ever emitted at the will of Thor or Vulcan would be unnoticed by me, but I walk about the earth as if I were peering into heaven. Even when lecturing there is always a desire on my part to address my audience as if they were ensconced in the ceiling.

"I think the general 'uplooking' of the blind is the natural self-assertiveness with which we are all, more or less, imbued,

The blind, feeling that their inferiority detracts from them when compared with their seeing brothers, assert themselves by carrying the head higher.

"FRANK BATTEN.

(The Blind Lecturer on English and French history)"

"—Sir,—Referring to the controversy raised by one of your readers, and answered by Sir Arthur Pearson, as to the cause why blind men habitually walk along looking upwards, I would suggest the following as explanation:—

"When you ask a person to listen intently he will immediately cock his head upwards in a listening attitude. At blind man's buff the child who is blindfolded, you will notice, also takes this attitude.

"Blind persons rely on their sense of hearing, being deprived of their sight, and naturally adopt this listening attitude.

"J. PASQUE."

"York Road, Southend."

### THE PROTECTIVE INSTINCT

"Sir,—The fact that the blind hold up their heads when walking is due to a combinations of reasons, in my opinion, one being the protective instinct, as even sighted people, walking in the dark, hold their heads back, to avoid their faces coming into contact with any object.

"The other reasons are of a scientific nature, connected with the semi-circular canals, as can be demonstrated by any sighted person trying to see how long he can stand with his eyes shut and his head down without feeling giddy.

"BRUCE BRUCE-PORTER."

"Grosvenor Street, W.1."

The following letter on the same subject appeared in the last issue of *The Beacon*:

### AN UNCONSCIOUS ACTION

"The Editor, *The Beacon*.

"Dear Sir,—In the last issue of *The Beacon* some interesting explanations were given as to the reason why blind people walk with their heads lifted up in so peculiar a manner. The action, I take it,

is an unconscious one, and is, in my opinion, more generally adopted when the blind person is walking alone, and it is one which is under control when consciousness is awakened to its existence. I do not consider it to be a measure taken necessarily for the protection of the face, but that is one of Nature's methods of bringing into use the other unimpaired faculties of hearing and smell for the benefit of the blind pedestrian.

"The lower animals, when on the look out for danger, always erect their heads and prick their ears, and in so doing not only put the sense of hearing on the alert, but bring the nose into such a position as to enable them the more readily to scent danger from afar.

"I have repeatedly noticed this attitude of the head in the case of blind dogs when running along the road. It is natural to



## Milton on His Blindness

"AN UNCONQUERABLE SOUL, SUPREME OVER DARKNESS"

THE perusal of a passage in Milton's "Second Defence of the People of England," bearing on the poet's attitude towards his blindness, has greatly interested us. At the time when his eyesight was rapidly waning, Milton was Secretary for Foreign Tongues to the Council of State of the Commonwealth. On his appointment to the secretaryship he was forty years of age. His special duty was the drafting in Latin of letters sent by the Council of State, or sometimes by the Rump Parliament, to foreign states and princes, with the examination and translation of letters in reply. There were also personal conferences, when necessary, with the agents of foreign powers in London, and with envoys and ambassadors. In that respect, however, his duties were at first very light. Foreign powers held aloof from the English Republic as much as they could, and Milton's presence was required only when some piece of foreign business turned up. Hence his employment in very miscellaneous work. Especially the Council looked to him for everything in the nature of literary vigilance and literary help in the interests

suppose, therefore, that the human blind acts in a similar fashion, in order to enlist the services of his ears and nose to his assistance, the head being erected to such an extent as to be drawn back somewhat.

"A blind man, when walking with a friend who holds his arm, does not as a rule carry his head in this position of what one might call hyper-extension, since his auditory and olfactory organs are not subjected to any undue strain.

"Yours, etc.,

"J. LLOYD JOHNSTONE."

### A CONTROVERSIAL POINT

It will be recognised from the above that the subject is a controversial one of considerable interest, and it is quite probable that many readers of the REVIEW may have different opinions. So send them along; discussion is of all things invigorating to the brain!

of the struggling Commonwealth. He was employed in the examination of suspected papers, and in interviews with their authors and printers; and he executed several great literary commissions expressly entrusted to him by the Council. The first of these was a pamphlet entitled "Observations on the Articles of Peace" (between Ormonde and the Irish). A passage of remarkable interest in it is one of eloquent eulogy on Oliver Cromwell. More important still was the "Eikonoklastes" (which may be translated "Image-Smasher"), published by Milton by way of counterblast to the famous "Eikon Basilike" (Royal Image), which had been in circulation in thousands of copies since the king's death.

When King Charles I was beheaded, Milton had attached himself openly to the new Republic by the publication of a pamphlet, in which he held that "it is lawful, and hath been held so in all ages, for any who have the power, to call to account a Tyrant or Wicked King, and after due conviction to depose and put him to death if the ordinary magistrate have neglected to do it." In the end of



1642 there appeared abroad, under the title of "Defensio regis pro Carolo I," a Latin vindication of the memory of Charles, with an attack on the English Commonwealth. As it had been written at the instance of the exiled royal family by Salmasius, or Claude de Saumaise, of Leyden, then celebrated over Europe as the greatest scholar of his age, it was regarded as a serious blow to the infant Commonwealth. Milton threw his whole strength into a reply through the year 1650, interrupting himself only by a new and enlarged edition of his "Eikonoklastes." In 1652 another pamphlet was published abroad by a French Presbyterian minister, Dr. Peter du Moulin, then moving about in English society, close to Milton. The authorship of the pamphlet was kept a profound secret, and the work was universally attributed on the Continent to one Alexander More or Morus, a French minister of Scottish descent, who had contributed some portion of the matter. Milton made More the responsible person and the one object of his attack. Salmasius was now dead, and the Commonwealth was too stable to suffer from such attacks, but no Royalist pamphlet had appeared so able or so venomous as this in continuation of the Salmasian controversy. All the more because it was in the main a libel on Milton himself, did a reply from his pen seem necessary. It appeared in May, 1654, with the title: "Second Defence of John Milton, Englishman, for the people of England."

Milton wrote this vindication in the sure knowledge that the result would be the speedy loss of his remaining eye. Actuated by a stern sense of duty, by a deep feeling of patriotism, he worked on, "not," he says, "prompted to such exertions by the influence of ambition, by the lust of lucre or of praise . . . I would not have listened to the voice even of Æsculapius himself from the shrine of Epidauris, in preference to the suggestions of the heavenly monitor within my breast; my resolution was unshaken, though the alternative was either the loss of my sight or the desertion of my duty . . . I considered that many had purchased a less good by a greater evil, the meed of glory

by the loss of life; but that I might procure great good by little suffering; that though I am blind, I might still discharge the most honourable duties . . . I resolved to make the short interval of sight which was left to me to enjoy as beneficial as possible to the public interest" . . .

How pathetic but at the same time how inspiring is the picture that rises before us of the blind poet bending low over the parchment, anxious to answer his persecutor before the last ray of light shall have left him for ever, and how steadfast is the faith that finds expression in these words: "In the most momentous periods I have had full experience of the Divine favour and protection; and in the solace and the strength which have been infused into me from above, I have been enabled to do the will of God; that I may oftener think on what He has bestowed than on what He has withheld."

"I would, sir," he goes on to say, "prefer my blindness to yours; yours is a cloud spread over the mind, which darkens both the light of reason and of conscience; mine keeps from my view only the coloured surfaces of things, while it leaves me at liberty to contemplate the beauty and stability of virtue and of truth. How many things are there, besides, which I would not willingly see? how many which I must see against my will? and how few which I feel any anxiety to see? There is, as the apostle has remarked, a way to strength through weakness. Let me then be the most feeble creature alive, as long as that feebleness serves to invigorate the energies of my rational and immortal spirit; as long as in that obscurity in which I am enveloped the light of the Divine presence more clearly shines; then, in proportion as I am weak, I shall be invincibly strong; and in proportion as I am blind, I shall more clearly see."

And so Milton continued working for the cause which he had espoused, through the dark days of the Restoration, when he so narrowly escaped the scaffold. Blind, he yet kept the inward torch alight, his unconquerable soul rising supreme above the "darkness, the dangers and the solitude" of his later years.

## The True Christmas Spirit

ST. DUNSTANERS HELP CHILDREN OF UNEMPLOYED EX-SERVICE MEN

JUST before Christmas Ex-Deckhand E. Nelson, who lost his sight mine-sweeping, upon learning of Earl Haig's fund for providing Christmas dinners for the children of unemployed ex-service men, originated a collection for this purpose amongst the St. Dunstan's boys. As a result the substantial sum of £27 7s. 6d. was collected and forwarded to Earl Haig by Sir Arthur Pearson, accompanied by the following letter:—

ST. DUNSTAN'S

DEAR LORD HAIG,—I enclose cheque for £27 7s. 6d., an amount which has been raised among the men at present at St. Dunstan's as a contribution to your fund, to be applied if possible to provide a Christmas Dinner for children of unemployed ex-service men.

"In the words of the originator of this idea—Ex-Deckhand E. Nelson, who lost his sight mine sweeping—'thanks to St. Dunstan's the children of the men here will be amply provided for at Christmas, and I feel that the boys would be glad of an opportunity of contributing to the happiness of those less fortunate than themselves.'

"The view was heartily endorsed by all the men, and I was asked to send you this donation with an expression of their respectful appreciation of your constant effort on behalf of ex-service men.

"Yours sincerely,  
ARTHUR PEARSON."

The reply of Earl Haig was as follows:—

"THE OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION,  
48 GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

"DEAR SIR ARTHUR PEARSON,—Very many thanks for your kind letter of December 11th, enclosing a contribution of £27 7s. 6d. from the men of St. Dunstan's for the benefit of the children of unemployed ex-service men.

"I am indeed touched by the kind thought and sympathy expressed by these brave men for the welfare and happiness of the children of those ex-service men

less pecuniarily fortunate than themselves. I have no doubt that this generous act will be gratefully appreciated by the recipients of this kindness.

"Would you kindly convey to Ex-Deckhand E. Nelson and those other ex-service men who so generously subscribed this expression of my sincere thanks?

"I should be glad if you would also convey to them my sincere wish for a very happy Christmas.—Yours sincerely,  
(Signed) HAIG (of Berrersyde),  
Field-Marshal."

## St. Dunstan's Stall at White City

ONE of the most striking stalls at the Ex-Service Men's Exhibition at the White City, says the *Referee*, is that of St. Dunstan's Hostel for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors. Its semi-circular front, the five bays, and decorative colour scheme in pale blue and white, are most attractive, and admirably set off the wonderful collection of goods made so astonishingly well by the blinded soldiers of St. Dunstan's. As a centre for New Year's gift buying, no one could wish for a better. There are bags vanity and domestic, fibre mats to fit into all motor-cars, with apertures for the pedals, swings for children, hammocks of all sizes, travelling baskets, picture frames of every shape and form, doormats, and a splendid selection of beautiful wool rugs in all colours of the rainbow. The goods shown at the Exhibition can all be purchased there and at the St. Dunstan Sales Shop at 13 New Oxford Street. The prices paid are those actually handed over to the blinded worker, and no reduction is made for expenses in connection with their sales.

MOTHER: "Why aren't you asleep, Dolly?"

DOLLY: "'Cos I can't get my eyes to button up, Mummy."



## News of St. Dunstan's Men—

### BOOT REPAIRING IN TORONTO

J. W. OGILTREE, of Toronto, Canada, a boot-repairer and mat-maker, writes as follows:—

"Just a line as promised. You can see by the above address that I have moved, and I like my new home very much as it is as cosy as it could be. I am not doing very much in the line of boots just at present as this is a new locality and there are not many houses up in this district yet, but I expect next spring they will be building fast as there is a great shortage of houses in Toronto.

"We are starting to get some cold weather just now, and we shall be getting it worse next month, but I don't think the cold will bother us much where we are now for the house is of solid brick, six good rooms, and a concrete floor and a good furnace that heats the whole house; the floors are all of hard wood finish, and it is a great locality for the children. There is a big field about fifty acres, spare land, next to me where the kiddies can play and not get run over."

### TOBOGGANNING IN MONTREAL

Canadian news also arrives from C. A. Glasspool, a boot-repairer, of Mile End, Montreal:—

"You will be glad to know that I have at last made a start and have had a fair amount of work up to the present, but as you no doubt know the winter time here is generally very slow as everyone here is wearing rubbers, the snow being so very deep as to render it always necessary to wear rubbers over one's boots for protection against the wet as snow soon penetrates through leather and soon rots it.

"I have met quite a few English people here, but where I am at present there are mostly French and Italians, very little English being spoken. I have managed to get a store nearly opposite the house of my daughter where we are still staying for the present so do not have to go far to work, and considering the state of the

weather it is just as well. As I sit writing this my shop windows are covered with a thick coating of frost and I am endeavouring to thaw them with the aid of a large parafin stove in the centre of the shop; this has been burning for about two hours and the windows are just beginning to show signs of giving way, so this will give you an idea of the frost we are now experiencing here. Everyone now goes about in sleighs and the chief sport is skating and tobogganing of which there is plenty as there is a small mountain just a short distance from our house; this is a new sport for me as I have never been on one before but I enjoy it very much. I have also done a bit of skating and this also is almost new to me, as I have only been on roller skates before, but I am getting quite used to it now.

"We are now very close to Christmas and everyone seems to be pretty busy getting ready for it. The streets are full of shoppers from all parts, especially from the outlying country, for they have to come here for their goods, and it is a common scene to see quite a string of sleighs wending their way homewards in the evening, after they have made a tour of the stores for their weekly supplies, as they only come into the city once a week for that purpose."

### POULTRY PRIZE WINNER

From A. Smith, a poultry farmer, at Hartington, Buxton, the following letter has been received:—

"It is so long since I wrote to you that I am nearly ashamed to start. You will be pleased to know that I am doing very well with my birds. I took third prize and reserve prize with two of my birds at Buxton Poultry Show, on December 11th, in the Utility Class.

"Although it is now the off season, I am averaging 18 eggs per day, so am not doing at all badly.

"May I wish you a Happy and Prosperous New Year?"

## —From all parts of the World

### DON'T FOLLOW LONELY LADIES!

C. G. Jeffries, a telephonist, living at Enfield, writes as follows:—

"Just a line to you, trusting to find you well and wishing you a Merry Xmas. I am now thoroughly settled down at Enfield, and am fixed up very comfortably. I find the journey from Enfield to London easy, as the train takes me direct to Farringdon Street, where my work lies.

"I have just been over a year now at my post with Brown and Forth and have got on very well indeed. I have not had any startling experiences since I left St. Dunstan's, so cannot give information of much interest. In getting about London I always make a practice of following people, and I have only been let in once through doing this.

"I followed a lady across a road one day and when we got halfway across a car suddenly came bearing on us. The

lady got nervous and, instead of making for the other side, she decided to follow me, not knowing, of course, that I could not see clearly. The result was we both stood like fools in the middle of the road, looking at one another. However, I grasped the situation quickly, and dragging her by the arm, ran straight for the other side, and the car just brushed past us. Probaby the lady thought I was mad, but I can only say this, that I have never followed a lady again who might be by herself!

"I am feeling much better for the change of air here, and I have not had a bad head since I have been here. I am very grateful indeed to you, Sir Arthur, and all the staff who have done so much for us men. They have all worked to make us independent citizens, and I can truthfully say that since I have been discharged from the army I have learned more than during all the years I have lived previous to becoming a St. Dunstaner."

## Resolutions

EVERYBODY'S making resolutions  
On the eve of nineteen-twenty-one.

Everybody's planning reformations quite  
imposs.

That abso-bally-lutely can't be done.

Father says, with virtue somewhat sudden,  
"The club no more will keep me out  
till two;

I'll sack each little typist under forty,  
And never cheat the Inland Revenue."

Then Gladys thought she'd do some  
resoluting,

Perhaps she'd buy herself a roll of  
flannelette,  
And make herself some staidish sort of  
"undies"

Instead of naughty wisps of pink  
georgette.

And Billy vowed he'd scrap a merry optic  
That only landed him for "fizz" and  
kisses,

Cultivate the ladies at surburban sales of  
work,  
And never flirt with someone else's  
"missus."

Everybody's making resolutions,  
From Pater, Mater, down to Mary Jane.  
Here, "S'welp me, if I'll hook it wivout  
warnin' any more,  
Nor break a bloomin' blessed thing  
again."

Recording angels qualify for rest cures,  
On the eve of nineteen-twenty-one,  
'Cos everybody's planning reformations  
quite imposs.,

That abso-bally-lutely can't be done.  
*Daden Foster.*

ACCORDING to a Berlin correspondent,  
Lenin says he would trust Trotsky with  
his life. That may be so, but would he  
trust him with, say, fourpence in a lump  
sum?  
*Punch.*



## Departmental Notes

### Massage

WE have great pleasure in recording that the following Massage students have successfully passed the November-December Massage Examination of the Chartered Society of Massage and Medical Gymnastics. The names are given in the order of passing: Lt. A. G. Fisher, J. S. Whitelam, L. E. Vanselow, A. D. Kirstein, Lt. W. Kerr, A. Bennett, T. Gibson, J. W. N. McIntosh, Sergt. A. B. Taylor and R. H. Hardy.

Eight of the above entered for the Remedial Exercises Examination on December 21st, 1920, and passed, viz.: L. E. Vanselow, J. S. Whitelam, T. Gibson, Lt. W. Kerr, A. Bennett, A. D. Kirstein, Sergt. A. B. Taylor and Lt. A. G. Fisher. (R. H. Hardy and J. W. N. McIntosh did not enter for the Remedial Exercises Examination.)

We heartily congratulate all these students on their well-earned success, and our sincere good wishes go with them for continued success in their new spheres.

P. L. W.

### Typewriting and Shorthand

WE offer our heartiest congratulations to the following men who have passed their Typewriting

Tests:—

J. Hunter, J. Boon, D. McLoughlin, A. Morgan, J. Buckle, P. Brelsford, J. H. Greaves, J. Cook, F. W. Spackman, A. Hoey, and J. Yarwood.

M. P.

### Assistant Treasurer

AT the last meeting of St. Dunstan's Care Committee Mr. J. McClellan was appointed Assistant Treasurer. Sir Arthur testified to the very valuable work done by Mr. McClellan since 1917, when he joined our staff, and said that this formal appointment was but a small recognition of his devoted work for St. Dunstan's.

### The Braille Room

THE new Braille Room opens with the New Year, and a hearty welcome awaits all St. Dunstan's, both past and present. Our wish is that we may all have as happy a time here as we had in our old quarters, and we feel that we cannot wish for more than that.

We heartily congratulate the following men on having passed their Tests:—

Reading: J. A. Garbutt, P. Yuile, H. Tomkinson, G. Envin and A. T. Turrel.

Writing: J. E. Bell, R. Hay, R. Colville, R. R. V. Newman, A. Waite, P. D. Jensen, and H. A. Dakin.

D. P.

### Netting

OUR move to St. Dunstan's new headquarters following so quickly after the Christmas holidays has disorganised our usual orderly ways, and we much regret we have not been able to write any proper notes this month. Some scattered papers were, however, picked up in the Netting Room during the move, which we think our readers may appreciate, under the title:—

#### "NEW RHYMES FOR OLD."

- 1 Baa-baa Black Sheep, have you any wool?  
Yes, sir, plenty now, stock-rooms are full!  
Cable wool and Turkey, more than enough  
To give you each a rug and a warm foot-muff!
- 2 Mary, Mary, wise and wary, how does her garden grow?  
Her sweet-pea nets from us she gets,  
So of course she's a splend'ed show!
- 3 Little Jack Horner sits in a corner  
Safe in his nursery swing;  
He *can't* put his thumbs  
Into pies made of plums,  
So his mother just blesses the thing.
- 4 Ride-a-Cock-Horse, this gee's never cross,  
He's got a fine hay-net to match a fine horse!  
With a net on his flanks and a net for his eyes,  
He can be happy in spite of the flies.
- 5 Sing a song of strawberries, a garden full of fruit!  
Four and twenty blackbirds—gardeners will shoot!  
When the beds are netted, birds are left to sing,  
So don't forget St. Dunstan's has nets for every thing!

G. H. W.

## Sports Club Notes

WE will greatly miss the many sportsmen who have left us last Term, but I look to the new men to display the same enthusiasm that the chums who have left have always shown. The Sports mean a great deal to us; they not only restore much confidence, but give us the opportunity of carrying on many of the games and pastimes formerly indulged in. The Saturday Sports will soon be in full swing again, and many of the boys are keen upon breaking the "Sports records" created last Term. The swimming will also be continued, and efforts will be made to arrange a small Gala towards the end of this present Term. Mr. Gibson will carry on his instruction in rowing to beginners, and all men keen upon receiving tuition must make sure that their names are given in to their Sports Sister. The Football Competition was too much in favour to permit a successful Tug-of-War tournament, but I am hopeful that a competition may be soon started, so that our strong men may have the opportunity they are longing for.

### OUTER CIRCLE WALK

One of the most successful competitions we have had took place on Saturday, December 11th, when the great walk around the Outer Circle took place. The race was open to totally blinded only, and commenced at the Bungalow park gates, finishing at the Bungalow entrance, a total distance of close upon three miles. In order that the walkers could put on "full speed," each man was allowed an escort. His duty was simply to walk with the competitor, without touching him, and to see that the road was clear. There was a splendid entry of 32, of such diverse ages as from 20 to 60, and they were sent off singly at two minute intervals. The day was ideal—beautifully fine, with just that crispness in the air that makes walking so enjoyable. Quite a large crowd of Sisters and friends, plus many photographers,

witnessed the start, and there was great excitement when S. Jordan led off, followed two minutes later by D. Ironside, going at a great pace. When we saw the initial speed we all expressed our sympathy for the escorts; indeed I do not believe they have travelled so quickly before, outside an express train! Twenty-three men were at the starting post, and before the last man was sent off the first was in again, accompanied by a perspiring escort! The times were wonderfully good, every competitor finishing the journey under forty minutes, whilst less than one and a half minutes separated the first five.

The times for the full competition are as follows:—

	mins.	secs.
1 H. Northgreaves	29	10
2 A. D. Kirstein	29	44
3 F. Hemsworth	30	12
4 J. Meighan	30	25
5 D. Ironside	30	33
6 S. Jordan	31	40
7 G. Webster	31	49
8 E. L. Woods	32	22
9 J. Greaves	32	38
10 G. Woodburn	32	48
11 A. Cook	32	48
12 G. Wiltshire	32	57
13 T. North	33	5
14 M. Cassidy	33	7
15 T. Kent	33	20
16 E. Pugh	33	36
17 P. Martin	33	39
18 L. Hardy	35	1
19 R. Wass	35	58
20 G. Williams	37	2
21 W. H. Jones	39	2
22 J. Knotwell	39	35
23 W. J. Woods	39	48

Thanks are due to those who kindly gave prizes; to Mrs. Clifford White who supplied first, second, and third; to Miss Toynbee for fourth and fifth, and Veterans' prize (won by J. Knotwell); to Miss Doran for Veterans' prize for men over fifty (won by W. H. Jones); and to the



Adjutant for Veterans' prize for men over forty (won by G. Wiltshire), and also special prize to the last man ("won" by W. J. Woods); also to Sisters, escorts, orderlies, and scouts, and all who assisted to make the event so successful.

#### FOOTBALL COMPETITION

Our footballers finished up last term in great style. For the last Competition twenty teams entered, all keen upon "lifting" the Cup. The Cupholders, the Bungalow Rovers, were knocked out in the first round, but eventually the Jazonians of Cornwall Terrace were left to contest the Final with the Hills Athletic team of the Bungalow. The match was decided on Tuesday, December 14th, when, in spite of the ground being heavily covered with snow, a large number of men, Sisters and the public attended. In addition to Mr. E. C. Williamson, Arsenal's International goalkeeper, who again kindly kept goal, the members of the Arsenal team were present to see the game and to play an eleven of St. Dunstan's. Mr. John Rutherford, the English International, kindly acted as referee. The game was most exciting, for the shooting of the men was splendid and Williamson's goalkeeping very fine indeed. Eventually the Jazonians won by the narrow score of 5 goals to 4, and, in the unavoidable absence of Sir Arthur, the Sports Captain presented the Cup, amid loud cheering, to the captain of the winning team.

#### TEAMS—

*Jazonians*: G. J. Webster (capt.), E. C. Thomas, P. J. Sparks, S. MacIntosh, S. McCheyne, J. Greig.

*Hills Athletic*: C. Hills (capt.), B. C. Sexty, W. Ruddock, L. Johns, D. Fenton, F. S. Owen.

E. C. Thomas, P. J. Sparks, S. McCheyne and J. Greig scored for the winners, whilst C. Hills, W. Ruddock, L. Johns and D. Fenton did likewise on behalf of the losers.

#### THE ARSENAL PLAY ST. DUNSTAN'S

The second game between the First League team and our eleven was most exciting. Our opponents had practically their full team except Pagnam and Dr. Paterson, and in spite of being blindfolded,

shot with surprising accuracy. Although Williamson kept a splendid goal, his colleagues put four shots past him—scored by Messrs. Baker, Bradshaw, Blyth and Hutchens. Unfortunately our team seemed to be suffering from "stage fright," for their shooting was not nearly up to their usual standard. Yet it must be admitted that it was not an easy matter to display shooting powers in the presence of a large crowd, including the Arsenal players, many photographers, and with an international in goal. However, the goalie had to play well to keep our boys out, but we were beaten by 4—0. Loud cheers were raised at the close by St. Dunstan's for the Arsenal team who, led by their captain, Mr. Shaw, tried to beat us, but unsuccessfully this time, in the cheering line. A man has to be a tip-top "cheerer" to beat a St. Dunstan's man!

After the game the Arsenal inspected the workshops and saw the boys at work, and were immensely interested in everything. They are most anxious to play a return match, and it is hoped that this can be arranged early next month. The following were the teams:—

J. Meighan, W. Henry, G. Webster, S. R. Gamble, J. Greaves, H. Tomkinson, E. C. Thomas, E. H. Carpenter, H. Northgreaves, F. S. Owen, and G. Woodburn.

Messrs. Shaw, Rutherford, Groves, Baker, Bradshaw, Hutchens, North, McKinnon, Blyth and Whittaker.

A letter has been received from Mr. Williamson, offering gold medals from the Arsenal players for the finalists in the next competition. We are most grateful to the team for their kindness, and I feel sure there will be keen competition to possess these medals.

The following accounts were taken from the daily papers:—

#### "BLIND GOAL SCORERS.

"St. Dunstan's had quite a Football Carnival yesterday, when the Jazonians beat the Hills Athletic in the final tie for the Sir Arthur Pearson's Cup by 5 goals to 4, and the Arsenal beat the pick of St. Dunstan's boys by 4—0. Williamson kept goal in each match, and he was beaten by Bradshaw, Hutchens, Blyth and Baker, who were blindfolded. It says

much for the sagacity of the blind boys in the Cup Tie that they did better than the "Pro's" against the same goalkeeper."—*Daily Sketch.*

#### "ARSENAL F.C. PLAY THE BLIND

##### "NOVEL MATCH AGAINST ST. DUNSTAN'S

"No League points would accrue to the Arsenal Football Club as the result of their victory by four goals to none in a match staged at Regent's Park yesterday. This event, which was a thrill from the first kick to the last, was one of the most remarkable games played since Old King Football first established his far-flung sway. Arsenal's First League team, except Dr. Paterson and Pagnam, were present, and their opponents were an eleven picked from St. Dunstan's blind soldiers.

##### "ONLY PENALTY KICKS

"Play consisted of penalty kicks, each man being permitted two, and the distance was increased from the usual twelve to fifteen yards. The Arsenal men were blindfolded. Williamson kept goal for both sides, and Jock Rutherford held the whistle. For the efficiency with which he carried out his duties he had the unique experience of a referee being given three rousing cheers by players who felt themselves satisfied with his decisions.

"We hope the Arsenal will win the Cup," said Captain Williams of St. Dunstan's, when leading the thunderous cheers which startled all the squirrels in Regent's Park."—*Daily Chronicle.*

#### FOOTBALL AT ST. DUNSTAN'S

"The Arsenal Association Football Club had nine of their League team to play against the blind soldiers at St. Dunstan's, under the rules that obtain there, and they won by four goals to none, so that the blind did as well as Huddersfield Town had done a few weeks ago. Williamson kept goal for both sides. The Arsenal men were blindfolded, but managed to beat Williamson four times. Bradshaw, Hutchens, Blyth and Baker were the successful players. Williamson also kept goal for both sides in the final tie for Sir Arthur Pearson's Challenge Cup. In this game the Jazonians beat Hills Athletic by five goals to four."—*The Times.*

#### "SPORTSMEN OF ST. DUNSTAN'S

##### "FOOTBALL WITH THE ARSENAL.

"Courage and sportsmanship cling together so inseparably that it is often difficult to divide the one from the other. Some of us who have had the privilege of meeting the men of St. Dunstan's have found their great courage, in facing a world of darkness, more than astonishing, more than interesting; fine enough to inspire and great enough to bring glory to this generation of our race. It is natural that in building their lives anew—and of a certainty those who have lost their sight have to reconstruct every detail and every ambition—the cement of sport rounds off the rocky foundation of courage.

"Gradually the list of sporting events that the men of the hostel enjoy grows, and the way in which they combine enthusiasm for both work and play makes them very proficient in both. They are, in fact, rapidly becoming serious competitors in the athletic world. St. Dunstan's oarsmen are no mean opponents; here is no uneven swing or ugly finish, but rowing ability and good watermanship. In like manner there are athletes who reach good standard in throwing the cricket ball and putting the weight, and who can cover a hundred yards in something around eleven secs. Last Saturday saw keen competition in a three-mile scratch walking race round the Outer Circle of Regent's Park. There were thirty entries, all keen as they could be, and the winner, H. Northgreaves, covered the distance in capital time.

##### "WILLIAMSON TESTED

"Yesterday the final of the football competition was held for the Sir Arthur Pearson Challenge Cup. The Jazonians beat Hills Athletic by five goals to four. Williamson, the well-known Arsenal goalkeeper, was there to defend the goal against the attacks of St. Dunstan's men, and in addition the whole Arsenal team turned out to give a game to the sightless men. The Arsenal, although not at full strength, managed to win. They were blindfolded, and scored four goals, but the St. Dunstan's side could not beat Williamson. It was a great game. All this to show the courage and sportmanship of this House of Hope and Fortitude. These things are superficial



evidence of the quality of the inward spirit which great hearts have infused into the movement to lighten the darkness of men blinded in the war. The courage of Sir Arthur Pearson, and those who help him, created St. Dunstan's, and that same courage has been evinced time and time again by the way in which they have surmounted difficulty after difficulty. Increasing numbers, the doubling and redoubling of expenses they have faced bravely with greater effort. This Christmas they have before them the terrible problem of finding more money to move the Hostel from one part of Regent's Park to another, which means building fresh workshops and dormitories. Undismayed, they are again straining every nerve to raise the necessary funds. We could go far in the search for as fine an example of courage and fail utterly."—*Morning Post*.

#### JERKS COMPETITION

This Competition has been splendidly supported, and it is noteworthy that so many of the leading men annexed full points, and this during the winter season.

It requires a lot of courage and pluck to get up on a cold, damp morning at 6.30 a.m. in the winter to do jerks, doesn't it? The following twenty men have made the highest number of attendances:—

Name	No. of Attendances
P. D. Yenson (Bungalow)	- - 34
H. Mummery	" - - 34
R. Perkis	" - - 34
F. S. Owen	" - - 34
J. H. Tindall	" - - 34
G. Furniss	" - - 34
J. Simpson	" - - 34
E. H. Carpenter (Cornwall Terrace)	34
A. J. Burtenshaw	" - - 34
M. Cassidy	" - - 34
C. J. Fawcett	" - - 34
J. Robinson (Bungalow)	- - 33
N. Robinson	" - - 33
D. Livingstone	" - - 33
F. Hemsforth	" - - 33
C. Hills	" - - 32
H. C. Clarke	" - - 32
J. S. Lever	" - - 32
F. W. Walton	" - - 32
F. Dance	" - - 32
	<i>E. W.</i>

### An Adequate Appeals Reply

THE following amusing letter was recently printed in the press in response to an appeal made for funds by some large charitable institution:—

"Dear \_\_\_\_\_,

"For the following reasons we are unable to send the cheque for which you ask:

"We have been held up, held down, sand-bagged, walked on, sat upon, flattened out and squeezed.

"First by our Income Tax, the Super Tax, the Excess Profits Tax, War Loans, War Bonds, War Savings Certificates, the Automobile Tax, and by every society and organisation that the inventive mind of man can invent to extract what we may or may not have in our possession.

"From the Red Cross, St. Dunstan's, the Children's Homes, the Y.M.C.A., the Y.W.C.A., the Salvation Army, the Belgian

Relief, the Austrian Relief, the Black Cross, the Double Cross, and every hospital in the country.

"The Government has governed our business so that we don't know who owns it. We are inspected, suspected, examined and re-examined, informed, required and commanded, so that we don't know who we are, where we are, or why we are here at all. All that we know is that we are supposed to have an inexhaustible supply of money for every known need, desire or hope of the human race, and because we will not sell all we have to go out and beg, borrow or steal money to give away we are cussed, discussed, boycotted, talked to, talked about, lied to, lied about, held up, hung up, robbed and damn near ruined, and the only reason why we are clinging on to life now is to see what the h— will happen next. . . . Sincerely yours, \_\_\_\_\_"

## News from the Workshops

#### MAT DEPARTMENT

P. BRELESFORD and E. Varley have completed their course in the mat shop satisfactorily. The work of C. H. Brown, particularly his thrumming and cutting, is very good, and the same can also be said of H. T. Mummery. A key-bordered mat made by E. Bartlett was a very good specimen, and the mats made by E. E. Bryer during November and December have been excellent. H. E. Lambert and R. Wass have also done very well indeed with lettered mats, and R. J. Thompson has made some good sinnets. G. Woodburn, A. Ashley and C. B. Baker have completed their course of work in a very satisfactory manner.

#### BASKET DEPARTMENT

J. A. Godwin took a short course in centre cane baskets and did exceedingly well, gaining a good knowledge of the shapes and strokes. The baskets made by J. Iddiols are of a good standard.

G. J. Smith has done quite well recently on barrel baskets, and G. Colbeck has made some square arms and two small hampers. C. E. Beck has been gaining experience with hampers, suit-cases and a garden chair, and selecting and grading his own material. Two garden chairs made by J. H. Matthews deserve commendation. A large variety of work has been made by J. E. Bruce, who works very independently. The advance made by W. W. Clampett has been very marked, particularly with regard to self-confidence in the work. The work done on clothes baskets by S. Duncan deserves special commendation, as they are particularly difficult for him. J. Noble has maintained a good standard on ovals and barrels, and also two cane show baskets. The stock work made by J. Simpson and T. W. Wenborn in all shapes reached a very good standard, and T. Ashall made a very good variety of small work. The

recent progress made by H. Bridgman has been very obvious; he can change easily from dog baskets to waste papers and profits considerably by all instruction. D. S. Munro has done exceptionally well on small hampers, and F. C. Harris has made good progress on larger work. R. Wenlock made some very nice square arm dog baskets. M. T. Jolly has done useful work with oval clothes baskets. A cane suit case and also a corner soiled linen were excellently made by E. Tatton; and it is a pleasure to refer again to the high standard always reached by A. Jenkinson.

#### BOOT DEPARTMENT

F. Cooper is a very painstaking man, who gives close attention to all his work and has increasing success, so also has H. O. Garrett, who has been working very nicely on ladies' heels. A. H. Laker has done very sound work on the completion of his course. G. H. Barrett has tackled his work in a very intelligent manner, doing particularly well with toe-capping, new inner soles, etc. W. Paul has also shown plenty of initiative in all his work. The standard reached by F. Physick, both in quality and speed, has been quite satisfactory, and the same is true of R. Wiley. The previous opinion formed of W. J. Harris has been well justified by his recent work on soles and toe-piecing and also men's heavy heels.

#### JOINERY DEPARTMENT

The early work of E. Lupton on tool chest and boot stool is most promising. The tool chest made by A. J. Cole, and also his early work with picture frames and trays, has stood out very satisfactorily. J. R. Ridley has persevered splendidly with his kitchen table, and we should like to make a final reference to the splendid work done by W. H. Farr throughout his course. *W. H. O.*



## Church and Catholic Chapel Notes

### Church Notes

#### NEW CHAPEL

I HOPE that by the time these notes appear our new Chapel will be in use for the various services. The Bungalow linen room has been kindly placed at our disposal and is in every way suitable, being larger than our late Chapel, and of course more easily accessible. The services will be announced in due course.

#### INTERCESSION SERVICE

I rather feared, owing to the new working arrangements, that our little services would be concluded, but the workers have specially requested that they should be continued, and those situated at Headquarters across the park have promised to come over. This is indeed encouraging, and I hope to announce shortly the dates upon which the Chaplain-General, Prebendary Sharpe, and the Rev. G. H. Lunn will visit us.

We will miss many of the workers who used to support the service, particularly Miss Toynbee, who was most regular.

#### HOLY COMMUNION

The Holy Communion will be celebrated on Sundays the 16th and 30th at 8 a.m. and on the 23rd at 7.30 and 10.15 a.m.

#### ORGANIST

I am exceedingly sorry to report that our esteemed organist, Mr. A. Kingston Stewart, has been compelled by pressure of work to resign his position. Mr. Kingston Stewart has been a splendid worker and a keen and enthusiastic colleague. For over four years he has regularly taken his place Sunday by Sunday, and we will greatly miss his music as well as his genial presence. I trust he will accept these expressions of our deep gratitude for his "active service" at St. Dunstan's. I know it has really been to him a labour of love.

E. W.

### Catholic Chapel Notes

ON the last Sunday of the term the Mass was said by the Very Rev. Herbert Wylie, late Prior of the Dominican Fathers at Haverstock Hill. Like all our other visitors he was delighted with the Chapel and its appointments. The actual last Mass took place on Monday, December 13th.

At the moment of writing the Chapel is still standing, but by the time these notes appear in print, St. Dunstan's will no doubt have seen the last of it.

During the holidays a photograph of the Chapel was taken, which it is hoped will be a success, so that all who wish may have a souvenir. The Chaplain will be pleased to hear of any new Catholics who have arrived this term. P. H.

#### Marriages

ON Thursday, December 23rd, L. Howell was married, at Holy Trinity Church, Paddington, to Miss B. Bennett.

On Wednesday, December 29th, J. W. Macaulay was married, at Prestwich Registry Office, to Mrs. E. F. Pryson.

On Thursday, December 9th, R. May was married, at St. Peter's Church, Highgate, to Miss L. W. Pearce.

On Thursday, January 6th, Lieut. W. Kerr was married, at Marylebone Parish Church, to Miss M. Pilbeam.

#### Births

H. SIMS, daughter	- - -	Oct. 19, 1920
C. JOHNSTON, son	- - -	Oct. —, 1920
J. DOWNIE, son	- - -	Nov. 7, 1920
A. J. RADFORD, daughter	- - -	Nov. 27, 1920
W. C. JOSE, daughter	- - -	Dec. 8, 1920
M. J. SHINNERS, son	- - -	Dec. 10, 1920
A. A. H. BROWN, son	- - -	Dec. 13, 1920
S. SEPTON, son	- - -	Dec. 18, 1920
N. DOWNS, son	- - -	Dec. 26, 1920
A. F. GROVES, daughter	- - -	Dec. 31, 1920
S. LETCH, son	- - -	Dec. 31, 1920

## The Blind Man's Zoo

(Readers of the "Review" will enjoy this amusing and original article from the pen of F. Le G. Clark, a blinded officer from St. Dunstan's)

ONCE I suggested to a friend blinded like myself that we should visit the Zoo together. He made reply that there seemed as little point in going to the Zoo as there would be had I suggested the Royal Academy; he said forcibly that he preferred a concert.

I was surprised at his ignorance, and even in the end persuaded him up to Regent's Park; I may flatter myself that I taught him something of the possibilities that the Zoo holds for such blind folk as care to examine it. My mind took a further step, and conjectured whether most of us may not be in the same lamentable ignorance as my friend. To crown all came another motive less entirely altruistic; perhaps, I thought, others have discovered secrets and corners of the Zoo as yet withheld from me; in that case I may be able to attract from them answering letters, memory responding to memory in people as yet unknown to me. Hence this article, scrappy and inconclusive no doubt, but covering a subject of immense interest to myself.

Most of the sighted visitors gaze at the creatures as though they were animated pictures, coloured no doubt, and possessing smell, but no more. What's the good of that? Believe me, to appreciate the real throbbing vitality of a creature, its active brain, its vibrating muscles, you must have placed your hands upon it, and read, as it were, by sympathy, its keen, restless, enquiring mind. Not all animals at the Zoo can be nursed, of course; far from it. But far more are tame and friendly than most people suspect. A word to the keepers, and you will be made as free as may be of their charges. Only, as you handle the furry bodies, try to comprehend the mind of the beast, feel its nose upon your coat, its paws against your hand. You will go away knowing far more about the reality of animal-life than do all the idle sightseers who wander aimlessly from cage to cage.

Take the Small Cat House first of all. It is conveniently situated near the Park entrance of the Gardens, and is full of interest. The Cheetah, that sleek, long, mysterious animal, is, alas, no longer there; he loved to be stroked and fondled, and purred his pleasure through the bars. There are, however, three specimens of a strange family, all friends of mine. They are the Racoon, the Panda, and the Kinkajou. They come, these three, with various other species, somewhere between the dogs and the bears, more closely allied to the latter than to the former, and not so very far away from the weasels and otters. The Racoon lives here only in the winter; he is the pet of a house somewhere in Scotland, and is accordingly very somnolent and condescending. Nursing him is like hugging a great solid muff of a body; from the top end pokes out his little bear-like head, and his bushy tail comes out behind. Feel his paws; they are capable little things, that can grip and convey food to his mouth. He even washes his food before eating it. There is something thoughtful and very wise about him, or is it only sleepiness?

Rosie, the Kinkajou, comes forth with a bound. She is one of those South American tree-beasts, with a long prehensile tail, and she makes full use of it. As you hold her in your arms, the long tail is automatically twining behind your back, feeling for a purchase on your other arm, or upon your pocket. Catch her by the tail and she will swing happily for a few moments upon your arm; then round she comes, her paws catching at your coat and her eager nose sniffing this way and that. The tail is like a fifth hand to her: just that extra safeguard in the wild aboreal life that is her proper environment. I believe that she thinks, if one can use the term, as much with her tail as her hands; and when you catch at its coiling probing length, you will vaguely realise all it means to her.



The Pandas are less friendly, or more retiring; I am not sure which. Like small racoons, with large ears and bushy tails, they will take food from your hand, and sit nibbling it in their paws, but they will not be nursed. They come from the Himalayas, and their other name, the "Cat Bear," shows how severely they puzzled their first discoverers.

While in the Small Cat House, do not pass by the tiny North African fox, that most inoffensive of dwarfs. His hair is wonderfully thick and soft, and his big ears flop above his gentle little face. I believe that when at home he buries himself in the sand.

One cannot review the whole Zoo in a single article. Let me conclude by acting as a manner of signpost, standing at the crossways, and indicating the open opportunities. There is, for example, the elephant house, with the elephant's trunk coming to you through the bars, the South American tapir to be patted, and if you are lucky, the rhinoceros asleep against the bars in such wise that you can feel his thick plates of skin and the vulnerable grooves between them. There is the little Syrian bear, now unfortunately growing too old to pet. But he can still be approached and fed. Three bears even smaller have just arrived, Himalayan, I believe, and they may be felt, fed, and wrestled with as far as their keeper will have patience with you. It grieves me to recall how three baby bears in the Mappin Terrace were eaten by their mother; they were the most delightful infants imaginable, and could be cuddled indefinitely. But it was too much for the poor mother. Her instinct was to hide them, in a cave if it were possible, but, failing that, in any manner that suggested itself; and so, one night, feeling them too completely under the gaze of the world, she consumed them all. It was a strange hiding-place to choose, but the only adequate one that her anxious blind instinct could suggest to her. There are the parrots and the penguins, the camels and the llamas, the squirrels and the armadillos. One could drift on interminably. But I have got the burden of this article off my shoulders, and if it bear fruit to myself, it will amply have been worth while.

### St. Dunstan's Competitions

**L**AST month Mr. Chas. J. Jones offered a prize of 10s. for the most original list of "Things we want to know." The prize has been awarded to T. Till, 7 Victoria Avenue, Graves, Lancaster, whose amusing list is as follows:—

(1) To which whine merchant does Clara Carrie all her Tubbs and Butts?

(2) Which great scientist defined "Nothing" as a bung-hole with no barrel round it?

(3) Who was the ignoramus who, when sitting for his Braille Writing Test, put "put-ten" where he should have putten "put"?

(4) Which of Mr. Atkinson's worthy wood butchers was it, who, finding a length of board too short, sawed a piece out of the middle and nailed it on the end to make it longer?

(5) What ought to be done with the giddy young V.A.D. who always bounces into the ward without knocking?

(6) In which particular graveyard would the winner of this competition (should he be a lesser man than I am) like his remains to be interred?

[In reply to this question, we anxiously await suggestions from our readers.—ED.]

### A Message of Thanks

**M**R. LOUIS LANDUCCI sends his warmest and heartiest thanks to all who contributed toward the charming gift of a pair of bronze statuettes, kindly presented to him on their behalf by Sergt.-Major Davey and Corporal S. C. Tarry. He prizes them greatly as a memento of past association and of the very pleasant times they recall. He wishes the boys every success in the future.

### A New Year Wish

**N**OW here's a wish I'm wishing you  
On the last day of the Old Year,  
And it's flying along to greet you  
On the first day of the New Year:  
May the joy be yours, the happiness too,  
You used to know in the Old Year,  
And may the path of life be smooth for you  
In the years to come—and the New Year.  
R. C. O. Cowley.

## Halgernon's Glarse Heye

SOME MORE (By Itself)

"The Shaddoes,"

Noe Man's Land,

Januarrie, 1921.

The Heddytaw, SINT DUSTBINN'S REVUE.

**D**EER Mister Heddytaw,—Hit were Krismas Heave, an' Halgernon were rustikatin' soe two speak, 'afore the parlaw fier, wyle Missis Dudd an' 'Enery waz hin the frunt rume—torkin' sophtly hin the fierlite. Halgy were expectin' Molly henny momint, an' wen the throbb hof 'er farthur's big hautomobill reechis 'is heers, a smyle lites hup 'is fais lyke a lektrik lamp. My! an' 'e doo luk 'andsum. Drest hup lyke wonn hof yure massarj gentilmuns 'e were—haltho' 'e were hownly a poeltrie farmur. Hat leest, 'e were goin' two bee a poeltrie farmur wen 'is plaice were redy: sum plaice hit were to, an' their were noe kod habout it.

Well, has I were a goin' two tel yourself, wen Halgy 'eers the throbbin' henjin stopp houtside the 'ouse, 'e jumps hup too bee hon the write side hof the missultoe. Then Mister Heddytaw, the dore his flung hopen an' I cud have skreemed. Too men with blak stof hover there fasis, rushis hintoo the rume an' see 'is 'old hof Halgy. 'Afore 'e cud raize a finger, they 'ad 'im hon the cowch, an' were stuffin' a sikly smellin' kloth hin 'is mowth. "Now then, Mister 'Enery Daimlar," they says sarkastik like, "purraps yu'll lyke a munth's 'ollday an' purraps yu woa', butt kum halong," an' they whisks Halgy hout intoo the streat. I diddunt noe wot they waz hup two, soe I laffs wen I seez 'ow they 'as mistook Halgy for 'Enery. Throwin' 'im orl hof a 'eap hintoo the weightin' kar, they starts the throbbin' again an' away wee goes. Fastur an' fastur, wee ters threw the nite hair till wee leeves heverythin' beehind has hit were. Then orl hof a suddin, wee swings rownd a kornur an' runs slap-bang hintoo a warl has I thort, butt hit were hownly fog. 'Owever, hit were soe thik I cuddunt sea the to men hin the frunt hof the kar, an' hit maid them drive soe sloe that

a funeral cud 'ave past huz. The lang-widge they yused habout the fog! hoe it were horful, an' has Halgy would say, I were beginnin' two gett the whind hup. Butt Halgy seems too 'ave woked hup from 'is sleep, 'e were sniffin' the fogg an' smylin' has tho' 'e were treemendus pleesed. The men hin the frunt were mutturin' terrybul, an' Halgy leens forward—listunin' 'ard til they says sumthink habout fait bein' agenst them an' the risks they runs hif 'eld up too long by the fogg. This pleesis 'im moir an' moir, an' taikin' a deap breth hof the fogg, as tho' too maik shure hit were thik hennuf too 'ide 'im, 'e kreesps hover the bak hof the hautomobill.

Klingin' two the tank were they puts the juce wot maiks the kar goe, 'e unskrews sumthink an' letts hit runn hout. I wunders wot 'e were doin' that four an' I watchis 'im klose. Then 'e tooked 'is blu silk 'andkurscheef an' soaks hit orl hover with this juce. I were wonderin' moir now, butt I suddin like stopps, four Halgy skraips 'is feat hon the grownd, throes hout 'is alms, an' rolls hover an' hover hin the mudd. 'Eavins! I thort has 'ow 'e 'ad gonn two sleep hagain, butt 'e were hownly 'avin' fourty winks. Pikkin' 'is karkass hup, 'e warks too the hedge hof the rode, an' goin' two farr, orl butt drouns 'isself hin a ditch. Hup 'e getts hagain, 'owever, an' haftur sayin' a fue speshul wurd about the marvellus feets hof Sint Dustbinners hin general, finds 'is own an' stands hon them. Then 'e resques 'is 'andkursheef from a hinner pokkit, an' takin' three matchis from a littul gold kapp, 'e neals down hon the rode with 'is heer neerly hin the mudd. I gues 'e were liehtin' four sumthink, an' I listuns two. Hat fast, their waz hownly a feint throbb, butt hi getts lowder an' lowder, til Halgy springs hup, setts the 'andkursheef hon fier an' waives hit in the hair. "Elp! 'Elp!" 'e showts, an' gruff voisis hanswers "Aye, aye!" Then a big lurrie kums threw the fogg, an' pulls hup almost hon top hof Halgy.



Halgy were shiverin' wyle 'e tolled the driver hof the lurrle wot 'ad 'append, butt wen promist orl possibul 'elp 'e fourgott 'is wett klothes an' klamburd hintoo the lurrle two diskuss the situashun with the to hokupants.

"Bill," says the driver, haddressin' 'is mait, "hits short hof petrul they bee. Wot habout hit, sport? Shall huz goe bak an' wollop 'em?" "I'm wid ye, mait," Bill hanswers, "an' soe they turns the lurrle habout an' a follows hup the wood-bee kidnappurs.

Hit were sum littul tyme 'afore Bill an' the driver jumps down from the lurrle too kapture the wantid men, butt they were two lait. The big hautomobil were standin' orl haloan, an' Halgy's fais were a pikture of horful dejekshun has 'e joins them buy the dissurtid kar. "Cheere hup, sur," says Bill hin a kind sort hof vois, "Cheere hup, we'll tow yu 'ome, an' maybe sumwonn'll bee speshul prond too sea yu."

'Ours an' ours seemed two pass 'afore wee getts neer Halgy's 'ome, Mister Heddytaw, butt hiventual lyke, wee duz. Noe wonn were habout wen the lurrle pulls hup four the last tyme, an' a fore Halgy 'ad thanked 'is bennyfaktors hin the proppur wey hit were hoff again—leevin' 'im standin' buy the reskued hautomobil. Wen the last throbb hof the hengin dyes hawey, 'e terns an' warkin quiet, an' sloe, henters the 'ouse. Hinside, orl were noizless, soe 'e goes hupsters, as' a gud hot bath, chaingis 'is klothes, an' strutts hintoo the parlow has prond has a peekok. Haye, Mister Heddytaw, an' I were prond hof 'im to, butt Missis Dudd spoils heverythink. Knott that she were vext hor anythink lyke that—hoe noe, hit lukked worse than that. Halgy lits a siggurett an' starts sneezin' hat the rait hof sixtie two the minnit. "Ello! were's Molly?" 'e says, "An' Mister Daimlar," 'e added, "don't say they've gonn."

Missis Dudd weey verry wite an' shakie lukkin'. "Molly's . . . ?" "Molly's wot?" Halgy says himpayshuntly. "Kidnapped!" Missis Dudd says, an' stuffs 'er 'andkur-sheef hin 'er heyes, "kidnapped buy Shinn Fainurs, an' 'Enery 'as gonn too putt 'is men hon there trakks." Wot with 'is sneezin' an' 'is hopinyun hof Shinn

Fainurs, Halgy neerly putt the fier hout. "Oo his 'Enery Daimlar, an' wot doo Shinn Fainurs want with Molly?" Halgy rores with pashun.

"Shush!" says Missis Dudd, "sumwonn may bee listunin'. 'Enery his a sekret surviss hoffishal hat Doublin' Kassul." I were surprized an' soe were Halgy, four 'e wissuld, threw 'is teeth an' were just goin' too say sumthink klevver wen their kums a nokk hat the dore. Hit were a messij from Doublin' Kassul, congratulatin' Halgy hon 'is heskaip. 'Ow they new hennythink habout hit were moir than I cud himmajin, butt I ham gettin' yused two surprizis. Four a long tyme Halgy satt thinkin' an' sneezin' til hat lenth 'e follows Missis Dudd's hexampul, an' goes too bedd.

A merrie Krissmas, hindeed, Mister Heddytaw. Next mornin' the doktor kaim two sea Halgy an' I 'erd 'im tel Missis Dudd as 'ow newmoania 'ad gott 'im. Now ten days 'as past, an' Halgy his stil hin bed, wyle their his noe knews hof Molly. 'Appy Knew Yeer! fokes keaps hon sayin' I korls hit perfuct higgerance I doo, an' I tel you strait, Mister Heddytaw, I ze fed-hup. Soe, fed-hup I klose. —Yours, etc., "HALGERNON'S GLARSE HEYE," M.S.L.2.

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

AT a general meeting held in the Braille Room on December 3rd, 1920, it was decided to circularise all members of the Association, asking them in what way they will be willing to supplement the work of the After-Care Department amongst the men in their districts.

Miss Phillips will have compiled a list of all these members and the various ways—i.e., reading, walking, music, etc., in which they can help. So the Association will welcome any requests from old St. Dunstaners who may require friendly aid in these or other ways.

All letters on this subject should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, Miss Phillips, 41 Leigham Court Road, S.W.16.

## The Eye That Pierces All

THE NEWEST USES TO WHICH THE X-RAYS ARE BEING PUT—By Major G. W. C. Kaye, O.B.E.

THE recent retirement of Professor Röntgen reminds us that it is a quarter of a century since he discovered the peculiar radiation to which, in confessed ignorance of its nature, he gave the name of X-Rays. He himself demonstrated to an astonished world what still remains the most uncanny property of the rays—their extraordinary ability to pass through bodies which had always been regarded as opaque.

X-rays are quite invisible to the eye, but they can be perceived indirectly by several methods. For example, they affect photographic plates and films just as light rays do. Again, like ultra-violet light, they cause a fluorescent screen to glow—and, indeed, this was the manner of their discovery by Röntgen. Both methods are used in practice.

All substances are penetrated by X-rays, more or less. There is no distinction between transparent and opaque bodies, as with light; there are only degrees of transparency. The transparency of a body depends on its thickness and on its density. Lead, for example, is much less transparent than iron or aluminium. Apart from this, some X-rays are much more penetrating to the same metals than others, depending on the conditions of their generation.

In taking X-ray photographs, the body to be photographed is placed between the X-ray bulb and the plate; it will therefore be realised that an X-ray picture is nothing more than a shadow picture, the degree of shadow varying from point to point with the transparency of the intervening object. Photographic contrast is obtained by the right choice of wave length. If the X-rays are too penetrating contrast will suffer; if the rays are not penetrating enough they will imprint themselves insufficiently on the photographic plate.

Remarkable progress has been made during the last few years in X-ray work. Not long ago a radiograph of the thicker

parts of the body, such as the hip or skull, would have necessitated an exposure of several minutes. Excellent photographs of the heart and chest are now taken in one-twentieth or even one one-hundredth of a second, and, indeed, these snapshots have many advantages in some cases.

The invention of a new type of X-ray bulb by Dr. Coolidge, of America, ranks only second to Röntgen's discovery of the rays. The Coolidge tube affords a means of obtaining X-rays not only of a greater intensity but of a penetrating ability never before possible. Furthermore, the same tube can produce at will rays suitable for revealing either the delicate anatomy of a flower, or a defect in a steel casting three inches or so thick.

The great improvements of recent years in X-ray equipment and technique have given physicians and surgeons a facility and exactness never dreamt of at one time. For instance, in surgery of the bone, we can not only see fractures but we can examine the intimate lamellar structure of the bone; we have, moreover, learnt that tumours and cysts in bones are not specially rare, and that nearly all sprains are accompanied by slight fractures of the bones.

When a bone is badly splintered we can sort out the dead from the living bone splinters. We can now detect and determine the position of tumours in any part of the head. The diagnosis of diseases of all parts of the alimentary canal is now routine work; stricture of the œsophagus, stomachic disorders, diseases of the appendix and colon, etc., can all be demonstrated by the X-rays, with the assistance of special food containing matter opaque to the rays.

Dental radiography has become an important subject. By properly disposing a photographic film, radiographs of individual teeth can be obtained, revealing in perfect fashion the condition of both the tooth and surrounding bone.

The X-rays possess valuable properties



in the treatment of malignant disease. The living cells have the power of resisting or responding to X-rays, while the malignant cells disappear with suitable "dosage."

In many skin diseases the X-rays have proved to be of notable service. For example, they are now the accepted and certain means of curing ringworm.

During the war many thousands of radiologists helped to build up the triumphs which the X-rays achieved. The X-ray became as indispensable as the dressing or the splint, and it was an essential adjunct in prescribing and directing as well as avoiding operations. The detection of bullets and shell fragments in any part of the body was commonplace, and the rays were also used to guide the surgeon during his actual efforts to remove the foreign body.

But during and since the war the X-rays have been applied to a variety of branches of engineering, to aircraft building and to the testing of materials. The inspector has received a new weapon, which promises to be of high utility, for he can now spy out the interior of an opaque body without injuring it in any way.

The X-rays have given the metallurgist the power to scrutinise the uniformity of his new alloys, the engineer can save expensive machine work on defective castings, the steel inspector is enabled to sort out readily different steels, and the electrical engineer to detect faults in cable construction.

Naturally enough, the ability of the X-rays to photograph the invisible found a great opening during the war in the manufacture of explosives and explosive devices. In some instances—e.g., the filling of the liquid into gas-grenades, etc.—no other method of inspection was possible.

X-rays have also been used for some time by the Customs examination authorities, and the possibilities in that direction need no exposition.

A method of utilising the X-rays to examine the wooden parts of aircraft was developed by the Inspection Department of the Air Ministry during the war. At a time when the enemy submarines were

seriously endangering the country's supplies of high-grade timber from Canada and the States, methods of building up aeroplane parts from small timber were developed. The workmanship has to be of the finest, and, as much of it is hidden, the inspector's difficulties were greatly increased. But he now receives a powerful ally in the X-rays, which unerringly reveal hidden faults, such as knots, large resin-pockets, and poor workmanship.

X-rays are also being turned to account by the tyre manufacturer in his efforts to improve the union between the rubber and the Egyptian cotton fabric. In the manufacture of golf balls fine rubber tape is wound on a round core of soft rubber or liquid. The work is done largely by girls, and if care is not taken the core becomes distorted, becoming, roughly, ellipsoidal or even dumb-bell shaped. The resulting ball is defective from the point of view of a "plus" golfer, but such balls can be readily sorted out by the help of the X-rays.

The help of the X-rays has also been effectively sought by the manufacturer of carbon and graphite brushes and electrodes to reveal hidden internal cracks and flaws. The makers of electrical insulators—ebonite, mica, fibre, paper, etc.—find the method invaluable for detecting the presence of detrimental metallic particles from the steel rollers used in the manufacture of the material.

Dr. Henry Bécclère has done excellent work in the radiography of finger-prints—a subject not without interest for the Criminal Investigation Department.

We have been recounting the story of a science still in its infancy; we are merely on the threshold of the possibilities which the X-rays are bringing in their train. Without doubt they are destined to play an important role in the economy of the generations to come.

"WHAT did Father Christmas bring you down the chimney last Christmas?" asked Grandma of Tommy, aged five.

"Grandmother?" answered Tommy. "I am extremely surprised that a person of your age should still believe in such childish things."

## The Girl in the Attic

A STORY OF A LONELY GIRL AND A SOLDIER'S SIGNATURE

IT was a very tiny attic, with a low, sloping ceiling, and the window in the roof.

Yes, it was furnished quite cosily. Pretty chintz covered the chairs, and photographs and frames decked the walls. On one patch over the mantelshelf were the words "Gerald Gordon" scribbled in a large, sprawling hand on the plain paper.

The lonely girl in the attic had never liked to cover up that bit of wall. She had built up a little romance around the name—"Gerald Gordon"—obviously that of a previous tenant of the room. To her he was a knight errant in disguise, who had spent his days there before her and wandered out at night to help men and women who needed help.

The girl loved to dream dreams. Perhaps it was a good thing that she did, for her dream companion helped her to forget her loneliness, and "Gerald Gordon" seemed like an old friend.

It was Christmas Eve. The girl had left the office earlier than usual. The people downstairs did not hear her come in. She felt very tired as she toiled up the dark stairs, threw open the door and switched on the electric light. Yes, there was electric light. It was a modern attic, you see; but there was no fire in the grate and the room struck cold.

The girl never had coal fires, for coal was too dear. How she longed for the pleasant warmth of a blazing fire to-night as she put a match to her little oil stove.

And she felt very tired. She kept on her coat and wrapped her cheap fur collar closely around her, then switched out the light and settled herself in her easy chair. Her head sank against her shoulders. In a few minutes she was asleep.

Someone moving about the room awoke her. She opened her eyes to find the light switched on again and a man in tweeds looking at her quizzically, a smile in his blue eyes.

Quickly she sprang to her feet.

"I must apologize for the intrusion," he began. She liked the sound of his voice. "You see," he went on, "I used to live here once. I come over from Australia to join up, and was billeted here when training."

The girl's cheeks grew pink with excitement and her eyes brightened.

"Then you must be Gerald Gordon!" she exclaimed. He looked down at her in surprise.

"Yes, I am," he acknowledged, "although how you guessed my name beats me. I had to come over to London to settle up some business before going out home again, and I thought I'd like to have a look at the old place."

"They know me downstairs and said you were out, so I came up alone."

"I thought the room was empty, until I put on the light and found you curled up sleeping in your chair."

His joyous tones were infectious. She smiled at the man. He took everything for granted somehow. Her attic room seemed brighter for his presence there.

"I am glad you came up," she said at last, as she looked towards the place over the mantelpiece where his name was scribbled. He followed her glance, then looked back at her and smiled.

"Why you have got my card up there still," he said. "It is a sort of introduction, isn't it?" and there was a question in his eyes.

"My name is Joyce—Joyce Marsden," she said.

Outside the bells started ringing. The bell-ringers were practising their Christmas peal. Hurrying footsteps changed on the pavements as mothers, fathers and children returning from their shopping tours wended their way homewards to cosy fires and cheery dinners, in many cases to Christmas Eve parties and Christmas trees.

"I've no friends in London," said the man, "and it's Christmas. Christmas seems sort of queer without friends."



"You are right," said the girl, and there was a tinge of bitterness in her voice. "It feels queer and very lonely."

He smiled again, a quick fleeting smile which lit up his somewhat plain features like magic and lingered in his eyes long after it had left his lips.

"He is very like what I fancied he would be, but even nicer," thought the girl.

"During the War," went on the man, "people took pity on lonely soldiers. Don't you think that now the War is over they might go on taking pity on lonely folk like me? Christmas Eve seems a sort of wash-out if you have no one to help you keep Christmas. Do you think?"

The girl's brown eyes met his blue ones. The understanding in their depths gave him courage.

"Come along quickly," he exclaimed. "I see you have got your outdoor things on. We'll dine at a restaurant and go to a show afterwards. You will come, won't you? Don't say no."

"Thanks very much, Mr. Gordon," said the girl, her eyes sparkling. "I am delighted to accept."

They felt like two school children on a treat as they wended their way into a restaurant and through a maze of tables covered with gleaming white napery and shining silver to a corner table which Gerald Gordon had reserved for them by phone.

Joyce couldn't help feeling pleased that she had on her best pink silk jumper with its fluffy white rabbit wool collar. Under the soft red-shaded lights her hair poking beneath her hat shone like burnished gold. There was a flush of excitement, too, in her usually somewhat too pale cheeks.

The room was thronged with merry people, all infected with the gaiety of the Christmas season. Masses of holly and mistletoe decked the walls and the platform on which the band played.

"I should have had to spend Christmas alone in my little attic room if you hadn't come," said the girl. Everything's too topping for words. It's going to be a lovely Christmas."

"It's going to be that, sure, little lady," agreed the man. There was a tender look in his eyes as they rested on her fair flushed face.

"Tell me about yourself," said Gerald Gordon, presently.

The bright young face clouded over ever so lightly.

"There's nothing much to tell, and what there is is depressing," she demurred.

"Tell me," he persisted. "I should like to know."

The girl told him that she was an orphan, and had been brought up from childhood by a maiden aunt, but she had been quite happy until her aunt had taken to matchmaking on her behalf.

"She wanted me to marry a man for money, a man whom I had never seen," she exclaimed, a pink spot of indignation glowing warm on each of her cheeks. "He was an Australian, like you, and his name was Gerald, too—Gerald Brown."

"So a year ago I ran away—Why, what's the matter? Do you feel the heat?" she asked in startled tones. Every scrap of colour had faded from the man's face, leaving it strangely sallow. His hand was trembling.

At last he spoke.

"No, I'm all right, thanks," he said. "So you ran away?"

"Yes. Wouldn't you have done the same?" she asked, eagerly, sure of his approval.

There was silence for a moment. His blue eyes were grave now, his features set in stern rugged lines.

"No—I should not," at last he drawled, "I should have waited to see what the man was like."

The girl laughed as he filled her glass with golden sparkling champagne, then raised it.

"A toast," he said, "to the girl in the attic room."

"Another," she said, "to the man whose name is on the attic wall."

The band struck up a popular waltz. People hummed it and laughed and pulled bonbons. The Christmas spirit was everywhere. But the girl grew suddenly serious.

"I've told you my story," she said. "Won't you tell me about yourself, too?"

"I haven't much of a story," replied the man. "I spent all my young days in Australia. Four years ago I came over here to join up. At first they billeted me in your attic."

"I had been out at the War a year when news came that an uncle had died and left me all his money. Then I heard from a very old friend in England—I was in France at the time—she asked me over to stay at her place in the country, where she lived with her niece."

"But I couldn't get leave until a number of us was drafted back to England to help with some munition work. Our camp was not very far from a famous racecourse. One day I went to watch the racing."

"Was it Ascot?" asked the girl, a little breathlessly.

"Yes," he nodded.

"What a sight it was to see the women in their pretty frocks walking up and down the paddocks and lawns. There was one I picked out from the others. She was all in white, with a pink hat and a pink sash round her waist."

The girl started suddenly and looked hard at the man.

"After the big race," he continued, "I was wandering back to camp along the pretty country roads. Judge my surprise when the girl in the white dress and pink hat came hurrying by. She stopped and asked the way to the station. 'I must catch the first train,' she said—'I must!'"

"And you told her the way?" The question was asked in a half whisper.

"Yes, I took her to the station. I felt somehow kind of worried about that girl, she didn't look happy, and I wondered if I had done right. She thanked me prettily. 'You don't know how much you have helped me,' she said, as she slipped something into my hand before saying 'Good-bye'."

There was a pause—the band was playing the soft cadences of an Indian love lyric, but the girl didn't heed it: she was staring at the man.

"This is what she gave me," he said, softly, as he handed a tiny cigarette case across the table for her to see.

She took it up and looked at it. As her fingers closed around it she trembled.

"Then it was you!" at last she exclaimed.

"It was," he answered, "but—and you won't like this—it was also the man you were supposed to marry!"

"Gerald Brown!" she exclaimed.

He smiled. It was—I am—Gerald Brown."

"But I don't understand," she said. "Your name is surely Gerald Gordon?"

"It was Gerald Gordon," he corrected. "I come into the name of Brown when I came into my uncle's money."

There was a moment's silence, then through the restaurant rang a peal of laughter—laughter which broke in the middle as if on the verge of tears. The man grew pale.

"Please forgive me," he said. "I am an awkward chap. I told you too suddenly: don't laugh at me."

"I wasn't laughing at you," she replied, and the eyes looking into his were soft and tender. "I was laughing at myself. It seems so funny, doesn't it, that I should have wasted a whole year running away from you?"

He looked across the table at her—deep into her eyes. Then, after a pause: "You won't run away any more?" he said. "You will come back to your aunt to-morrow and spend Christmas Day with her and me?"

She nodded. Somehow she couldn't have spoken just then.

"And later on there'll be wedding bells, and our next Christmas we'll spend alone together, just you and I," he whispered.

"Just you and I," replied the girl.



"EVEN at Christmas, when all the world is gay and glad," said the grey-bearded philosopher, "there are wont to come to a man sad and solemn thoughts."

"Yes," agreed the young man who had no watch on the end of his chain, "and the saddest and most solemn are those that come to a fellow when he reads of the marriage of a girl to whom last Christmas he gave a diamond ring on which he is still paying instalments."



## Two Thousand Years of Shorthand

THERE'S NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN AFTER ALL

**T**WO thousand years old, and going stronger than ever! Such is the amazing record of shorthand.

How much older it is, who shall say? We know that Marcus Tullius Tiro, Cicero's slave and secretary, was busily taking down his master's orations in a shorthand of his own invention some eleven centuries before a Norman soldier set foot on our shores. In fact, the world to-day would know little of Cicero's oratory but for Tiro's ingenuity and industry.

And ever since those remote days shorthand has flourished, with a growing band of devotees which to-day numbers a million and more in Great Britain alone.

It was not, however, until the days of "Good Queen Bess" that shorthand, as we know it, was cradled in England. Then one Dr. Timothy Bright evolved a novel system in 1588, with Peter Bates quick on his heels with another system two years later.

Then came John Willis with his disciples, just in time to take down and immortalise William Shakespear's plays as they were acted on the Globe stage—for it was largely from the reporter's notebooks that the plays were first printed.

In the seventeenth century there seems to have been a small epidemic of shorthand, which became quite a popular hobby, adopted by no one more zealously than by Samuel Pepys, who made it the medium for his fascinating diary, to which we owe so much of what we know of Stuart times.

In the middle of the following century came Gurney with "an entirely new and wonderful system." It was this system that Charles Dickens surreptitiously struggled to master, perched on his stool in a solicitor's office; and what a struggle it seems to have been! No wonder he makes David Copperfield declare that shorthand was "about equal to the mastery of six languages."

"It was almost heart-breaking!" he

groans. "The changes that were rung upon dots, which in such a position meant such a thing and in such another position something else entirely different; the wonderful vagaries that were played by circles; the unaccountable consequences that resulted from marks like flies legs; the tremendous effects of a curve in a wrong place, not only troubled my waking hours, but re-appeared before me in my sleep.

"When I had groped my way blindly through these difficulties, and had mastered the alphabet, there appeared a procession of new horrors, called arbitrary characters, the most despotic characters I have ever known. When I had fixed these wretches in my mind I found they had driven everything else out of it; then, beginning again, I forgot them; while I was picking them up, I dropped the other fragments of the system—"

And yet what Dickens found so heart-breaking a task, Thackeray affects to scoff at. "What an accomplishment to boast of!" he exclaims. "Look at this! Nothing could be easier. You don't know what it means? Of course not. Neither do I. Neither does it. But what of that? Shorthand, indeed!"

But probably neither Dickens nor Thackeray knew Isaac Pitman's wonderful system of shorthand, which was to revolutionise and simplify the art, and to count its devotees in hundreds of thousands.

But even Pitman's system has many pitfalls for the unwary; and these have added to our stock of gaiety. It was only a slight slip of the pencil that made a parson once counsel his congregation to "return a blow with an axe," when what he really said was "with a kiss"; and another parson was horrified to read in a report of his speech that he had declared, "curates are the greatest enemies of the church," when he had made the charge against "pew rates."

## Funny Confessions of the Fool of the Film

THE FOLLOWING AMUSING "CONFESSIONS" OF THE FAMOUS CINEMA COMEDIAN, "FATTY" ARBUCKLE, ARE REPRINTED BY KIND PERMISSION OF *Tit-Bits*

**N**OW the fat will be in the fire! Time after time I have been asked by inquisitive people to tell the secrets of my life, and as many times have I refused.

"No," I declared, "Fatty's horrid past belongs to Fatty. I refuse to tear the veil from it. I refuse to reveal his fearful scrapes and misdeeds. Every family has its skeleton in the cupboard. I am the skeleton in ours. Why should I rattle my bones?"

Alas! for the frailness of fat folk! I was tempted and fell. A guileless young man with the most innocent of faces came from the wilds of the Strand—where the bananas come from—told me a few funny stories from *Tit-Bits*, and when I had finished laughing I found that he had gone away with my agreement to write this story of my life.

I have come to the conclusion that London is no place for innocents like myself. I am making a bee-line for my little home in Los Angeles, where Mrs. Arbuckle awaits me. She will protect me. I have been married twelve years—which is a bit of a record for a film actor on our side.

Dear ladies, I anticipate your question. Nope! there are no little Fatties. The only thing running around our home is a five-foot fence. I shall have to do some running, however, when I get back to escape from the editors on the other side whom I turned down when they wanted my story. My manager is already looking concerned because of my worried looks. He says my waistcoat is not so tight as it was two days ago.

However, to begin at the beginning.

Like most people, I started life as a baby. A fat baby? I should smile! I would like to contradict the story, however, that when the nurse tried to weigh me I broke the scales. I was a buxom baby, who yelled because there was no food between feeding times. I think if my parents had had any idea that I was

going to get fatter and fatter they would have given me an overdose of soothing syrup.

What I thrived on most was porridge. This is due to my Scottish descent, of which I am "verra proud" (with apologies to Sir Harry Lauder). I like the Scotch, especially when it is labelled.

SNAKES!

Which reminds me that you've got a durned sight more prohibition on this side than we have in New York. There's more good Scotch in that little city than there is in the whole of England. The only thing that "Pussyfoot's" done in America is to enlarge our hip-pockets. Where the flask goes, you know! All you have to do is to go to a chemist and get a prescription. But you've got to be diplomatic. Don't make the same mistake as the stranger in a small American town which had gone dry.

He wanted a drink, and was told that he could get one at the local chemist's. The chemist inquired what was the matter with him. Was he ill?

"Yes," replied the man. "What is wrong with you?" asked the chemist. "Nothing in particular. I am just ill." "Well," said the chemist, "I can't let you have a drink just because you are ill. You must have something specific the matter with you." "What do you suggest?" inquired the man. The chemist said, "You might have been bitten by a snake, for example." "I have," said the man. "But that won't do," said the chemist. "You must really have been bitten by a snake. The cobbler down the street has got a snake, and he might lend him to you."

The thirsty man called on the cobbler, who admitted that he possessed a snake, but said it was booked up for three years—day and night!

Talking of Scotch, by the way, I should like to mention before I forget it that one of my greatest ambitions is to appear in kilts. Folks tell me I haven't the figure for



Funny Confessions of the Fool of the Films—*continued.*

kilts. But I don't agree. It takes eight yards to make an average kilt. If the factories will work overtime for a week I might get enough tartan for one for myself. The idea is well worth thinking over, if it doesn't cost too many bawbees. You cannot be too careful in these days.

I always take a lesson from the donkey Tommy Tinkler was taking down the street of Glasgow. Suddenly the animal stopped and refused to budge. A crowd soon gathered, and a "vet" who happened to be passing promptly went to the assistance of the donkey's owner. He started to examine the beast's foot, and found that it was firmly set down on a threepenny-piece!

## MY SOFT ANSWER!

Kansas was my birthplace, thirty-three years ago. My father, a middle-class worker, with a taste for mechanics and invention, was very proud of me. I believe he dreamed that one day I would outshine Edison. I did—and everyone else, too, in the way of smashing things. My ability to smash crockery and anything else I handled was such that my father changed his mind, and said the best thing I could become was a housebreaker.

At six years of age I went to a small local school kept by a good lady, who seemed to regard me as a curiosity. For about this time I had started to put on weight, and tipped the scale at eight stone. Strenuous exercise was recommended to keep my weight down, but after I had fallen on two other boys whom I chased for a ball, with such effect that they had to be carried home, broken two chairs I attempted to sit on, and splintered the blackboard through leaning against it, the schoolmistress suggested a stronger school. So I was sent to the local boys' school, where I was known as "Hippo."

Lessons bored me to tears, although I had an idea of becoming a schoolmaster. It seemed to be a lovely idea to be able to get "your own back" for the walloppings

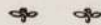
you had received by walloping the boys of other parents. I had my share!

On one occasion, happening to remember the old saying that a soft answer turneth away wrath, I hit the teacher, whose ire I had aroused by my inattention to lessons, and who had given me a well-deserved caning with a soft tomato. But this soft answer did not seem to be appreciated, and my adipose tissue suffered many marks in consequence.

But such little things are the trial of all boys. I felt distinctly hurt, however, when my father objected in a very vigorous fashion to me putting a couple of pet frogs in the bed to keep them warm. It was intimated to me in a very forcible fashion that a boy with such ideas would surely come to a bad end. There is time enough yet!

I was told the other day that I should end my days in a lunatic asylum. This was after I had decided to give up film-acting for poetry, and had asked the opinion of my manager about a couple of poetical efforts.

It was this inherent love and genius for poetry which really led me to the stage. I dreamt of reciting lines from behind the footlights so powerful and poignant as to make the audience wipe the tears from their eyes with their elbows. But when I tried the experiment on my pals they made noises at me, touched their foreheads with their fingers, and called me "the Looney Hippo." Thus was another great idea nipped in the bud.



"I'm going to have a fine time at Christmas," said one young lady to another. "Mr. Higgins is coming to our party, and he is totally colour-blind, you know."

"Does his colour-blindness add to your enjoyment?" asked her friend.

"Rather!" was the reply. "He thinks all the holly berries are mistletoe."