

WITH PRESENTATION ART SUPPLEMENT



ST.
DUNSTAN'S
REVIEW

Monthly,
Price
6^d

No.56
Vol. V

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

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JUNE, 1921

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

Published at St. Dunstan's Hostel for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors, Regent's Park, London, N.W.1.

St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

No. 56.—VOLUME V.

JUNE, 1921.

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

EDITOR'S NOTES

THE Blinded Soldiers' Baby Competition which was announced in the April REVIEW has been a tremendous success. Over 250 photographs were entered and the judges had the greatest difficulty in choosing the winners. Lady Pearson was good enough to arrange the Judging Committee and we offer her, the Duchess of Hamilton and Mr. J. R. Wade, Editor of *Pearson's Magazine*, our very heartiest thanks for the trouble they took in the matter.

In Class I competition for the five prizes of 10s. each was so keen that it was quite impossible for the judges to distinguish between the seven best photographs, and we, therefore, gave two additional prizes of 10s. in this class.

In the special Inset given away with this REVIEW will be found the pictures of the winners, to whom we offer our best congratulations. *The Daily Mirror* also published the winners on Monday, 6th June, so that considerable publicity has been given to the Competition, and in years to come the winning babies will be able to keep the special Inset in this number and *The Daily Mirror* pictures as souvenirs of the occasion.

The judges were unanimous in their opinion that they had never seen such a splendid lot of babies before, as the following letters received from them will show.

FROM THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON:—

TO THE EDITOR "ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW"

"Dear Sir,—Thank you for your kind letter and the copy of ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW, in which I was much interested.

"It was a great pleasure to see the photographs of so many splendid children. The one difficulty we three judges found was to make the choice when all were so attractive.—Believe me, yours faithfully. (sgd) NINA HAMILTON OF BRANDON."

FROM LADY PEARSON:—

TO THE EDITOR "ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW"

"Dear Sir,—Thank you so much for your letter. You know that nothing ever gives me more pleasure than to help St. Dunstan's in any way that I can.

"It was by no means an easy task to select the first and second honours from among so many beautiful babies. I only wish there had been more prizes to award.

"I was tremendously impressed with the healthy appearance of these children of our blinded soldiers and sailors, and great credit is due to the mothers for having achieved such a high standard of beauty and physique.

"Please send my most heartfelt good wishes to their parents for the long life, health and happiness of these babies whose interests I shall ever have at heart.—Yours sincerely, (sgd) ETHEL PEARSON."

FROM JOHN REED WADE, Esq. (EDITOR OF "PEARSON'S MAGAZINE") :—

TO THE EDITOR, "ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW"

"Dear Sir,—I was delighted to be of any service to St. Dunstan's however slight that service might be.

"The photographs I saw of the blinded soldiers' babies depicted, generally speaking, a splendid type of boy and girl, but, after all, I suppose it is not surprising when one remembers the fine type of British soldier who gave so much of himself during the war. The only difficulty was to select the few which were to receive prizes from the many that appeared to deserve them.—Yours faithfully,

(sgd) JOHN REED WADE (Editor)."



St. Dunstans' Competitions

MR. CHAS. J. JONES has very kindly offered a prize of 10s. for another competition, and we have decided to award the prize in a form of contest which should bring shoals of entries. Here is the question which competitors have to answer :—

"What is the most amusing mistake you have made as a result of being blind?"

The capacity of St. Dunstaners to laugh at their handicap has aroused a world's admiration, and here is the chance to make others laugh with you. We all know the old tag, "Laugh, and the world laughs with you; weep, and you weep alone," and we shall expect to be kept very merry in the work of judging this attractive competition.

There must have been dozens of occasions on which you have helped yourself to salt for sugar, tried to sit on a chair which wasn't there, and so on, and all you have to do is to describe as briefly as possible the most amusing experience of the kind you have had.

There is another little point which might be mentioned about this competition. We can all profit by our errors, humorous or otherwise, and there should be many useful tips to be gleaned from the selection of mistakes we shall print in the next number of the REVIEW.

Address your entries to "The Editor, ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW, Headquarters of St. Dunstan's Work, Inner Circle, Regent's Park, London, N.W.1," so as to reach us before the 6th July.

Letter from Her Majesty The Queen

THE following letter from Her Majesty's Private Secretary to G. F. Payne, a poultry-farmer and mat-maker living at Crow End, Arrington, near Royston, Herts., has been sent to us, and we have pleasure in reproducing it. Payne is to be congratulated upon having been so fortunate as to obtain this order and testimonial :—



BUCKINGHAM PALACE,

Dear Sir,

I write by command of the Queen to say that, if it would be of any help to you to tell your friends and customers that Her Majesty has recently purchased articles from your establishment, you are quite at liberty to do so.

I feel that it is unnecessary to assure you how keenly interested the Queen is in all that affects the welfare and happiness of the ex-Service man, and Her Majesty desires me to say that she gladly makes a special exception on this occasion, and gives permission for you to display this letter in your place of business.

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

(Signed) HARRY L. VERNEY,
Private Secretary
to H.M. The Queen.

A Reading Competition for the Blind

ON Saturday, May 28th, thirty-eight blind people visited the National Library for the Blind, Tufton Street, Westminster, in order to take part in the reading competition. This competition, it will be remembered, was initiated last year by Mr. Dixon, of Oxford, in memory of Miss Austin, and was a great success. There was no falling off in interest this year, and the competitors all showed great keenness.

The passages from literature selected for reading in Braille type in the preliminary test were one from Hardy's "Far from the Madding Crowd," and a poem from "Songs of a Sourdough," by Robert Service. The competitors entered in two classes, A and B; some of them were reclassified after the preliminary tests, and finally six competitors were selected in A Class and six in B Class for the finals.

The passages selected for the finals were :—*Class A* : "Shakespeare's Workmanship," by Quiller Couch, and a very difficult poem, "Reynard, the Fox," by Masfield; in *Class B* another passage from Hardy's "Far from the Madding Crowd," and the "Hunting of the Snark," by Lewis Carroll.

Professor Gilbert Murray, the famous Greek scholar, and Miss Rosina Fillippi, widely known as an elocutionist, most kindly consented to be judges and allotted prizes in Class A to (1) Miss Green, (2) Mr. Sharp, (3) Miss Last; Class B: (1) Mr. Chapple, (2) Mr. Natrass, (3) Miss K. Cole. These were presented by Viscount Grey of Falloden, who was specially interested in the competition, as he himself has recently had much trouble with his eyesight and has taken up the study of Braille. In the course of his delightful speech he showed his appreciation of the extraordinary proficiency shown by the competitors and recommended Braille as a hobby even to those possessed with sight. It was so comfortable, he remarked, to read in bed, especially during the cold weather, when the Braille book could be

kept under the bedclothes, and again, how convenient it was to doze off into a sleep and wake, if untroubled by indigestion, with the finger on the exact spot where you left off.

Miss Rosina Fillippi pointed out in a charming little speech how blind people when reading Braille brought out in a manner far more than sighted people the value and richness of words, and she laid stress on the remarkable syllabic pronunciation of blind readers. She also noticed that whereas a sighted reader when reading aloud passes hurriedly over some mistake which he may have made, the blind reader refuses to slur an error and goes back to correct a mistake.

Professor Gilbert Murray, who was one of the judges in last year's competition, stated that he could only repeat the conclusion at which he had previously arrived, that the competition was to him a proof of an immense store of spiritual courage and initiative which is inherent in everybody if they only knew. In this way blindness may even be a blessing in disguise, inasmuch as it brings out a latent force in the character which bears evidence to the indomitable heroism which frequently lies hidden in many an ordinary person's soul.

We may add that the arrangements for the competition made by the authorities of the National Library for the Blind were most ably carried out, and that the competition was a great success in every way.

A Perfect Marriage

THE village Women's Institute was anxious to start a library for the use of its members. One of the said members, an elderly woman, on being asked for her views upon the subject, said she should decline to have anything to do with the project, as "She had had three books given to her when she was married, and she had not had time to read them yet."

News of St. Dunstan's Men

EXHIBITED AT TROWBRIDGE

CSHEPPARD, a mat-maker at Warminster, has scored a creditable success at the Trowbridge Exhibition. He writes:—

"Thank you very much for sending me on the yarn, for which I enclose the payment. I am glad to be able to say I am still getting on well. You will be pleased to hear I took a first-class certificate and also a first-class certificate of merit for my mats at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition, Trowbridge, and I also received several orders as a result of my display there. With kind regards to you and all St. Dunstan's."



INVITED TO LECTURE

Our congratulations are due to F. J. Harris, of Great Burstead, near Billericay, for having been invited to lecture about poultry-farming to the Woman's Institute. He says in his letter:—

"Enclosed is the cash in payment of foodstuffs received. Things are brightening up a bit now with the poultry, and I am kept very busy with the chicks. I have three oak trays partly finished, and when I get some spare time I hope to send these along. I am taking the poultry-keeping so seriously that I devote all my time and attention to it and therefore have little time for anything else. My only regret is that I have not got it on a bigger scale, but of course I am doing my best to build my business up. I am in the centre of a poultry-keeping district now, and it is growing fast, and I have gained respect among many of the poultry-keepers regarding the knowledge I possess of rearing and feeding, and yet I prefer to seek knowledge first before giving, as I am learning something fresh nearly every day, and I get almost appalled by the tremendous lot there is to know on this subject. One never finishes learning, but I have got the start of most of them in having a good sound training to begin with, and for

this I am truly thankful. The monthly Poultry Notes in the Supplement are a very great boon, and I have derived great help from them. I am now rearing chicks on the dry mash system and using the mashes prescribed in the April edition of your Supplement. These recipes for feeding are of more than ordinary value to me. They give me another leg up when people remark how grand my chicks look and ask, 'What do you feed them on?' I always reply, 'Oh I mix my own foods, for I understand all that,' and this makes a big impression. A few weeks ago I was asked to give a lecture on chick rearing at the local branch of the Woman's Institute, and I did so to the satisfaction of everyone. The members of the Institute told me I had given a very good lecture."



MATS PLEASE EVERYBODY

R. Baker, a mat-maker, of Chopwell, writes:—

"I now take pleasure in writing to you to let you know how well I am getting on with my mats. I am gathering speed in working on them, thanks being due to the Instructor and also to good old St. Dunstan's. It cannot get too good a name. It has saved many a man's life. I get good sale for my mats here. As you know there is no one here making them but myself, and everybody is pleased with them, as they cannot get better quality anywhere. The strike has knocked me back a bit, but I have a few on hand for when things get settled again. I am glad to tell you that I have got my name on the curtain at Chopwell Picture Hall for mats, and it is also an advertisement for St. Dunstan's. My wife says we are better off now than we were in pre-war days, thanks to St. Dunstan's."



WORKING HARD FOR SUCCESS

The following is extract of letter from G. Lawty, of Bridlington, received by Capt. Fraser:—

—From all parts of the World

"I wish to tender my best thanks for the congratulations which you send me. Since I have left St. Dunstan's I have been ambitious to do my uttermost to make a good success of what was offered us whilst in training by Sir Arthur. I can assure you that it is still my desire to keep up the same interest. Once again I thank you for what you have done for us, and are still doing, and also the experts who periodically visit us to help and advise."

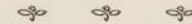


A FINE TANDEM RIDE

Again we congratulate A. M. Nichols on the splendid tandem-cycle ride he mentions in his letter which follows. Our readers will recognise Nichols as the

plucky fellow who in spite of having lost both his arms as well as his sight is able to get on so well with his work and recreation also:—

"With reference to the recent publication in the REVIEW dealing with the tandem ride from London to Brighton in 4½ hours, it will no doubt interest you to know that on Saturday last I rode from London to Cheltenham, twice the distance, in 8 hrs. 47 mins., and completed the return journey in eight hours. This will I am sure give you some idea of my physical fitness, and I can assure you it is very gratifying when I realize that on many occasions I have been so near taking a short ride under entirely different circumstances."



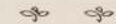
St. Dunstan's Day Concert

SPECIAL interest attached to the concert given at the Bungalow, Regent's Park, by the Anglo-American Society on the evening of the 19th May, by reason of the re-appearance after his long illness of Mr. George Thorne, than whom no finer exponent has ever been known of Gilbert and Sullivan opera. By most old Savoyards Mr. Thorne's "Jack Point" is always regarded as the ideal playing of that part. A famous critic wrote: "His infectious humour, his poignant pathos, his fine ability to smile at grief, his physique and his sympathy with the part rendered him supreme. With all due appreciation of all the other artists who have essayed it, George Thorne lives in it—is it."

Mr. Thorne, although not yet fully recovered in health, showed all his old artistry in songs from "Iolanthe," "Gondoliers" and "Pinafore."

Another famous contributor to the programme was Miss Margaret Cooper, who delighted all with her songs at the piano, and much appreciated also were the pianoforte solos of Miss Chilton Griffin and the rousing songs of Mr. William Batey.

Prior to the opening of the concert, Sir Arthur, who, with Lady Pearson, Lady Alexander, Sir Alfred and Lady Fripp and Lady Regnart, were among the large company present, spoke a few hearty words of welcome to the artists and guests, and reminded his audience that it was the anniversary of St. Dunstan's Day—a date which, during and since the years of the war, had come to have in the hearts of many thousands throughout the Empire a wonderful meaning and very happy memories.



WIFE: "Dear me, you can never find a thing without asking me where it is. How did you get along before you were married?"

"Things stayed where they were put then."



MRS. NAGGLY: "I suppose if I were to die to-morrow you'd marry some other woman immediately!"

Mr. Naggly: "Not right away. I'd take a little rest first."

The Haunted House

By William Freeman

IT was an advertisement in *The Hello* that brought Jimmy Brayle down from his stuffy lodgings in Clapham. "To Let," it began seductively. "Eight-roomed house, conveniently arranged, partially furnished. Rent £50. Apply Miss Wrenham, Wayfarer's Lane, Frittleford, Essex." He decided to let journalism go hang for a day, and caught the 9.15 from Liverpool Street.

Miss Wrenham proved to be young and emphatically pretty. (She was also acutely shy, though you mightn't have guessed it.)

"No," she told him, "the house isn't let yet. Perhaps you'd like to look over it?"

Jimmy would like. They walked down the lane—her own cottage was at the entrance—through a gate, across a lawn that badly needed mowing, and so to a blistered front door. Jimmy found himself introduced into a hall, with rooms on the right and left, and a staircase facing him. Dotted about the rooms—they visited each in turn—were pieces of furniture of crude design and finish.

"You've had other tenants recently?" Jimmy inquired.

"Several."

"But they didn't stay?"

"Obviously."

He flushed at his own stupidity and the frostiness of her tone. The window at which they were standing overlooked a desolate garden, at the end of which was a corrugated-iron shed. Beyond that was fence and then open fields stretching out to the crest of the hill.

"Your own house is the nearest I assume?"

"Yes."

"Hang it all!" Jimmy told himself. "A business-like conversation is one thing, but this goes a stage further. Another ten minutes and I'll be frozen solid!" Aloud he said, "I think I'll take the place."

"Thank you," said Miss Wrenham, and they returned to the garden.

"By the way," said Jimmy, "what's the name of it?"

"Officially," said the girl slowly, "its 'The Pomegranates.' But the people here generally speak of it as 'Sanderson's Folly.' My solicitors are Messrs. Gale and Chendy. You may care to call on your way back to the station."

"Jimmy called. Gale and Chendy, personified by a weedy clerk, received him unemotionally. He put one or two questions, but the answers were not illuminative. One, however, stuck in Jimmy's memory.

"Suppose you're taking the place with the option of leaving at the end of the first month?" said the weedy clerk.

"It hadn't occurred to me. Have the other tenants had the clause inserted?"

"Only the last two." The clerk strangled a yawn. "The others left without troubling about a clause—mostly before the end of the first week."

Mr. Brayle was not without his share of courage, but a slight chill ran down his spine. Perhaps if his rooms had been less appallingly unattractive, he might have written, backing out of his bargain. But he didn't write. And within the next week the agreement had been prepared and signed, and he had gone down to enter into formal possession.

He walked briskly from the station yard, where his possessions were piled awaiting removal to the lane, and obtained the keys from Miss Wrenham.

He slept at the "Saracen's Head" that night, breakfasted, and after visiting the station, called on Juppson, the local carrier, with a view to the removal of his chattels. Mr. Juppson was willing enough—until the mention of the word "Sanderson's."

"Don't mind taking your little lot as far as the front door, sir," he said, "but that's the limit."

"But why not carry 'em into the hall?"

"Not me, sir," said Mr. Juppson definitely.

Again that little shiver of apprehension ran down Jimmy's spine. He changed the conversation.

"Do you happen to know of anyone who undertakes charing, and so forth?" he inquired.

Mr. Juppson did know of someone—several people, in fact—and furnished their names and addresses. Mr. Brayle, somewhat cheered, embarked on a series of interviews.

Mrs. Trippett, of Minerva Row, did occasional charing. But Sanderson's—wild 'orses wouldn't drag her to the door! Mrs. Tarling (ditto), was always glad to earn an honest penny, but there were some jobs that no woman could be expected to undertake.

There were other addresses, but the result was the same. The natural optimism of Mr. Brayle was sagging badly by the time he had got back to the house to meet Mr. Juppson and his cargo.

Within limitations, Mr. Juppson proved all that could be desired in the way of an assistant. But he took uncommonly good care not to set his foot beyond the doorstep.

Jimmy went to the "Saracen's Head" for luncheon—and meditation.

An hour later he returned to the house, equipped with his bag and a supply of provisions, mainly tinned. The bag he carried to the front bedroom, the provisions to the kitchen. A bachelor's supply of bedding, cutlery and so forth had already been delivered, and for the rest of the day he pottered about industriously, feeling very adventurous and free. He climbed into bed soon after ten, but it was more than an hour before he fell asleep.

At something past twelve, a loud creaking sound aroused him. He sat up listening intently, decided that there was nothing worth worrying about, lay down again, and in a few minutes, had once more drifted into a tired man's oblivion.

At two o'clock he was aroused a second time by a further series of creaks, and then the sound of some heavy object traversing the room. He slid out of bed on the side further from the sounds, and waited, his heart thudding. A shaft of moonlight suddenly flooded the room, including an uncouth-looking dressing chest. As Jimmy watched, he saw the thing take an uncertain little run towards him, pause,

swaying, and then move again.

Most fears are capable of being obliterated by sheer amazement. And in Jimmy's case amazement was very much top dog. He had no conception as to how or why this thing was happening, but now he understood why none of the other tenants had stayed and why the house was avoided by the neighbourhood.

He waited for some minutes, but nothing further moved, and at last, with chattering teeth, he got back into bed. It was some considerable time before he fell asleep, and broad daylight when he awoke.

He dressed, and proceeded very thoroughly to explore the house and garden, though he hardly knew what he expected to find—footprints of stealthy feet on the flower beds perhaps, some tangible clue to the night's mysteries. But whatever he expected, he found nothing. He returned to the house, breakfasted, and was standing at the front door rolling a cigarette, when he perceived the approach of Miss Wrenham. He went to meet her.

"Good morning," said Miss Wrenham, slightly breathless. "I—I merely called to enquire if you were settling down satisfactorily."

"Quite," said Jimmy, "except for—" He paused, "except for the difficulty of getting help," he concluded.

"Really?"

"Yes. The domestic-labour problem seems rather acute. Or perhaps I'm a poor hand at solving it. Otherwise I've nothing to complain about."

Miss Wrenham said that she was glad to hear it, commented on the weather, and departed.

He spent the rest of the day buying further necessaries and in distributing them. For if, he told himself doggedly, he were going to see the thing through he might as well make himself comfortable. In point of fact his slumbers that night were undisturbed. And the same applied to the next night and the next.

On the afternoon of the following day there was a thunder-storm—one of those flash-and-bang affairs that seem too bright and theatrical to be altogether genuine. He had started out for the village, but the first downpour caught him before he was

fairly clear of the lane. He doubled back, took a short cut through the hedge, and came out at the rear of the house.

He let himself in, crossed the scullery, and came to a sudden halt. Facing him, a duster in her hand, was Miss Wrenham.

"Oh—h!" she breathed, and the duster dropped to the floor. "I—I thought you were out," pursued Miss Wrenham, "and I just looked in to—to—" She left the sentence unfinished and took up her hat. He could see that her fingers were trembling.

"I'm most frightfully grateful, and all that," said Jimmy, "but you can't go back in this weather." A blinding flash, followed by a rolling peal of thunder, emphasised his argument.

"I must. I—"

From overhead came a different sound—the slow rumbling of heavy furniture. Their eyes met. In the girl's was a blend of distress and defiance.

"Well?" said Jimmy.

"You—you've heard them before?"

"Of course." All I'm waiting for is the explanation.

"I can't explain. I mustn't." The defiance faded. She groped for her handkerchief, and, to his infinite embarrassment, began to cry.

"Don't," he implored, huskily.

"Presently she put away the handkerchief.

"I'm going to tell you," she said. "I can't stand it any longer. The thing's a nightmare. But first, I want to say that I came here this afternoon and two other afternoons, though I don't believe you guessed."

"I knew *someone* had been."

"Because I knew you'd never get any help from the village. They wouldn't tell you the reason—Frittleford is like that—but every man, woman and child believes the place to be haunted.

"And with some excuse," said Jimmy, grimly.

"Yes, it was left me by my uncle, Lucius Sanderson."

"The inventor of the Sanderson Anti-Friction Brake?"

She nodded. "He made a fortune out of the brake, and lost it again trying

to perfect a suite of automatic furniture that would make servants almost unnecessary. The electrical mechanism was far too complicated, and expensive and uncertain. The furniture would move about by itself, but it couldn't be relied upon to do even that when it was wanted. Some of it still moves by fits and starts, as you've discovered. And I don't know how to stop it."

"When my uncle died, four months ago, he was an embittered and disappointed man, determined that no stranger should reap the benefit of his invention. That was why he left me the place on condition that his experiments should be kept a secret, and that the furniture should remain as he had left it. I couldn't afford to occupy the house, or to have it empty, so—"

Jimmy interrupted her.

"Didn't he allow any latitude—with regard to keeping the secret, I mean?"

The colour suddenly flamed into her cheeks.

"None that we need discuss. In any case I'm required, by the terms of the will, to swear at the end of every twelve months that the conditions have been observed."

The light of battle flickered in Jimmy's eye.

"Eight months hence. And quite a lot of things may happen in eight months. Suppose you let me investigate the invention, and chance it—electrical engineering is rather a hobby of mine."

"If—If you think it worth while," said Miss Wrenham, with a touch of her old shy frigidity.

As Mr. Brayle observed, quite a lot of things may happen in eight months. Miss Wrenham herself admitted as much before they had expired. And in spite of Jimmy sharing the secret, the house is still her property, and the conditions of the late Uncle Sanderson's will duly observed.

"Provided," that interesting document concludes, "that the individual who shares the secret of my invention shall, within the stipulated period, have become the husband of my niece, the aforesaid Mary Wrenham."

Exactly.

Departmental Notes

Netting

BY the kind invitation of the Committee of the West Surrey Goat Club, we took a netting party to demonstrate at the Annual Exhibition held this year at Stoke Park, Guildford, on May 25th. Several hundred goats of very varied kinds were assembled in comfortable stalls under canvas, and in adjoining tents everything of interest to goat keepers, from up-to-date dairy equipment to the dressing of skins for the market, were very ably demonstrated. Our netting stall was set up in the open, and our two netters worked mostly on goat nets made of Manilla twine which found a ready sale on the spot, for immediate use. We were very kindly entertained by the ladies of the Committee, and we received many invitations to visit forthcoming flower and agricultural shows, to be held in Surrey this summer. We made the journey by car, and carried with us our own adjustable tents, and light folding tables and chairs. Our show of nets and wool rugs attracted much interest, and our two netters, H. McAteer and J. Meighan were much complimented on the proficient ease with which they carried on their work.

G. H. W.

Shorthand, Typewriting and Telephony

WE heartily congratulate the following men on having passed their Typewriting Test:—
H. C. Clarke, G. Southern and W. Nelson.

The best of luck and all good wishes to our two telephonists A. Peckham and J. Flemming in their new posts.

The former has been working for over two and a half years with the Disposals Board at Hackney Marshes, which has now only sufficient work for one man.

J. Flemming for a time gave up Telephony for other work, but has now decided to carry on with it, and a position has

been found for him as Telephonist to a firm of timber merchants in the Strand.

The Braille Room

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

Reading: F. Crabtree, J. Yarwood, J. P. J. P. Meighan, S. Brydsom, and A. Morgan.

Writing: A. T. Turrell, R. Warren, A. Hoey, J. Boon, J. Restall and F. S. Owen.

The short article by Mr. McCurdy in last month's REVIEW on Braille reading as a hobby has caused much discussion amongst the Braille teachers, and it is interesting to find that the majority of them often read Braille both for pleasure and relaxation.

St. Dunstan's

IN the valley of the shadows, where the sun can never shine,

God has painted many pictures, some are yours, but one is mine;
In the sunshine, on the uplands, there, where everyone may see,
God has painted still more pictures, but He kept the best for me.

In this world of sin and sorrows, in this land of sun and rain,
There are many sad to-morrows, there are many souls in pain,
But this picture God has painted from all sorrow set me free—
'Tis the picture of a mansion, and he builded it for me.

At the portals of this mansion all my pain was swept away,
At the brightness of my welcome my long night became as day;
As I gaze upon this picture, God's good hand I clearly see:—

"In My House are many mansions," but this one I built for thee.

Third Reserve.

News from the Workshops

MR. THOMAS BRIDGE, Chief Instructor in the Basket Shop, has been appointed Superintendent of the Royal Glasgow Asylum for the Blind.

The valuable work which Mr. Bridge has done at St. Dunstan's is well known; his ability and personal care for individual men have contributed largely to the successes achieved by our basket-makers, and his ready hand and considerate nature have put many on the way to overcome their difficulties and go ahead with undiminished courage.

We offer him sincere congratulations and best wishes from his fellow Instructors and all St. Dunstan's men, especially those who have been under his instruction at any time.

We have also to say farewell to another friend of St. Dunstaners, Mr. S. Banthorp ("Dad"), of the Boot Shop. Nothing was too much trouble for "Dad," and his men had the full value of his wide knowledge of the trade. The loss of his kind personality will be much felt by all.



BOOT DEPARTMENT

A new man in this shop, John Vernon, has started extremely well; a repair done by him would have been creditable even if he had been under instruction for months instead of weeks. W. H. Trussler has been showing keen interest, and is a promising man. W. Walter is also a very good tryer, and has made satisfactory advance. There is every prospect of F. Linley doing quite well; his general idea of the work is good. H. George can also do a very good job all round.

Several repairs of C. H. Marshall's have received special commendation; the work throughout is good, especially on edges, and his finish is excellent. A pair of ladies' suede shoes with quarter rubbers repaired by L. Johns were very good indeed. Another piece of work which attracted special notice, a dri-ped sole finished with

an excellent edge, is to the credit of A. G. Rogers. J. Fleming and M. H. Albertella have both been maintaining a thoroughly satisfactory standard of work. All the work done by G. Burnett is well up to the very good standard of repairs he previously reached.

In the Clog Shop J. L. Brooke has been making fine progress with brass nailing, lasting and hand sewing. A pair of Derby top clogs made by M. H. Oldroyd were excellent in all respects, and he has also been doing well with repairs of all descriptions, both in boots and clogs. A new man in the Clog Shop, J. S. Lever, has made a good start.



BASKET DEPARTMENT

At the centre cane table, R. Tudor has done some good work. B. C. Sexty has made some good work baskets, and C. Singleton has done well with wood base trays and round baskets. J. Iddiols makes good use of his time and turns out work of a good standard.

At willow work, A. Lillie has started well on round baskets, and C. Herring is reaping some advantage from his perseverance with round arms and barrels. Two dog baskets made by W. Bonner were very neat, and the recent work on small arm baskets of W. G. Ruddock is a marked improvement. A large square buff basket and also a dog basket made by R. Warren had good reports. G. W. H. Wright is improving steadily and has had good success with a square soiled linen basket. J. Noble has also done well with small shopping baskets and oval clothes baskets. Small square picnics and arm baskets, and also round work, have been done recently by G. Williams very carefully; the standard of his work is now very uniform. C. V. Smith has been advancing steadily and improving considerably in shape and the working of his rods. His progress on small hampers and square arms during the past

month has been very good. Several small square hampers and other work by G. J. Smith have been very pleasing. I. Corns made a good selection of baskets for stock, and has since done well with square hampers. Since our last reference, J. H. Matthews has been successful with garden chairs, round and square soiled linen baskets and hampers. W. J. Wood has also been getting through a good deal of varied work, and changes readily from one shape to another. E. Tatton is successful with whatever he undertakes, and has covered a large range of work for his stock in an excellent manner. E. J. Laker has resigned his position of pupil teacher in order to revise his whole range of work, and is doing exceptionally well. His duties as a pupil teacher were always well carried out, and we value his work equally with the men whom he assisted so thoroughly. Another man who is working very hard indeed is E. D. Martin; the interest he takes in his work is simply splendid, and the results he has obtained are of the same measure as his interest. Round work of all kinds, oval clothes baskets and garden chairs have been included in his recent work. Special mention must be made of a large travellers' hamper made by J. Simpson; he made it completely, fixing the roller battens, lining it and binding the corners with hide. It was one of the best pieces of work ever done in the shop.



MAT DEPARTMENT

C. Morton has completed his course with a number of mats of very good standard. A. T. Turrell has also passed his test and made some very good mats. A mat with five diamonds and another with initials, of S. G. Jordan, were also very good, and F. Hemsworth has also made several mats of the same good style as previously. The work done by W. Coleman during this month reached a good level standard, and mats made by A. J. Burtenshaw were also quite satisfactory. "W. Packwood, Mat Maker," was the lettering put on one mat this month; this was quite a good idea and should prove a valuable advertisement to this energetic pupil teacher when he leaves us in July. J. Hunter, his fellow pupil teacher, is now completing his course

of netting, and will return to the mat shop before leaving. We take the opportunity of thanking him for his useful and ready instruction given to all the men under his charge.



JOINERY DEPARTMENT

The general work throughout the shop during the month has been quite satisfactory, and the usual type of articles are in progress. Instructor Thomson has now returned after his recent accident, which, fortunately, did not prove to be serious. He has, since his return, been giving special attention to picture-framing. Instructors Pell and Caven will also deal with this work as occasion arises, and when any of their men are devoting their time to it.



PROFICIENCY CERTIFICATES

The following Proficiency Certificates were awarded during the past month:—

A. T. Turrell (mats); J. C. Stephens (mats); H. Northgreaves (boots); A. H. M. Wernham (mats); A. E. Thompson (mats); E. Tatton (willow baskets); J. H. Matthews (willow baskets); J. Edwards (willow baskets); A. G. Rogers (boots and mats); H. O. Garrett (boots and mats); M. H. Albertella (boots and mats); and C. Morton (mats). *W. H. O.*



The Hen that Laid Away

MARY has a little hen
That loves to lay away;
She made herself a little nest
In which her eggs to lay.

She made it 'neath a hawthorn hedge—

A very nasty place;
When Mary went to get the eggs
The thorns scratched all her face.

So Mary she reversed herself
(She meant to get those eggs)
The thorns pulled up her little skirt
And scratched poor Mary's legs.

Now Mary has another plan
Whene'er for eggs she seeks—
Oh, please don't whisper to a man—
Our Mary now wears "brecks."

Third Reserve.

Sports Club Notes

OUR Saturday Sports continue to flourish, and during the fine Saturdays there have been quite a large number of competitors. The keenness of the competition appears greater than ever, and it is extraordinary to notice the great improvement that many of the boys have made.

It is wonderful what can be done, even with a minimum of ability if we have the maximum of enthusiasm! Some of the men who thought themselves unable to run at all are doing splendid times in the sprints and in the various events. Paul Nuyens, who has only lately started sports, startled us all by beating the football scoring record of four consecutive goals by kicking seven goals right off the reel!

Father Howell testifies to the accuracy of the shooting of Nuyens, and of the boys generally. It is warm work this weather!

We are glad to have the services of Capt. E. S. Hervey in our sports. Capt. Hervey has kindly consented to assist us in rowing and sports whenever he has any available time, and his assistance will be most useful.

TUG-OF-WAR.

Our football competitions have rather overshadowed the tug-of-war, but when a challenge comes to hand, well! we must be up and doing in spite of warm atmospheric conditions. The other day a challenge was received from Col. Ffoulkes of the Church Lads Brigade Cadets, that their best eight should pull against our eight at a total weight of not over 90 stone! The pull is to take place at a big sports meeting to be held at Herne Hill on June 11th. I am sure that all will agree that this challenge cannot be ignored, and so forty of our men of various weights, waist measurements and sizes have sent in their names for the right to number amongst our St. Dunstan's eight. They are now busily practising, and we are fortunate in having Capt. Hervey and

Sgt. Hardacre of the police to "spot" out our best team. I understand that prizes are to be awarded to the winning eight and are to be presented by H.R.H. Prince Henry.

FOOTBALL.

It shows the keenness of our boys when they refuse to leave off playing footer even in June! When the League professionals are all resting after their winter campaign we are still carrying on, and shooting as hard as ever! Our Cup-tie matches are not enough it seems, for friendly events are being constantly arranged. A third match for instance was arranged between H. Northgreaves' Team and the Orderlies, which resulted in another win for the Orderlies by 3-2 after a draw of 1-1.

Certain other friendly matches are also in danger of taking place!

FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

Our last competition has given us many surprising results, for in many instances the favourite team has been beaten. After a very exciting series of matches the final was contested on Friday, 27th May, between the Biffem Wanderers, a new team with a curious name, and the Meighonians, the holders of the Cup. We were unfortunate in not being able to secure a professional to "keep" for us, but I find that as soon as the season is over, very few of the League players remain in London.

At Father Howell's request Orderly Mills very kindly kept goal and we had a thoroughly exciting game. The shooting was not as deadly as usual, due to "nerves," but yet Mills was fully occupied and made some splendid saves. After leading 2-0 at half-time the Meighonians retained their hold upon the Cup by beating the Biffems by 4-3. The Cup, in Sir Arthur's absence, was kindly handed to the winning Captain by Father Howell, and a series of cheers for winners, losers

and goalkeepers concluded a very successful competition.

A. James (3) and J. P. Meighan (1) scored for the winners, whilst R. Noble, Billington and Furniss obliged for the losers. The teams were as follows:—

BIFFEM WANDERERS		MEIGHONIANS	
J. Gibbons		J. P. Meighan (Capt.)	
G. F. Furniss		A. James	
J. Billington (Capt.)		A. Chaffin	
A. Ashley		J. H. Ham	
G. Southen		J. A. Bocking	
R. Noble		W. Shute	

LEADING GOAL SCORERS.

The following men head the list for goal scores throughout the competition. The fact that 138 goals were scored in the various matches proves the general accuracy of the shooting.

S.S.		T.B.	
R. Noble -	7	J. P. Meighan -	5
A. James -	6	A. Biggs -	4
J. Billington -	5	G. F. Furniss -	3
W. Ruddock -	5	F. Hemsworth -	3
R. White -	4	E. A. Pugh -	2
J. H. Tindall -	4	H. Northgreaves -	2
A. Chaffin -	4	J. A. Bocking -	2
J. H. Ham -	4	J. Morris -	2
T. J. Dunn -	4	B. Fitzpatrick -	2
		W. Coleman -	2

"GO AS YOU PLEASE COMPETITION."

Our Competition was in every way a great success.

The morning was beautifully fine and owing to the early hour arranged for the start the Outer Circle was clear of traffic. The twenty-two competitors drew for starting positions and they all looked very smart as they lined across the road awaiting the word "Go." They commenced the three mile course at a great pace, rather too fast for J. Greaves who was soon seen wending his way back! His partner J. W. Yarwood very sportingly finished the race alone and running exceedingly well actually arrived first! But having "lost" his partner on the way he unfortunately had to be disqualified. Only one other pair failed to complete the course, and I think all the competitors therefore deserve

the highest praise for a really splendid performance.

It was a great fight from start to finish—J. Simpson and W. Trussler practically led all the way as far as the College, where J. Ingram and G. Taylor drew level, and they ran shoulder to shoulder for the next 150 yards. So close were they that Capt. Roberts, who kindly acted as judge, was wondering how he would be able to decide who was first.

However, when about 40 yards from home J. Ingram and G. Taylor drew ahead slowly and won by about a yard in the great time of 18 mins. 17½ secs.

It is rather interesting to note that J. Ingram has finished first in the last two Outer Circle races, and deserves with G. F. Taylor our heartiest congratulations.

The following is the order of finishing and times:—

1	{ Ingram, J. Taylor, G. F. }	18 mins. 17½ secs.
2	{ Simpson, J. Trussler, W. H. }	18 mins. 18½ secs.
3	{ Nuyens, P. Lloyd, E. J. }	18 mins. 28 secs.
4	{ Ingrey, B. Peacock, F. }	18 mins. 48 secs.
5	{ James, A. Northgreaves, H. }	18 mins. 55 secs.
6	{ Biggs, A. Fawcett, C. J. R. }	20 mins. 20 secs.
7	{ Lupton, E. Morton, C. }	22 mins. 20 secs.
8	{ McQuirk, W. J. Jenson, P. D. }	23 mins.
9	{ Packwood, W. J. Meighan, J. P. }	25 mins.
10	{ Brooke, J. L. Hemsworth, F. }	did not finish.
11	{ Yarwood, J. W. Greaves, J. H. }	do.

*Yarwood completed the Course without his partner, and arrived first, but of course did not obtain a place.

A NOVEL JERKS PARADE.

Our Cornwall Terrace Jerks class had a "stunt" parade on Friday morning, 27th May. It seems that the Jerks classes of Bungalow and Cornwall Terrace had arranged to meet each other "by accident" in the park in the early morning. Both parties had arranged to have a surprise in

store. Unfortunately the Bungalow party failed because they could not secure enough instruments to make a sufficiently hideous noise, but the Cornwall Terrace party set out as arranged. In consequence twenty-eight men headed by their *pro tem.* "colonel," H. D. Gamble, set out at 7.15 a.m. As it was difficult to procure a chariot, state coach, or suitable charger for the "colonel" at such short notice a bath chair was procured and in it the "colonel" sat in state and was "driven" along in style by the boys. Unfortunately, uniform suitable for a colonel had not come to hand, so that the following attire was thought to be most worthy of the occasion, and the "colonel" went out wearing brown bath slippers, white spats, black stockings, rowing shorts, a white sweater with blue blazer; a yellow sweater tied around the neck replaced the ordinary tie, a monacle "capped" by a silk hat, and a red eiderdown as robe of office. To the sound of the drum these warriors stepped forth—the "colonel" gallantly leading the charge in his chair de bath! The policemen had a great reception all along the line, being personally thanked, amid loud cheering, I believe, by the "colonel" for taking such care of the Park that nobody stole it! So the march continued, but the scouts failed to locate the Bungalow men, and it was therefore decided, after much anxious thought, to beard the "lions in their den." The battalion duly arrived at the Bungalow, each member so as to duly impress the Bungalow inhabitants, making noises each representing an animal at the Zoo. When the terror and excitement had quietened down, the "colonel" treated the Bungalow boys to an eloquent oration, duly thanking them for calling him up every morning when passing Cornwall Terrace! The Bungalow boys responded to the attack with loud cheers, and then the procession duly made their return with flags flying.

SPORTS COMPETITION.

Sir Arthur has most generously offered two tandem bicycles for the two best all round athletes at St. Dunstan's. The programme arranged is most searching as it embraces long distance running:—

general sports including the 90 yards Sprint, Putting the Weight, Jumping, Throwing the Cricket Ball, Throwing the Football; Rowing, including open singles, Pair Oars and Double Sculls; Swimming, including one length, single and pairs, and diving, and also Tug-of-War. Points will be awarded as follows for the various events, and these handsome prizes will go to those who secure the highest aggregate.

Event	1st			2nd			3rd			Total			
	1st	2nd	3rd	1st	2nd	3rd	1st	2nd	3rd	1st	2nd	3rd	
(a) Outer Circle Run (T.B. and S.S.)	1	15	10	5	15	10	5	15	10	5	15	10	5
(b) Sports ...	5										30	17	7
1 90 yds. Sprint (T.B. and S.S.)		10	5	3									
2 Putting the Weight (T.B. and S.S.)		5	3	1									
3 Jumping ... (T.B. and S.S.)		5	3	1									
4 Throwing the Cricket Ball (T.B. and S.S.)		5	3	1									
5 Throwing the Football ... (T.B. and S.S.)		5	3	1									
(c) Rowing ...	3						20	11	5				
1 Open Singles (T.B. and S.S.)		10	5	3									
2 Pair Oars ... (T.B. & S.S.)		5	3	1									
3 Double Sculls (T.B. & S.S.)		5	3	1									
(d) Swimming ...	3				15	9	3						
1 One Length (T.B. and S.S.)		5	3	1									
2 Pair Relay ... (T.B. & S.S.)		5	3	1									
3 Diving ... (T.B. and S.S.)		5	3	1									
(e) Tug-of-War ... 3 of each (T.B. and S.S.) (63 stone total weight.)	1	5	3	—	5	3	—						
											85	50	20

SIR ARTHUR'S MONTHLY PRIZE

The prize offered each month by Sir Arthur has resulted in very keen competition and J. Simpson and J. H. Greaves, who head their respective sections and divide the prize, are to be heartily congratulated upon the general excellence of their performances.

S.S.		T.B.	
	Points		Points
J. Simpson	- 310	J. H. Greaves	- 300
J. Yarwood	- 295	H. Northgreaves	225
A. James	- 235	J. P. Meighan	- 210
J. H. Ham	- 185	E. A. Pugh	- 195
J. L. Brooke	- 135	F. Peacock	- 180
T. W. Moore	135	P. Nuyens	- 170
B. Ingrey	- 125	A. D. Kirstein	- 170

E.W.

Discussion Club Notes

CZECHO-SLOVAK—A MOVING MILITARY STATE

ON Monday, May 9th, Col. Granville Barker, D.S.O., gave us an interesting survey of the Czecho-Slovaks and their country, known as Bohemia. Among their heroes he referred to good King Wencelaus (so well known to all of us in the old English Carol), King John (the blind king of Bohemia, who was killed in the battle of Crecy, 1346) and John Hus (the Reformer, who was burnt at the stake). He told us that since the 17th Century these brave free people had groaned under the iron yoke of the Hapsburgs, who had conquered them during the thirty years war.

When Germany attacked Serbia in the Great War, they determined to throw off that yoke and help their weak neighbour, though many of them were compelled to fight for the Germans at point of bayonet. Thousands of these gave themselves up as prisoners to the Russians, with the object of joining them when they reached the other side, and when Bolshevism was rampant they formed themselves into a Legion to fight their way to Vladivostock and help the Allies.

They achieved this great march of some 6,000 miles through much suffering, great dangers, loss of life and great privations. Mr. Lloyd George says: "The story and adventures of this small Legion is, indeed, one of the greatest epics of history."

A FRENCHMAN'S VIEWS OF ENGLAND

On May 30th, Monsieur Emile Lesage, in giving us these, was quite inimitable and original; full of racy humour and interesting anecdotes. The lounge fairly rocked with laughter when he spoke of the British tourist, that extraordinary specimen manufactured by Messrs. Cook and Son; of our English white sauce, used under many camouflages, such as caper and parsley, and in its cold stage coming

down to sticking on luggage labels at English stations.

He told us how Tommy had enriched the French language by many words it never knew before, and his story of the little French boy, who, on being asked how much English he knew, replied, "all the blinkin' lot, Sir," was to illustrate how our language is known in France.

On just coming to England, years ago, Monsieur Lesage was struck by the absence of villages, by the lack of land cultivation, by the orderliness of the traffic, by the disgraceful state of London Bridge station. He referred to our lack of originality in street names, and noted that while there is a "London Street" in Paris, there is no "Paris Street" in London; and that while streets in the former city are named after our great men, none of the London streets bear the names of great Frenchmen. Our quaint street numbering was also referred to, in some cases the seemingly missing numbers having "gone round the corner." Our lack of statues was referred to. We learnt that a Frenchman's idea of the typical Englishman was a huge creature with carrotty whiskers; but, when finally Monsieur Lesage ran one of these to ground, he proved to be a Frenchman.

We were given views of Englishwomen, some full of praise, others amusingly otherwise. The ironmongery hanging from ladies' heads in the early morning was mentioned; also the fact that an Englishwoman and her hat hate to be parted.

We heard a comparison of the French and English marriage systems; and that Socrates, the old Greek philosopher, said as regards marriage, "Whether you do, whether you don't, you'll repent it."

We heard great admiration of our Parliamentary system, our Literature, Art and Science, and unstinted praise of the way we govern our colonies, or, rather, leave them to govern themselves.

The close of the lecture referred to the Americans and the great necessity there

is for close union between them, ourselves and France. The tardiness of America's entrance in the War was mentioned, and the suggestion was made that we should look back to 1870 and realise how we stood aside altogether from helping the French who were only twenty miles away.

TALES OF OLD LONDON

On Monday, May 23rd, Miss Lucy Bell charmed us by her delightful word-pictures of London. She began with a slight description of the city as it is to-day with all its hurry and bustle, with 95,000 people passing over London Bridge each day.

In contrast to this was the picture of London when London was not there—a deathly stillness, a huge rushing river, weird animals, and in Regent's Park giant tigers strolling about. Then came the Ice Age. After that the Britons came and London began where Walbrook now is, a little fort, Lyn-dee, looking down on the river, on which were curious round wicker boats covered with skin.

The next picture was the Roman invasion when the first London Bridge, just broad planks with spaces between, was thrown across the river. Miss Bell drew our attention to the fact that Sunday has always been a great day in London's history; she told us of the Whit Sunday that Dick Whittington came to London. He arranged for the first water supply for the city—a statement was made recently, in the House of Commons, that for 800 years the British nation did not wash.

It was on a Sunday in 1665 that the Great Plague began, and it was on a Sunday in the following year that the Great Fire started. Miss Bell considers it was a fire with a sense of humour, because it began in a baker's shop in Pudding Lane and ended in Pie Lane.

We learnt that Cannon Street gets its name from the many candles made there, and that Mews had to do with falcons, not horses. A picture was drawn of Chaucer going to his country house near Trafalgar Square, another of Robert Greene and his companions, of Shake-

spere and his theatre, of St. Paul's and its memories.

Miss Bell left us with the feeling that London, quite apart from its commercial importance, is, indeed, a wonderful city, teeming with historical and literary associations.

Using One Arm as Two

IN continuation of the letters which appeared in our last issue from one-armed men, we print the following contribution to the discussion from W. Allen, of Darwen. Quite apart from the number of highly useful hints the correspondence on this subject has brought forth, it has also revealed in a striking way the cheery resourcefulness of the men who have the dual handicap of blindness and the possession of only one arm:—

"As one of the first one-armed blind soldiers, I take this opportunity of giving my own experiences in the everyday little actions of life.

"At the outset I may say that the two things I cannot do are, rolling my shirt-sleeve and parting my hair properly. To get over the first difficulty I always have the sleeve rolled up. The only way to do it with one hand is, when the shirt is being put on, to put the stump in the other sleeve and roll it up, and then put it on afterwards. The hair-parting is, I believe, a matter of luck.

"I manage to fasten my tie by making the one hand do the work of both. Soft collars are very easy, but now I can manage a stiff collar without fastening it at all. I always use the single lace method with boots. With low shoes I can fasten them with the help of my split hook.

"With regard to eating, I can use my Blatchford knife and fork to cold meat of any kind, but I should like to know whether any can eat a soft-boiled egg without making a mess. With my split hook and a very large egg-cup I can manage an egg with a little trouble.

"In conclusion, I must say that my Blatchford, and recently my McKie, have been, and are still, of great help to me. I find them extremely useful.

Church and Catholic Chapel Notes

Church Notes

HOLY COMMUNION

HOLY Communion will be celebrated at 7 a.m. on the following Saints' Days:—June 11th, St. Barnabas' Day; June 24th, St. John the Baptist's Day; June 29th, St. Peter's Day. There will be celebrations at 7.30 a.m. on June 12th and 26th, and at 8 a.m. on June 5th and 19th.

We were so sorry not to have the pleasure of having the Rev. Harold Gibb with us on Sunday, June 5th. He had hoped to come, but illness at the last moment prevented him. He expects to be with us on July 10th instead.

CHOIR

There are still vacancies for any men and staff who can sing a little. It has been remarked how improved the singing is of late; it makes a tremendous difference to the brightness of our little service. We are sorry to lose Miss Wade, who is leaving us this month. She has helped us splendidly in the Choir. *E. W.*

Catholic Chapel Notes

WEDNESDAY, June 29th, the festival of Saints Peter and Paul, is a holiday of Obligation; Mass will be said at 8.40.

Births

T. MURPHY, son	- - -	April 17, 1921
T. BAKER, daughter	- -	April 20, 1921
J. MITCHELL, son	- - -	April 27, 1921
C. E. GILL, son	- - -	May 2, 1921
J. SHORTLANDS, son	- -	May 8, 1921
F. BOND, son	- - -	May 10, 1921
F. WARIN, son	- - -	May 11, 1921
T. COCKBURN, son	- -	May 11, 1921
W. SEBBAGE, daughter	- -	May 19, 1921
H. V. KERR, daughter	- -	May 20, 1921

Marriages

ON Saturday, April 30th, P. J. Cottrell was married at St. Mary's Church, Hampstead, to Miss Ruggier.

On Saturday, May 14th, A. Northcott was married at St. Saviour's Church, Forest Gate, to Miss Herbert.

Obituary

P. MACARTHY died May 6th, 1921.

D. HEATHERINGTON died May 19th, 1921.

A. WOODWARD died May 21st, 1921.

Engagement

WE have pleasure in announcing an engagement between Miss Hetty P. Rochester and W. J. Pearey, of 3 Victoria Square, Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Dance Competition

A COMPETITION for various dances, initiated by Mrs. Clifford White, who, in conjunction with her friends, is giving a number of prizes, will take place during the ordinary dance on Tuesday evening, July 5th.

For each event there will be three prizes: £1, 10s. and 5s., for First, Second and Third. (A) For totally blinded, (B) Semi-sighted.

The partners of prizewinners will receive Chocolates.

The competition is open to all the After-Care men as well as residents, but it is requested that entries be sent in by July 4th.

No man may take more than one 1st Prize, two 2nds or three 3rds, but special prizes of £1 each for best dancers (Totally blinded and Semi-sighted) will be given.

The proposed dances are Valse, Fox-Trot, Saunter and One-Step.

St. Dunstaners at the Derby

A NUMBER of seats were allotted to our boys on the 'buses for the Derby, and it was a highly excited and merry and bright party that boarded their respective "cars" at 8.30 on that memorable morning.

Fortunately the weather conditions were ideal, and, of course, the arrangements were all that could be desired for comfortable travelling. The boys were kept fully posted on the humorous incidents of the national road carnival to Epsom, which were greatly appreciated. Many and hearty were the greetings given us on the way down, and although Derby Day repartee is not of the dullest our lads were fully equal to every occasion. Two white top hatted young sports who, in a fast two-seater, were trying to rush through a temporary halt, were warned "you won't stay the course," and the be-pearlied driver of a donkey barrow, with a sorry looking quadruped tied on behind, was asked what he was doing there with "Humorist."

Several nurses were collecting for a certain hospital, outside of which they had erected a stall, and they received due recognition from the boys in a practical way, and when informed of the identity of the donors, expressed a wish to become acquainted. Traffic regulations however prevented this, and perhaps 'twere better thus, for it is more than probable that the party that eventually "saw the Derby" would have been greatly reduced in numbers.

Great interest was evinced in the fact that the "Watcher," who has done so much for St. Dunstan's, was one of the passengers, and the possibilities of his free tip for the great race were freely discussed. Last year he gave the winner, and Sid Passey, who again acted as "St. D.'s" bookmaker, was busy paying out throughout the following race. All the guests were on it to a man—and woman—and we were a jubilant crowd, but even had it lost we were on a winner, for our commission agent had

promised a good percentage to our funds had he returned with a winning "book."

Harry Young, who has raised such a wonderful sum from billiards for the funds, was also with us, and the boys were more than delighted to meet him.

The bus enclosure, in a splendid position on the course, was reached in good time, and after sundry liquid and solid refreshments had been disposed of, the important business of the day—"finding the winner"—began. Willing and experienced friends helped here, and although no complete record has been kept there is reason to believe that the happy men of St. Dunstan's took a good deal more hard cash away from the course than they had with them upon arrival.

Of course the Derby was the race. Everyone had an interest if only to the extent of a "bob" in a sweepstake. The usual tips were circulated which supposedly emanated "straight from the stable," but owing to the fact that the name of the particular stable was not disclosed, those who invested on this class of information backed a "stumer." The interval between the preceding race and the great classic was merrily whiled away in studying form and organizing sweepstakes on the various busses.

One lady visitor had never seen a "Derby" before, neither had she ever speculated. She timidly ventured a shilling in the "sweep" arranged by Mr. Harry Young and drew Humorist, much to the chagrin of one gentleman who had taken eight chances and drawn all blanks. As we all now know the lady in question had the winner, and it was humorous, if not almost pitiful, to notice her anxious glances in the direction of the stake-holder, who would not pay over until the "All right" had been announced. Perhaps appearances were a bit against Mr. Young.

Needless to state, a large number of us invested on the "Watcher's" tip—Alan Breck. We all obtained a good price, and

our delight can be imagined when we saw our horse leading the field—and easily too—for over a mile. The excitement became intense when the others drew closer and closer, and although we were a little disappointed that our selection came in fourth we were consoled with the fact that it put up a good fight.

Having drawn our winnings—some had backed the right one—or destroyed our tickets, we returned in platoons to the handsome St. Dunstan's enclosure where a splendid tea was awaiting us. This was so enticing that a large number only returned to their respective busses to get a glimpse of the last race whilst others had had quite enough excitement for one day.

The return was accomplished as comfortably as the journey down, and we were all satisfied—owing to the admirable arrangements—that we had enjoyed a thoroughly happy day.

Where the Cakes come From

THEY call Scotland the "Land of Cakes." The statement is a libel on England. Giving Scotland all credit for shortbread, it is England which has produced by far the greater variety of cakes and buns. And Englishmen can justly boast that our most toothsome dainties were invented and being sold when such things had little or no interest for the hardy Scot.

Banbury cakes, for instance. Ben Jonson mentions them in his "Treatise on Melancholie," published in 1586. At Banbury's "Original Cake Shop" the cakes have been made and sold since 1638, and it is a certain fact that the composition of the cakes has not changed for more than two centuries past.

Eccles cakes, which resemble the Banbury in flavour, are also of great antiquity. Originally they were made only for the Eccles "Wakes" week, but for a long time past they have been sold all the year round.

As for "Maids of Honour," their origin is somewhat uncertain, yet there is no

reason to discredit the popular story which attributes their naming to Henry VIII. The King, it is said, saw Anne Boleyn eating cheese-cakes, and tried one himself.

"Topping!" he remarked, or words to that effect. "What are they called?" Anne being at a loss for an answer, "Let them be called 'Maids of Honour,'" said King Hal.

It is on record that an ancestor of the present proprietor of the "Original Shop" at Richmond paid a thousand pounds for the recipe for these particular pastries.

The Chelsea bun is probably as old as the "Maid of Honour." The old Chelsea Bun House stood where is now the Pimlico Road. But the Chelsea was a spiced bun, and spiced buns have gone right out of fashion, being superseded by the flaky and delicious Bath bun. The origin of the Bath bun is one of those things that is "wropt in myst'ry." But it has been with us a great many years, and let us hope that, as butter, eggs, and sugar come back to their own, so the Bath bun will regain its former perfection.

Nor have we any record of the genesis of the Shrewsbury cake. What Shenstone wrote of it many years ago still remains true:

"And here each season do these cakes abide,
Whose honoured names the ingrative city own,
Rendering through Britain's Isle Salopia's
praises known."

Simmel cakes, too, are made at Shrewsbury, but their real home is Bury. A rival has yet to be found for the genuine simmel.

"Mid Lenten faste it makes rich feaste
For old and young, lytell and leaste.
For watering mouthes sure ne'er have ceaste
For the 'Good olde Burye Simnelle.'"

THE witness was asked to tell the court the total of his gross income. He refused. The counsel appealed to the judge.

"You must answer the question," said the judge, sternly.

The witness fidgetted about and then burst out with: "But, your honour, I have no gross income. I'm a fisherman, and it's all net."

A Scrap of Paper

ONLY a sheet of paper. Yet it embodies thousands of years of unsuspected romance.

When our forefathers were gnawing bones in glacial caves, the so-called "heathen Chinese" was reading his books, printed on paper cunningly fashioned from the bast of the mulberry-tree or of bamboo-sprouts; and three centuries before Christ was cradled he had his factories for its manufacture from silk-waste.

Julius Cæsar was a comparatively recent memory when the Chinese statesman, Tsai Lun, became the pioneer maker of paper. The Egyptian was little behind the Chinaman with his paper made from the pith of the papyrus plant, moistened with water from the Nile, pressed and dried, and made smooth by rubbing with ivory.

And where China and Egypt led the way, Persia followed. In the eighth century we see a flourishing factory at Bagdad, turning out paper made from linen cloths; followed by rival works in Damascus and along the north coast of Africa.

Europe lagged far behind these pioneers of the East. It was the Moors who first introduced paper, in the twelfth century, into Spain, whence its manufacture spread to Italy, France, and Germany. But it was not until the middle of the fifteenth century that we find a paper-mill established at Stevenage, in Hertfordshire, followed a century later by another at Dartford.

Paper can now be manufactured from hundreds of different materials. As long ago as 1889 one might have seen at the Paris Exhibition sixty rolls of paper, each made from a different vegetable fibre. Books, containing hundreds of pages, have been published, each leaf differing in its composition from every other—the materials used ranging from straw, jute, and bamboo, to esparto and maize leaves.

Although the materials from which paper can be made are so numerous, only two—esparto and wood-pulp—are now used to

any great extent, since rags are no longer available in sufficient quantities.

It was in 1856 that Mr. T. Routledge began to manufacture paper from esparto—a grass grown in the South of Europe, which yields excellent pulp. For a generation it was used to the extent of millions of tons, until a formidable rival appeared on the scene in the form of wood-pulp, which, when mixed with rags and some fibrous material, was found to make splendid paper at a smaller cost.

So popular did its use become that within twenty-five years hundreds of square miles of forests in Sweden, Norway, and Canada were being laid low to feed our presses; and the forests of Russia, Newfoundland, and Germany were soon called upon to yield their tribute. To-day wood-pulp contributes the bulk of the world's supply of paper. To what vast proportions the paper-industry has grown is shown by the fact that to-day the world's paper-mills exceed 5,000, of which 300 are in the United Kingdom and over 1,000 in the United States. To the world's output America contributes thirty-three per cent. and Great Britain eleven per cent.

Modest as this production of ours appears, it amounts in a normal year to 1,092,000 tons. So enormous is this twelve months' output of paper that all the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland could not raise it an inch from the ground. If you could put this mountain of paper into one pan of a leviathan pair of scales and on the other mass every man, woman, and child living to-day in Scotland and Ireland, Sweden and Norway, Denmark and Holland, the "human" pan would remain suspended in the air.

To transport it by road would be a sufficient task for half the horses in the United Kingdom, to the number of nearly a million; and the procession of carts, each holding more than a ton, would be long enough to link Cape St. Vincent, in Portugal, with the extreme north-east of Europe.

Tit-Bits.

A Famous Swiss Naturalist

FRANÇOIS HUBER, the famous Swiss naturalist, who won world-wide renown as an authority on the life and habits of the bee, was born at Geneva in 1750. His father was a soldier who was a friend of Voltaire, and, being a man of culture, taste and versatile abilities, he was a prominent member of the coterie at Ferney. The Hubers had already made their mark in the literary and scientific world. Marie Huber, great-aunt to François, was a voluminous writer on religious and theological subjects, and translated and epitomised *The Spectator*.

Young François early showed signs of having inherited the family versatility and ability. He always gratefully admitted that he owed a great deal to the early guidance and training of his father. François began to attend the public lectures at the University at an unusually early age, under the direction of good masters. The passionate eagerness with which he followed his studies by day was only equalled by his absorption in the reading of romances by night, often only by the light of the moon. The consequence was that his health broke down, and his eyesight began to show signs of being seriously impaired. He was then fifteen years of age, and was advised by a Parisian oculist to give up all study and live a life of ease in the country.

Accordingly he went to Stein, a village near Paris, and there he lived the uneventful life of a peasant, following the plough, and occupying himself wholly in agricultural pursuits. His general health improved, and he acquired a knowledge of and love for country life, pursuits and pleasures, which never afterwards left him.

Before his sight became impaired he met Marie-Aimée Lullin, the daughter of one of the Syndics of the Republic. They became attached to one another, but François' father refused his consent to the proposed match. Marie was equally resolute, and despite François' loss of sight she waited for him until the age of twenty-five, when they were married. The union

turned out to be an ideally happy one. Marie in every way endeavoured to be a solace to him in his deprivation, and indeed to be his very eyes for upwards of forty years.

During François' residence in the country he had become very interested in bees, so he set himself to learn all there was to learn about these insects, to study them scientifically and to record the results of his observations. The only thing he lacked was sight, and Huber began to train his servant, François Burnens, in the art of scientific observation, inspiring him with his own enthusiasm.

This blind man, aided only by his faithful servant, studied the genesis of swarms, and was the first to give a veracious account of that wonderful periodical migration. He it was who first discovered the secret of their sudden desertion of the ample stores of golden honey which they had so assiduously gathered, leaving it for the use of the generation to come, and going out themselves into the wilderness to begin their life-work all over again. Huber confirmed, by repeated observations, Shirach's discovery that the worker bees were really undeveloped females.

His "Nouvelles Observations sur les Abeilles" was published at Geneva in 1792, and translated into English in 1806. He wrote other books on the same subject, and a species of Brazilian trees is known by his name—*Huberia laurina*.

Gifted with a pretty wit and considerable vivacity of manner, his was a most attractive and winning personality. He had an excellent memory, was a first-class raconteur, and shared the partiality of most blind people for sweet sounds. A lover of poetry, he was passionately attached to music, which was, throughout his life, his favourite recreation. Having lost the services of his devoted servant, Huber was assisted in his work by his son Pierre, who was of invaluable help to his father. Huber died at Pregny, near his native Geneva, in the year 1831.



Our Cow

A MONTH ago we bought a cow,
And visions had of milk ;
To groom her I had made a vow
She'd have a coat like silk.

Upon the milk the cream would float
As trim as any cutter ;
My sister said she'd steer the boat
And gain the prize called butter.

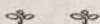
I started out to groom the cow
I started at the tail,
I seemed to fly up anyhow
And landed in the pail.

I sat upon a three-legged stool,
And sang "Nan of Nantucket,"
And when I'd got it nearly full
She "kicked the blooming bucket."

Don't think I mean the old thing died,
Oh ! no such luck is mine,
She'll be of my cow herd the pride
When Pharoah's lost his kine.

Our milk and butter still we buy
(They seem much cheaper now),
We're looking for some simple guy
Who wants to buy a cow.

Third Reserve.



CONVERSATION between three young ladies overhead in the Park: "Yes, 'e come up to me an' I sez, 'Oh'—an' 'e sez, 'Oh, it's "Oh" is it?'—an' I sez 'Yes, it is "Oh"!' "



SPORTSMAN: "Did you ever see such atrocious luck? That's the fifteenth bird I've missed to-day."

RESPECTFUL KEEPER: "No, sir, I think you're wrong, sir. It's the same bird you've been firing at all along. The artful little beggar's been hanging around you for safety's sake."

Blind Oarsmen

THE following curious extract is taken from Dr. von Hentzig's book "My Diplomatic Journey in the Closed Country," and is quoted in the January number of the *Esperanto Ligilo* and the *Valentin Haüy Review*. The paragraph concerns the travels of the German Legation in various Oriental countries in the year 1915, Dr. von Hentzig being at that time secretary to the Legation:

"Our crew on the River Euphrates was composed of blind men, who, in spite of their handicap, rowed with remarkable skill and vigour, accomplishing no less than 110 kilometres daily between the hours of 4 a.m. and 2 p.m. Their blindness was the result of ophthalmia, a disease which attacks a great number of Arabs living near the Euphrates. In the scorching mid-day hour the exhausted rowers fell down on their seats, and were soon fast asleep. Left to itself, the boat floated with the current, its course regulated from time to time by a turn of the wheel from the pilot, the only member of the crew who was in possession of the sight of one of his eyes. . . ."




A well-known racing man was lurching at a certain popular London restaurant. When the fish arrived he looked at it suspiciously and his nostrils twitched.

"Hi, you!" he called to the waiter. "There's something wrong here. Just smell that fish."

"Sorry, sir," replied the waiter as he raised the fish to his nose, "Yes, I'm afraid it's just on the turn."

"On the turn!" retorted the diner. "On the turn be hanged! it's half-way down the straight!"



ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

ART SOUVENIR
of
BLINDED SOLDIERS'
BABY COMPETITION

OVER 250 ENTRIES

JUDGES:

The Duchess of Hamilton

Lady Pearson

John Reed Wade, Esq.
(Editor, Pearson's Magazine)

No 56 June 1921.

Winners Class 1



LESLIE ALFRED GEORGE BACK
AGE 1yr. 4mths.

FIRST PRIZE



MICHAEL IVOR NICHOLS
AGE 12 mths.

SECOND PRIZE



NORMAN IAN BREGAZZI
AGE 8 months.

THIRD PRIZE

Winners Class 2



FRANCIS ASHALL
AGE 2yrs 10mths.

FIRST PRIZE



MILDRED JOYCE COOPER
AGE 2yrs. 8mths.

SECOND PRIZE



JOHN HENRY MARTIN
AGE 1yr 2mths.

THIRD PRIZE



LAWSON HOLMES
AGE 9 months.



DORIS MABEL ROSE
AGE 2 1/2 yrs.



JOHN EDWARD MANIA
AGE 2 yrs. 5 mths.

Highly Commended



BEAT RICE BULL
AGE 1 yr. 8 mths.



JOAN & GLADYS CORNS
(TWINS)
AGES 12 mths.



RICHARD LA. NICHOLAS
AGE 1 yr. 10 mths.



ALBERT GODWIN TAYLOR
AGE 11 weeks.



PHILLIS MAY MORGAN
AGE 11 months.



JEAN WALDIN
AGE 1 yr. 7 mths.



VERA JEAN RENNIE
AGE 8 months.



ELIZABETH LYDIA BALLARD
6 mths. 3 weeks.



JAN DUNSTON CHESHIRE
AGE 14 months.