



# ST DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

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

No. 59  
Vol. VI

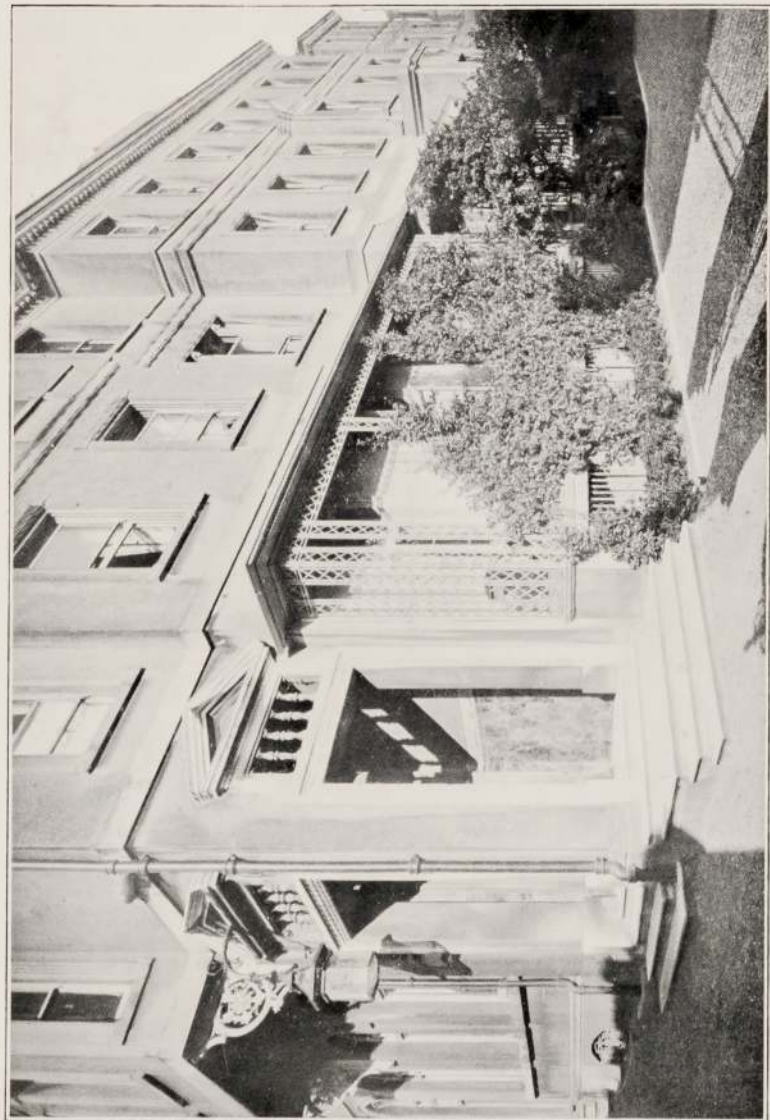
*For the Amusement & Interest of Men Blinded in the War.*

## CONTENTS

OCTOBER, 1921

North of England Meetings of St. Dunstan's  
Our Holiday Competition "The Mouse Trap"  
Newspaper Work for the Blind  
The "Queery" Column A Village Miscellany  
St. Dunstan's Record

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



ST. DUNSTAN'S, BRIGHTON. ONE OF OUR HOLIDAY HOMES

# St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

No. 59.—VOLUME VI.

OCTOBER, 1921.

PRICE 6d.

[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN.]

## North of England Meetings of St. Dunstaners

**E**ARLY in 1920 it was suggested by Miss Ayre, our lady representative in the South-West of England, that it would be a good idea to hold periodical meetings of men who have left St. Dunstan's and are settled all over the United Kingdom. The first of these gatherings took place in Bristol in April, 1920, and was such a success that since that time the scheme has been extended to other parts of the country, and nearly a score of similar functions have been arranged. The object of these meetings is two-fold. Firstly, they enable St. Dunstaners to renew acquaintanceships made at the Hostel and to exchange information about their businesses, and secondly, they afford an opportunity for frank discussion of the policy of our After-Care Organisation in general and of individual men's difficulties in particular.

The past eighteen months have been particularly strenuous and difficult, partly on account of the fact that during this time the number of names on the records of our After-Care Organisation has increased enormously, and partly because of the trade depression which has made all our business, and particularly that concerned with our trade departments demand the closest attention. As a result it has been impossible for me to leave Headquarters to attend these meetings, much as I should have liked to have done so. Last week, however, I attended three meetings in the North of England, two at Manchester and one at Liverpool, at which I had the pleasure of meeting over a hundred of our men. A large room in a café or restaurant was taken, at which tea was served and an entertainment given, and during the proceedings I made a few remarks about our After-Care policy, as recorded in an article from the *Manchester Guardian*, printed on another page of this issue. At each meeting I had a personal talk with each one of the men who were present, and I do not want to let the occasion pass without recording the dominant impression I gained. We are all aware of the difficulties which beset us in the conduct of our businesses on account of the past and present trade depression, but bad as it is in the South of England I do not think any of us who live outside the industrial districts of the Midlands and the North of England appreciate the state of things up there. Trade, which was almost at a standstill at the beginning of this year, has been further hampered during the past few months by strikes and threats of strikes, while the depression of Continental exchanges had added to the trouble, making foreign trade almost impossible. Against this gloomy background the spirit of the men of St. Dunstan's with whom I was able to talk stands out in magnificent relief, for though all have suffered from conditions which are of a national character, all are passing through unparalleled difficulties with a wonderful fortitude and optimism. I have come away from the Black Country—and it was never so black as it is now—with the greatest possible respect and admiration for my fellow St. Dunstaners and their wives and relations who have carried on so cheerfully and who have in such a remarkable manner made the best of the bad times we have all experienced.

The consensus of opinion undoubtedly shows that the men of St. Dunstan's have confidence in the efforts that have been and are being made by the After-Care Organisation to look after their interests and assist them in their many activities, and I would like to offer my sincere thanks and appreciation for this confidence.

I am to tell Sir Arthur, who has to-day (10th October) returned from his well-earned holiday abroad, of my experiences, and he will, no doubt, be delighted to hear my news and to receive the many cordial messages which were sent to him. St. Dunstaners will be glad to know that Sir Arthur has enjoyed a good rest and is extremely fit and well.

IAN FRASER.

### Bridge and Whist

*A further letter on the best method of marking playing cards has reached us and we print it hereunder.*

To the Editor of ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW.

Re MARKING PLAYING CARDS

DEAR SIR.—With most of your correspondents I agree that it is essential that the cards should be held in the ordinary sighted manner and that for this reason the notation should appear on the left-hand top corner whichever end of the card is up.

With regard to the system of marking to be employed I should like to make rather a revolutionary suggestion. Why not mark the 1 to 10 of hearts, simply with the signs "a" to "j"; the spades of the same values with "k" to "t"; the clubs, "u" to "with"; and the diamonds with the signs "ch" to "w." I suggest the signs containing the dot 5 for the spades because of the initials of suits, "s" is the only one containing that dot. I choose the signs containing dots 5 and 6 to represent the clubs because these two dots form the lower "c." The face cards would be marked as in the present system, but the use of "ing" for King, "ar" for Queen and "ble" for Jack might be found advantageous. The Joker might be indicated by two "ble" signs. This system has the great advantage of being very compact, and as cards are generally far too dirty for further use long before a single dot has been damaged I do not think there need be any question of making mistakes in play.

If the present system is adhered to I certainly think that "o" should be used in preference to "t" in marking the tens,

and in marking of suits the use of "ar" for hearts and "and" for diamonds would eliminate the last chances of error, and these signs would give some indication, by their phonetic resemblance of the names of the suits they represented.—Yours faithfully,

(Signed) CHARLES MCINTOSH, Junr.  
"The Neuk,"  
Bridge-of-Weir.

### American "Adaptability"

INCLUDED in the wide publicity given by the Press to our exhibition at the Beaver Hut was a picture of one of the sandwich men employed in parading the streets. These men carried mats or trays in place of their usual boards, and wore as head-gear baskets from which the bottom had been removed and a felt hat-lining inserted. This picture has been widely reproduced in the American Press, and from a cutting before us from the *New York Times* we are interested to learn that these baskets are "the hat of the moment in London," and that they are "made by former British soldiers blinded in battle. They have been widely adopted by London pedlars and market men in lieu of the Universal London Cap."

We live and learn!

WE are interested to hear that John Elder, of Leith, obtained recently two first class prizes for mats and bags at a local exhibition. Also that Ernest Fearn gained a first prize for mat making at the Donnisthorpe Horticultural Exhibition. Our heartiest congratulations to both Elder and Fearn. This kind of enterprise and success is of value to St. Dunstan's men everywhere.

## Departmental Notes

### Netting

THE increasing numbers of After-Care workers who make nets and rugs have made us anxious to adopt all possible means of extending our sales, particularly as we have now added String Bags and other frame-made articles to the Orders Scheme. No. 88 Park Road, near Hanover Gate, has been for some years a packing and storage dépôt for the String industry, and we are now making use of it also as a Sales Dépôt for rugs and nets. By filling its two excellent windows with all kinds of string and woollen goods we hope to build up a good demand for everything we make. Perhaps After-Care netters and ruggers will go and have a look at St. Dunstan's String and Net Shop when next they come to London. They will find it like part of the familiar Netting Room, for our staff is doing the work, and we all intend to take a hand as saleswomen occasionally.

G. H. W.

### Shorthand, Typewriting, and Telephony

OUR sincerest congratulations to G. A. Brown, who has been fortunate in securing the post of telephonist to the Scottish Education Committee, Swan House, Oxford Street, W.1. We feel sure that this will make up for his former bad luck, for his last firm, where he gave every satisfaction, went bankrupt.

### The Braille Room

WE sincerely congratulate the following men on having passed their Reading Test:—R. Callaghan, A. Sneddon, and J. McFarlane.

Owing to the holidays no Writing Tests were sent in at the end of August so there are no results to publish this month.

We give below a selection of some of the books that have recently been added to the National Library for the Blind:—*"Over the Fireside with Silent Friends,"* Richard King; *"An Awfully Big Adventure,"* Bartimeus; *"Farewell, Nikola,"* Guy Boothby; *"Beasts of Tarzan,"* Rice Burroughs; *"The Shadow of a Crime,"* Hall Caine; *"The Honour of the Name,"* Gaboriau.

### Typewriting

WE heartily congratulate the following men on having passed their Typewriting Test:—T. H. Ramsbottom and C. Pellett.

The best of luck and all good wishes to P. J. Conlin, who has accepted a position as shorthand typist at the Ministry of Labour Employment Department, South Midlands and Eastern Division, 59-63 Queen's Gate, W.2.

BLIND K.C.—Mr. H. C. Theobald, K.C., who administers all the estates of lunatics, is one of the few blind men occupying prominent positions in the Civil Service. He has a special clerk who reads over to him the necessary legal documents. Lord Birkenhead has the highest possible opinion of Mr. Theobald's legal decisions.

W. MULLER, an old St. Dunstaner, paid a visit recently to the Mafeking Secondary School of which he is an old scholar. He was accompanied by the Chairman of the School Board, and in honour of the visit the scholars were given a holiday.

## News of St. Dunstan's Men

### A POULTRY HOUSE FOR EXHIBITION

WE were glad to hear from James Downie, of Abbotsford, British Columbia. Downie writes as follows:—

"I am busy preparing a fairly large netting exhibit, which I will show at an Exhibition here on September 22nd and 23rd. I am also showing a complete model poultry house with double run-way similar to the poultry house advocated in Mr. Playfoot's course. The model is complete in every detail, and I made a very fine mesh net on a 2-inch mesh to enclose the runways. I am quite proud of my handiwork, and I expect it will be of some interest to poultry men."

We have no doubt other St. Dunstan's Poultry Farmers will be interested in the details given in Downie's letter, and we congratulate him on the initiative and enterprise he is showing. We shall be glad to learn how his exhibits fare at the Show he mentions.

### ANOTHER ST. DUNSTANER EXHIBITOR

Almost by the same post we received a letter from another overseas St. Dunstaner, J. W. Ogiltree, of St. West, Toronto, Canada. Ogiltree writes:—

"Just a line, hoping this letter finds you in the very best of health. We are having some awful warm weather over here; it is just all one can do to stand it. The city has given out orders that anybody can sleep in the parks if they want to, as it is so warm sleeping in the houses. I am busy just at present getting ready for the National Exhibition. I am going to put in a hammock and a baby swing, a gig lamp and a large tray and a work-basket, so I think I ought to get a prize out of that lot. Well, sir, I think I have told you all the news for this time, so just give my very best regards to Sir Arthur, and all the boys and all the staff, so I will come to a close for this time, and hoping to hear from you soon."

It is a coincidence that Ogiltree also has designs on the favour of Exhibition judges, and we wish him every success with the varied articles he will display. In our experience it is very rarely that our men do not more than hold their own with sighted competitors at industrial exhibitions. Indeed, we do not think we are blowing St. Dunstan's trumpet unduly loudly when we say that our men's craftsmanship in all departments of work they undertake can more than hold its own in the markets of the world.

### THE PRINCE AND A ST. DUNSTANER

An interesting letter has reached Capt. Fraser from J. Sheehy, of Dover, who writes as follows:—

"Dear Capt. Fraser,—When I wrote to you last I said that I would let you know more about myself. Since I left St. Dunstan's I have been a member of the Comrades of the Great War. When I settled here last year I became a member of the Dover branch, and after a short time was elected to the committee. When the amalgamation of Ex-service men's organisations took place at the mass meeting held here, I was elected to the executive committee of the British Legion, which is the official amalgamated body. The election to committee is by ballot, after being duly nominated and seconded. I am a member of the Veterans' Club here, and at the unveiling of the Dover Patrol Memorial I was among the fifty men who formed the British Legion Guard of Honour. We were lined up in two ranks, and after the Prince of Wales had inspected the Guards of Honour of Marines and Bluejackets he inspected us. As he passed down the ranks he shook hands with some of the men, but I may say that I was the only one that he spoke to. He chatted for about five minutes, and asked me about St. Dunstan's. I am sending you a photo of the Prince talking to me; I would like it explained to you, and then please accept it from me as a souvenir. I

## —From all parts of the World

have one also for Sir Arthur Pearson. I will now close, again thanking you for all your kindness."

We heartily congratulate Sheehy upon the honour done him by the Prince, who has always shown such generous interest in our men. The Chief and Capt. Fraser were both very glad to receive the souvenir photograph of the occasion. It is a tribute also to Sheehy's abilities that he should be taking such an active part in ex-service men's organisations, and it forms one more of the many proofs that loss of sight need be no bar to a life of real usefulness and independent citizenship.

### A RUSH OF WORK

Now and again we hear from our men that the slackness of trade which has been so prevalent everywhere has affected them to some extent, but generally speaking St. Dunstaners are kept busy at their various occupations. We have received a letter from Robert Usher, of Sunderland, who, in the course of an interesting letter, says:—

"Until a fortnight ago I was beginning to think that my business as a boot repairer had died out, until at last the dark cloud passed away and the work was rushed into me like shots from a gun. I am pleased to say now that all last week both my wife and I had a busy time, and again on Monday I was stocked out with work. Then to my surprise the Instructor just walked into the shop. I might tell you that he took a load off my shoulders, for I think that we got through about fifteen pairs of boots."

We are glad to hear Usher is progressing so well, and we have no doubt that he will find himself quite capable of dealing with all custom that the busiest time can bring him, even without the opportune assistance of our Instructors, who are, however, always available for advice and assistance, as our men know.

### ANOTHER EX-SERVICE COMMITTEE MAN

A. C. Evans, of Newport, is another of our men who is taking his part in the Committee work of ex-service men's organisations. Evans writes us as follows:

"I am being kept busy with one thing and another, and as for basket work, I am getting on steadily with orders and sending a few to the After-Care. I think I am doing very well according to the times. I can always find plenty to do in the evenings at meetings, etc., in connection with ex-Service men's work. I am very glad that all ex-Service men's societies and branches have at last come together. I have been a member of the Discharged Sailors' and Soldiers' Federation for the past three years, working on the executive committee, and was elected on the local branch of the new society (The British Legion). We have a very good chairman in the person of Major Claud Martyn, who was late of the Comrades of the Great War."

We agree with Evans that unity of control is all to the benefit of the ex-service men's interests, and congratulate him on the work he is doing in this connection. We are glad also to hear he is doing well with his basket work.

### BLINDNESS AND SPELLING

H. Gardiner, of Swindon, in the course of a letter we have had from him, makes an interesting reference to this subject, about which a letter appeared in our last issue. Gardiner says:—

"In this month's REVIEW there is a subject 'Are blind folks bad spellers?' Well, I think often it is owing to our not seeing the words in print. I myself often get hit hard for spelling, but then I try it in Braille and then I get on."

There is no doubt that one often judges correct spelling by sight alone, and that the inability to see a word in print or writing is responsible for many mistakes

in orthography which would not otherwise be made. It is an interesting subject and one we hope to deal with more fully some day.

#### A BLIND HORSEMAN

An interesting item of news comes from Clutha McKenzie, a blinded New Zealander, who tells us that he has recently made a number of journeys on horseback quite alone. This is the first time we have heard of a totally blind man going for a ride without an escort. Of course he says that he knows the country well and that the horse he was on was a quiet one, but even so we cannot help admiring the courage of one who has undertaken so dangerous a method of progress.

#### A HOLIDAY AT ST. LEONARDS

From J. H. Brown, of Nuneaton, we have had a letter telling us that he has spent a fortnight's holiday at our St. Leonard's Holiday Home. He says:—

"I now take the pleasure of writing a few lines to you, as I wish to thank St. Dunstan's for the splendid fortnight's holiday which I returned from on the 29th of last month and the splendid way that they looked after us at St. Leonards Home. On my return all my friends told me how well I was looking, and I felt such a lot better for the rest and complete change."

We are very glad Brown had a good time and that he is now feeling so fit for work again.

#### A KEEN BOOT REPAIRER

We received not long since a sample of hand-sewn work from A. S. Ulyatt, of Retford. We were very pleased to be able to write and congratulate him on the excellence of the work, and we have now had the following letter from him:—

"Just a few lines in answer to your most kind and welcome letter, which I received this morning. I was very pleased to hear that you all were very pleased with my sample of hand-sewn work which I sent up to you. You see that it was my first attempt, and I must say that if it had not been for my Instructor giving me a very good lesson on this work I should

never have known how to have done it. So you see Mr. Hodkinson ought to have the praise instead of me for the work, for he has taught me a very good lot about boots. Every time he comes to see me he teaches me something fresh. He says he can see that I have my heart and soul in my work, and it is so, for I do take a very great interest in a boot, as my object is to let the people see what St. Dunstan's have done for me and what St. Dunstaners can do."

It is such keenness and interest as Ulyatt shows in his work which is bound to make for success.

#### A Blind Soldier Poet

GUY ENVIN was a French soldier, blinded in the war before he was twenty years of age. By a miracle of mind over matter he has found hope in intellectual work. Since he was discharged from the hospital he has educated himself and gained brilliant honours in examinations. And yet he has found time to write poetry. His little book, "Out of the Shadow," shows a fine sense of rhythm and harmony, and his verses are those of the born poet. They breathe peace born of bitterness, a watchful tenderness, the noble and pure mind of the soul that the cruel death-dealing devices of the enemy have failed to extinguish.

#### War-Blinded in Germany

IN a recent issue of the *Lancet* there is a review of a brochure by Dr. Kurt Uthoff, telling how the problem of the war-blinded has been dealt with in Germany. It would appear that a great deal of their work has been modelled on that of St. Dunstan's, but the *Lancet* expresses the opinion that St. Dunstan's has the advantage in providing the communal life during the period of re-education. There are altogether about 4,000 war-blinded men in Germany.

R. McMULLEN'S baby son won a prize in the Headington Baby Competition. We congratulate them both, and of course the proud mother also.

### St. Dunstan's Record

A FINE EXAMPLE OF PRIVATE ENTERPRISE—(Reprinted from *The Manchester Guardian*)

AT a meeting in Manchester recently Captain Ian Fraser, the Vice-Chairman of the Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' After-Care Committee, which is responsible for the welfare of the ex-service men trained at St. Dunstan's, addressed the blinded ex-service men of this district. Meetings of a similar nature are held periodically all over the country for the purpose of getting into individual touch with the St. Dunstan's men and hearing of their progress or difficulties. On October 5th Captain Fraser addressed a meeting of the blind ex-service men living in Manchester. The full gathering was comprised of some forty men from the neighbouring towns.

Captain Fraser, who was himself blinded in the war, spoke of the desire of the Committee to establish mutual confidence by the discussion of mutual difficulties—their own individual and collective difficulties and the difficulties of the organisation which was trying to help them. All the blinded men of the Imperial Forces, he said, including men from the Dominions and colonies, had come under the care of St. Dunstan's, with the exception of less than half a dozen who were sent from distant theatres of war direct to their homes in Australia or Canada, or who, for family reasons, did not want to stay in England. Nearly two dozen men who returned to their respective homes in the earlier days of the war had been sent back by their Governments for training. This was a fine testimony. Of 1,700 men trained, 150 had returned to the colonies, whence St. Dunstan's heard often of their success. About 200 men whose sight had failed recently as a result of wounds received during the war, or whose additional disability had made training a slow process, were still receiving instruction. There remained some 1,350 men settled

over the United Kingdom. The majority of these men were engaged in handicrafts such as boot-repairing, basket-making, mat-making, and joinery; 200 of them were settled as poultry farmers, and nearly 200 were engaged in professional or business employment, such as massage, shorthand writing and telephone operating. The craftsmen were supplied with their raw materials at cost price carriage paid. The annual turnover of the Committee in raw materials alone amounted to £65,000. The Committee, moreover, guaranteed a market for any goods produced by the men, so that everyone was assured of a living. It was significant that only £20,000 worth of goods was disposed of by the Committee's sales organisation, which indicated a very considerable local trade. In view of the prevailing trade conditions, he congratulated the men upon their splendid fight against adverse circumstances. The Committee employed a staff of thirty men and women to visit the men periodically or when particular difficulties arose. Many thousands of visits were paid annually, and the records supplied in the reports made it possible for assistance of the right sort to be given at the right time.

St. Dunstan's, Captain Fraser concluded, provided a remarkable vindication of the Englishman's pride in private enterprise. Funds were still needed, and would be needed during the remainder of the lifetime of the men who had been blinded in the war. It was hoped that the nation would continue to support the organisation and enable it to discharge its obligations with the freedom, initiative, sympathy and individual attention which a private enterprise alone was able to afford.

Captain Fraser answered a number of questions concerning the administrative work of the organisation. A vote of thanks to him was carried on the motion of Councillor Mathewson Watson.

## News from the Workshops

### BASKET WORK

**T**WO new men, W. A. Burtenshaw and E. Sayers, have done very promising work during September, and are showing marked ability. They have both done so well with round baskets that they have been able to make a commencement on square work. Since our last reference J. Boon has been progressing well with round work; chiefly having experience with round soiled linens, but also with barrels and a dog basket. J. W. H. Wright has also advanced to larger work, such as hampers and oval clothes baskets, and has progressed steadily with these as well as keeping his hand in with smaller articles. W. Birch has also advanced to large work; having reached a good standard on square arm baskets he has just completed a cane tub chair with willow stakes. T. Nisbett re-commenced work in this shop after the holidays, and has not forgotten his previous instruction. He has been on square work, getting quite good results on small hampers. A marked advance has been noticeable in the work produced by W. G. Ruddock; a small hamper with blunt corners, just completed, being very pleasing. B. C. Sexty has improved all round with his work on the centre-cane table, and has been having considerable variety with workbaskets, trays, and teapot stands. C. Singleton has been making soiled linen baskets recently, and has done exceptionally well with them. F. Stew was also on these in July, but is now doing oval work; he has mastered the working of his rods, and gets a very good shape and border on oval clothes baskets. B. Collins has been gaining further experience in this shop. In addition to soiled linens of different shapes he has made some particularly good letter baskets and also a fitted waste paper. Several other men are trying their hand at this fitted work, of which we hope to say more later. The good standard of work reached previously by A. Waite has been

well maintained; oval trays, with plaited borders, dog beds, and a square soiled linen, were particularly noticeable pieces of work. R. Warren and J. Benson have also been maintaining their previous high standard. Both of them are revising their whole course, from small round baskets upwards, and have also been doing soiled linens and some good hampers. They are both very careful and competent men, and work in quite the right style.

### BOOT-REPAIRING

W. F. Gannaway has now commenced this, and there is every promise that he will make an exceptionally good man. Two other new men, J. E. Parnell and J. Rendell, have also made good use of their time, and their work is distinctly promising. F. C. Harrison is always busy, and gets through a great deal of very sound work, every part of which bears investigation. L. Johns is also very conscientious and painstaking, and has been specially commended for his skiving, toe-piecing and building up. In the Mat Shop, too, his work has reached a satisfactory standard. A. Morgan takes every opportunity to increase his knowledge of the trade, and has on many occasions been specially commended for his excellent hand-sewn repairs. He works very neatly indeed and gives careful attention to all details.

### JOINERY

W. Shute has been very busy making a gramophone stand and cupboard combined, to a special order, the door having a raised panel. The whole of the work was excellent and carried out in good style. T. Eaton has completed his tool chest, which is a very promising piece of work. Capt. Williams is getting through his elementary course, enjoying the work, and giving a good account of himself.

### MAT-MAKING

W. Bower had a good try to tackle this in spite of his wounded hand. It was felt, however, that he would possibly do better with centre-cane baskets, and he has now commenced these. S. Oxborough has also gained a good idea of the work, and is exceptionally good on cutting for a beginner. J. E. Howe has also done remarkably well in all parts of the work,

keeping an excellent shape and bordering well. The work of R. Noble has shown improvement, with more care he could make a really good mat. Since our last reference, W. J. Harris has made several excellent mats; one lettered "Box Tree Cottage" deserves special commendation. F. Chudleigh continues to work steadily, and has been doing well with various borders and lettered mats. *W.H.O.*

## Church Notes

**I**T was only after my Notes had gone to press last month that we found that we had very kindly been granted the opportunity of using the Lounge and Chapel of the Bungalow for a few months longer. Our services, therefore, were at once commenced, and our Chapel is again in use. Although it is rather a long walk to the Annexes, yet we have been cheered by the splendid attendance at each service, and the cordial co-operation of sisters and men has been a source of great encouragement. Miss Warren has most kindly promised to be our organist, and we are fortunate in having Sister Howell as her deputy. Sister Berry will continue to keep a watchful eye upon the needs of the Chapel. We have found it convenient to alter the time of our morning service to 11 a.m. instead of 10.15 a.m.

### Confirmation

**W**ILL any of the men who are interested, and who wish to be confirmed, please give me their names as early as possible? I want to be able to present our candidates to the Bishop of London at his Confirmation at St. Paul's Cathedral on December 10th.  
*E. W.*

### Births

H. SIMS, son - - - - July 4, 1921  
J. W. OGILTREE, daughter July 7, 1921  
J. IRVINE, son - - - - Sept. 1, 1921

F. MARSHALL, son - - Sept. 4, 1921  
H. BENNETT, son - - - Sept. 20, 1921  
H. PALMER, son - - - Sept. 20, 1921

### Marriages

**O**N Friday, July 29th, Edward Brockie was married at Aberdeen to Miss W. Hendry.

On Thursday, August 4th, Edmond Toft was married to Miss Violette Duché.

On Sunday, September 4th, W. E. A. Muller was married in Mafeking, South Africa, to Miss Edith Nicholson.

On Friday, September 9th, Robert White was married at St. Patrick's Church, Sutherland, to Miss Violet Buch.

On Sunday, September 11th, R. Edwards was married at St. Ann's Church, Soho, to Miss Ethel Helena Schorse.

On Wednesday, September 14th, Harold Edgar Raymond was married at S. Michael's, Chester Square, S.W., to Miss Muriel Agnes Butcher.

### Obituary

THOMAS MOONEY, died July 14th, 1921.

ARTHUR RICHARD HAELETT, died July 29th, 1921.

H. J. F. GOODWIN, son, died September 3rd, 1921.

J. TRIGGS, son, died September 13th, 1921.

## Sports Club Notes

THE delightful weather we have been experiencing has given us the opportunity of getting busy with our Sports and in consequence the various branches of our activities have been well patronised. We have been encouraged to find such splendid gatherings of athletes ready every Saturday morning to compete in the various events, and I do not think we have had such a large percentage of men engaged in sports as now. In the Jerks department for instance over 50 per cent. of men from Townshend House are up with the lark each morning for their jerks and their gymnastic practice on the Primrose Hill outdoor gymnasium.

A fine percentage at Cornwall Terrace also are very "chirpy" in the early hours, so it can well be said that our Jerks are flourishing. I hear, too, that the Blackheath boys are contemplating forming their Jerks squad, so that the movement is catching!

### SATURDAY SPORTS

These are progressing splendidly and some very good performances have been witnessed. A very interesting 75 yards Sprint race, open to all (T.B. and S.S.), took place on Saturday, 17th September, and was won by A. Biggs, followed by G. Taylor and P. Nuyens in the excellent time of 8½ths seconds. Quite a number of men, who have never before done sports, are turning up regularly and improving each week.

### FOOTBALL

Is still extraordinarily popular and ten teams entered for the cup offered by Sir Arthur. It is rather hard lines for a team beaten in the first round and we are considering forming a league which will give all teams more opportunities of retrieving defeats. The great objection to a league has been the large number of matches which it would necessitate, but a

suggestion has been made to increase the number of each team and so send in fewer teams. This plan will probably be adopted, and it is possible that the league competition will follow immediately upon this present Cup Final. Some deadly shooting has been witnessed during the first round and although the spot-mark is 15 yards off, it looks as if we shall have to increase this distance if our scores are not going to look like cricket totals! We are very grateful to the Rev. Father Howell and to Sergeant Hunt for their splendid goalkeeping—a goalie's job in our matches is no easy one!

The result of the first round is:—

Sept.	Goals.		Goals.
22nd Dustonians	3	Morgan Maroons	3
23rd Townshend Har.	7	Tich's Trundlers	3
27th Blackheath Rov.	5	Casuals	4
28th Nelson Villa	8	Townshend Rovers	4
29th Blackheath Rbls.	6	Jazonians	4

The draw for the second round is:—

Oct. 4th. Townshend Harriers v. Blackheath Ramblers.
" 5th Dustonians v. Nelson Villa.
Blackheath Rovers—a bye.

It will be noticed that both teams entered by Blackheath were successful in the first round and deserve our hearty congratulations on their initial entry into our competitions.

### THE OLD BOYS

In the London district have also shown that their football enthusiasm has not abated for they have already got two teams in working order and trial matches have taken place to discover their best team. This team has challenged the winner of our Cup to a match, so there is plenty of excitement in store.

On 13th September, the Hello Rovers played the Inconsistent and were beaten after a very good game by 4 goals to 2. Of course a return game was arranged on September 20th, and this time the Inconsistent were "consistent" in again winning and by 9 goals to 4. They have therefore won the right to play the Cup-holders.

The following men took part in these games:—

HELLO ROVERS	INCONSISTENTS
C. F. Thompson	E. Slaughter
T. Meredith	W. Henry
J. Shelton	W. Scott
S. Webster	S. Steel
H. V. Keer	S. Dyer
A. Griffiee	A. T. Toomey
F. Jackson	F. Winter
E. Armstrong	A. Loveridge

H. M. Steel shewed that he had not forgotten how to shoot by scoring 5 goals in the two matches, and F. Winter, J. Shelton and A. Loveridge scored two goals each.

### SWIMMING

Although our swimming season has not yet lasted one month yet we have had a very busy time. Over fifty boys are receiving swimming tuition each week from Instructor Jones, who is loud in his praises as to the wonderful progress all are making. It is a remarkable fact that the following men, who only started swimming during this period are able to swim distances varying from one quarter length to one length. Among these are included T. Nesbitt, D. McLoughlin, T. Eaton, E. C. Wheeler, A. Waite, J. Davies, whilst Blackheath are represented by S. Oxborough, J. Rendall and D. Pettit, and the old boys by A. Loveridge, E. Armstrong and S. Dyer. Special mention perhaps might be made of the progress of T. Eaton and D. McLoughlin, who have both accomplished swimming and diving in the month. In congratulating all these beginners, I cannot help feeling how very encouraging it must be to them to have the knowledge that they can compete so splendidly with sighted beginners, indeed, I feel that we can hold our own with the average swimmer.

We have been fortunate in receiving two invitations during the month to take part in outside swimming galas. On Wednesday, 14th September, we sent along a team to swim in the Surrey Ladies Swimming Club Gala, at Kingston Baths. The boys had a wonderful reception from the huge audience and gave a very useful exhibition of straight fast swimming. The race itself was most exciting and resulted in a win for A. Biggs by a touch from

W. Birch who was in front of J. Greaves by the same narrow margin; about a quarter yard divided the three. J. Deegan and T. Wilson who were our other representatives also swam well. Everybody was most kind and they were all out to give our boys a good time, and I trust that Miss Grace Newell, the Surrey Club's Hon. Secretary, Stewards and staff will accept our very grateful thanks for all they did for us. The boys were greatly delighted with their prizes, and J. Deegan made quite a nice little speech thanking the audience and Club for their kindness.

On Tuesday, September 27th, Mr. Walter Brickett kindly asked us to send a team to his Gala at Kentish Town Baths, and we sent along J. Greaves, A. Biggs, W. Birch and J. Deegan. This time our men were handicapped, A. Biggs being scratch, J. Greaves 1 second, W. Birch 2 seconds and J. Deegan 6. Again the boys swam well, and it is said it was the best show we have yet given. Our direction and speed was really splendid. Again we were treated with wonderful kindness, and we thank Mr. Brickett and his staff for looking after us so well and also providing such excellent prizes. In this race J. Greaves won by one foot from A. Biggs, W. Birch and J. Deegan were third and fourth respectively.

### ROWING

Has been well to the fore during this term. Our Instructor has nearly 70 beginners on his books for individual tuition. Quite a number of new boys at Blackheath are having lessons and Mr. Gibson reports favourably upon their progress.

### LEAGUE FOOTBALL

Through the kindness of the Arsenal and Chelsea authorities we are continuing to sent parties of men each Saturday, and already 124 men have been present at the big league matches this season.

E. W.

WE are interested to hear that B. Hamilton, of Brandon, took a first prize at a local monologue and recitation competition recently, and we heartily congratulate him upon his success.

## Discussion Club Notes

### "HOW FOLK MAKE THEIR COUNTRY & THE COUNTRY MAKES THE FOLK"

THIS was the title of a lecture given by Miss Barker on October 3rd. She told us that the science of Human Geography is the account of (1) The Living Thing; (2) The work it can do; (3) The environment or surroundings in which it can work.

Man can only do what his surroundings allow him to do, an illustration of this being a man shipwrecked on a desert island. Primitive man was dominated by his surroundings—the earth. But as he evolved he gradually dominated the earth, and used it to his advantage.

To illustrate the first point, we were told of the pigmy in the tropical forest, and shown how that it was impossible for him to dominate Nature.

To illustrate the latter point, the Dutch were quoted. There is a saying, "The Dutch made Holland, and Holland made the Dutch," this being proved by the way they have pushed the sea back, a great part of Holland being below sea level. But the Dutch can never go slack about the dykes, or the sea will conquer again.

The fundamental occupations for man were: (1) mining; (2) hunting; (3) fishing; (4) pastoral. Later on there was the peasant type of the pastoral, those who planted, from which was finally evolved a civilized people, who build cities. Miss Barker told us of Professor Patrick Geddes, who is the great authority on "Geotomics" (a word of his own coining), or "conquest of the earth." When he was young he overstrained his eyes doing work with the microscope, and had to be blindfolded for three months. This he considers the most affording time of his life. His mother was blind.

### "A FRENCHMAN'S VIEWS OF AMERICA"

This was the title of Monsieur Lesage's delightful lecture, given in the Lounge at Cornwall Terrace on September 12th.

We felt that we had chosen a popular lecturer for the opening evening of the Session, and the large and appreciative audience fully proved this. We heard of the Americans, their cities and life, from both a serious and witty point of view. Monsieur Lesage gave us a graphic description of New York as it struck him on his arrival there, when he was met by the usual crowd of interviewers that greets celebrities. He tried to make us believe that his pockets were too empty to provide the fifty dollars necessary to ensure landing on American soil.

We learnt that the first sight that greets the eye is the huge statue of Liberty (by a French artist), towering above the harbour of New York, and symbolical of the ideals and aspirations of the people.

We were told that America is a country of ideals, although the world at large was inclined to judge otherwise, because of her tardiness in joining in the Great War.

Our attention was drawn to the fact that the 50,000 Americans who gave up their lives did not die of chewing gum!

American papers are printed in every language, and cost only a halfpenny. The treatment of animals is good; white and black men work together with no ill feeling under a black foreman.

In the lighter vein, Monsieur Lesage amused us by his description of the sky-scrapers—symbolical of American ambition—which, finding no space to spread outwards, towers upwards, even to fifty-five stories, and as we heard of express elevators rushing up to forty floors in a minute, we realised that Americans do indeed "hustle."

Notices, some of which are printed in twelve languages, are typical: "Paint"—(to draw attention to wet paint); "Keep off"—(applied to grass); "Don't swear, it sounds too much like Hell" (put up in trams).

To ride in a 'bus is a sign of wealth. We all laughed heartily at the idea of bricks at a trot, and at the story of Mr. Booker Washington, who, when described

as a "coloured gentleman," said "I was born so." Boot cleaning in hotels seems unknown, but the lack is made up by wonderful "Shoe-shiners" outside, who for 5d., turn old shoes into new.

We hope that Monsieur Lesage will come some other time and give us his views of another country.

On September 26th Captain Williams gave a lecture on "Life at the Universities." He said that many people did not know that Cambridge was older than Oxford, as Cambridge was generally looked upon as being younger, and the more modern of the two, and perhaps more frivolous, though she had produced many scientists (Newton being among them) and poets.

He spoke of the rivalry between the two great seats of learning, and described the beauty of them both.

Both were situated on a river, both composed of many colleges, some large, some quite small, all built for the most part alike, with a porter's lodge, a courtyard with beautiful lawns, surrounded with the men's rooms, and a gate which was locked at night (and woe be to the man who came back late)!

He gave a graphic and amusing description of a freshman's life during his first few weeks, and of the many "rags" of the men, the glories of May week, and the enthusiasm of the boat races. But notwithstanding all the fun and sport, it was necessary to work hard, attend lectures and pass one's exams., as it all gave a wonderful background to a man's future life.

He told an amusing story of a woman who asked one of the gardeners if he could give her the recipe for making her lawn look like one at his particular college; his answer was: "Plant it and roll it for 500 years, then you will get exactly the same result."

On Monday, September 19th, Miss Elsie Morton, M.B.E., came to talk to the men on Proportional Representation, and she made her subject so interesting that she convinced most of her hearers that it was the fairest system of voting.

Miss Morton explained that by the present system the results obtained often represented a minority; for instance, if three men were contesting a seat where 9,000 votes were recorded, one may receive 2,000, one 3,000 and another 4,000 votes. The man who received 4,000 votes would be elected, yet 5,000 voted against him! so the result was really against the majority's wish.

But with Proportional Representation this would be changed, and a man would have to receive a just majority of votes before he could be elected at all.

Miss Morton spoke of the enthusiastic meeting held at Westminster Hall on May 5th, when the Lord Chancellor, Mr. Asquith, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, and Mrs. Phillip Snowden gave most interesting addresses on the subject, and she said that all the countries who had adopted this system were satisfied it was the best and fairest representation possible. It had been tried at Belfast recently, where the voting was phenomenal, also in Australia, New Zealand, in some of the smaller States of Europe and Scotland (for Councils) with the greatest success.

E. S. B.

### When Ignorance is Bliss

AFTER much reflection Marian had composed her telegram and handed it through the window to the clerk. She tripped out, and the transaction seemed completed; but in a moment she returned to the window.

"Let me have that telegram I wrote just now," she said. "I forgot something very important."

The clerk handed out the message, and Marian added, "I want to underline 'perfectly lovely' in acknowledging the receipt of a present. Will it cost anything extra?"

"No, miss," said the clerk, with a smile; and, as Marian drew two heavy lines beneath the words, she sighed with content.

"Thanks so much for letting me do that; it will please Augustus so much!"



## Our Holiday Competition

IN last month's issue we offered a prize of £2 2s. for the most interesting account of:—

### Where and How I Spent My Holiday

A considerable number of entries have reached us, and after careful consideration we have awarded the prize to W. A. L. KERR, of "Buccleuch," Clarence Road, St. Albans, whose contribution follows:—

#### A Walking Holiday

*"And there's no end of voyaging when once the voice is heard,  
For the river calls, and the road calls, and oh!  
the call of a bird!"* GERALD GOULD.

It must not be inferred from the title that walking was the sole continuous effort of a fortnight, or that the joys of a walking holiday are to be found in the "spurning" of the high road. Let it be explained that the health-giving pleasures of walking are the chief attractions of this form of holiday-making, but that in itself only provides a part of all the joys that go to make a walking holiday so delightful.

An early start, the noise and dust of the Metropolis far behind, the long, white road in front wending its way towards the blue hills of the distant horizon, the peace and quiet of "alone with nature," the nestling villages, the cheery greetings of the workers in the fields, the kindly spirit of friendliness that emanates from each and every passer-by—'tis the sum total of these things that go to form the subtle alchemist through whose powers fatigue and bodily exertion become lost in the *joie de vivre*. The miles pass unheeded, in the great open spaces the petty trivialities of life seem non-existent, and happiness holds one's whole being.

Thus, without let or hindrance, day gives way to eventide and the setting sun, joining in the welcome of Mine Host at the quaint village hostel, gives yet an added joy to a heart nigh brimming. A hearty meal, a cheery chat with the kindly landlord, and anon to rest.

In this mode, with each dawn bringing a succession of added interests, what

wonder if the step be light and the heart care-free. What wonder if the regret at again taking up the threads of business life be sincere, "For the river calls, and the road calls, and oh! the call of a bird!"



Further contributions which have been judged of sufficient merit and general interest to print have been received from Jack Heapy, of Haywood, Lancs., and Harry Green, of Hornsey, and Algernon Dudd.

Heapy spent his holiday at St. Dunstan's new Holiday Home at North Berwick, and judging from his contribution he seems to have made a special study of the historical interest attaching to the district in which the house is situated:—

#### A Holiday at North Berwick

It was a bit of a task to find North Berwick at all, but now I have found where it really is I shall not forget. Things sail along in the good old St. Dunstan's way with Miss Thelusson at the helm, and what a fine place it is! It is grand to walk down to the beach and draw in the sweet sea air, though one sighs for the tube escalator to take the place of the sixty steps to be climbed to get back to the Annexe.

But it is a glorious, romantic and historical district. Three miles away is the famous Bass Rock, at the mouth of the Firth of Forth, which sixteen Jacobites held for three years against King William's soldiers. Then the grub ran out! Now sea-fowl breed there. Near by is Tantallon Castle, a stronghold of the Angus Douglasses, who lost it to the Covenanters in 1639. Then there is the interesting village of Edinburgh, which also has a Castle and an "Empire." We visited the "Empire" more often than the castle, and as St. Dunstaners were received right royally by the Scotties and the artistes, "Hoch Aye," chara' drives and fags galore! We met some real good friends, but the Scotch mist could be missed out with advantage.

The dancing lessons at St. Dunstan's bore good fruit when we were invited out, which was often. We had many fine concerts and endless fun, so that when bedtime surprised us I thought of a verse a pal once read to me:—

"Tell me, gentle hour of night,  
Wherein dost thou most delight?  
Not in sleep!  
Wherefore, then?  
In the frolic view of men.  
Lov'st thou music?  
Oh, 'tis sweet.  
What's dancing?  
Ev'n the mirth of feet."

JACK HEAPY.

Green visited another Holiday Home of ours, "West House," Brighton, of the hospitality of which many other readers will have pleasant memories. We have not space to print Green's contribution in full, but make the following extract:—

I had gone to Brighton with the idea of having a quiet, restful holiday, and so that first evening found me on the cliffs which are so conveniently near the house, and looking out toward the sea which was then so calm and peaceful, and the full, clear air blowing from the downs behind me. It was on these cliffs and downs that I spent the greater part of my time. One day I took a motor run further on, from Rottingdean to the new village of Peace Haven, and in times such as the present could anyone wish for a more enchanting name for a village, and a village which, moreover, is living up to its name. Here on the cliff road in a full view of the sea, and with the wide, sweeping downs behind, I spent a beautiful afternoon, and after tea in the garden of one of the bungalows already in use, a walk back to Rottingdean, which can be done in an hour's easy walking, finished a very beautiful and peaceful afternoon. Then there was another afternoon when a party of four of us went for a picnic to Ovingdean, which we reached by the adventurous way over the hills. This entailed the climbing of very slippery banks and the still more tricky task of getting down the other side on one's feet, but the delightful tea and chat under the trees in a meadow was well worth it.

HARRY GREEN.

A rich vein of "romance" is touched by the contributor of the following. Even the Editorial blue pencil has forborne to touch it! :—

#### Cheltenham!

"Confound it," I muttered, in positive desperation. "Confound and — and — and—" "Please do go on," entreated a voice that throbbed with the music of the nightingale, "I'm frightfully interested." A torrent of sarcasm reached my lips, but a ripple of laughter, deliciously suppressed, caused me to swallow my indignation and stand weak at the knees—a bashful fool. The situation was appallingly ludicrous. Holidaying in St. Dunstan's Cheltenham Annexe—yet tongue-tied by stupefying conventionalism.

Around me in the Lounge the babble of merry voices rose and fell with aggravating freedom. The "Cockney Tafty," the hero of the Hostel by undeniable merit, clattered the dominoes and called, "A game!" The literary critics discoursed enthusiastically upon the humour of "Bibby" and the arresting intensity of "Malcolm Sage." "Billy," the Matron's donkey, stamped round his paddock, lifting up his voice to heaven and concluding with a most unrighteous groan.

Listlessly I return my attention to the ash tray, the overturning of which had been the proverbial "last straw" to my load of discomfort. Not that the seven days of the fortnight I was to spend under the roof St. Dunstan's most hospitable of Annexes had been lacking anything of comfort. The fact was—and I knew it—I had lost the debonair spirit; the free and easy comradeship of the old St. Dunstan's days, and here amongst it all once again I felt, and was, a stranger.

Fumbling on the carpet in an effort to recover the litter precipitated from the ash tray, I suddenly touched something cool and soft. Half guessing, half confident of the nature of that touch, I closed my fingers on the most delicately moulded hand of feminine charm. The spirit of the past revived a thousandfold in that brief grasp.

Blissful romance ensued, but all too quickly sped along to the inevitable to-morrow. Even "Billy's" groans were

music in this realm of paradise, and shrieking women on the gramophone became subtle nymphs of melody.

At night, within the privacy of the dormitory, when fellow guests would chaff and dwell upon their dreams of things to be; their hoped-for poultry harvest; their visions of accumulated boot repairs; the homes they hoped to build for two—or more; I wondered long, and even dared to hope. All was bliss—life pulsed with friends and frolics. The theatre—the band—the cafés—those drives in tearing charabancs, upon the dusty Gloucestershire roads—the hill-side climbs in the cooler shades of twilight, with someone who would ever whisper in those haunting tones, "Oh please! please go on." Small wonder that I did "go on," but likewise did old Father Time. He won the race—I always went "too slow." But as I drank the farewell toast I saw a mass of sun-kissed waves of burnished bronze above two thoughtful violet eyes, and two smiling lips that drew so close to—"Come along old son, or you'll miss your train!" I stared and blinked wildly. It was a dream. Rising slowly from the couch I groaned, and in the distance I fancied "Billy" answered me. An ash tray clattered to the ground as I stood to bid farewell. Confound and—and—"And what?" the imperturbable knight errant of St. Dunstan's challenged with mock severity. "Oh! sorry, Sister," I amended, shaking hands and smiling thanks to all, "I've had a dandy time." But to myself I muttered once again, "Confound it! have I dreamt it all, or—confound it." ALGERNON DUDD.

Amongst other entries received in this competition which considerations of space prevent our printing were contributions from W. Robinson, of Welby, who visited Manchester, which he says, "I have never before seen so sunny and smokeless. It was far more like a holiday resort than a great commercial city," from D. O. Evans, of Llansamlet, who went to a little village in South Cardiganshire, and from J. Sheehy, of Dover, who spent his holiday at our Brighton Annexe, where he was very pleased, he says, to meet so many old friends.

## Blind Bridegroom 'Kidnaps' Bride

New Romeo and Juliet

UNDER the above dramatic headline, the New York correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* sends the following romantic story of the wooing and wedding of a blind soldier.

Having lost his sight and been decorated for bravery on the field of battle, the threat of a girl's father to kill him if he married his daughter, was hardly calculated to deter Sergeant Salvatore Flippo. And it did not.

Flippo, a native of Italy and 27 years old, had lived in Erie, Pennsylvania, for 14 years when America entered the war, and he enlisted in the 110th Infantry. In the Argonne he had saved two of his men who were lying wounded in "No Man's Land," and went out to get some more when machine-gun bullets covered him with wounds and destroyed his eyes.

After he had been discharged from the army, he returned to his native village, when he became acquainted with Isabella Bruna. She was only 17 years old, but he fell in love with her because of her sympathy and gentleness, and she reciprocated his affection.

But her father objected.

"If you do not keep away from my daughter I'll kill you," he told him.

Flippo laughed at him, and one day there was a secret wedding.

That night Bruna, with some of his friends, broke into the house, and left the blind bridegroom for dead with dagger wounds in his back. When he recovered consciousness his bride had vanished.

Later, however, while he was in hospital Isabella established secret communication with him, and he urged her to come with him to the United States. This she refused to do, but she did consent to see him off the day the ship sailed.

He held her attention until the vessel had started, then laughingly told her that her ticket and passport had been procured, and she was never more to leave him.

## Newspaper Work for the Blind

THE following article, contributed by a blind journalist, demonstrates the fact that blindness is by no means a bar to literary aspirations:—

When the Cockney gentleman, dressed in kilt and plaid, badgered Rory the driver of the West Highland coach about his horn, Rory got nettled and said truly, "Ta shentlemens in this coach plow their own horn." It is not my intention to "plow my own horn" in these notes, but simply to make good my assertion that a blind person can and may do work for a newspaper, if he has a reasonable gift of stringing words together. Some years ago I asserted in the columns of a Braille magazine that a man might work on a farm, although he saw nothing of his surroundings, and my assertions were laughed to scorn by some correspondents. But from my own experience I find that no amount of laughter will shake me from the conviction that a blind man can do a bit of reporting for a newspaper; or he may write up some descriptive article on some public meeting in his own district, and may do it so well that he may command a few shillings for his work.

If I give the reader some notes from my own experience, he will understand that this is not done for the purpose of exhibition, but as an encouragement to others who may have some thought to try what can be done in this direction.

We are all aware that Prescott, who wrote those wonderful histories of the ancient civilizations of Mexico and Peru, was blind, and how he managed to dictate his work, and even more wonderful still, how he managed to gather together his facts are marvels which we cannot explain. But Prescott is an exception, and we cannot all aspire to be Prescotts, but we may be able to leave our little footprints on the sands of time if we can write of the things that come under our notice daily, and provided we can make these things

interesting to others we should be able to command a limited market for our wares.

While my eyesight was never good, I was able to move about freely in the remote rural district in which I am still a resident, and could read and write tolerably well. And as the conditions of service were not then so rigid as they are now, I managed to secure the appointment of local postman. That was rendered all the easier by the fact that the weekly pay was only seven shillings. But it was a job which gave me time to read and to think, and to observe as far as my limited vision would allow. And in due time I gathered together quite a mass of information about farms and farming and the country folk and their ways, and in this remote Scottish parish I felt that I might do something with my store. My eyesight began to fail somewhat, and I set to work to write for the local papers. I had already begun to write local news for some of them, and got little more for it than a copy of the paper itself. Then I started to write what I called Rural Notes, and as my eyesight still failed me more and more, I tried to extend these in the hope that I might be able to carry on after the inevitable collapse came. As notes were sometimes hard to find, I started to write a short dialogue as between two farmers, and couched this dialogue in the Scottish tongue, or that special dialect of it which is and was spoken in my own parish. This short dialogue caught on, and the editor of the paper suggested to me that I should extend it, and he would make it a feature of his paper. I did so, and hit on a column as the proper length of the article, and every week for the last twenty years I have written this column for this paper. For eleven of these years I have never seen to read a word of what I write, and there are no corrections made. There are no doubt blunders creeping in, but so far, I have had no complaints about that, and I go on week by week writing for this paper at a fairly remunerative salary now.

At first I wrote for nothing, simply for the love of it, but when eyesight failed me and the only reward for 27 years' service which a beneficent country could afford to pay me was a pension of ten pounds a year, I was compelled to seek some remuneration, and it was given at once. A typewriter was procured and I taught myself to use it, and here I am now writing column after column of matter of little or no importance except to a small community. But I find that expatriated Scots get this paper sent to them to all parts of the world for the sole purpose of being able to read a weekly article in their Mother Tongue. I find also that I can attend meetings and take away with me all the information required by the average reporter, and write it out for other local papers. There is nothing to hinder any blind man from sending in the local news to some local paper, and if his only remuneration is a copy of the paper daily, that in itself is a great boon in these days of dear paper. Of course, the typewriter is essential to those who could write. And the art of stringing words together does improve by practice. I would therefore recommend the reader who has the gift of writing easily and fluently to attempt it, and to stick to the things he knows about, the life and work of the people among whom he resides, and it will surprise him how much good and readable material he can secure.

I have found that story-telling is an excellent pastime for blind folk. I have written more tales of one or two chapters each than I care to think of now, and I was foolish enough to write one of twenty-six chapters, which was a fearful undertaking for one who is blind. Take some little incident that has happened in your district, or that you imagine could happen, and work it into a tale, with some lively dialogue and plenty of local colour, and you will be surprised how well your friends and neighbours will like it. "Hilly."

BURTON: "That young actress has a very difficult part in the new play."

WILKS: "Difficult! Why, she doesn't say a word."

BURTON: "Well, that is difficult for a woman."

## A Rare Terrier

"JOHN, true terrier and friend," so runs the epitaph on the oak tablet that marks his burial place in my garden, and he earned it.

From the moment he was released from the travelling hamper, as an eight-months-old puppy, he proved his remarkable character on many occasions as a terrier to ground, and as a faithful companion and watch-dog; but the supreme test of his sagacity came with his master's return from France in 1915, when he was brought to visit him in hospital. Interested doctors, nurses and patients watch the meeting between master and dog. A jump on the bed, a lick of the hand, a look into the face, and John retires to the centre of the ward, where, seriously settled, he "thinks hard."

"Well, doctor, what's happening?" enquires the patient.

"Thinking, if ever a dog thought hard;" but John has arrived at a point in his cogitations where further light is required, and a second visit to the bed follows, followed by another retirement and more thought. Master grows impatient, and gets out of bed to put an end to further consideration, when the supreme brain-wave occurs, and John runs to master and gently presses a cold nose against a bare calf, asking for a pat. Three weeks later master is discharged from hospital and returns home, where on coming down stairs next morning he is greeted by John with the same action experienced in hospital—a press of the nose against his calf, and so it has been every morning till the autumn of last year, when a faithful friend met his death in front of his old foe—a tough badger—the forty-third which he had helped master in pre-war days to draw. A thinking terrier of some determination will surely be agreed, and perhaps readers will not be as quick as the old dog to discover that master was a case for St. Dunstan's.

"WHEN did you first become acquainted with your husband?"

"The first time I asked him for money after we were married."

## The Mouse Trap

By A. P. Herbert

WHAT a fine mouse-trap! Pettifer had bought it in the High Road—a tall, elaborate affair of shiny tin; so large in fact, and so arresting, that you could not imagine that the simplest mouse would be tempted to enter it. Yet a mouse had been caught. He had slipped under the hanging portcullis and heard it clatter down behind him as he sniffed through the bars, the yet unattainable cheese in the tiny cages at the sides. Then he had wondered, no doubt for a long time, sniffing anxiously round the edges of the chamber; and at last he had run up, in curiosity or panic or despair, the little funnel at the far end, a sort of lattice-work of tin.

He had come out on to a shiny platform of smooth tin and gone on doubtfully across it, because there was no other way to go. Then that platform, too, had deceived him, and he had plunged with a tinny clatter into the tank of cool, clean water to drown. And that last step of his on the collapsing platform, the step that was his doom, had lifted up again the little portcullis at the door, so that even as he fell, even as he scrambled those first frantic moments at the corners of the tank, the trap was ready—ready and open for the second mouse to enter. And the second mouse had entered. There were two bodies in the tank.

A very cunning trap—and Pettifer was pleased with it. "Over-run with mice."

But Mrs. Pettifer thought it was cruel.

"Break-backs are good enough," she said. She appealed to Manisty. "It is cruel, isn't it, Mr. Manisty?"

Manisty did not answer directly.

"It reminds me," he began, and looked into the fire. Then we knew that we were to have a story, and we forgot at once about the mouse-trap. For Manisty's stories were the stories of Manisty's own life, and that was a strange record of adventure and fighting in many parts of the earth.

"You know I was in Mexico," he said, "before the war." And with his mild brown eyes he looked almost apologetically round the ring of faces in the firelight.

"I was in Mexico—with Jim Grundy. It was in the days of Carranza and Huerta and that other fellow—what was his name?—you know, one down, t'other come up. Our man was down at the moment, and we were up against it in the hills. Outlaws, really—though any moment we might be back in the town, Cabinet Ministers.

"There were six of us in the hills there, and we were devilish hungry. But there were farms in the valley and cattle on the hills. So we kept going somehow. Then the soldiers and the farmers put their heads together, and we were done. They drove in the cattle and posted guards and so on.

"They were afraid of us, and we watched them fussing about with rifles all the day. But they puzzled us. At one place, a lonely corner at the head of the Ozpec valley, they seemed to be making a kind of store—what you would call a 'dump' nowadays—chiefly food, as far as we could see. It was evidently a cave in the hill, and we lay for hours during the day watching them go in and out of the cave.

"We decided at last to have a look at this place—we were hard put to it by then. And one night two of us went down to investigate—a man called Stevens—and another—I forget the name. They never came back.

"We gave them two days. During these days we kept a very close watch with our glasses on the black mouth of the cave; we counted every man who went in and every man who came out; and each evening we were sure that there was no one left in the cave. We concluded then that our two fellows had been caught on the way to the cave or on the way

back—outside it, anyhow. We didn't think there was a guard on the cave.

"On the second night Jim Grundy and I went down as soon after dusk as we safely could. There was a bright moon hanging low over the hills behind us as we crossed the valley, so that it was terribly light for our work. But the floor of the valley was strewn with great boulders, and they were a help. We crept up very carefully, sneaking from rock to rock, and waited for many minutes. There was no sound at all in the valley, no word, no movement anywhere. It was very eerie, very, very *nervy*.

"The patches of bright moonlight on the pebbly ground and the great black shadows of the boulders round the cave made a most puzzling patchwork—very difficult to be sure of anything, you know. But nothing stirred, and at last I left old Jim under the cliff and crept along to the cave. I crept right up to it and listened, flat on the ground, peering round the corner. The opening was quite small, but the moon shone into it, and I could see a few yards of damp rock. A smell of dampness came out of it, and I could hear the drip of water—a long way off. But no other sound. Then I got up and slipped in—quickly. I wanted to get out of the light. Inside I could see nothing at first, and I stood still, listening. On my right I could feel a damp wall—clay, perhaps. Still nothing happened. Then I went forward slowly, knife in hand, creeping along the wall. Then at last I heard a noise behind me, and, as I heard it, it grew suddenly darker. I sprang round. I saw a moonlit picture of the rocks outside set in a shallow frame; and the top edge of the frame was steadily descending, steadily blotting out the picture—like the curtain coming down on a miniature stage. I flew at it—but I was too late. The curtain met the floor with a metallic clang. Steel. For a moment I went mad. I kicked that great steel door. I cursed it. I beat upon it with my fists. I shouted at it. When I stopped the silence was appalling—the silence and the stealthy drip of water. My God!"

Manisty shivered.

"Well, I pulled myself together at last and went back slowly into the cave. There was nothing to be done with that door—and it was clear that it was worked automatically; there was no one else in the cave.

"At last I lit a match—I had no lamp (we had no lamps at all in our camp—we came away too quickly for that). The passage I was in was not wide, but it seemed to be very high. The feeble light never reached the roof at all. On one side of the passage there was a kind of gate of iron bars leading into another chamber. The gate had a heavy padlock, and I peered through the bars.

"The second chamber was enormous, but in the distance I fancied I could see something on the floor—something that looked like sacks. I went on further and struck another match. Then in front of me I saw a wall—the end of the chamber. Against the wall was an iron ladder—fixed in the rock. Looking up, I could not see the top of the ladder, but I fancied that one or two of the rungs were marked with recent scratchings. I thought then of Stevens and the other fellow—for the first time, I am afraid. I had forgotten them. Perhaps they had been this way. Then the match went out.

"I could not afford another match. I stood there for a long time, wondering what to do. What would *you* have done, Pettifer?"

Pettifer jumped.

"I—I suppose I should have tried the ladder—the only way—I don't know."

"Yes, I thought that. The only hope—another entrance to the cave, perhaps. Or perhaps I should find the others.

"Well, I climbed slowly up that ladder in the dark. There were twenty rungs. At the twentieth there was a damp draught of air in my face and a peculiar smell—nauseating. I put out my hand and felt nothing. The wall had stopped. Then I struck a match. It went out. I swore a little, aloud, and the hollow sound of my voice frightened me.

"By the light of the next match I found myself looking along the floor of another passage—nothing to be seen but the damp stone glistening a little in the weak light.

I climbed out into the passage and crawled on another ten yards. Then I listened again. I could not waste any more matches. The drip of water sounded very close now, and there was a sort of gurgling. And where there was water moving the chances were that there was a way out. I crawled on.

"All the time I was looking intently ahead for what I thought was a light, with my head strained back a bit—as one does, you know, crawling. And suddenly I realised that I was on a different surface, very hard still, but not stone. And damper. Wood, I thought. And as I thought that, the floor seemed to dive forward before me, and I began to slide.

"I clawed wildly in front of me—I flung my legs out on each side; but my legs met nothing, my hands just slithered. That was an awful moment—imagine it, Pettifer—sliding, sliding into the dark. Then suddenly I seemed to shoot out into space; I cannoned into some sort of wall—with my shoulder—and I fell sort of sideways.

"I have heard people say that one seems to fall for ages—but I didn't find that. Almost at once I seemed to hit the water, horrible, thick, slimy water. I came up, choking and spitting, and terrified. I struck out wildly in a kind of panic, as you have seen a dog do thrown into a pond. Almost immediately I came up against a wall, and felt frantically along it for a foothold, for a finger-hold. There was nothing. Then I swam along the wall, feeling it with one hand, swimming with the other. After five yards I came to a corner. The next wall was a little longer, but as smooth, as slimy, as hopeless as the other. Not a crack, not a crevice anywhere. Yet somewhere there must be holes—in a place like this there must be rats; and when I thought of that . . .

"The next wall was like the others. I was blown now—and desperate; already, you see, I was thinking of what would happen when I was too tired to swim, and that somehow *made* me tired. But at the next corner my hand struck against something that was floating on the water. It was soft, like a body, and it shrank away as I touched it. I put out my hand

again, very cautiously, and caught hold of it. I caught hold of a man's face—I felt the nose; I felt the moustache. *It was a body.*

"I swam away from it in a panic to the opposite corner, as far away as I could. It must be Stevens. Stevens had a moustache. For a long time I paddled in that corner afraid to move. If I moved I might run into the other man. And then I noticed that it was no longer quite dark. Looking up, I could see a faint gleam; looking about me, a faint glimmer on the water. I did not understand it, but it was, somehow, encouraging. I struck out again; there was still one wall which I had not explored.

"Half-way along that wall I ran into the second body; I ran into it suddenly—with my face; and once again I splashed away in a panic of disgust. I can't tell you the horror of it. And it tired me very much; used up a lot of precious strength. When I got into a corner again I found I had to work very hard to keep my mouth out of the water—at least it seemed like working hard.

"All the time, I remember, I kept groping and scraping up and down the wall—still hoping to find some crack, something to hold on to. I could hold on a long time, I felt, if I could only find a crack, only a finger-hole; and while I was holding on something might happen. Though God knows what I expected to happen. I suppose I still had a faint hope that Jim Grundy could get at me somehow.

"And at last I felt that I was finished. Have you ever swum too far, Pettifer? Ever been played out—your chin just awash—every stroke the last stroke you can do—aching all over—gasping—taking in water? No? Well, I had got to that stage. And at that stage there was only one thing for me to do, clinging to life as I was clinging. You have thought of it already, perhaps. I had thought of it too. But I didn't like it—God, I don't like to think of it now.

"But I did it. I laboured along the wall towards the bodies. They were the only things in that hole a man could hold on to, and I had to hold on to them. I reached

the first one with great difficulty and clutched at it gladly. It gave, of course, under my weight, and the legs of it got mixed up with mine—horrible! But it was something—it gave me a little breathing space. And as long as I was holding on to the clothes it was not so bad. It was touching the face or the hands that made me want to be sick; made me want to let go altogether. Clammy you know. However, I needn't go into that.

"By degrees I pushed it along the wall to the corner where I thought the other body must be. In the end I found it, and there we were, the three of us, jammed up in the corner. And so I stayed for I don't know how long, just able to support myself, just able to rest a little by clinging to those poor devils. They sank, of course, if you put too much weight on either of them—they sank very slowly, and came up again very slowly beneath you—kind of nestled up to you like a jelly-fish; no, like—I don't know.

"Once, when one of the faces touched me, I went right under beneath the pair of them, and had to claw a way to the surface between them. I think I nearly went mad then . . .

"The next thing I remember was that I noticed suddenly that it was pitch dark again. The gleam had gone. At first I thought I must have imagined the gleam. I lay on my back and stared upward and listened. And I thought I heard something. I listened again, and I was sure—somebody else was in the cave; somebody was climbing the ladder. The door of the cave must have been opened for a while—and that was the meaning of the gleam. Now it was shut again.

The person in the cave was making very little noise; and as he was moving without a light, I judged desperately that it was Jim Grundy. And I shouted; or, rather, I tried to shout a warning, but I was too far gone. If you will believe me, I made scarcely any sound, nothing but a feeble, foamless kind of groan, that echoed like voices in a cathedral, away up in the roof and around the wet walls. But the man heard it—it was Jim—and he shouted back, a great, cheery shout, some kind of encouraging phrase, 'I'm coming.' I

remember he said. Then I tried to shout again, to warn him, and I spluttered out a feeble, 'Look out—look out, Jim.'

"And even as I did it, I heard a startled cry above, and the noise of scraping. Jim Grundy was sliding, sliding, as I had done. There was another cry and a huge splash, and there was old Jim, spitting and cursing in the middle, spluttering my name in a frightened voice that I could never have believed was Jim's.

"And the extraordinary thing was that I was glad. I was glad of company in that hole. I left my bodies, tossing and pushing in the wash of Jim's fall, and I swam out to him. 'Where are you? Where are you?' we both said.

"Even that little exertion was too much for me, and when I ran suddenly into him, I was in a mind of panic-stricken exhaustion again. 'Hold me, Jim,' I said and gripped him by the shoulders. He was a strong man and a brave man, Jim Grundy; but he had hardly got over the shock of his fall, I suppose; and the wild way I gripped him in my weariness must have frightened him. At any rate, he shook me off and swam away a stroke or two, 'Steady, boy,' he said. 'What's up—'

And at that the last thread of my nerve must have snapped. I plunged after him and caught him by the shoulder again, and he tried to shake me off as he had before, but I had a desperate clutch upon him now. I was terrified. And when he struggled more fiercely to be rid of me, I got my two hands clasped round his throat somehow, gurgling and spluttering all the time, you know, trying to explain that I only wanted him to support me for a little as he easily could. But he too was terrified now, and he didn't understand. Thought I was mad no doubt. He lifted one of his hands and clouted me on the side of the head, and we both went under in the filthy water; but I held on. When we came up he hit me again, and again we went down. I held on still, but I felt that my grip was weakening. We came up, gasping and kicking, and we only just came up. Then Jim gave me another fearful blow and I let go. I let go and I went under, with a loud roaring in my ears and I knew that I was going down at last to

the bottom of the pit—down, down in the oily black water; down, down—Oh, God!"

Manisty, stopped suddenly and covered his face with his hands. We realised then that for some minutes he had been speaking almost in a whisper; we were all leaning forward towards him, in a tense circle round the dying fire, intent on catching every word. Pettifer's face was twitching.

For a long minute we sat there, waiting for Manisty. Then, I suppose, because the silence was unbearable, one of us spoke to him, very gently and rather

hoarsely, as if his throat was husky. "And what happened?"

Manisty looked up.

"I was drowned," he said. "And so was Jim Grundy. And the last words we said were, 'Why didn't they use a break-back?'"

There was a long silence.

Then Pettifer stood up. He picked up the shining mouse-trap and brought it over to Manisty, and he said quietly, "Thank you, Manisty."

And Manisty put the new mouse-trap on the hearth-rug and slowly stamped it out of shape.

### The "Queery" Column

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—“Jim,” says the missus to me the other night as she sat down to read the REVIEW, “we’re set up for life.” “We are that,” says I. “It’s three years past last Wednesday since we got married.” “I don’t mean that,” says she. “The Editor is starting a ‘Queery’ column, and will answer any question you like to send in.” “He’ll get some queer ones,” says I. “He says it will be easy as he has ‘Pearson’s Easy Dictionary’ and all the encyclopædias at his elbow,” says she. “More power to it,” says I. “I’ll start by asking him how to stop getting young Leghorn roosters out of the eggs when its only pullets I want,” says I. “I am sick of the little beggars with nothing big about them but their combs and their impudence, waking me at midnight to hear them sing ‘Hail, Smiling Morn.’”

“You might do better even than that,” says she. “What’s that?” says I. “Put him on to Sir Robert Horne!” says she. “We ought to get damages,” says she, “and you are a St. Dunstan’s boy, too! Tell him everything, and he’ll have the law on Sir Robert, for sure.” So here goes, Mr. Editor.

I had reared a lot of Black Orpingtons and had forty-nine last year’s hens and a last year’s rooster in one yard and the same number of this year’s birds in

another. I had meant to make two new yards and run them in them time about, but not being able to buy the netting the birds got no change. The yards were getting very dirty, when the missus spied this piece in an Old Country paper: “Sir Robert Horne says, ‘If you hold a hen’s beak to a chalk line it will stay there for ever.’ He was saying something about the miners, and likened them to an obstinate hen. “Couldn’t we put a chalk line round the grass and try it!” says the missus. “We’ll try it in the yard first,” says I, doubtful like. I got the whitewash brush and made a line across the yard, and it acted like a charm. So we cut the grass short on the piece where the new whitewash fence was to be and made nice diagonal lines like netting all over it. This gave us two new yards, and the hens got fine fresh grass and did very well. Every Saturday we whitewashed the spot over again and kept the lines plain. This kept on for six weeks, and then the farmers began to cry for rain. Our parson was not a good prayer, so he had a special afternoon service and got the Rev. Jeremiah Toogood to come up from Brimstone Quarries. We went to the service, and the Rev. Jeremiah did his part well and no mistake about it, for the missus says to me when we got out, “Leg it out as fast as you can for we’re in for a thunderstorm.”

When we got home she says, "Feed the hens and I'll milk the cow, and don't forget to put a bit extra in the scratching shed in case its still raining in the morning." Well, Mr. Editor, it fairly fell in bucket fulls and we didn't get up till the rain stopped next morning. The missus was up first, and she says, "Get up quick, here's trouble. There's all the Orpingtons in the hay paddock and the young rooster is chasing the old hens and the old rooster is chasing him." Well, we set out to catch them, and it was lucky we had them ringed so as to know which was which. The missus had got fifteen back into the yard and I had caught five in a drain, when she sings out, "There's the young rooster close to you!" Well, I made a swing with my stick and bless me if I didn't hit him on the head and finish him. This was bad luck, but he was eatable; but worse was to follow, as after getting other thirty-eight hens in, the missus slipped and sat down right on top of the old rooster. What a mess her skirt was in and what was below her skirt too, or rather above her skirt when she was sitting on the rooster! "It will take a whole bar of soap to clean me," she wailed. We got the rest of the hens in fairly easy, as they seemed to miss the roosters. That's not the end of the trouble yet, for having no roosters we decided to set the incubator again and try and save the strain. We set fifty eggs and got forty-three chicks, which was very good, and we thought our troubles were over, but would you believe it, there is not, so the missus says, a single young rooster among them! Now, Mr. Editor, I won't ask you to tell us how to get Orpington roosters, as I have been at school, and if you tell us how not to get Leghorn ones when we set Leghorn eggs we will know how to get Orpington's when we set their eggs. Now, Mr. Editor, don't you think that Sir Robert was guilty of what the lawyers call "gross negligence" when he said that about the hen? He certainly ought to have said that the chalk line must be kept DRY. Now, Mr. Editor, don't you think that Sir Robert ought to pay for two roosters and a bar of soap and the coal for the copper fire. Hoping that you will see justice done, I remain, yours sincerely,

THIRD RESERVE.

## Braille Magazines

WE have heard that a number of St. Dunstan's men have been making enquiries as to the price at which Braille magazines published by the National Institute for the Blind are to be had. We have pleasure in calling attention to the fact that the After-Care organisation supplies any magazine published by the National Institute for the Blind gratis and post free to blinded soldiers who require them. The extent to which this service is taken advantage of may be appreciated from the fact that more than 2,500 magazines are sent to blinded soldiers every month.

In connection with Braille literature we have received an offer from Miss Ada M. Youmans, 5407 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, U.S.A., who would like to hear from those wishing to receive regularly the *Ziegler Monthly Magazine*, in revised Braille, Grade 1½. She has several friends who would be glad to send their copies abroad, to any corner of the universe. Miss Youmans also has magazines and weekly newspapers in English Braille, Grade II, and in New York Point, which she would be happy to send to anyone desiring them. Embossed letters in any type preferred.

We thank our American correspondent for her offer. We would point out to those of our men who might be interested in the suggestion made that the *Matilda Zeigler Magazine* is a very first-class production covering a variety of interests. Grade 1½ is, as the name implies, something between Grade I, in which there are no contractions or abbreviations, and Grade II, which is familiar to everyone. Anyone, therefore, who is conversant with the latter will find no difficulty in reading this American publication. We do not advise anyone to ask for the journals published in New York Point, as this system is entirely different from Braille, and would not be understood.



LITTLE BOY (to nigger woman): "Aunt Martha, was that baby of yours raised on the bottle?"

"Yaas, chile; why?"

"Well, it must have been an ink-bottle.

## A Village Miscellany

By "Melipona"

LIVING as we do in a very isolated country cottage in the vicinity of a very isolated country village, where there is no access to books or kindred spirits, and where the morning paper arrives for tea instead of breakfast, ideas are apt to become stereotyped, and conversation monotonous. Apart from the weather and the crops, politics usually prevail at breakfast, and we settle the affairs of the nation before milking. Science, art, and philosophy receive appropriate attention during the day, and for the rest of the time we have to fall back upon exploring the foibles of our neighbours, and such scandal as the neighbourhood provides. In such circumstances one is liable to become somewhat "catty" in one's judgments and comments, at least, Barbara is, but then, of course, she is a woman.

By right of worldly possessions the premier position in local society belongs to an old lady who lives in a plaster palace beyond the confines of the village, but she has now retired from active service, and hibernates for the greater part of the year. She is a curious old lady, with something of the gipsy in her voice and manner, and after being introduced to her, Barbara told me she expected her to produce a pair of love-birds and proceed to tell her fortune. But then, Barbara is always like that, though I do my best to discourage her unseemly levity.

But our great trouble is that the village is dominated by a single family, that has managed to buy up half the cottages and installed relatives wherever possible. They seek to make the place a kind of "pocket borough," where they can lord it over the "tenantry" and pose as a county family.

The figure-head of this family is an elderly widow, whose late husband, according to local gossip, made his money by smuggling. I can well believe it. Judging by his portrait, for happily I never saw him in the flesh, he was a crafty old fox.

At any rate, he is never mentioned now-a-days.

Harold, the son and heir, was recently married, and at a public meeting soon after the advent of her pretty daughter-in-law, the old lady with her nose very much in the air, informed the assembled company: "I object to being known as *old Mrs. H.* I am Mrs. H. and this is Mrs. Harold H."; whereupon Barbara, with her usual frivolity, whispered to me: "Tell her she is known as 'Mother Gum'!"

In one of her houses "Mother Gum" has installed a sister, one of the "poor relation" kind, and she and her husband Bertie are the local apostles of culture, the missionaries of civilisation, bringing enlightenment into these dark corners of the earth. But Bertie is great, and without him life would be dull indeed. Bertie has been for so long the family "Enquire Within upon Everything," that the imparting of information has become a mania with him. We were recently talking about the discovery of some fossil remains of the extinct Brontosaurus, and Bertie, as usual, was brimming over with information, but as his reiterated rendering of "Brontosaurus" made it rhyme with "rhinoceros," I fear I did not profit much by his remarks, and I could see from the strained look in Barbara's eyes that she was enduring an inward struggle of some kind, although she told me afterwards that she really preferred the new pronunciation—it made the beast sound more friendly.

Bertie is a great gardener, and was recently telling us how much he admired those "antirrhini," while I hopefully waited for him to tell me about his "chrysanthem." Last year three of his chickens got the gapes, and he had the whole Ministry of Agriculture by the ears, and would waylay passers-by to show them on a plate the worms he at last caused the chicks to disgorge. We all breathed more freely when the cure was complete. But the gem of our Bertie



collection to date is as follows : at a public meeting, he was anxious to apologize for some oversight, and to admit that he was the "delinquent," so he rose and said : " Mr. Chairman, I fear I am the derelict in this case."

Bertie in his youth paid a visit to America, and cannot forget it, so in the garden he now affects a kind of cowboy costume of pale yellow pyjamas and a scarlet choker. Barbara says they are not pyjamas, but overalls, and that the choker is magenta, but I never argue with Barbara on the subject of dress. Yes, we should be dull without our Bertie, but he has a kind heart, and that we are told is worth more than a coronet, besides being something of a rarity in these parts.

Bertie and Harold read the lessons in church, on Sunday, and Barbara tells me they read them through beforehand, to cut out the words they cannot pronounce. I don't know how this may be in Bertie's case, but Harold is brazen in the matter, and does not hesitate to skip a verse, or even two, if he sees a long word coming. It does not really matter very much, for no one notices his hiatus.

We have only one shop in the village, but, in almost all village shops, everything you want is usually "out of stock." One week there will be nothing but tinned salmon, and when that is sold, it is replaced by Quaker Oats, both very useful commodities, but not very helpful when you need a bootlace. The proprietor is postman, coal merchant (when there is any), and carrier, also he kills a pig on Tuesdays, and the village eats it for the rest of the week. A short time ago, instead of killing a pig, he obtained cheap from Harold a fat sow that died of milk fever, leaving a round dozen orphans in a hard world. Strange to say, the village was disinclined for pork that week, and the sow was a big one. However, later on an unusual amount of brawn was on sale in the next village, and so the difficulty

was got over. The principles of salesmanship followed by the lady of the shop would hardly commend themselves to Mr. Selfridge, for when remonstrated with for having no reels of cotton in stock, she replied : " It's no good getting them, they only get sold !"

I have not been able to tell you a tithe of the interesting things about our village ; there are lots more, but you will see that though our best friends are the pigs, the goats and the bees, our fellow man has his uses, and life even in our remote backwoods, has its humours and its compensations.



We would call attention to the fact that the After-Care organisation has a number of tandem cycles which are available for purchase by St. Dunstan's men at reduced prices. These cycles, which were specially built for the use of the blind, with provision for a lady passenger in front, are supplied at the price of £20, with a 5 per cent. discount for cash payment made, or if instalments are paid off in twelve months. The machines are made by one of the best manufacturers in the country and are being sold at less than two-thirds of their cost. A number of these cycles have been supplied to the Annexes, where those who have not purchased will have had the advantage of testing them, and more than fifty men up to date have availed themselves of this opportunity.



A LITTLE girl had been to church for the first time, and on her return home her grandfather asked what she thought of it.

" I liked it very much," she replied, " but there is one thing I didn't think was fair."

" What was that, dear ?"

" Why one man did all the work, and then another man come round and got all the money."