



# ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

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No. 63

Vol. VI

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

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





Our men who are in business as Shorthand Typists and Telephonists listening to a Concert given by the "Bow Bells." Concert Party who are seen on the platform with Captain and Mrs. Fraser

# St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

EDITED BY PERRY BARRINGER

No. 63.—VOLUME VI.

MARCH, 1922.

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[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN.]

## EDITORIAL

THE gathering of St. Dunstaners engaged in business and commercial occupations within the greater London area, which is described in another portion of this issue, marks another step forward in the policy which St. Dunstan's After-Care Organisation has been pursuing for some time past. The primary object of these and many other meetings which have been held is to provide the opportunity for our men in various areas to meet together to renew old friendships, and to discuss with those responsible for their welfare any subjects of common and individual interest. That every meeting so far arranged has most fully justified these intentions is universally recognised, and we understand that dates and meeting places for further gatherings of this kind are in course of arrangement.

There is another outcome of our activities in this direction which we think deserves attention, and that is the undeniably beneficial influence they exert upon the Nation's view of what St. Dunstan's has done and is doing. Not one of the men of St. Dunstan's, and no member of the staff who has been privileged to take a share in carrying on the work of St. Dunstan's, will ever forget that it has been the generous support and the ready sympathy of the public of the Empire which has made possible the achievements of which we are all so justly proud. It is due to that public that they should know as fully as we can tell them how richly the seed they helped us to sow has borne fruit, how the opportunities they gave to the men of St. Dunstan's to prove their pluck and determination to win through have been accepted and turned to splendidly lasting account. This is a hard and material age, but we believe that there are very, very few Britishers who do not experience a thrill of pride when they read such striking proof of our men's success as is evidenced by these gatherings. And the men of St. Dunstan's are right to be proud of the Nation's pride in them, and what they have done.

This issue of ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW incorporates one or two new features which we hope will add to its interest and entertainment for our readers. We are very pleased to make grateful acknowledgement of the valuable collaboration we have been promised by some of the best-known sportsmen and sporting writers of to-day, in connection with the pages we are devoting to the Realm of Sport and athletics generally. This feature, it must be noted, will not encroach in any way upon the record of St. Dunstan's own activities on our playing fields with which our Sports Captain deals so informatively each month. Our intention is to provide news and notes on sports in general which will interest St. Dunstaners all over the country as well as the men who are still under training. We announce also a football competition, which, modest as the awards are in comparison with the great amounts offered by popular journals, will, we believe, make its own appeal to the big family of St. Dunstaners. We may add that we have many other



plans under consideration for the enlargement of the scope and appeal of our little house magazine, but we want every one of our readers to feel personally that he can help in editing ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW. We want to be told of every happening that influences the work and pleasure of St. Dunstan's men. As we have said, St. Dunstan's is one big family, and the activities and interests of us all must always command a space in ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW. It is only by the co-operation of our readers that we can make our journal of real usefulness.

### St. Dunstan's Gifts to Princess Mary

(BY ONE OF THE DEPUTATION)

THERE were only five of us who went to Buckingham Palace on the morning of February 20th, bearing with us St. Dunstan's wedding gifts for Princess Mary; yet as our little procession of two blinded one-armed men, each with his escort, and followed by our Scout carrying our presents, ascended the grand staircase leading to the Throne Room, I think we felt ourselves to be representatives of the whole body of St. Dunstaners, and charged by them with a very special message to our Princess. We were one of seventeen deputations that morning, all bringing gifts, these being mostly very costly and beautiful articles. Our little workbasket and grey-bordered rug were humble offerings in themselves, but they were the donors' own work, and as such symbolised that "Victory over Blindness" that has been achieved by more than 1,700 British soldiers during the last seven years. We think that, as Princess Mary accepted our gifts and expressed her appreciation of their craftsmanship, she also was thinking of that Victory. This was by no means the first occasion when she had shown interest in the work of St. Dunstan's. We remember how, during the dark days of the war, she and the Royal Princes used to come and visit us in the training rooms and workshops. She saw us at work then and knew what we were trying to do. Now it was our turn to visit her and show her something of what we had done, and to wish her and Viscount Lascelles many years of married happiness. How young and fair and altogether English is Princess Mary! In her own sweet and simple way, with dignity but without formality, she spoke to each of us in turn and shook hands with us all. We had felt it an

honour to be the chosen representatives of St. Dunstan's workers and to carry their messages of good wishes to our King's only daughter. By what royal alchemy did she make us feel that she herself was honoured by our coming and by our gifts?

### Cigarette Slogans

IT will be remembered that in our last issue we published a letter from a St. Dunstaner, who wished to be known as "Canuck," in which he offered three prizes of £1, 10s. and 5s. for the best "catch-phases" which could be used in connection with advertising St. Dunstan's Cigarettes.

We must admit that we have been rather disappointed with the number of entries received for this competition, so much so in fact that we have decided to give St. Dunstaners a further opportunity to show that they appreciate the generous-spirited offer of our correspondent. We are sure that every St. Dunstaner who smokes cigarettes smokes "St. Dunstan's," and, moreover, wants to help forward the sales in every way. There is plenty of ready wit and inventive powers among our men, we know, and it should not be a very difficult thing to think of some slogan which hits off attractively the merits of St. Dunstan's Cigarettes and the cause for which they are sold.

Will every "Happy man of St. Dunstan's" the next time he lights up for a quiet smoke put his brain to work and think out some phrase which tells the public pithily and humorously why they should smoke "St. Dunstan's"? Entries may be sent on a postcard if preferred, but they must reach the Editor on or before April 6th, and must be addressed "Slogan Competition," ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW, Headquarters St. Dunstan's Work, Inner Circle, Regent's Park, N.W.1.

## St. Dunstaners at Dinner

RE-UNION OF SHORTHAND TYPISTS AND TELEPHONISTS WORKING IN THE LONDON AREA.

IN furtherance of the policy which has dictated the meetings of St. Dunstan's workers in all branches of industry throughout the country, a gathering was arranged on February 18th for the St. Dunstaners who are engaged with business firms in the London area. These mainly comprised shorthand typists and telephonists, and a company of between forty and fifty sat down to dinner in the mess rooms at headquarters. Captain Fraser presided, and was supported by Captain McLeod Steel, who is in business as an insurance broker, and Lieut. W. G. T. Pemberton, who practises as a chartered accountant, both being old St. Dunstaners.

Full justice was done to the excellent dinner provided by the cooks at headquarters, and then the company listened with interest and justifiable pride to a short address by the Chairman, in which he dealt with the splendid record of St. Dunstan's men in the particular class of business occupations in which those present were engaged. Captain Fraser mentioned that of all the men trained for office work at St. Dunstan's only one was at present not holding a good salaried position, and he, unfortunately, was at present too ill to work. The occupations followed by the men who were assembled there together required exceptional ability, and the men who had gained their positions and who were holding them now had done a great thing for St. Dunstan's and its proud claim to be able to produce useful wage-earning citizens from the men who had lost their sight in the war. Captain Fraser quoted, for the interest of those members of the press who were present, extracts from a very striking series of testimonials from the many firms employing St. Dunstaners in the capacities referred to above. It is not necessary for us to quote here these letters. St. Dunstaners know well enough that the men who have graduated from the training and class-rooms at the Hostel can hold

their own for efficiency with their sighted compeers, but it was typical of the good comradeship which dominated every moment of this re-union that the guests cheered heartily each reference to any individual comrade.

After dinner an adjournment was made to the main hall, where the well-known Bow Bells Concert Party staged a most enjoyable concert entertainment. As the gathering broke up one heard many wishes expressed that this affair should become an annual function, and in view of the many advantages that are to be derived from these social re-unions, in the interchange of views and the discussion of business interests and difficulties, there is little doubt that such a widely-expressed desire will be carried out.

The following attended the dinner: R. F. Wright, E. Oram, S. Dyer, F. Shelton, J. Fleming, A. Scott, F. Garrity, C. Williams, H. Morris, V. Frampton, J. Rawlinson, S. Webster, T. Meredith, P. Ashton, P. Martin, C. Durkin, J. Robbins, G. Douglas, R. Spry, J. Lynch, S. Edwards, R. Smith, A. Loveridge, F. O'Kelly, G. Kingham, H. Colville, H. Pratt, M. Burran, W. Scott, C. Jeffries, G. Brown, H. Saunders, H. Flett, G. Warden, H. Gover, C. Thompson, H. Kerr, E. Armstrong, F. Rhodes, W. Henry, J. Doubler.

A flash-light picture taken of the gathering at the concert appears as a frontispiece to this issue.

At a concert held at Tebworth not long since, E. Emerton, a St. Dunstaner, was chairman. In the report of the entertainment which appears in the local paper it is stated that Emerton gave a most interesting account of his stay at St. Dunstan's. He said he spent the best time of his life there, and wished he could stay there always.



## News of St. Dunstan's Men

### ANOTHER ST. DUNSTAN'S "VICTORY"

IN the course of a cheery letter to the After-Care Dept., G. Price tells us that his wife was successful in winning the first prize at a fancy dress ball held at Clacton-on-Sea recently. Mrs. Price entered for the "best advertisement" class, and her costume represented St. Dunstan's activities. In a description of the costume which Price gives he says that it was well decorated with various photographs of St. Dunstaners at work and also embraced models of most of the articles the men make, rugs, mats, boots, joinery, netting, etc. Although, as our correspondent tells us, Mrs. Price was "well loaded" we hope for the lady's sake that the models were really small ones! Our Sales Department still remember, no doubt, what the sandwich-men said after they had been parading the London streets each with a St. Dunstan's-made mat and tray to advertise the Sales Exhibition at the Beaver Hut. The whole costume, we are told, cost a few shillings only, and Mrs. Price is to be congratulated on the fact that it was entirely her own work.

### SPECIAL MAT ORDERS

J. Gilbert of Barnstaple, writing not long since, asked to be supplied with some of the trays made by our men, as a big cattle show was coming on and he was sure he could get rid of some. Gilbert himself is a mat-maker, and we mention his query about the trays as an instance of how our men can help each other with sales.

In a later letter Gilbert states that he received an order to make two mats bearing the design of the Borough arms in the centre, an interesting piece of work which we hear was carried out highly creditably. Another order which Gilbert received recently was for two motor car mats which, judging from his description,

were to be a very awkward shape to make. We have no doubt, however, that this job also was completed satisfactorily—it is a way St. Dunstan's men have.

### A ST. DUNSTAN'S HUMORIST

James Robjohns of Tiverton is one of the correspondents whose letters the Editorial Department of the REVIEW look forward to receiving. Whether trade is good or bad, and whether there are troubles or not (in the letter before us he tells us his Town Council have let the house he wanted to another tenant, and as his workshop stands in the garden Robjohns will have to move it to his own garden) Robjohns is always in humorous vein. Here is a final extract from his letter: "It's a good job these Sinn Feiners have had a good think. They have found out I was offering my services to Uls er as a *look out man*, and my armless brother-in-law was going as a *bomber*, so now they have pulled their socks up!" A smudge on his letter he describes as "just a tear from the glass eye I have lost."

### A LINE OF THANKS

From Fordingbridge, I. H. Poole, sends a graceful little letter of thanks to the After-Care Department. "I want to let you know how fully I appreciate the prompt way in which the staff deal with our every little want." Poole, by the way, always types his letters exceedingly well.

### A BRAILLE SUGGESTION

We have received an interesting letter from T. Floyd of Twickenham, who, in sending a little skit on what he describes as "The latest Catch-Craze"—which, together with the "flu" and other epidemics, seems to be prevalent in

## —From all parts of the World

London"—expresses the hope that we may be able to print it. It appears elsewhere in this issue, and we would take the opportunity of suggesting to many other St. Dunstaners who we know possess literary ability, that we always welcome contributions of any kind from the readers of the REVIEW. We are sure there are a thousand and one things happening in the daily life of St. Dunstan's men which would make entertaining reading, and the writing of which would interestingly fill up some idle half hours. We do not mind a bit how little of literary merit there is, so long as the contributor tells of his own experiences and expresses his own views—the Editorial blue pencil will do anything necessary for style and syntax!

To return to Floyd's letter. After some very appreciative comments on the place the REVIEW fills in keeping St. Dunstaners posted with news of old friends and associations, and its value for announcements from Headquarters, Floyd adds:—

"May I make a suggestion? I, and I expect many others who are in the habit of reading Braille periodicals, would be interested in an article dealing with their production, giving details such as method of setting-up, kind of 'type' used, how interpoint Braille is embossed successfully on both sides, etc. I might add that I did not enter St. Dunstan's until 1918, and have been receiving the REVIEW only since 1919, so that I do not know if an article similar to the one I have suggested has appeared before that date."

As a matter of fact an article on the technical production of Braille literature appeared in these columns some three years since, but as there are doubtless many of our readers who will not have seen this, we have had it rewritten and brought up to date, and are publishing it again on another page of this number.

### A SUCCESSFUL STALL HOLDER

What the local Press describe as one of the most interesting of the stalls included in a two days' Bazaar, held at the Dyson

Hall, Rotherham, recently, was that of C. Morton, of Framley. In a letter he sends to Captain Fraser, Morton mentions that he did very good business indeed at this bazaar, and received in addition a number of orders for future delivery. Morton adds that he has the promise of a good stall at a very big Bazaar in the Rotherham Drill Hall later in the year, and we have no doubt he will make an equal success there. "I can tell you I gave good old St. Dunstan's a very good name," Morton says; and we have no doubt he did, quite apart from the excellent effect such an enterprising display must have on the public knowledge of what St. Dunstan's men can do.

### A GUEST OF HONOUR

At a whist drive held in connection with the St. Dunstan's National Championship recently, J. Benson, of Boroughbridge, was invited to make the award of the prizes to the winners. We hear that the drive was a great success, and Benson, in thanking the company present for their attendance, took the opportunity of telling his audience something about the work of St. Dunstan's, and how much its activities meant to our men. Benson also had a display of his baskets in the Hall, and in addition to the sales he made that evening, secured some further orders.

We congratulate Benson upon the regard in which he is obviously held in the district, and his enterprising use of the opportunity the occasion provided both for furthering his own and St. Dunstan's welfare.

### THE BEST MATS

J. Attrell, of Polegate, sends us along a copy of a letter he has received from one of his customers, The Honourable Mrs. Gwyne, in which she asks him if he will undertake some repairs to two mats. The mats were not made by St. Dunstan's or it is probable they would never need repairing! Mrs. Gwyne's letter concludes, "Your mats are so nice and strong, we are



very pleased with them indeed." Bravo, Attrell!

H. Goodwin writes from Ramsgate:—"While typing some letters the other day, this little riddle came to me. When is a St. Dunstaner not a St. Dunstaner?"

Answer: When he's a typing (a tie pin). I might also add that I have also come across a domino puzzle, very simple but very difficult to explain so must leave it until I next visit St. Dunstan's, but I am sure it will interest some of the domino players." Goodwin must enter for our "Cigarette Slogan Competition."

T. E. SKELLY, of Batley, writes to tell us of the successful result of the whist drives he has arranged for St. Dunstan's, upon which we congratulate him very heartily. Skelly mentions that at the last drive he asked F. Guiseley, another St. Dunstaner, to present the prizes, and by a happy coincidence Mrs. Guiseley proved to be the winner of the first prize, with a splendid score of 150.

#### MEMORIAL SERVICE IN TASMANIA TO SIR ARTHUR

A letter just received from Captain Marriott, a St. Dunstaner now settled in Somerset, Tasmania, tells of the part he took in the arrangements for a Memorial Service at Hobart Cathedral.

Captain Marriott says: "I had just finished writing a long letter to Sir Arthur when I received the news of his death over the phone. I then received a wire asking me to arrange a memorial service for the 20th at 11 a.m. I immediately wired the Cathedral authorities in Hobart and also the State Governor, and in due course the service took place, and I was asked to attend and give an address on Sir Arthur and his work. I had to go, almost at a minute's notice, a train journey of 240 miles. It took me over 12 hours. I left here on the Sunday after evensong and motored to Burnie, 12 miles, stayed there the night and caught the train the next morning at 6 a.m., and with one change was in it until 6.30 the same evening when we rumbled into Hobart. I was met on arrival by the Bishop's son, the one who was my chauffeur for a short while, and was escorted to Bishops Court. Next morning

I was met at the Cathedral at 10.45 by the Dean, Archdeacon and two of the Canons, who after robing escorted me, to the plaintive strains of the great organ, to a seat in the chancel. Please remember that I was in multi—surely it was a unique procession. We opened with the hymn, "Rock of Ages," the Dean read the special prayers, one of the Canons the special lesson, and then we sang "Jesus lives, no longer now," during which my seat was turned towards the congregation, and I stood just behind it on top of the chancel steps. I want you to try to realise what I felt like, while I was waiting for the echoes of the organ to cease. I seemed to live again every moment of my life in the dark, and then I became aware of the intense silence and knew it was up to me; and thus surrounded by the dignities of the Cathedral chapter, and faced by the State Governor, Commandant, Staff, A. D. C.'s, the civilian blind from the institute and about 300 of the leading lights of the capital I started my address. As you know I have addressed audiences in many parts and places, and on many subjects, but never before have I held the floor of a cathedral, and I quickly realised that it was an occasion that called for the best that was in me."

Our correspondent gives a brief summary of the form his address to the congregation took, and he describes how he wound up with an appeal to Tasmania to do all in their power to help forward the great work in which Sir Arthur Pearson had been so brave and stimulating a leader.

#### PRAISE OF ST. DUNSTANERS

From a letter received by Captain Fraser from the Earl of Yarborough we make the following extract in reference to Chamberlain of Keelby:—

"Chamberlain is really doing very well with mat making and poultry keeping. Lady Yarborough and I see both him and Stamp, who lives in the same parish, occasionally, and it does one good to see them so hard working and happy, thanks to the wonderful work of your Institution."

This is the sort of news of St. Dunstaners which, often as we receive it, never comes too often.

## St. Dunstan's Competition

THE following has been adjudged the best contribution sent in for the competition announced in our last issue, in which a prize provided by Mr. Charles J. Jones was offered for—

### The Best Description of My Poultry Farm or My Garden

The prize of 10s. has been accordingly sent to the writer, B. Hamilton, Brookville

Poultry Farm, near Brandon, Norfolk.

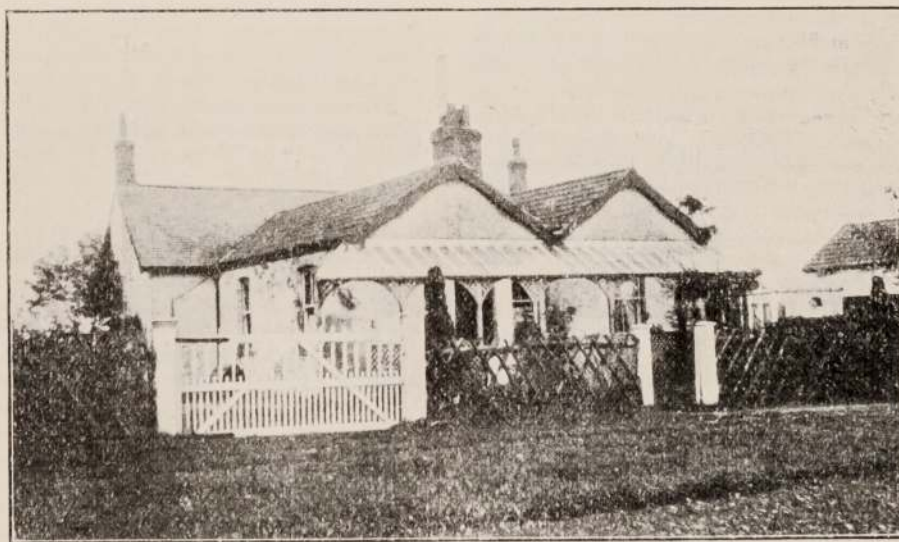
We should have liked to have given space to selections from other entries, but the pressure on our columns this month forbids. This competition, as we fully expected, has aroused a good deal of interest, and we hope at a later date to conduct another on somewhat similar lines.

### DESCRIPTION OF MY FARM

My farm is situated at Brookville, in the county of Norfolk, and if my readers will just fancy themselves seated in a railway train and being conveyed to the small railway station of Stoke Ferry, G.E.R., I will endeavour to convey to their mind what a visit to my farm would be like, and what is to be seen.

Having arrived at Stoke Ferry station, we pass through the picturesque village of Stoke Ferry, and on to the open road leading from King's Lynn to Norwich. We pro-

ceed along this road for a distance of two miles, over nearly level country, until Brookville is reached. Here we turn sharp to the left, and having proceeded about 400 yards along a bye-way, we arrive at "The Croft." This is a St. Dunstan's poultry farm. We pass through a small gate, leading up to a glass covered verandah, and enter the house at the rear. The house is of brick and stone, with tiled roof, and is built bungalow-fashion. There are no steps, so it is therefore very



A VIEW OF BROOKVILLE FARM



easy to get about. It contains six rooms, together with bath-room and scullery. From the house, through the front door, we find ourselves on the lawn which is surrounded by fruit trees, and thousands of bulbous flowers which are now opening their petals. As the present occupier does not play tennis, the lawn makes a most suitable place to rear young chicks, of which there are about 70 running about. We leave the lawn, crossing the yard, and view the out-buildings. Firstly, we come to the coal-house. This is a wooden building, measuring 11-ft. by 9-ft., and built with outside slabs of trees. We next come to the stable and coach-house, with loft above. This is a brick building with tiled roof, and as the present tenant does not boast of horses and carriages, the coach-house makes a very good corn-store, as it is rat proof, and has a concrete floor. Here are bins arrayed all round, containing the various foods that are necessary on a well-kept poultry farm. We now come to the stable, which adjoins the coach-house, and which makes an excellent incubator-room. Here we have three incubators of the hot-water type at work. Listen! What is that squeaking? Oh! it is the large incubator hatching off, and it is the chicks you can hear. Can you see them? Sorry, you cannot see them to-day, but if you are this way to-morrow, I shall be pleased to show them to you!

Leaving the incubator-room, we next enter the workshop. This is a wooden building, measuring 10-ft. by 8-ft., where can be seen a display of joinery tools, mat-frame, and matting material.

From the workshop, we pass through a small gate, and are in the stockyard. This is a small piece of land closed in with chestnut fence, and contains goat-houses, piggeries, poultry-food cook-house, store sheds, etc. Here we find Snowball, the white hornless billy-goat, with several nannies and kids, and also a sow with her litter of six.

Leaving the stockyard at the south side, we come to the rearing-ground. This is about half-an-acre of land, wired in with small-mesh wire, in which chicken are reared after they attain the age of six weeks, and are moved from the lawn. No

poultry is kept in the rearing ground except in the chicken season, after which it is grazed off by the goats.

Passing through the rearing ground, which lies on the north side, we find ourselves in a meadow amongst the poultry. The poultry-houses and pens are erected in straight rows stretching across the field, with a cart road between the rows. It is planned so that a cart or other vehicle may get to any poultry-house, and therefore facilitate transit of any poultry to or from the farm. Only two breeds of poultry are kept, and they are White Leghorns and Rhode Island Reds.

The poultry-houses are all erected on blocks, and raised 15-ins. from the ground. The pens are all on the duplicate system, so the land is always sweet and fresh.

The first row of four houses, each measuring 12-ft. by 6-ft., are the trap-nest houses, where the pullets are trap-nested during October, November, and December of their pullet year. The next row of houses contains the breeding stock whilst the third row contains all the surplus birds.

We now leave the field by another gate and proceed along the side of the garden to a number of Morant rabbit hutches. These do not contain rabbits, but sitting hens. The hutches have had the wire fronts removed and bars substituted, and now make excellent sitting-boxes and chicken-coops combined.

We are now on the path alongside the lawn, and proceed back to the house again, having viewed the farm, and I wish you "Good afternoon, Sir!" You ask a question. "Would I sell—?" Yes; I can supply sittings of eggs, day-old chicks, or stock birds. Please take my catalogue, and if you have any friends that may be wanting any of the above mentioned, tell them to drop me a post-card, stating their wants. I offer special rates to all St. Dunstaners. Please remember my address.



PRINCESS MARY'S bridal bouquets, consisting of pale pink sweet-peas, tied with blue and silver ribbons, were ordered from Mr. Douglas Hope, the blind ex-officer of the Scots Guards, who owns the little Victory shop in the Piccadilly Arcade.

## News from the Workshops

### MAT DEPARTMENT

IN addition to their course at King's Langley, A. Anderson and J. McAvoy have done very good work in the Mat Shop. They both have a sound idea of the work, and will soon reach an exceptionally good level. J. R. Smith has also done well since completing his Joinery course, and has acquired useful elementary knowledge of which he can make good use in the future. Our sincere congratulations are offered to B. P. Pursglove on account of the successful work he has done during February. In spite of the loss of his thumb and first finger on his right hand he has complete control of the different operations, and uses his knife excellently. G. Tibbs continues to have useful experience both in plain mats, insertion borders and designs; one with five diamonds made at the beginning of February received special commendation. J. Davidson has also been putting in a good deal of sound work. His mats are excellent both in shape and border, and every part of the work shows great care. A. Chaffin has also been having further experience with designs and letters. A considerable improvement in judgment as to the use of fibre and also cutting was noticeable in the mat with a black border and red diamonds.



### BASKET DEPARTMENT

The early success which R. Barber achieved with centre-cane baskets has been continued. He is steadily overcoming the difficulties of various strokes, and has been doing exceptionally well with workbaskets.

H. Jones has done very well indeed with willow work since he started at the end of November. He has made the usual number of round baskets, and has also got quite pleasing results with square arm baskets and small hampers. The work done by W. A. Burenshaw on

round soiled linens has been very careful, and reached a satisfactory standard. After experience with several chairs, P. Dixon has returned to square work, and his recent hampers have shown marked improvement in style. J. Boon has also been having experience with hampers, and did particularly well with one for laundry use quite recently. S. Goodwin has also to be commended for his improved work on barrels and waste papers. C. V. Smith has done good work revising his course, and has made a number of stock baskets. The tradesmen's baskets were particularly well made, and one square baker's basket was exceptionally well handled.



### BOOTS AND CLOGS

W. Wright has done very satisfactory work with both trades; he has a good idea of rounding up and skiving, and has also made some advance with hand-closing. A. E. Sherwood still continues to advance very steadily with all classes of work, including toe-capping. J. Rendell is making all round progress with benching, and is particularly successful in getting his edges to look well. Some quite excellent jobs during January and February are to the credit of W. F. Gannaway. He is a quick worker, and is making very good use of his time and opportunities.

The special attention which H. D. Clevitt is giving to heavy work will be very useful experience for the class of work he is certain to get in his district. A pair of child's boots half soled and heeled by J. W. Yarwood was superior to his previous work both in shape and finish. T. A. Wilson has been having varied experience during the term, and has made a good job of some toe-capping. He takes great pains with his work, and is not daunted by difficulties. G. Southen still shows steady enthusiasm, and can be relied upon to do work of a very useful character. The previous commendation



of A. J. Jones can be repeated, as he is a good trier and hard worker. He is very wisely gaining considerable experience with clumping, tipping and heavy nailing, and his improvement is really marked. In the Mat Shop also he has done a good deal of work of a thoroughly satisfactory character, including two mats with five diamonds. J. Bolton completed his course of work on boots with two excellent repairs which did him great credit.

#### JOINERY DEPARTMENT

In this Department T. Eaton has been making steady and very good progress, his rabbit hutch and a meat safe being very good pieces of work. E. J. Harlow continues to show interest; his tool chest was a particularly well finished piece of work, and he has since been making some very nice oak trays and picture frames. M. Cassidy has been taking an elementary course suitable for poultry farming, and has done very well. F. W. Moore is now reaping the advantage of his consistent and persevering work on picture framing; the last specimens of his work have been really good. E. Lupton has just completed his second pair of steps, which were very nice indeed. The tool chest made by Capt. Williams turned out to be a splendid piece of work. He has since made a boot stool, and is now progressing with a dog kennel. Various articles of an elementary character made by Mr. Steel contained work of a very nice quality, and they have given much pleasure to his Instructor.

The following Proficiency Certificates have been awarded during the month of February:—

J. Bolton (Boots); H. D. Clevitt (Boots and Mats); W. J. Harris (Boots and Mats); A. Chaffin (Mats); E. Donald (Mats); F. Linley (Mats); C. Marshall (Boots and Mats); J. W. Yarwood (Boots).  
W. H. O.

"I'm going along to the gaol. There's a man I want to see there."

"You're modest, old chap. There are about forty I'd like to see there."

### Captain Fraser, L.C.C.

ALL St. Dunstaners will join in hearty congratulations to our Chairman, Captain Fraser, on his well-deserved victory at the London County Council election on March 2nd. Captain Fraser stood in the Municipal Reform interest for the Borough of North St. Pancras, and he was returned at the head of the poll with a vote of 6,982, a majority of over 2,000.

Captain Fraser arranged to stand for election to the L.C.C. some months before Sir Arthur died, and the idea had his warmest approval and support. After the tragic loss of our Chief, Captain Fraser considered whether or not he would continue his candidature, and at one time thought of giving it up; but he was very strongly pressed to continue, and having been formally adopted and having opened his campaign he was morally bound to do so. From St. Dunstan's point of view, the great advantage of Captain Fraser's election lies in the fact that the L.C.C. is responsible under Act of Parliament for the conduct of all organisations carried on on behalf of disabled soldiers whose headquarters are in the London area. His success makes him a member of the body to which the Committee of St. Dunstan's is responsible, and since negotiations between the two are frequently in progress this is of course a great advantage. In addition, the wider interests which Captain Fraser will have, and the circle of friends he will be able to make, will be helpful to him in carrying on his work as Chairman of St. Dunstan's. But it must not be supposed from this that Captain Fraser's candidature is in any way an official one, for he conducted his campaign entirely on his own account on general principles, and did not receive any assistance from St. Dunstan's with the exception, of course, of the valuable help from members of the staff who devoted many evenings and some Saturday afternoons to the work. It has been impossible to thank all these helpers personally, and Captain Fraser wishes us to place on record his great appreciation of their services. The L.C.C. is the largest municipality in the world, having 124 members. The

Municipal Reform Party to which Captain Fraser belongs stands for private enterprise as against communism and collectivism. This is another direction in which his support of the party is in the interest of blinded soldiers and sailors, for though St. Dunstan's is subject to limited regulation by the L.C.C., it is nevertheless a form of private enterprise, and as we all know its success is due in a large measure to the fact that it stands on its own and is not in any way connected with Government schemes of caring for disabled men.

He will have as a valuable colleague on the Council Colonel Eric Ball, who has been a member of St. Dunstan's Committees for some time past. Colonel Ball, who was returned with a splendid majority and to whom we also offer our sincere congratulations, has been on the Council for its last session, and became Chairman of its Fire Brigade Committee.

Captain and Mrs. Fraser were naturally delighted with their success, particularly in view of the fact that the constituency was considered to be an extremely difficult one, and that it has not returned a Municipal Reform candidate for over twenty-one years.

There have been strenuous times during the evenings of the weeks preceding the poll, and many amusing incidents might be recorded did space permit. For instance, on the evening of polling day there was the dear old lady who was quite adamant to all the persuasive powers of one of us who was trying to induce her to go to the polling station. She "couldn't be bothered with voting," she insisted, until the wily canvasser discovered that she was the proud mother of no less than four sons, all of whom had a vote. Then the bargain was made. If the canvasser could induce the sons to vote would the mother go down and vote with them? Yes, she would. Thus the course was clear. The first son was called upon and told that his mother wanted to vote with him, which was figuratively, if not literally, true. His consent secured, the other sons were visited in turn with a growing elaboration of the first inducement, the fourth brother finding it quite impossible to refuse an invitation from all the rest of the family

that he should go with them to the polls. Five votes for our candidate!

Captain Fraser made many friends throughout the borough during the campaign, and even the few hecklers at some of the many meetings he addressed could perhaps be counted as friends, for their rather wild questions gave our candidate splendid opportunities—of which it may be said he availed himself in the fullest measure.

It is interesting to note that Captain Fraser will be the first blind London County Councillor.

### The "Footsteps Sense"

THE following letter, which appeared in the Press recently, raises a subject of general interest to our readers:—

"Sir,—Your New York correspondent sends an interesting instance of an assailant, who shot a blind man, being identified by the sound of his footsteps.

"Quite apart from its prevalence among the blind, who, being deprived of one sense, super-develop the others to take its place, I think that what might be called the "footsteps sense" is not as uncommon as some people seem to imagine.

"An old lady I once knew recognised the footsteps of her sailor son when he walked up the path to her cottage after an absence of ten years.

"At one time my husband worked at night, and I used to awake whenever he turned off the main road into the street in which our house was situated. This was not a case of awaking by habit at one time every night; for, owing to the nature of his duties, the times of his return would vary by as much as two to three hours in one week.

"My sub-conscious self during sleep must have recognised his footsteps, but I doubt if I should have known them so unerringly had I been awake.

"Dogs, of course, have this "footsteps sense" highly developed. Very few dogs mistake their masters' walk.—E. M. B."



## Departmental Notes

### Braille Notes

**H**EARTY congratulations to the following men on having passed their Reading Tests:—

F. W. Tarry, E. Lupton and F. M. Cassidy.

We give below a selection of some of the books that have recently been added to the National Library for the Blind:—*Life of Frederick Courtenay Selous*, F. G. Mallais; *And Even Now*, Max Beerbohm; *Opening up of Africa*, Sir H. H. Johnston; *On the Art of Writing*, Sir A. Quiller Couch; *Blocking of Zeebrugge*, 1918, A. F. B. Carpenter, R.N., V.C.; *The Miser's Daughter*, Harrison Ainsworth; *The Dragon of Pekin*, Captain Brereton; *Son of Tarzan*, Rice Burroughs; *The Joy of Youth*, Eden Philpotts; *Brood of the Witch Queen*, Sax Rohmer; *The Eternal City*, Hall Caine; *The Great Push*, P. McGill; *Son of the People*, Baroness Orczy; *The Sea Hawk*, R. Sabatini; *Sanders of the River*, Edgar Wallace; *Iron Pirate*, Max Pemberton; *Sonnica*, V. B. Ibanez. *D. P.*

### Shorthand, Typewriting and Telephony

**W**E sincerely congratulate the following men on having passed their Test:—

G. Kilsby, H. Boorman, J. McAvoy, R. Barber, H. Finkle, W. Wright, F. W. Brooker, H. Potts, H. Elborne, S. N. Kemp, and J. R. Smith.

Many congratulations to Paul Nuyens who left the Hostel last month, and through the influence of his friends in Amsterdam has obtained a post in this country as English and foreign correspondence clerk to Messrs. Campbell Miller & Co., Ltd., 13 Golden Square, London. We wish him the best of luck and every success in his new work.

The following account of a visit to the Paddington Telephone Exchange has

been received from W. Nichols, one of our present telephonists:—

On Thursday afternoon, February 2nd, a party of pupil telephonists with our instructor, Mrs. Moore, paid a visit to the Paddington Exchange. Two very interesting hours were spent in having the workings of the telephone with all its complications explained to us. After having had this useful lecture from the Manager, who kindly showed us all that it was possible for him to show, tea was provided in the Exchange Manager's Office. *D. P.*

### Netting Room

**R**ECENT reductions in the price of our materials has made it possible for us to mark down the selling price of garden netting. We are particularly anxious that After-Care workers shall avail themselves of the substantial discount we can give them for any orders they send to us. We have excellent stocks of fruit netting, tennis boundary netting, and we hope everyone will do his best to make this known locally. *G. H. W.*

OUR readers will have learnt with interest of the forthcoming marriage of Sir Neville Pearson, Bt., to Miss Mary Angela Mond, daughter of Sir Alfred and Lady Mond. We understand the wedding will take place very quietly towards the end of this month.

THE following is a copy of a telegram sent by Queen Alexandra to Lady Pearson acknowledging the receipt of Memorial Numbers of ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW and the BEACON:

"My best thanks for the Memorial Numbers of ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW and the BEACON, which you have kindly sent me. My thoughts and prayers are with you in carrying on your dear husband's noble work."

(Signed) ALEXANDRA.

## How Braille is Produced

**T**HERE are two methods by which Braille books are produced, by machinery and by hand. It is estimated that about 6,500 volumes of Braille are produced in the British Isles each year by machinery, and, as far as we can judge, about 3,000 books by hand. In addition to this there are 116,476 weekly newspapers, 72,212 monthly magazines, and a very large number of short stories and articles in the pocket edition which is so popular at St. Dunstan's. Over three-quarters of the whole output of Braille books originates from the National Institute for the Blind.

There are so many stages in the production of a Braille book by machinery that a short account of the process of turning a book into Braille may be of interest.

The book, having been approved for publication, is first of all "estimated," that is to say, the words of the ink-print copy are counted, when it is then possible to discover how many volumes of Braille the book will occupy. There are two methods of producing Braille books, known as Inter-pointing and Inter-lining. An Inter-point book means that the dots on each side of the plate are placed between the dots on the other side, while an Inter-lined book means that the lines of writing on one side fall between the lines on the other side. For beginners Inter-lined books are somewhat easier to read, but it is in every way preferable to use the Inter-point system, as more words can of course be set on a page by this method.

Let us suppose that a book has been handed to the Stereotyping Department, and it is found that three large Inter-point volumes will be required. If the work is urgent the book is divided into three parts, each part being given to three separate Stereotypists and started simultaneously. The proof reading is following up as closely as possible. Ordinarily a volume

takes about 14 days to stereotype. The plates are read over three times, this proof-reading occupying about another week. This means that it is possible for a three-volume work to be made ready for the Printing Department in three weeks. In the old days, of course, stereotyping was done by hand, but now practically the whole work is done by machinery.

The sighted reader reads to a blind Stereotyper, who, by means of an ingenious machine worked by a treadle and keyboard, not unlike that of the Stainsby-Wayne Shorthand Machine keyboard, transcribes the book into Braille on metal plates. Any errors that may have occurred are altered by a hand punch. It speak well for the accuracy of the blind worker to be able to state that mistakes are few and far between.

These plates consist of two sheets of metal with a hinge at one end between which the paper is placed. The points on one side of the plate press the paper accurately and firmly into the pits opposite them. The press is capable of producing some 16,000 sheets per day. As they leave the press, the sheets are folded by blind operators and are passed on to the binding department. The 80 sheets which usually comprise one volume of a Braille book are then placed in a remarkably ingenious and elaborate machine which sews the sheets together with tape in one operation, though this necessitates an extraordinary amount of mechanical ingenuity. At the end of this operation the book is ready for the binder's hands, and it will be readily understood that the process of stitching and binding has to be a pretty thorough one by reason of the severe handling to which it will be subjected.

As regards the plates, these are usually stored away, to be kept for use when a future edition of the book is called for.

It is interesting to be able state that it



can be taken as an accepted truth that the Braille edition of a book is practically faultless; the mistakes that are overlooked in sighted works are always "spotted" at once by the blind proof-reader. So carefully is the reading done that it is practically impossible for a mistake to appear in a machine-made book.

In spite of the increase in the production of books by machinery, there will always be a demand for hand-written Braille. Books for libraries, for students, or for individual readers, of which one, or at any rate, very few copies are required, obviously must be produced by hand.

It is not possible to estimate exactly how many books are produced by hand frame and Stainsby-Wayne machine. The National Lending Library, the National Institute for the Blind, and many other institutions have their own voluntary staff of writers, and there are also about 110 blind copyists up and down the country who duplicate these transcriptions; their output again is difficult to estimate.

Manuscript work is chiefly done by volunteers, of whom there are several hundreds. If this work were paid for, the cost would be from £2 8s. to £3 a volume, or 8d. a sheet, exclusive of cost of paper and binding, whereas the charge made for a machine-produced volume is, on an average, 4s. for purchasers in the British Isles, 8s. for colonial purchasers, and 16s. for foreign purchasers.

Hand frames are more generally used, because they are much cheaper to buy. It is impossible to say how long a time is required to complete a volume. It depends entirely on the worker and on the amount of time devoted each day to the work. It is mostly done at odd times and the average time taken is about three weeks, though some workers can and do produce a volume in ten days.

When it is realised that there are about 220,000 dots in a volume, the labour required to write a book by hand will be appreciated, and in addition to the services rendered volunteers generally defray the cost of materials used.

**Princess Mary's Wedding**  
ST. DUNSTANERS AT THE  
GREAT PAGEANT  
BY E. W.

Through the kindness of Mr. Phillips of the British Red Cross Society a party of 75 men and sisters were invited to take places in a specially reserved enclosure opposite the Victoria Memorial, and on the north of Buckingham Palace. Our party set out very gaily in the morning, shortly after nine, and found ourselves safely at the allotted place within half-an-hour. Our Matrons had thoughtfully provided us with sandwiches and fruit, whilst the Red Cross Society remembered us by serving huge jam sandwich cakes and cigarettes. As we had a wait of close on four hours the refreshments provided were thankfully received. The Sisters soon saw that we could get a better position nearer the line of procession, and so we all started carrying our chairs à la Carter Paterson, and placed ourselves immediately behind the crowd behind some railings. It was amusing to hear one of the huge policemen stopping certain ladies of the crowd from standing on some low stonework in front of us. "The enclosure at the back" he said, "is reserved for the blinded soldiers, and how can they see if you stand on this stonework in front of them?" Of course, the ladies at once got down from their point of vantage! Apart from the kind thought of the "Bobby," I think all of us mentally saw every bit of the procession—the horses, the Guards in their scarlet, the gilded carriages and gorgeous footmen, the Life Guards, the King, Queen, and the Princess, and of course the Bride! Everybody said she looked charming, and so said all of us! It was splendid to hear again the measured tread of the Guards, the drums and the music, and it was particularly nice of Queen Alexandra to give us a friendly wave of the hand as she passed.

From beginning to end it was a most interesting experience, and we thoroughly appreciated the opportunity of being

present, and to wish in prayer, praise, and cheer the Princess and her Bridegroom the very best of good wishes for joy and happiness.

The following account is taken from the *Morning Post*, of 1st of March:—

HOW THE BLIND "SAW"

WAR WOUNDED AT THE PALACE

"The men whom the Great War so shattered that they are still in hospital were remembered, and for them a special enclosure was set apart on the north side of the Queen Victoria Memorial. Some five hundred were present there from St. Dunstan's, from Sidcup, and the other military hospitals, and these blind and mutilated soldiers were notably cheerful and enthusiastic in their greetings to the Royal bride as she passed. The thought was in the minds of most probably, and found expression from some, that they had suffered greatly to keep this England safe and free, and that there was a sense of reward now in seeing their King take his daughter in proud procession through the capital they had guarded on the fields of France.

"All of them did see. The crippled were held up by their comrades. The blind had the help of the eyes of others, who told them every detail of the pageant, and as one totally blinded sergeant said, 'We made our mental picture of it all.' Very minute were the enquiries that the blind made, and one man with eyes who had the duty of looking after one of them found that he had never before seen a procession so thoroughly. At first they were eager to know of the sky. There were clouds, they knew. Was it going to rain? Reassured that the clouds were what the French call 'little white lambs playing in the sky,' they wanted next to know exactly about the crowds around. Were they men or women mostly? Were any boys climbing the trees of the Mall or the bases of the statues around? Had the police and soldiers trouble in keeping the people back? The fate of a small boy who found himself in the

front row, but behind a giant soldier, was followed by them with keen interest, and there was general satisfaction at the report that he had been allowed to kneel down by the soldier's right leg, and thus would get an excellent view.

NURSE'S PICTURE OF THE BRIDE

"One completely blinded soldier had as relative one of the Royal coachmen; another had a relative as outrider, and you will know him, for he has the second finger of his left hand blown away.' These relatives had to be identified as they passed, and their demeanour noted. Other close inquiries were about the horses of the Guards, how their coats and their feet looked.

"Bridesmaids, relatives, ambassadors, dignitaries, as they passed were noted and described. 'The Queen is in a white ermine robe; she has the three Princes in the carriage with her,' a nurse announced to one group of blinded. 'Have the Princes white buttonholes?' she was asked. 'No, they are all in uniform.'

"The same nurse gave her patients a charming picture of the bride. 'She is all white and silver. She looks adorably shy. Her lips are parted. She is looking straight ahead of her, and making quick little bows to the cheers.'

"And the King?"

"He is bareheaded, and he is turned towards her. He is not acknowledging the cheers. You see, it is her day.'

"So the blind saw and joined in the joy of the day. They waited until the processions came back from the Abbey and the wedded couple showed themselves on the balcony of the Palace, and then, with the other wounded, returned to their hospitals."

\* \* \*

COUNSEL: "Go on, sir, repeat the words used by the defendant in the libel you complain of."

Plaintiff: "He said he defied me to find a bigger liar and thief than I was."

Counsel: "And what did you reply?"

Plaintiff: "I told him I should go to my solicitor."



## The Realm of Sport

HORSES TO FOLLOW—"ST. DUNSTANERS' OWN" FOOTBALL COMPETITION

EVERY St. Dunstaner is a sportsman, and so widely is this fact recognised that the furtherance of St. Dunstan's work has always received the most enthusiastic support from every section of the sporting community, whether it be those who play games or those who watch them played. It was our knowledge of this that suggested not only that ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW might devote specialised attention to the whole realm of sport generally, but also that we might be able to secure some exceptionally interesting contributions to such a feature. We do not want to lay down now a hard and fast programme for the future conduct of these pages, but we are quite sure our readers will be pleased to learn that we have been promised exclusive contributions on practically every branch of sport and pastime from many great

athletes and sportsmen whose names are famous throughout the country, and also from experts whose exceptional knowledge has given them great reputations with the reading public in the world of sport. In a number of cases already these great players and writers have consented to act as Honorary Editors of the branch of sport in which they have gained such high reputation, and thus St. Dunstaners will not only have the most authoritative of news and views, but the opportunity of referring any query for answering, whether it be information as to the best way to train for a St. Dunstan's Championship or the exact attendance at a cup tie in nineteen—"umpteen"! A number of these special contributions will appear in the next number of the REVIEW.

## "The Sport of Kings"

A COLUMN OF TURF WIT AND WISDOM, SPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED BY C. ASSHETON-LUCKMAN ("THE SCOUT" OF THE LONDON "DAILY EXPRESS")

I APPRECIATE the compliment of being asked to put up a few horses which may be worth while following—at all events in theory!—during the forthcoming flat racing season. I have often been chipped about the blind leading the blind, but, at long last, I can now pat myself on the back and boast that I really have a blind following. What a pity I am not an advertising tipster!

Many blind men have been keen followers of racing, and I well remember Mintogon's blind owner, Mr. John Hill, and also the sightless Greek owner of Minpagon. He would always turn up at the meetings to "see" his horse run. He would explain enthusiastically that the varying shouts of the crowd beside him enabled him to visualise most phases of the race.

Harry Ussher, the cheery Irish trainer, relates with a chuckle his experiences at a small meeting, where he was approached

by a sporting farmer to ride a chaser he described as "perfect mannered and a sure fencer with no faults—just one little peculiarity." It was explained that the rider must give the horse a reminder with the whip at the take-off of every jump.

Going to the post Ussher thought he would take a preliminary fence as a feeler, but forgot the reminder. Bang over went horse and astonished pilot. But Ussher remounted, followed instructions to the letter, and won in a trot.

"I thought you would chuck it away when I saw that silly bloomer," said the beaming owner, "because nobody but a blithering fool would give a nod only to a blind horse." And stone blind the gee was, too, so you can imagine that Ussher said "some."

I always had a great affection for that game, staying hurdler Blind Hookey, who was foaled with only one sound optic. In fact, they were going to destroy him, but

he triumphed over adversity unto a ripe old winning age. Now, however, let me cut the cackle and come to the eight horses to follow:

RE-ECHO	POLEMARCH
GOLDEN CORN	POLYDIPSIA
BUMBLE BEE	ARRA VALE
CRAIG-AN-ERAN	TAMAR
BLACK GOWN	

I really ought to have made them a dozen, and included Granely, Tom Webster, Tishy and

—THE SCOUT.

## Our Football Competition

Some time since it was suggested by a St. Dunstaner that the readers of the REVIEW would welcome some form of Football Competition upon which they could exercise their own skill in forecasting results, and which should be organised on lines which would make it a "St. Dunstan's Own" Competition. It was hoped to have incorporated this suggestion in the announcement of a definite competition at the beginning of this year, but other happenings have, as our readers are aware, prevented the adequate consideration of the proposal. By the time this issue of the REVIEW is published the football season proper will have almost come to an end, and so we have had to devise a form of contest which takes this fact into account. In asking every St. Dunstaner to try his skill in this little competition, we would emphasise that upon its success, and the general interest it arouses, we shall base our arrangement of similar tests of skill in other departments of sport. The competition for this month is as follows:—

We offer a prize of £5 to the reader who most nearly succeeds in forecasting:

- (1) The winning team in the Football Cup Final.
- (2) The number of goals scored by each team.
- (3) The official attendance at the match.

Second and third prizes of 30s. and 10s. respectively will be awarded for the

next best forecasts. Entries must be received by the first post on April 6th, 1922, addressed to:—

The Editor,

"St. Dunstan's Review,"

Headquarters of St. Dunstan's Work,  
Inner Circle,

REGENT'S PARK, N.W.

They should be marked in the top left-hand corner "Football." The Editor's decision is binding and final, and no responsibility can be accepted for entries lost or delayed. Only one entry can be sent by each reader.

A YOUNG fellow in a railway compartment was boasting of his prowess on the cinder track, says Lord Hawke.

"So tha thinks tha can run a bit?" queried an old man in the corner.

"Aye, I do that!"

"Well, I'll tell thee what I'll do. I'll race thee for five pounds, if tha'll give me a yard start."

"Done! Wheer shall we run?"

"Up a ladder!" came the answer, and the braggart subsided.

BOB M'SKIMMING, ex-Sheffield Wednesday, now Albion Rovers, is a good footballer and a good story-teller. One day lately he was travelling with a few friends to Hamilton, and while he sat in his corner a loquacious stranger began airing his opinion of Albion Rovers. It was not a flattering opinion, and in due course the man began to pitch into M'Skimming himself.

Like Brer Fox, Big Boy "lay low and sed nuffin'," but at last one of his companions could stand it no longer.

"Don't you know who that is?" he exclaimed, pointing to Bob. "That's Bob M'Skimming."

The stranger looked at Bob in astonishment.

"Bob M'Skimming, eh?" he repeated dazedly. "Well—er—I bet Bob doesn't know who I am?"

"He doesn't," snapped the Albion Rover.

"Well, I'll tell you," said the stranger, "I'm the biggest liar in Lanarkshire!"



## Chapel Notes

IT has been truly encouraging during the past month to find the boys turning up in such good numbers for our Chapel services. Particularly have we been glad to welcome the new boys who have commenced so well their new life in St. Dunstan's by practically supporting the spiritual side of the work. I am convinced that this simple little service of ours with its opportunities of turning our minds upon things higher and better, and also of remembering our loved ones, our work and our needs before God, will be found of inestimable value. Two of our regular congregation are unfortunately in hospital, but one of their first questions upon visiting them is generally about the service and how it was supported. We can do great things when backed up by keen and enthusiastic men. E. W.

### Births

J. E. GUNN, daughter	-	Dec. 19, 1921
W. G. HERITAGE, son	-	Jan. 6, 1922
C. W. HUDSON, daughter	-	Jan. 13, 1922
H. G. COOK, daughter	-	Jan. 20, 1922
R. F. WRIGHT, daughter	-	Jan. 21, 1922
A. R. ALDRIDGE, son	-	Jan. 21, 1922
C. H. SMITH, daughter	-	Jan. 26, 1922
J. COX, son	- - -	Jan. 27, 1922
L. JOHNS, son	- - -	Jan. 31, 1922
A. GRIBBEN, daughter	-	Feb. 6, 1922
E. J. LAKER, daughter	-	Feb. 8, 1922
E. W. STEVENSON, son	-	Feb. 8, 1922
S. K. JEROME, son	- -	Feb. 9, 1922
I. DAVIDSON, son	- -	Feb. 15, 1922
G. W. CROW, daughter	-	Feb. 15, 1922
W. PAUL, daughter	- -	Feb. 19, 1922
J. MORGAN, daughter	- -	Feb. 23, 1922
F. W. SPACKMAN, son	-	Feb. 27, 1922
W.H.J. OXENHAM, daughter	-	Mar. 3, 1922

### Marriages

ON Monday, November 28th, 1921, W. Alston was married at St. Ignatius' Church, Preston, to Miss Mary Rodway.

On Saturday, December 10th, 1921, Alfred Charles Cook was married at St. Saviour's Church, Paddington, to Miss Eveline Agnes Bernard.

On Tuesday, December 20th, 1921, H. C. Ollington was married at St. Clement's Church, N. Kensington, to Miss Ellen Sherfield.

On Thursday, February 7th, Frank Ralph was married at Christ Church, Purley, to Miss A. M. Baker.

On Tuesday, February 21st, Norman Warren was married at All Saints' Church, Child's Hill, N.W. to Miss Gladys de Broë.

On Saturday, February 25th, George Archie Brown was married at Christ Church, Brondesbury, to Miss Elizabeth Dorothy Tussey.

### Baptism

On February 12th, Lilian Violet, daughter of Caywood Rideout, was baptised in the St. Dunstan's Chapel.

### Obituary

G. EGAN-SMITH, of Belgrave Square, S.W., wife died January 28th, 1922.

V. ARCHER, of Woolwich, died February 23rd, 1922.

THE following appeared in the official programme of the Woolwich Arsenal Football Club recently:—

### "CHEERY GREETING FROM ST. DUNSTAN'S BOYS

"Our Manager and the boys were delighted to receive the following letter on Monday:— 'Dear Mr. Knighton, Our boys especially ask me to send you and your team a message of hearty congratulations on your splendid victory in the Cup-tie on Saturday last. They are watching your progress very enthusiastically, and are hopeful that they may have the pleasure of seeing Arsenal in the Final. With all best wishes, sincerely, J. E. Williams (Adjutant).'"

## Discussion Club Notes

ON Wednesday, February 1st, Major Melville-Lee gave an interesting lecture on "England, the Land of Opportunity." A good many men wished to hear it, as they said they thought England was anything but the land of opportunity at present; but Major Lee pointed out most conclusively that Englishmen had great opportunities because they were all descended from great people and had inherited their qualities. England had never really been conquered, but great peoples in the zenith of their power had conquered parts at different times and had stayed on, lived with the inhabitants, and become part of the land themselves. Thus the Romans in Julius Cæsar's time, the Danes, etc., and last of all the Normans in 1066. Since those days Britishers had always been a predominant race; they had a great heritage in the blood of their forefathers. This was proved when at the beginning of war, troops and troops of young men joined the colours to risk everything for their country. He spoke of a dinner lately given by the Prime Minister to prominent citizens, Lloyd George himself of humble origin, brought up by his uncle, a cobbler, Lord Reading, now Viceroy of India, who first went there as a cabin boy, and of several other guests who began life with very small beginnings, but by hard work and great doggedness had won prominent places in the world of politics, finance, literature, etc.

On February 6th, Miss Lucy Bell gave a most delightful talk on Italy. She spoke so graphically, and painted (in words) such beautiful pictures of the country, that we all felt we had been transported there for the time being. She described the groups of Italians waiting outside the Vatican watching the thin clear smoke issuing from a certain chimney which proclaimed that that day a new Pope had been chosen. She told us Italy was a land

of colour, and described the glories of spring there, when the sun shines, and one sees miles of azaleas in bloom, roses in riot, banks of flowers. But Italy was also a land of art, sculpture and music. She spoke of the glorious Cathedral of Milan, the wonderful mosaics of St. Marco's, Venice, the beauties of St. Peter's in Rome, and then told of some of the heroes of Italy, of Garibaldi and his patriotism, of the music of Verdi, the martyrdom of Savanarola, the paintings of Michael Angelo, the saintliness of St. Francis of Assisi. She touched on the glories of Pagan Rome, with its Coliseum, Forum, Catacombs, and then the excavations of Pompeii; but, as she said, it would take a fortnight, talking all the time, to give anyone who had not visited Italy any idea of its charm and beauty.

On February 13th, Mr. Crawford gave us a delightful evening. His lecture was entitled "A Message from the Worlds of Space." We learnt that astronomical knowledge has advanced so much that the coming of a comet can be predicted to within two days; that the distance of stars is measured, even of those 270 millions of miles away. The fact that 600 million stars are catalogued rather astonished us. We were thrilled by the descriptions of wave motions, or vibrations, and Mr. Crawford left us longing to hear more of "The Worlds of Space."

### March Notes:—

6th—The Rev. A. H. Lee will lecture on "The New Psychology."

13th—We hope to have a debate.

20th—"Ian Hay" (Major Bieth) will lecture on "The Truth about Authors."

27th—The Rev. F. W. Norwood (City Temple) will lecture on "Napoleon and Democracy."



## Sports Club Notes

THE rain has not been too kind to us during the past month, from a sports point of view, because it has regularly come in time to make it impossible to use our ground. Last Saturday, February 25th, there was a delightful change, and the beautiful day brought out many of our sportsmen, so that we had a really good morning with excellent racing, and nearly 200 entries. Although the new boys have not had the experience, yet they are showing up remarkably well, and will soon be on the heels of our present champions.

W. G. Bawden, in spite of handicaps, continues to hold his own in the S.S. Sprint, whilst a new man named J. Hughes won the T.B. Sprint splendidly for the first time. A. Dembenski seems to be a real "egg and spoon" expert, for he has beaten the other boys twice in succession!

The following table of points scored gives an idea of the keenness of the Competition up to date, but there are still three weeks to go before the Sports Competition is concluded.

T.B.		S.S.	
Deegan J.	305	Bawden W. G.	515
Hughes J.	205	Yarwood J.	277½
Johns C.	200	Moore T.	200
Nuyens P.	175	Greaves J.	185
Birch W.	130	Finkle H.	167½
Chafer H.	120	Potts H.	95
Dembenski A.	105	Burtenshaw W.	95

### FOOTBALL

We still carry on with undiminished enthusiasm—in fact, I really think with greater popularity than ever. The league table is in a most exciting position, and the remaining matches will be of a very strenuous nature. The Maroons are at present on top with 13 points, but it is just possible for the Brightonians (a new team, by the way) to catch them up and perhaps win on goal average! Even the position of the runners-up is doubtful, and will not be settled until the last match has been played. The shooting is very forcible and

deadly, and we are frequently having casualties among our two goalkeepers, Sergeant Hunt and Orderly Young.

### LEAGUE TABLE

Correct to the end of February, 1922

No.	Name	P	W.	L.	D.	Goals		Pts.
						F.	A.	
1	Maroons	9	6	2	1	38	29	13
2	Dustonians	9	5	3	1	29	22	11
3	Bth Ramblers	8	5	3	0	32	24	10
4	The Villa	9	5	4	0	30	24	10
5	Brightonians	7	4	2	1	23	22	9
6	Bth Rangers	7	3	3	1	17	18	7
7	Thend Villa	6	2	2	2	19	18	6
8	Sherwood Foresters	8	2	5	1	14	24	5
9	Thend Swifts	8	1	4	3	13	26	5
10	Thend Rovers	9	2	7	0	14	22	4

### CONJURING

Owing to Mr. Spencer not being very well our classes have not been as regular as formerly, but the boys are still practising mysteriously all kinds of tricks with cards, rope, eggs and pennies. One of our members was very anxious to know if Mr. Spencer could teach him to turn two shilling pieces into half-crowns! This appeared to be a very modest request, because he could have asked as to the possibility of changing 10/- notes into £1 ones—and that would have been useful. Mr. Spencer has not been successful, so far, in showing us a legal way of performing these financial tricks!

The following account, taken from a Richmond paper, may be of interest:

#### BLIND CONJURERS AT THE Y.W.C.A.

##### A ST. DUNSTAN'S MARVEL

"On Wednesday a very enjoyable evening was spent at the Y.W.C.A. Girls' Club, 73, Church Road, on the invitation of Mrs. Trevithick, M.D., president of the local branch. The large muster of members included several members of the committee, and Mrs. and Miss Hobson, Mrs. Dixon, Miss Gordon Pritchard, Mrs. Manning (hon. secretary), Miss Halsall and Miss Tait (club leader).

"The entertainment was given by conjurers from St. Dunstan's—Mr.

McLoughlin and Mr. Eaton with their instructor, Mr. Horace Spencer. The Richmond Y.W.C.A. enjoyed the honour of having the first entertainment given by these St. Dunstan's conjurers. Mr. McLoughlin, with a running fire of funny patter, entertained his audience with a mystifying rope trick, followed by the Indian egg trick. He also sang with great effect 'My Dreams' (Tosti), and 'Invictus.'

"Mr. Eaton gave an entirely new card and egg trick, in which a card taken by a lady turned up, after it had been seemingly lost, in the centre of an egg.

"Mr. Horace Spencer, who is to be congratulated on his pupils' success, showed several card tricks and also gave a very clever recitation.

"The audience was immensely delighted and entertained. A very cordial vote of thanks was proposed to Mrs. Trevithick, who presented a long-service certificate to one of the members."

### SWIMMING AND PHYSICAL JERKS

Our classes are keeping up splendidly, although, as far as the swimming is concerned, this cold damp weather does not make the swimming bath as attractive as the hot season. It is good, however, to know that the men are taking such advantage of these healthful, useful and invigorating exercises.

### ST. DUNSTAN'S ORCHESTRA

I do not know whether a short appreciation of our little orchestra which now regularly supplies dance music Tuesdays and Fridays at the Bungalow should be included in Sports Notes, but as they contribute in no small way to the enjoyment of our boys I feel it would not be sporting to omit any reference to them. Our little band consists of five—Jock Jack, T. Hazel, P. Nuyens, D. McLoughlin and Mrs. Austin, who supports them on the piano.

I was agreeably surprised when I heard them the other night playing for the dance. At first I thought they were the small Guards band which we used to have.

Their rhythmic time and delightful musical lilt actually made me want to dance, it was so very enticing, and I was only deterred by the fact that dancing after a long abstinence may lead to giddiness, and that may have been mistaken for something else! I understand that Manager McLoughlin and his band have already had a good number of outside engagements, and I am convinced that they have given entire satisfaction.

One good thing about them they do not always play the same music like some bands I have heard who constantly give "Coal Black Mammy"—and it is possible to have too much of a good thing! They scored on the Princess' wedding day when they gave the new dance music "Joy Bells," which was being played for the first time that evening at the Albert Hall wedding ball. You see they are quite up to date. In congratulating them most heartily upon their excellent music and their "togetherness" I am sure all St. Dunstaners will wish them many, many successful future engagements. *E.W.*

GENERAL PERSHING tells a story of a volunteer battalion of rough backwoodsmen who once joined General Grant. The general admired the men's physique, for they were a fine-looking lot, but he rather doubted the capacity of their uncouth leader to handle the men, so he gave him a test.

"Colonel," he said, "I want to see your men at work. Call them to attention and order them to march with shouldered arms in close formation to the left flank."

Without wasting a moment their colonel yelled out to his fellow-ruffians:

"Boys, look wild thar! Make ready to thicken and go left end-ways. Tote yer guns. Git!"

The result was all that could be desired, and the colonel, who had been self-elected, received his official commission on the spot.

MR. Highbrow: "Do you paint, Miss Flighty?"

Miss Flighty: "Certainly not. It's only powder."



## From the World's Press

NEWS AND COMMENTS OF INTEREST TO ST. DUNSTANERS—Contributed by Sydney Kendall

THE *Star* of Washington, United States of America, prints the following:—

### "Blind and Deaf Girls Converse by Feeling Each Other's Voice"

"Willeta Huggins, sixteen, blind and deaf girl, of Janesville, and Miss Helen Keller, blind, deaf and formerly dumb, conversed with each other here, placing their hands on the face and chest of each other to interpret the vocal sounds.

"The two—Miss Keller, famed for her accomplishments despite the absence of two senses, and Miss Huggins, who has become widely known as a result of what is said to be her ability to distinguish colours by her sense of smell—were able to understand each other without aid.

"Miss Keller said to the girl that she was 'delighted that the power and gift of her spirit have been so 'marvellously developed, and I look forward to her helping others to realise what they can do if they work long enough. There are many marvellous things in the world, but nothing so wonderful as the adaptability of a human being.'"

The girl Willeta Huggins, who is at the Wisconsin School for the Blind, has received much attention from the Press of late. She is reported to be able to tell colours of materials by touch and smell, even picking out different colours in material where the colour is mixed. As mentioned above, she understands what people say to her by feeling the vibrations of speech, and she derives keen pleasure from music by placing her hand on the piano when it is played.

Miss Keller, who has been described as the world's most wonderful woman, took her B.A. degree after teaching herself Greek, Latin, German and French. Some years since Sir Arthur wrote of Miss Keller as . . . "the gifted American lady who may be justly regarded as the most remarkable instance in the world of the attainment of a position on the highest intellectual

plane in spite of the difficulties which would seem to have been quite insurmountable. In the earliest days of childhood Miss Keller was attacked by an illness which left her blind, deaf, and, as she had not yet learned to talk, consequently dumb. Her parents despaired of making anything of her life, but a wonderful teacher, Miss Sullivan, came to their aid, and succeeded in arousing the dormant faculties of the child, with the result that Miss Helen Keller has proved herself capable of giving full expression to her remarkable natural gifts. She is an authoress and a poetess of great repute, and is deeply versed in many branches of science. She has written a very remarkable autobiography, which is published in Braille, and which I hope that many of you will read."

The *Manchester Daily Despatch* publishes the following from a special correspondent in Vienna. It may be mentioned that British eye specialists, although interested in this report, are strictly non-committal as to the possibilities of these experiments:—

### "Grafting Eyes:

#### "Scientists' Amazing Experiments"

"A step further has been taken in the science of transplanting the eye from one animal with sight to another blind one.

"Dr. Theodor Koppányi, the young scientist who has already grafted eyes on to blind fishes, frogs and rats, has now achieved a higher success, and this time the animal is a rabbit.

"I was received by Dr. Koppányi today. He is a Hungarian, 21 years old, and he looks a cultured and clever man with sharply-defined features and extremely bright eyes.

"I was introduced to Dr. W. Kolmer, the famous scientist who is aiding Dr. Koppányi, and the two men showed me all their animals.

"A rabbit was brought from a hutch, and Dr. Koppányi explained that two weeks ago it was blind. He had grafted the eyes of another rabbit on to it, and he claimed that the experiment was completely successful.

### "MONKEYS NEXT"

"The rabbit showed every sign that it could see perfectly, recoiling from a stock placed near its face and averting its head when a powerful light was directed straight at it.

"The two professors are now turning their attention to monkeys, and if they achieve success they will then come to the crucial test—the human experiment.

"Dr. Koppányi believes that monkeys' eyes could be grafted into blind humans.

"When the professors are able to collect sufficient funds monkeys will be bought and the experiments carried out on them. So far they have only one monkey, the gift of a man in Vienna.

"I asked Dr. Koppányi where he would get human eyes from with which to supply blind men and women. He showed me a letter from an English woman living in Jersey, who offers one of her eyes as a gift to a man blinded in the war. I am not allowed to mention her name, as she signs herself 'V. A. D.'

### "£50,000 FOR NEW EYES"

"Two other offers have been made, one from a Cuban and one from a Hungarian who is willing to sell one of his eyes.

"Pathetic letters from blind persons all over the world are coming to Dr. Koppányi, and a blind American offers £50,000 as the price of new eyes.

"Both doctors complain bitterly that they are unable to do all they would like owing to the lack of money.

"Dr. Koppányi told me that he intends to experiment with the brain of animals in the near future, changing those of the same family round and carefully noticing the results of this astonishing transplantation."

### Blind Men in German Factories

*The American Machinist* devotes a long article to the experiments that have been made in connection with the employment

of war-blinded men to tend machines used for mass production in German factories. Various illustrations accompany the article, showing the men operating these machines, but generally it would seem that although by the use of special safeguards and exceedingly careful training of the men, and special adaptation of the machines they operate, satisfactory work of an average class can be turned out, it seems doubtful that public opinion and the inclinations of the blind themselves would favour such experiments in the country.

The following from the *Willesden Chronicle* will not appear such a miracle to St. Dunstan's as it probably does to the general public. Many of our men have acted as the Good Samaritan to sighted people who in fog or darkness have found themselves without a sense of direction:—

### "Blind Man as Guide in Fog"

"The fog was at its thickest; Isaac Williams, metal merchant, of Kensal Rise, walked into a Harrow Road Hotel, and offered 10s. to any man who could guide him to his home at Wormwood Scrubbs. A man volunteered and led the way along the banks of the Grand Junction Canal to the bridge which spans the Great Western Railway at Wormwood Scrubbs, and thence home. Arrived at his destination, Mr. Williams handed his guide the promised reward. To his astonishment, the man in thanking him said: 'It may surprise you to know I am a blind man. I have made this journey daily for many months past.'"

THE CLUB FOOL: "I say, you chaps, what do you think my billiard ball did when it stopped rolling just now?"

His Hearers: "Heaven knows."

The Club Fool: "It looked round."

"WHAT'S that boy doing down there?"  
"Fishing. He's been there since nine this morning."

"Has he got anything?"

"Yes, patience."



## Let Us be Merry

"Laugh, and the World laughs with you; Weep, and you Weep Alone."

FATHER: "Look here, Molly, this is too bad! Bills, bills, bills... didn't I tell you you were not to contract any more debts?"

Daughter: "Well, dad, I haven't contracted 'em. On the contrary, I've expanded them."

"BUT I thought they told you the business was a going concern."

"So they did, and, sure enough, it's gone."

"WHERE did you get your talent for music?"

"Don't know, except that I was born in a flat."

JENNY: "He declares she is a jewel."

Ann: "Paste would be nearer the mark, in my opinion."

Jenny: "Oh, then it's hopeless, she'll stick to him."

HE: "Those flowers are lovely. They remind me of you, darling."

She: "Why, they're artificial."

He (eagerly): "Yes, but you'd never know."

NIECE (visiting Aunt's new house): "Yes, it's very nice, but what a plain front door. The glass panels in ours are stained."

Aunt: "What a pity, but can't you get something to take it out?"

"A BURGLAR broke into my place last night."

"Did he get anything?"

"Rather! You see, my wife thought it was me!"

MR. BLUNT (at the wheel): "It's getting a little chilly. Don't you think you had better have something round you?"

Miss Simper: "Well, wait till we get a little further into the country, George."

TERENCE had been married a week, and had been working in his garden, when his wife came out and said: "Terence, my boy, come in to tea, toast and five eggs."

Terence dropped his spade in astonishment, and ran into the kitchen.

"Sure, Bridget, you're only kidding me!" he said.

"It's not you, it's the neighbours I'm kidding," replied Bridget.

THE clergyman's little boy was spending an afternoon with the Bishop's children.

"At the rectory," he said, "we've got a hen that lays an egg every day."

"Pooh!" said Master Bishop, "my father lays a foundation stone once a week."



BOOKIE (to gent who is not risking anything): "Yus, you're a gambler, you are! THE SORT WOT PINCHES THE FOOTBALL COUPON FROM 'IS SWEET'EART'S SUNDAY NOOSPAPER AND THEN BORROWS THE PORE GAL'S LAST TUPPENCE FOR TO POST IT WITH."

UNREQUITED love has been many a man's salvation.

OPERATOR: "The number is engaged."

Subscriber: "What number is engaged?"

Operator: "What number did you ask for?"

THE WIFE was greatly pleased with her success at the women's meeting.

On her return home she said to her husband:

"Yes, I was absolutely outspoken at the meeting this afternoon."

Her husband looked incredulous.

"I can hardly believe it, my dear," he said. "Who outspoke you?"

A NOVELIST was arguing with a military man.

"I believe, sir," said the soldier, "in fighting an enemy with his own weapons. That's what I advocate, sir."

"Tell me," said the novelist, "how long does it take you to sting a wasp?"

IN the Leeds Sports Post of the 4th inst. there is an interesting report of an interview with G. Webster, of Beeston, who was formerly captain of our "Jazzonians," who won the St. Dunstan's football competition. Webster gave his interviewer a bright account of the way our men play football, and told how much enjoyment he can get out of attendance at big football matches. "I get just as excited as the rest of the spectators," he said. "When Leeds United scored that goal at Bradford I nearly went over the front of the stand, I was so excited. Actually I lost my hat." The article deals also with the many sporting activities of this old St. Dunstaner, and there is shown also a picture of Webster holding the St. Dunstan's cup with E. C. Williamson, the Arsenal goalkeeper, beside him.

ONLY the brave resist the fair.

JACK: "When I asked Ethel if she would be mine, she fell on my breast and sobbed like a child, but finally she put her arms around my neck, and—"

Maud: "Oh, yes, I know all about it. I rehearsed it with her."

ANXIOUS HUSBAND (who has just become a father): "Everything all right, Doctor?"

Doctor: "Oh, yes."

Anxious Husband: "Well-er-er-what is it, Doctor?"

Doctor: "Three guineas."



"CAN I CHANGE A SHIRT HERE?"

"SIR!!! CERTAINLY NOT!"

"I DON'T understand why mothers can't see the faults in their own children," said Mrs. Grey to Mrs. Green.

"Do you think you could?" asked Mrs. Green.

"Certainly I could, if my children had any."

## Blind Whist Winners

NOT long since a paragraph appeared in the REVIEW mentioning that a St. Dunstaner had won a whist drive prize. C. Durkin writes from Putney: "It may be interesting to note that this is not by any means the first time a St. Dunstaner has won such a prize. I have heard of at least two other cases. I have played whist in both the North and South of England, and on no less than five occasions I have taken away a prize, although I have never actually succeeded in taking more than one first. So I think that this would make rather an interesting discussion through the channels of the REVIEW."

We should like to know if Durkin's record has been beaten by any other St. Dunstaner.



## Sight in the Finger Tips

THE phrase "Finger Tips that See" has often been used by the Press in connection particularly with the wonderful work done by St. Dunstan's blind masseurs, but according to a writer in *Popular Science* it is actually possible for a certain modicum of sight to be attained even by the eyeless through the medium of the epidermis and nerve ends of the finger tips. This, at least, is the claim made by a French Professor, Louis Farigoule, who has published the results of his experiments in a book "La Vision Extra Retienne" (Extra Retinal Vision). Some quotations from the book follow:—

"We all know that at the present day man makes very little use of his sense of smell, compared with primitive man or the dog. In this respect he is a defective. This is explained, not by a spontaneous degeneration of the sense of smell, but by the fact that civilised man has been less and less compelled to use that sense and to give heed to its indications in his daily life.

"One can easily imagine that, after a hundred centuries, man may lose his sense of smell entirely and be compelled, in order to distinguish an odour, to make considerable effort and even be unable to do so without a special re-education.

"The sense of smell would have fallen to the level of 'latent function' in his case, which does not mean the physiological organs of smell have become atrophied. (On this point the evolutionist biology of the nineteenth century has made more than one mistake.)

"Even if we have in our bodies all the organs and instruments necessary for the functioning of a sense, that is not enough to enable us to make use of it, or even to make us aware that we possess it.

"Indeed, anatomy is led to seek for and to identify such organs only if it knows that sense already exists. If man had lost his sense of smell forty centuries ago, anatomists would be writing beautiful descriptions of the mucous membrane of

the nose without in the least suspecting that it might serve to furnish the sensation of smell.

"The paroptic sense, or sense of vision independently of the retina, is a case absolutely in point. Man at the present moment does not suspect that he possesses it, and in consequence has never been led to look for its organs and to study its functioning.

"If I have succeeded in establishing the presence all over the human epidermis of microscopic visual organs, the ocelles, it is because I had first succeeded in regularly bringing about the operation of the paroptic sense in man, and in determining with great exactness the laws which govern its workings.

"It is by modifying the ordinary regime of consciousness that I have succeeded in bringing out with great regularity the paroptic sense, and in studying the best methods of re-educating it."

The methods of Prof. Farigoule have been kept secret. But, as other experimenters have attained similar results, a general idea of the means employed may be gathered. Superficially, the skin is called the epidermis. It is topped with cells which become more and more flattened as the surface is approached. The true skin, beneath the epidermis, consists of a felted network of white fibrous tissue forming wavy lines. The lowest layers contain the nerve ends.

The horizon of the human skin, when magnified under the microscope, represents a forest of what might be termed ant-hills. Each of these hills contains a nerve. Each hill is covered by a flattened epidermic cell, which, if the need arises, can act as a lens for the nerve beneath. In other words, nature has provided a microscopic eye at the end of every nerve in the body, not covered by bone or opaque tissue.

Flatworms see through their skins. They have "pigment" or skin eyes. The skin cells are associated with sensory cells, which can feel and see. The scientist,

knowing these things, evidently reasoned that man also had nerves which would respond to sight if re-educated. So he re-educated the skin-eyes in the finger-tips, where the skin is thinnest and most sensitive.

It is known that the experiments took the form of placing a totally blind man in a pitch dark room. Then he was told to hold his hands before him—palms outward. Then a powerful infra-red light was turned on the hands, but at a distance which made the slight heat imperceptible.

In practically every case—save where hard skin covered the finger-ends—the blind man "saw" the light with his fingers. Tests were then made with the skin on various parts of the body, and in most instances "sight" was obtained.

This does not mean that the man could see as we see. He could distinguish light from dark. He could "see" the outlines of solid objects. He "saw" clearly enough to avoid obstacles. Re-education took time and infinite patience, but according to recent advices from Paris, the results have been extraordinary.

It only remains to add that Professor Farigoule's book has elicited very much criticism from fellow scientists.

### Innocent Ones—Beware!

By T. FLOYD

I RAN into Binks just as I emerged from Leopard's, where I always take my mid-day meal. Binks' usually well-controlled face bore a smile which made me suspicious. "You haven't been round to my place for that game of chess," I began. "Suppose you've bought a season ticket for the opera, or busy preparing to offer yourself as a candidate for the next general election?" I added. I always prided myself on my sarcasm. Binks' smile remained unchanged; I grew more suspicious.

"Well, as a matter of fact, old fellow," answered Binks, "your presumptions are entirely off the mark, and your efforts to gaze into my hidden past are a complete and dismal failure." He stopped to re-light

his pipe. "The fact is, old fellow," he continued, "the wife and I have just joined the local library; she's got the craze for reading novels, and I've caught it, and—there you are. Hence those weary hours you have spent waiting for the opponent who did not turn up; hence the restless tapping of hoofs and fidgeting of mitres."

I listened with assumed patience. "And it's a splendid library," he went on. Then, laying a hand on my shoulder—I hate people to lay their hands on my shoulders, especially when they accompany the action with that patronising tone which Binks adopts so easily—"You ought to join it too; a finer collection of books I never came across. For instance, I'm reading one called 'A Willing Sailor,' by I. I. Captain; jolly fine story you know. It's a companion book to 'Life on a Tramp Steamer,' by Roland Pitch." I agreed they sounded attractive titles, but didn't feel quite sure of myself. The smile continued to play around Binks' features. "Then," he went on, "the wife's deeply interested in a pathetic little story that cuts its way right to one's heart strings and gives them a nasty tug; it's 'The Lost Child,' by Roma Way; haven't you ever read it?" I shook my head. "It's the sequel to a strong love drama, 'The Marriage that Failed.'"

"Who is the writer of that?" I murmured.

"Helena Holme," answered Binks.

I was beginning to see red. Binks' expression riled me; I seemed to get the impression that my leg was being pulled.

Binks continued to smile. "If you want something really funny," he opened up again, "I can recommend 'Experiences in a Dentist Chair,' by Eileen Bach, and for a good story of the turf you should make a point of getting 'The Bookmaker's Chance,' by Betty Wins. Then we have found—"

But I had suddenly remembered it was time I made tracks for the office.

Binks hasn't called round to my house yet, but I have a book waiting for him when he does arrive—the biggest one I can comfortably lift above my head.



## Our "Queery" Column

*A Breezy Letter from an Overseas St. Dunstaner.*

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—What is the best way to let go a damn—I beg your pardon, Mr. Editor, the missus says that I've spelled that word wrong. It should be "dam." She says that I know far more about the four-lettered sort than you do, and that you can't teach me anything about them. She thinks that I am a very new chum at letting go the three-lettered sort, and won't let me have a go at any more till we hear from you. She has read all she can about them, and tells me that some dams have concrete core and earthworks on either side and stone pitching on the outside of that again. Some have a puddle core, then concrete, etc., etc. She thought she had got it one time, but it was how to let go a trip dam. That is the kind they make of wood to get enough water to drive the logs down a creek to the big rivers where there is enough water to raft them. The kind of dams I make are just earth, and she can't find anything about them. One of my neighbours is a cheery soul, named "Wingie" Blythe. "Wingie," like me, went to the war, and, like me, some of him came back. He had two good arms when he went away and two good hands too; now, poor devil, he has one arm and not too good at that, and the hand at the end of it is not up to much. His pension is less than mine, and mine is a pretty tight fit these days, so "Wingie" has to try and get a few bob together some way. Like the man in the Bible, "Wingie" says, "To dig I cannot, and to beg I am ashamed." But "Wingie" doesn't go and tell the boss's creditors that they only owe the boss half of the bill. That sort of trick wouldn't be much use in "Wingie's" case, seeing that the only boss he has is Mrs. "Wingie," though the missus says that he'll soon have another as "Young Wingie" is "a chip off the old block." "That block is female gender," say I, but the missus won't listen to me, as her and Mrs. Wingie are as thick as thieves.

They seem to think "Wingie" and me two big babies to be looked after. So you see it wouldn't be any use "Wingie" saying to a fellow that it was only fifty bob and not a fiver that a chap owed, even if it did mean a beer or two for "Wingie," and "Wingie" is not so blithe when he has had beer either. "Wingie" goes and gets a gum-spear and spears a "patch." When he has speared one he comes to me and says, "Jim, I've got a patch, dig it out and half is yours." Then "Wingie" leads me over the pot-holes to where the patch is, and I dig it out. Sometimes he lets me into a pot-hole and then comes in on top, which is bad for me. Sometimes he goes in first, which is better for me, but worse for "Wingie" as I am heavier than him. We usually get about half a sack which is worth about £3. Sometimes we dam up a Government drain to keep the water back while we dig it out, and so get the ranger on our top. The ranger's boys came back sound from the war so he is pretty good to the two of us, though he does say that the war was bad for our morals as we were both law-abiding gum-diggers before we went, and now there is no devilment we won't be at. "Wingie" came up the other day and said, "I've got a big patch, about three sacks." This made the missus glad, and she says to me, "If you get it you can get a new Sunday suit, and I'll put a bit of an old skirt in the back of your trousers so that you can work in them."

"It's pretty wet," says "Wingie," as we went down the road. "We'll have to dam four drains and a bit of the gully as well." "What about the ranger?" says I. "Were the white-haired boys with him?" says "Wingie." The missus gave a gasp when I got home that night, but gave me a warm bath without a murmur when I said that we had got the drains dammed and had got a sack of gum as well. I didn't say anything about damming part of the gully too. I thought it better not. At the end of three days we had three

sacks and there was still more. The ranger got us then, and swore fluently at us and then told "Wingie" to keep his eye on me when I let the dam go as there was more water then he liked in it. We promised to leave everything all right when we had finished, and he went declaring we were the two worst scallywags he had ever seen. It got thinner after that, so that we made it four sacks for a week. On Saturday afternoon we decided to let the dam go. I wanted to go out to the middle and dig a bit out of it and let it go that way. "Wingie" said it was too dangerous as the water would sweep a big bit of the dam away when it did go. He wanted me to go into the drain nearest the road and undermine the earth, and jump for the road when he shouted. I don't know whether "Wingie" was too slow at singing out or whether I was too slow at jumping, but before I knew where I was, my thigh-boots were full of water and I was rolling and spluttering and going down towards the main drain at an awful rate. I grabbed at everything, but don't rightly remember what happened. It was a Godsend that John Highup was breaking his week's supply of firewood. He ran when "Wingie" shouted, and held out a bit of tea-tree branch. I must have grabbed it, but can't remember. When I got my wind I was at John's stick heap and mighty cold. I said so, and "Wingie" who had run round the road said, "No wonder, there isn't a girl that ever wore a peekaboo blouse but would be green with envy if she could see you now. Well, I got home and the missus swears that I don't let go no more dams till she hears from you. Old John says that he saw Norman Ross the last time he was in Auckland, and that he can swear positively that I broke all his swimming records. We got £25 for the gum, but if you can't help us we will be on the rocks again soon. I got my suit and the missus got some things, but "Wingie" and I will have to raise the wind soon, so be as quick as you can, Mr. Editor.—Yours Sincerely, THIRD RESERVE.

(We are inclined to think that our correspondent is in no need of our advice as to the best way of letting go dams . . . By Gum! Ed.)

## "Boots to Mend"

THE following notes on the repairing of boots will be read by the St. Dunstaners who have become masters of the craft with a pitying amusement which will be far removed from the sympathy with the writer's tribulations that those of us will feel who have tried, without expert tuition, to handle leather knife and last. But remember, you superior "soles," to whom there are no mysteries left in boot repairing, that the joinery boys would chuckle at your attempts to make a picture frame or tray, and the mat or basket makers could get considerable amusement from your efforts with a "shaped barrel" (which is a basket) or a sinnet (which is a mat), or so we are credibly informed!

Funny how the resolve to mend one's own boots and one's family's boots comes round with such unfailing regularity. I know several men, otherwise perfectly sane, who are subject to this occurrence. My own spasms come upon me about every twelve months, and the results are always the same . . . but hope springs eternal in the would-be cobbler's breast.

The determination to save money on boot repairs usually becomes active after the shops are closed, late in the evening of the last day of the last pair of boots. I chafe at the delay, but make the best of a bad job by mobilising the hobbin-foot, hammer, leather knife, and the rest of the impedimenta of the craft.

On my way home in the evening of the second day of the attack, I call at the ironmonger's and choose some leather. I have a sound method of choosing leather. I do not try to hide my ignorance of the true inwardness of leather buying, and the ironmonger, perceiving this, gives me the benefit of his advice, and directs my attention to various handsome dress-lengths. It is then an easy job to select about a quarter of an acre from the pieces he has passed over. This is a good method . . . but mind he doesn't sell you a leather





knife, dear reader, when your time comes to buy leather.

#### LITTLE TRICKS OF THE LEATHER KNIFE

A leather knife is a rapidly tapering piece of steel fixed between wooden hafts, and probably designed by professional boot repairers for ironmongers to sell to would-be cobblers. It will cut. You can cut beautiful curves with it or you can cut dead straight; but you cannot cause its differential to work when you are trying to round off a heel; nor can you prevent it cornering when it is essential you should exactly divide your last piece of leather so as to just get two soles. Even when you cut your thumb with it, the cut is always neat, but it is also always in the very place where you have least use for a cut. So do be careful!

Having bought the leather, nails naturally come next. Now nails are not named at all nicely. Never can you nominate your needs under a notion that a natively-named nail necessarily ensures neatness in your handiwork. You have no choice but from sprigs, sparrables, hobs, brads, etc.

Nails suggest hammers, which brings up something which has always been a source of wonder to me. Why isn't there a hammer made with a three-cornered face, with one of the points at right-angles to the left of the shaft? Surely the fact must be known to the people who make hammers that a quarter-inch nail held between a three-quarter inch forefinger and an inch thumb calls for a suitable tool for the proper starting of it.

#### THE THREE-ARMED, TWO-FACED HOBBIN-FOOT

Having got the raw material ready to my hand, I fix the hobbin-foot. My hobbin-foot . . . or is it a last? is one of those universal three-armed two-faced affairs. I say two-faced because I am convinced they are two-faced, though I have never yet been able to prove it. To look at them, both the big foot and the little one are slightly convex on the face; but put a boot on and

proceed to drive a nail, and you will find they are concave. The third arm, the heel part, would be solid enough if only it were possible to hold the toe of the boot at just the right level; or if you had three hands.

And now to work. Personally, I always start on the heel. Reader, do you remember your first heel; how you pulled off layer after layer of genuine oak tan-coloured material in a vain endeavour to reach the roots of those few square nails you could not pull out, only to find they were clinched over in the very foundations of the boot itself?

Those nails are fixed by the makers of the boot with a pile-driver, and the design originated in the depraved and morbid mind of a manufacturer who once saw a man he owed some money to, trapped by the heel in the points of a level crossing, and who had the mortification of seeing the man's boot come away from the heel just before the express was due.

I do not now allow these few square nails to worry me. I simply remove the worn layers, make holes in the new pieces of leather to accommodate all projections, and go ahead.

Having nailed on my new heel, and refrained from making comparisons with a real cobbler's work, I now prepare for the usual bout with the leather knife. I put on one of Mr. Bateman's chins, and resolve on that firm clean sweep of the master hand. But the imp of the perverse prevails again, leaving me headlands to rasp down and bays to fill in with wax and heel-ball.

Now for the sole. As I contemplate the job with a speculative eye . . . memories crowd thick and fast upon me, and I am undone. I make up the boots into a more or less neat parcel, and give the lad next door threepence to take them down to a new cobbler. Then I put away the tools.



To eat an egg raw, hold the yolk firmly between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, and proceed as with asparagus.