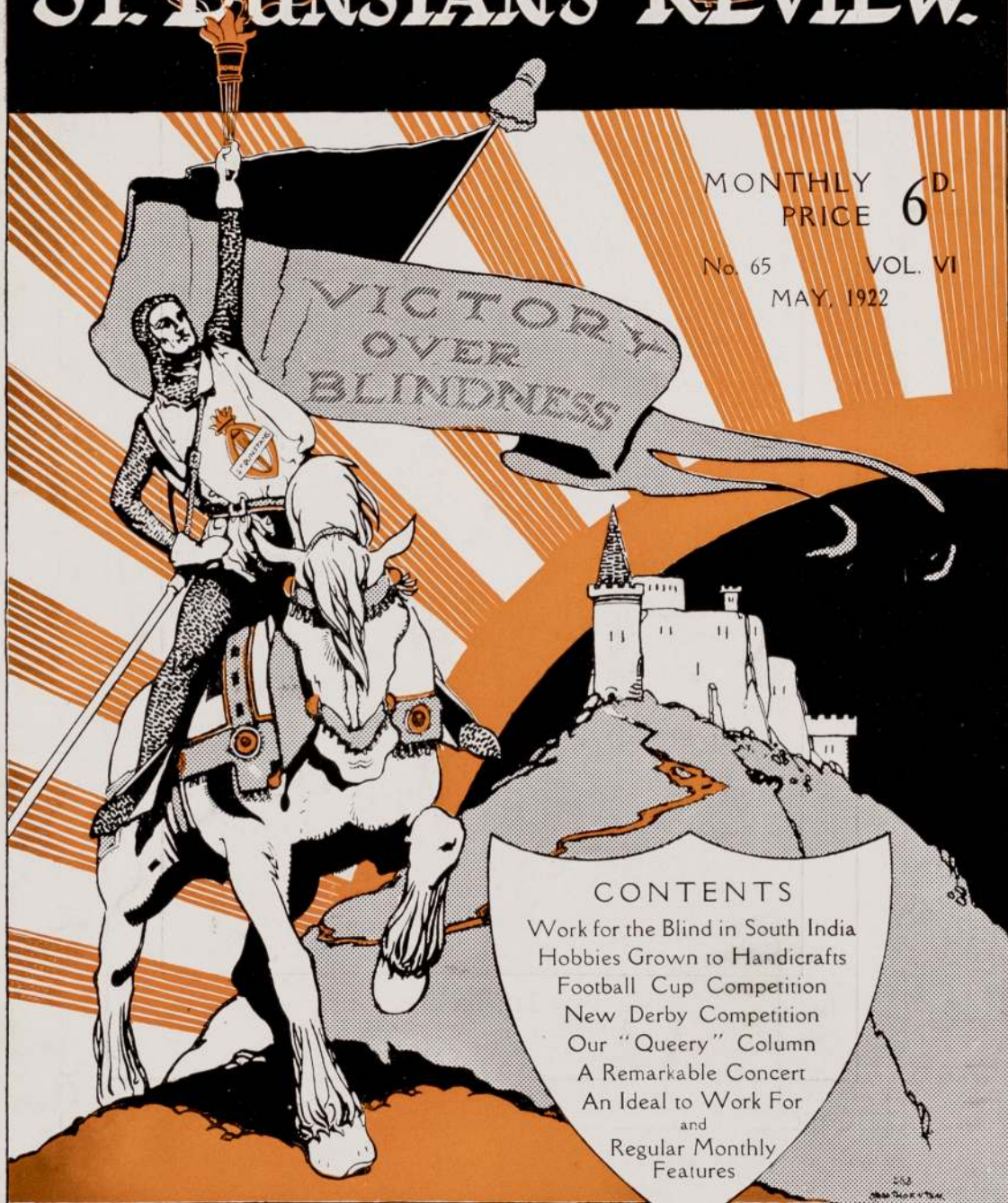


ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

MONTHLY
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MAY, 1922



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Regular Monthly
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FOR THE AMUSEMENT & INTEREST OF MEN BLINDED IN THE WAR



CAPTAIN IAN FRASER, L.C.C.
(The Chairman of St. Dunstan's)

St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

EDITED BY PERRY BARRINGER

No. 65.—VOLUME VI.

MAY, 1922.

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

EDITORIAL

WE had occasion recently to read through a large number of the letters received by the After-Care Organisation from the men of St. Dunstan's in almost every part of the Empire. A truly wonderful record these letters provide of how little of a handicap the loss of sight need be, given the will to succeed and the courage to overcome the difficulties that may arise. We do not say that within them there was contained nothing but consistent reports of success, prosperity and universal content—our own acts and the conditions of life in any section of the world's community must inevitably make rough some parts of the path of life. Indeed, it is a truism of philosophy to point out that were there no sorrows there would be no joys—human nature must have a standard of comparison for everything. But, generally, remembering that every one of these letters was penned by a man who had come suddenly into a world of darkness while in the flush of his manhood's prime, they breathed a spirit of optimism and a courage and cheeriness which will make glorious this page at least in the history of our times. But it is with the intention of emphasising the material and practical, as well as the moral lessons that can be learned from these intimate records of the hopes and achievements of the men of St. Dunstan's, that we make reference to them now. So many give proof of the old adage, "Heaven helps those who help themselves," that it will be of interest to note some of the directions in which that test has been applied. In a finely inspiring Easter message which Captain Fraser wrote for a great London paper, and which we reprint elsewhere in this issue, he said: "I can vouch for the fact that the real happiness of the vast majority of my comrades who lost their sight during the war arises out of the sheer joy of achievement." Anyone who has known, who has followed the lives of the Men of St. Dunstan's, cannot doubt the truth that phrase expresses, and if we had been asked to make a selection of the most contented St. Dunstaners from among the writers of those letters, without being given any further indication of their personal or family circumstances, we should have picked out those who told of something new achieved—a fresh victory gained over difficulties. Never an issue of this magazine appears but we are able to print in its pages letters of this kind. It may be but a sentence or two, telling of some little invention, a design to solve a work problem, the news of an award gained for a display at an exhibition, or exact details of the mastery of an unusually difficult piece of work. One and all, be they concerned with the great problems of life, or the minor attritions which face mankind almost every hour of every day, they form, in our opinion, by far the most stimulating, the most inspiring of the contents of the pages we produce for the reading of St. Dunstaners month by month. Fully as we realise that it is the province of ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW to entertain and amuse, yet we would not willingly sacrifice one line of these records from St. Dunstan's men for the greatest masterpieces which the whole realm of literature could provide.

A St. Dunstaner on St. Dunstan's

THROUGH the energy of Madame Harwood and her pupils a highly successful bazaar was held recently in the Cornwall Hall, Sevenoaks, in aid of St. Dunstan's funds. Colonel R. K. Bevington presided at the opening ceremony, and was supported by Mrs. Sterry and two St. Dunstaners, W. J. Ritchie of Sevenoaks and — Hicks of Dulwich.

In the course of his speech Colonel Bevington mentioned that one of the two representatives of St. Dunstan's splendidly efficient training had been asked to give an address, but with the modesty that distinguished all heroes they had asked that he (Colonel Bevington) would read a little address which had been written by Mr. Ritchie. It was as follows:

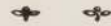
"Being a man who was trained at St. Dunstan's, you will agree I am able to give a little information as regards the glorious work that is being carried on there. I entered St. Dunstan's in 1918 with one thought on my mind, which was 'What of the future? Was I to be a helpless product of the war?' It did not take me long after entering St. Dunstan's to realise there was a future, and a bright one at that. Those untiring trainers, doctors, nurses and others soon taught me that there was such a thing as independence of sight. It is only we fellows who know what the sentence really means. I was transformed from a man who was helpless into a man who could look into the future and say 'I can earn a living.' I am now set up in business as a basket maker, and I am very happy indeed. But to whom do I owe the thanks?—that wonderful organisation, St. Dunstan's, which places welfare and training of its patients first and expense second. It would be impossible for me to bestow my praise, as it would take too long, and I could not say enough to satisfy my feelings. Remembering there are still hundreds of men being trained, I appeal to all

to help this noble work by doing all you can to make this bazaar a great success."

No one, added Colonel Bevington, could make a better speech than that. (Applause.)

It is good to know that whenever and wherever the men of St. Dunstan's come before the public they are able to acquit themselves in a manner so creditable to all that St. Dunstan's stands for in the Nation's regard, and to their own sterling achievements in the work-a-day world.

During the afternoon and evening visitors were keenly interested in the basket making by Ritchie and the mat making by Hicks.



Sonnet to the Late Sir Arthur Pearson

[The following lines, which have appeared in some Brisbane papers, have been sent to Captain Fraser by Lieutenant E. Maurice Little, who was blinded and very badly wounded in Gallipoli. He returned direct to Australia, and is thus one of the very few blinded soldiers who, owing to such circumstances, did not come to St. Dunstan's. The splendid optimism which directs his outlook on life is due entirely to correspondence with Sir Arthur and to his association with other Australians whom he met after they had returned to their country from St. Dunstan's.—ED.]

WHEN first the world was narrowed
to that sphere
Our poor untutored fingers then
caressed,
Seeing ourselves confined and others blest
With freedom we had known, we fainted
here
Had not thy words of hope dispelled our
fear,
And led us ever upward to the crest
Whereon we stood, all doubt and gloom
repressed,
O'erjoyed to find our vision full and clear,
'Twere poor return to thee, our guide, our
friend,
Should we now falter as we stand alone;
Far rather let us summon our young
strength,
And every noble truth of thine defend,
Nor cease the struggle till the day is done,
And we our record give to thee at length.

E. Maurice Little.

Our Football Cup Competition

WE have always been fully aware that the sporting instincts of St. Dunstaners are very much to the fore, but even so, when we inaugurated our modest little competition on the result of the F.A. Cup Final, we did not anticipate quite such a flood of entries and such universal interest.

No other competition that has been run in connection with the REVIEW has even approached in popularity this contest for finding the eventual holders of the blue riband of professional football. We have not the general register of all the men who have been through St. Dunstan's before us as we write, but we venture to assert that the number of entries for this competition provide a strikingly large percentage of the total of those St. Dunstaners who could have entered, allowing for the restrictions it was necessary to impose as to the sending in of entries.

We must digress here for a moment to mention that we have well in mind the interests of overseas St. Dunstaners in regard to our competitions, and we hope to make some arrangements which will provide the necessary extension of time for their participation on an equal basis with our home readers.

And now as to the prophetic powers which are displayed in the great pile of entries which lie before us. Out of the whole number who pitted their knowledge of form against the many other factors which decide the ultimate winner of the most keenly sought honour in professional football, eleven competitors only named the winning team and the exact score by which the victory was won. It was the estimate of attendance which has enabled the fixing of our prize winners out of these eleven.

The result of the final as everyone knows now was:—

HUDDERSFIELD 1 PRESTON NORTH END 0
ATTENDANCE - 53,710

The nearest forecasts were:—

1st Prize Winner, £5

— Moore, Cornwall Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.1., Attendance, 54,927 (Over estimate, 1,217).

2nd Prize Winner, 30s.

H. Palmer, 32, Eagle Hill, Upper Norwood, S.E., Attendance, 56,205 (Over estimate, 2,495).

3rd Prize Winner, 10s.

Gordon Nancarrow, 1, Woodlane Terrace, St. Columb Road, Fraddon, Cornwall, Attendance, 50,189 (Under estimate, 3,521).

In congratulating the winners upon their success, we would like to express at the same time our sympathy with the many entrants who were "so near and yet so far" from actually securing one of the awards. Apart from the eight other competitors who, as mentioned above, gave the winner and the correct score, there were many others who, failing on these important points, were yet successful in estimating very nearly the official attendance of spectators. Thus, there were five entrants who gave this latter figure to within 500 of the official return, and one who sent in 53,502 as the attendance, but awarded one goal to Preston as well as to Huddersfield—a touch of soft-heartedness which has, unfortunately, cost him five very useful one pound treasury notes! Our adjudicating staff very much wanted to give this attempt a consolation award, but we fear that had we given extra prizes for all who were within measurable distance of the first prize winner, we should have had to quadruple our prize list. No, we fear we must stick to the limits of our awards and content ourselves with wishing those who have not scored on this occasion—better luck next time. ✻ ✻

NAVY (hit by a golf ball): "Called 'Fore!' did yer! Well, yer goin' to get four jolly good punches! See?"



NEWS OF ST. DUNSTANERS

CAUSE AND EFFECT

AN extract from a letter received from T. Kent, of Chelmsford, supplies evident proof of how sound and careful work brings its reward in the shape of increased trade. It is a truism of commerce that every customer satisfied is not only an account profitably handled, but also an established asset for future trade. To our mind, however, the greatest value of a contented customer lies in his or her potential capacity to bring other customers along. How very much more weight attaches to the conversational remark of Jones to Robinson that "Smith can always be relied upon to do his work well and deliver to the time promised" than any advertising or canvassing that Smith himself may do. We do not want it to be thought that we are in any sense decrying the great value of any form of advertising as a means of securing a wider circle of custom—we are only emphasising the well-proved fact that the best advertising in the world can only succeed if it is backed up by satisfactory service.

The following is the extract from Kent's letter which has suggested these comments on the causes of success in business:—

"I am pleased to say that trade is very good in my shop now, and I have had a continuous supply of work since I have been in this shop. All my customers are very pleased with the work and think it is very well done."

We congratulate Kent, not only upon the satisfactory state of trade he reports, but also upon the evidence his letter provides of how well he has earned it.



SNOWBALL ENTERPRISE

It will be remembered that in a recent issue we mentioned that Morton, of Bromley, had a stall at a big bazaar held at Rotherham, and that as the result of

his success there he had secured the promise for a good stall at another exhibition which was to be held later. In a letter Captain Fraser has just received, Morton reports that he sold up the whole of his stock at this exhibition, and has, in addition, been booked by a well-known resident of the town to give a display of his work at a big garden party.

Morton mentions also that the goods he displayed received much commendation, and that his mats took a prize. "I have only St. Dunstan's to thank for it. I know this sort of news which tells you how well your After-Care boys are getting on will please you," adds this enterprising St. Dunstaner; and while we have no doubt of the accuracy of the last comment, most of us will agree that it is his own grit and enterprise which has enabled him to turn to such good account the training and help of St. Dunstan's.

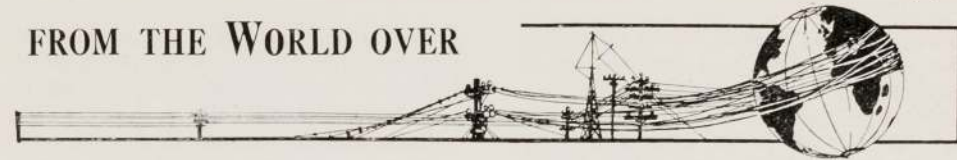


BLIND WHIST WINNERS

In a recent issue of the REVIEW we referred to the success at Whist Drives of a Putney St. Dunstaner, and asked for news of other of our men who had beaten sighted folk at the game. A correspondent writes from Northampton: "It may be of interest for you to know that A. Billingham plays in all the whist drives held in the Northampton Hospital (for the war pensioners who are there), and has several times won a prize. Last week he won the first prize playing with all sighted players (seven tables).

Our heartiest congratulations to Billingham. Some day we must see if we cannot organise a monster drive, in which half the players shall be sighted folk, and the other half St. Dunstaners. We are inclined to put our money upon the chances of one of our men getting the premier award.

FROM THE WORLD OVER



A REAL ACHIEVEMENT

From G. Price, of Clacton, comes a letter which we make no apologies for printing without any shortening by the editorial blue pencil. It provides, in our opinion, a most interesting proof of the almost unlimited capacities of St. Dunstaners to turn to account the skill they have gained, and the natural pluck and intelligence of which the loss of sight can never rob them. Here is the account of Price's problem, and how he handled it:—

"I now take the opportunity of describing to you what I believe to be a rather difficult job for a blinded soldier to tackle, but at the same time I guess you will agree with me when I say that I found great interest while operating upon this particular piece of work. The manner in which it came about for me to do will also interest you. A certain lady brought me a very clever piece of art in the form of a picture done all in needlework. I believe the picture was of a very beautiful lady and Cupid standing near. It was an oval-shaped panel, and I was a little startled when this lady expected me to be able to make a frame for it. The picture was not very large, the inside rebate size being about 10 ins. by 8 ins. Well, my principle is never to refuse any job at all, and I can tell you that I have tackled some jobs alright, so when the lady required this oval frame I said I could do it. Then she wanted it by the next day, and I had my doubts as to whether I could do it in the time. However, I went to the Joinery Works here to have it made by machine, and, much to my surprise, was informed that it could not be made there as it was too delicate to risk at a machine. This amused me, as I am very well acquainted with machinery for woodwork; and so, reading their meaning at the works immediately, I returned to my workshop and cleared the deck, putting the other jobs away and starting in right away with the oval frame.

I have already stated its size, and now the section of the moulding was to be $\frac{3}{4}$ by $\frac{3}{4}$ ins., having a bull-nose shape of the surface or front and a rebate of $\frac{1}{4}$ by $\frac{3}{4}$ ins. on the inside and back to take the glass and picture. I selected a very good piece of oak which, with the aid of my dear wife's eyes, was found to be of a pretty good figured grain. I then cut out a cardboard oval pattern to the exact size of the outside of the frame, and this I temporarily tacked to the board; then got busy and cut round the pattern and cleared it with the saw. When this was cut I spokeshaved it until it was practically quite true, and then I made a temporary gauge, hollowed on the inside to mark out the full thickness of the width of moulding to be. This gauging was a very ticklish job, as care had to be taken not to let the gauge ride or slip while running it along the outside edge of the frame to be. When this gauging was done I then set the gauge to three-eighths of an inch and went through the same tricky process on the other side, which was the side to be rebated. This I gauged very deep to give me a good starting for the working out of the rebate. I then cut out for the inside edge of frame from the other side; then, with the aid of a small wood chisel and the rasp, worked out the rebate. After this I rounded off the front side to the bull-nose shape spoken of before.

"I may say that I worked late that night, but by noon the next day I had the oval picture frame completed, and delivered it by the evening quite complete with the needleworked picture fixed in it. Now I believe it is on exhibition at 31 Sloan Street, and I will let you know which day it is likely to be shown, as I would like the opinion of one of our Staff concerning it, as I feel quite proud at having made an oval picture frame by hand. I trust I have quite fully described to you the details of this piece of work.

I may say that I term it as a very slow but sure job, and I was very pleased at having done it well at the first attempt."

We are quite sure that not only will our readers, who are also joiners or picture-frame makers, find these details interesting, but that Price's old friends will be pleased to hear of his successful tackling of what was obviously a very tricky piece of work.

PAYING HENS

H. D. Clevitt writes from Dunnington a cheery letter of thanks to the After-Care Department. We reproduce his letter below and congratulate him on the promising commencement his hens have made:—

"I am writing to say I received the hens alright. I am more than pleased with them. I feel I cannot thank St. Dunstan's enough. You would be surprised if you could see the folks come to see them. And as for the house, well, there are nothing but poultry farmers around us, but they all say they can't beat our chicken house, so you can guess how proud we feel.

"Now the next thing I must tell you we have had thirty-one eggs since last Wednesday, so they are paying well for their keep. And again I am doing a good trade in boots and mats.

"Now I think I have made a new start in life, but I only have St. Dunstan's to thank for it."

BACK TO THE OLD TRADE

There have not been a large number of instances of our men re-learning at St. Dunstan's a trade in which they had been engaged before they lost their sight. Thus particular interest attaches to a letter recently received from W. H. Farr, of Windsor, who having been a joiner by trade for many years before he came to St. Dunstan's, naturally enough selected this craft as the one he wished to engage in for the future. As one who can speak from practical experience of joinery as a trade, both for the sighted and blinded man, Farr's opinions are deserving of

particular respect. We are more than pleased to learn how much of interest and profit he finds in his old craft under such changed conditions.

Parr writes as follows:—

"It is now sixteen months ago that I left St. Dunstan's, and therefore I think it quite time I should let you know what progress I have made since starting work on my own.

"On arriving home the first thing I had to do was to select a site on which to erect a workshop. There was no room in the house that I could use, so it was decided that I should build a workshop in the garden at the back of the house, where I have plenty of room. On selecting the spot I had to get a plan and specification prepared in accordance with the building bye-laws and submit it to the Town Council. As soon as the Council passed the plan I ordered the material, and I shall not easily forget the day when it arrived here in three parts outside the house. We had a very busy morning getting it through to the back part of the house, properly stacked and covered. On the Monday morning following my brother and I set to work to build the shop. We laid a concrete bed a little larger than the floor, and built brick piers, and on these we built the shop, with wood floor, studded partitions boarded inside and out, the roof, rafted, boarding, felt, battens and slates.

"I have three windows and double doors with glass in the upper part. The windows I have made to fall inward and fasten on the top. By the side of the windows I have a tapered board and fillet fixed for the windows to fall against. This throws the draught upward, and also I find the side pieces very useful in preventing anything I stand against the side of the shop from slipping and breaking the glass.

"Many friends have asked me why did I have so much light in the shop, seeing I was totally blind, but I could assure them it was quite as necessary for a blind man to be in the light as a sighted person, as I find when working in the light it is a great help to my sense of touch.

"As soon as the shop was completed and my bench made I started work, and have had a very busy time ever since. The work I have been doing has been very varied. One thing I did was to build a summer house in the garden entirely on my own. It was amusing to hear the neighbours passing remarks when I was putting on the roof. I also did several repairs about the house in readiness for painters and decorators, such as renewing damaged balusters to stairs, sash lines to windows and also renewing fastenings. I have erected a porch at the back of the house, or it may be termed a small conservatory as it is made entirely of wood and glass with shelves for flowers. I have made a large quantity of tea trays and have sent them to various parts of the country also to Ireland and Canada. I usually keep, with other things, about a dozen trays in stock. I have also an oak bed which I am keeping in stock. It is not yet polished or stained in any way as I left it like this so that people could see that it fits accurately in every joint. I could enumerate many other things I have done, but I think this will be sufficient to show you that I have made good progress since leaving St. Dunstan's. I am continually gaining confidence and consequently speed in my work.

"As one of the oldest, if not the oldest man trained at St. Dunstan's, and having had a life-long experience as a carpenter and joiner, I feel I cannot close this letter without giving you my opinion on joinery and cabinet making as a handicraft for blind men. Before I went to St. Dunstan's I used to ridicule the idea of blind men working on joinery and cabinet making. I used to walk out with an old joiner some years older than myself, and we used to talk the matter over together. I often smile to myself now at the remarks we used to pass about blind joiners.

"In June, 1919, I was advised to come to St. Dunstan's, and this I did as soon as there was a vacancy, which was in the September following. On arriving, I paid a visit to the joiner's shop and felt some of the work and talked to the men there. It was very interesting to me being an old joiner, and I at once made up my mind to

restart learning my trade over again, and the longer I work at my trade the more I am convinced there is nothing a blind man could take up which would interest him better and assist him to earn a living. The things to be made can be very varied to suit the man who would like to keep on smaller things and the more ambitious man who wishes to work on larger things. My advice to anyone taking up the trade is not to try to do too much at the start or until somebody qualified to give an opinion passes a very favourable remark, and then try something larger and more difficult. I feel then that every blind man could make joinery a success."

Cigarette Slogans

THE following letter has been received by Captain Fraser from "Canuck," the St. Dunstaner who, it will be remembered, suggested the idea of our recent Cigarette Slogan Competition and so very generously provided himself the prize money in connection therewith:—

"Dear Captain Fraser—Following our telephone conversation of yesterday and your letter of even date, I have much pleasure in enclosing herewith the sum of £1 15s. same to be paid as prize money in the 'Cigarette Slogan' Competition. I sincerely hope that you thought the competition worth while and that it will give some stimulus to the object for which it was inaugurated.

"I may add, in answer to your kind inquiry, that everything is going along very well with me.

"Wishing you the best of health and luck and an ever lightening of the burden you have so willingly taken upon your shoulders,—I beg to remain, yours sincerely,

"CANUCK."

We are sure it will interest "Canuck" and the many St. Dunstaners who entered for this competition to know that those responsible for the publicity in connection with St. Dunstan's Cigarettes have every hope of making effective use of some of the apt Slogans and helpful suggestions sent in.



DISCUSSION CLUB NOTES

ON Monday, April 24th, Dr. Halford came to Cornwall Terrace to talk to the men on "Some further lights on Auto-Suggestion," Captain Fraser taking the Chair.

His subject was most interesting, and he explained M. Coué's method which he said was most helpful for everyone. It simply meant "Packing up your troubles in your old kit bag," etc. He thought all children should be taught to practise "Auto-Suggestion," to try and take their minds off pain, because all pain became so much worse the more we thought about it, and if we could train our imagination to think we were really better, we should become so automatically.

Captain Fraser raised a very interesting point as to pain when he told us of an accident he had of grazing his knuckles badly against a rough wall. The pain was acute at the moment, but as he walked home he forgot about it, and felt none! When he arrived someone met him and exclaimed at the blood pouring from his hand! He hadn't felt the pain because he couldn't see the blood!! Dr. Halford said it certainly proved his point and that had he seen the blood, he would have felt more pain, as his imagination would have insisted on the fact that such an accident was painful.

In fact our imagination had everything to do with pain, and if we would only train it, so much the better for us in every way. The subject provoked a great number of questions, which Dr. Halford answered to everyone's satisfaction; he said he had never had so many intelligent questions asked at one lecture before.

OUR Notes for this number of the REVIEW are fewer than usual, as the Lecture by M. Emile Coué was reported in the April number, and there was no Lecture on 17th, that being Easter Monday.

On April 10th, Mr. Scott gave an enlightening Lecture on Theosophy, entitled

"Foundations of Belief." He dwelt on the doctrine of Re-Incarnation as the one most universally held, and quoted from great writers and poets to shew that they believed in it. His list included Plato, Pythagoras, Emerson, Tennyson, Wordsworth, Rossetti ("I have been here before"), Browning ("Other heights in other lives, God Willing") and Walt Whitman. We were also told that this was a recognised belief among the Christians until 551.

Purity of thought, word, and deed, and concentration were pointed out as the great essentials in advancement from the Physical Plane to the Astral and Mental Planes.

In conclusion, the Lecturer urged us to build Mental Pictures of the Perfect Man, and so grow to that state ourselves, for "What a man thinks, he is."

Our List for May is a very interesting one, and is as follows:—

- May 1st—"Time," by Mr. Crawford.
- May 8th—"The Black Man's Burden," by Dr. Brierley.
- May 22nd—"Humour," by Dr. Lyttelton.
- May 29th—Dr. Poole. Subject to be announced later.

"TACT," said the lecturer, "is essential to good entertaining. I once dined at a house where the hostess had no tact. Opposite to me sat a modest, quiet man. Suddenly he turned as red as a lobster on hearing his hostess say to her husband, 'How inattentive you are, Charlie! You must look after Mr. Brown better. He's helping himself to everything.'"

MACDONALD has the reputation of being a careful man, and an acquaintance speaking of him the other day said: "Why, he even looks over the tops of his glasses for fear o' wearing them oot."

Work for the Blind in South India.

(By W. GILBERT SPEIGHT, PALAMCOTTA.)

A highly interesting article appears in the magazine of the Church Missionary Society, by W. G. Speight, who many St. Dunstaners will remember as one of our Poultry Farmers. Speight went out to India in charge of the Blind Schools at Palamcotta, and is doing highly successful and useful work there. The article will, we think, be read with great interest by our men.

IN the Madras Presidency, where our schools are situated, there are over 30,000 blind people, most of them terribly poor and uneducated. The few who make any money do so by begging.

Blindness arises from many causes: accidents, diseases, and sad to say, in a vast number of cases, from sheer neglect, or bad treatment by quack doctors. Our first care, therefore, is to try to prevent blindness, and if any come to us with poor sight, and if we think there is the smallest chance of their being cured, they are immediately sent to a good eye specialist.

As will be readily understood, a great number, being blind, come to us to be educated and trained to do useful work, by which they may be able to earn their own livings.

Now come to our schools and see what is being done there. Let us imagine that you are bringing a tiny tot of four years old to us. We first take him to the hospital for examination, and if he is in good health, he is bathed, given clean clothing, and then taken to join his future playfellows, who are under the care of two nurses. Next day he will join the kindergarten class, where, although he will be playing most of the day, he will be learning in his games his first lessons. He will learn to count with bricks, shells, and other playthings, and, gradually, his little fingers will be trained to read Braille, which is a system of dots embossed on paper. He will have nature lessons in the garden, and learn to do pretty little action songs and musical drill.

Soon the time will come for him to go into the first standard, and from that time his lessons become much the same as those which sighted children learn. With a special frame he will learn arithmetic, and with raised maps he will study geo-

graphy. No lesson is omitted, and when he reaches standard two, he will be sent to take his place with the other boys in their own school. Here he will stay until he passes the fifth standard, when he will go to the industrial section.

There he will begin to learn new work. His first lessons will teach him about weaving koyra-grass mats; how to get the loom ready, how to weave, and how to finish the mats nicely. At the same time, he will probably learn to put new cane into chairs and cots; but weaving will be his main study, and when he has mastered the loom on which mats are woven, he will be given an opportunity of learning cotton weaving, which is much more difficult. All our boys and girls learn this very useful occupation. As soon as they are sufficiently clever, they are sent in for the government examination, and, if they succeed in passing both the elementary and intermediate examinations, they are removed from the school registers and paid wages as qualified weavers. In the girls' industrial section they also learn to knit, and to make tape and baskets. There are many other things which we want both girls and boys to learn, but at present we can do nothing until the money is forthcoming for new buildings, which are most necessary, our present ones being fully occupied.

When our children go to sleep at night, their beds are mats spread on the floor, and all the mats used night and day are woven by our own pupils. Their clothing is also woven on our own looms; and, in addition, we make mats, towels, sheets, dusters, cloth, and many other things which we sell to people all over the south of India.

Now a few words about the home life of the children. They rise very early in the morning and have their first meal of

rice about 7 o'clock, not sitting at a table as English people do, but squatting on mats on the floor, and eating from a bowl with their fingers. This may sound disgusting to English children, but to our Indian boys and girls it is quite natural, and does not look out of place. At half-past seven every one goes to chapel for a short morning service, and an hour later the girls and boys who belong to the industrial section begin their day's work. The remainder have singing practice or something like that till 9 o'clock, when they also begin work. At 1 o'clock they have their midday meal of curry and rice, and school opens again at 2. By 5 o'clock all work for the day is over, except on the days when they have drill.

During the evening all kinds of games are played, and the girls usually go for a walk. Evening meal-time is at 7 o'clock, the meal consisting of curry and rice, which is their staple food. Variety is gained by changing the composition of the curry. The evening meal is followed by a short night preparation class, and all go to bed at 9 o'clock.

We have our own hospital for the care of sick children, but serious cases are sent to the municipal hospital, Palamcotta, or, if the patient is a girl, to the women's hospital, Vernapet.

Altogether we have 180 children living in the schools, and, as you will readily understand, a great deal of money is spent every year. As more and more children come to us, more and more money is needed. But money is not the only thing which will help us. Every year we have a sale, and those who cannot afford to send money might be able to send small articles for this sale. Every little helps, and we are grateful for anything. Remember, there are over 30,000 blind people around us, and we want far more of them to enjoy the light which Christian education and training bring into their perpetual darkness. The lot of the average blind child in India, unless he or she can come to a school like ours, is a very miserable one. Help us then to alleviate suffering and misery; to bring knowledge and interest to lives which would be almost blank.

Chapel Notes

OUR new term has opened most encouragingly as regards our Chapel services, for although our Chapel is not on the spot, yet we have had full attendances, and actually last Sunday additional seats had to be found in the corridor! I do so want the spiritual side of the work to keep well in the foreground, and I feel sure that all our old boys are helped when they think of the Intercessions which are offered up Sunday by Sunday by their comrades here for their happiness, success and spiritual well-being.

All of us who are so greatly interested in this branch of our work here would be cheered if they could feel that these Intercessions are reciprocated, and that the short prayers for St. Dunstan's inserted in the February REVIEW are not forgotten.

Marriages

ON Friday, March 31st, William John Sims was married in Aberdeen to Miss Calder.

On Saturday, April 15th, Walter Ruddock was married at Holy Trinity Church, Wallington, Surrey, to Miss Gladys Audrey Deards.

On Wednesday, April 19th, John Melling was married at Wigan Parish Church to Miss Harriet Williams Winstanley. *E. W.*

Births

J. CURNOW, daughter - - April 1, 1922
 J. MCFARLANE, son - - April 1, 1922
 A. H. RODGERS, son - - April 4, 1922
 G. H. MATTHEWS, son - - April 6, 1922
 F. P. FISHWICK, son - - April 6, 1922
 W. J. BOWERS, daughter - April 7, 1922
 F. COOPER, daughter - - April 7, 1922
 I. H. POOLE, daughter - - April 15, 1922
 J. E. BOOTH, daughter - - April 26, 1922
 G. POLLEY, daughter - - April 28, 1922

NEWS FROM THE WORKSHOPS

BASKET SHOP

A. STEVENS has gained some very useful experience in round work, in spite of the accident to his shoulder, which meant loss of time. He has already been doing Waste Papers, and has commenced a Solid Linen Basket. The range of work covered by D. T. Vernon has been considerable and includes Workbaskets, Barrels, Soiled Linens, Dog Baskets and Hampers. He is now beginning to find himself at home with the work. T. Nisbett has also had further varied experience, and has perhaps done his best work on a Square Hamper, recently made. During this year W. Birch has made consistent advance, and is gaining much more confidence in himself. The improvement in the Oval Clothes Baskets which he made was very noticeable, and he has to be congratulated on a Cane Chair recently finished. F. Stew completed his course at Easter. He took infinite pains with his work, which was always quite neatly and carefully done. We may specially refer to a number of Oval Trays, which were much admired. We must also congratulate E. Sayers upon the excellent standard of the baskets made by him at the end of the term. W. G. Ruddock is another man who has completed his course recently, and we already hear he has numerous orders on which to commence. We may particularly mention his recent work on Square and Oval Clothes Baskets and small hampers, which should prove thoroughly satisfactory lines with him.

MAT SHOP

J. Rendell has made considerable advance in the Mat Shop, and one mat he made early in April promised well for his future work. A. H. Bradley has become very skilful with his work in this Department, not only in plain mats, but with

several Diamond Designs which he has made recently. J. E. Howe made a large number of mats during last term quite well. He was very interested, and undertook a number of various designs and borders in addition to Sinnet Mats. A mat made by him early in April was quite excellent.

BOOT DEPARTMENT

Several men from the Boot Shop have also completed their course recently. J. Vernon continued to do good work until the end, and will perhaps be at his best with the men's work he will get in his district, though his experience has been an all-round one. G. Southen always maintained a good standard; the care which he took with his work will be of great value to him, now that he has to meet all the requirements of his business. W. F. Gannaway was always extremely industrious, and turned out very satisfactory work. He had an all-round experience. His test work—a pair of ladies' suede shoes, with $\frac{1}{4}$ rubbers—was a very pleasing job indeed. A. Morgan has also been doing some excellent work, and we are confident that everything his customers put before him will be carried out in a way which will give them complete satisfaction.

JOINERY DEPARTMENT

E. J. Harlow is making very good progress as a Picture Framer, and has now mastered the polished moulds. T. Eaton has been busy making Step Ladders, which he found no easy problem, but he has come out "on top." S. Holmes has made a very neat set of Oak Book Shelves which do him great credit. Mr. Steel has completed his elementary course with honours, and is now busy making his Tool Chest.

(Proficiency Certificate Winners on Page 17.)



SPORTS CLUB NOTES



I FEAR that the Easter holidays coming in between last month's REVIEW and this will make our sports notes rather on the brief side. Already, however, we have resumed our Saturday morning sports, and although we have lost quite a number of our expert athletes yet the new boys are showing great keenness and will improve rapidly. It is obvious that at first our various branches of sports must appear difficult, but it is wonderful how quickly the men get "into their stride" and begin to do great things. It is no small encouragement to win the sprint after a few attempts especially when up against seasoned runners, and such confidence is bound to be of inestimable value right through. We have an extraordinarily large percentage of men taking part in the various sporting items we attempt, larger, I think, than I ever remember. Over fifty per cent. are doing jerks each morning, and I think nearly everybody with a foot is looking forward to our next football league competition, which is due to commence this month.

Although the football enthusiasts of this country rest from footer during the summer months, we are determined that no such trifles as hot weather—a gradually diminishing goal keeper—or a sun-baked ground will keep us from our favourite sport, all we ask is that the Kiosk be open and a plentiful supply of lemonade obtainable!

I am sorry that our football league outings are closed until next season, but the kindness of the authorities of the Arsenal, Chelsea and Fulham in granting us free admission each Saturday has been greatly appreciated.

I hope it will be possible to take parties to the cricket matches at Lord's during the summer, for we greatly enjoyed our experiences there last year.

PHYSICAL JERKS

The Jerks Competition which extended from Christmas to the Easter holidays

was a great success. This was a very hard term for early morning rising, and it required a large amount of pluck to regularly take a place in the jerks class especially during the cold damp mornings. It will shew the keenness of the boys when it is stated that the vast majority never missed an attendance, and in the case of the others it was only sickness or absence on leave that prevented them. There is no doubt that the jerks are just what is needed to keep us absolutely fit, and it has been the experience of those After-Care boys who have not kept up their exercises that these morning health-giving jerk parties have been greatly missed.

The following men have not missed throughout the Competition, or have been prevented through sickness or leave:—

April 7th, 1922

PHYSICAL JERKS COMPETITION

CORNWALL TERRACE

T. Eaton	J. Boon
H. Finkle	G. Brewer
R. Callaghan	A. Dembanski
W. Gannaway	H. Critchell
A. Sherwood	G. Furniss
A. Anderson	J. McEvoy
T. Moore	E. Turnock
W. Bawden	J. Marriot
J. Lever	S. Barlow
J. Greaves	R. Paterson
A. Stevens	J. Davies

TOWNSHEND HOUSE

H. Chafer	J. Pawley
W. Buckle	P. Sheridan
K. Howes	J. Hallaron
W. Burtenshaw	F. McMahon
J. Melling	J. McGee
T. Wheeler	S. Holmes
T. Brewer	
D. Purvies	
J. Hughes	

BLACKHEATH

ROWING

On Tuesday, April 11th, a small rowing competition was held on the lake for prizes which were most kindly presented by Miss Toynbee. Quite a good number of men entered for the two events

arranged, and some excellent racing was witnessed. The races were just open singles for T.B. and S.S. classes, and our Rowing Instructor was delighted with the progress shewn particularly by the new boys who had not done any rowing prior to coming to St. Dunstan's.

The heats were hotly contested, and it was rarely that one length separated the scullers.

The finals resulted:—

(1) S.S. EVENT	(2) T.B. EVENT
1. W. G. Bawden	1. E. Turnock
2. H. Potts	2. G. Brewer
3. W. Gannaway	3. H. Chafer

SWIMMING

Our Instructor's classes are already in fine swing, but instead of going in the evenings, now that the winter session is over, our men attend in the early mornings. Quite a large number have given in their names for instruction, so that Instructor Jones is in for a busy time. We are looking forward to being invited to some swimming galas during the season.

E.W.

IN a letter acknowledging the receipt of the 3rd prize in our Cigarette Slogan Competition, H. J. F. Goodwin, of Ramsgate, says modestly enough that "I confess that mine was not a very brainy attempt, but it is very nice to win a prize when one knows that everything is so honourable and fair in the judging." Goodwin adds that he intends to take part in all our competitions, and we commend his intention to the notice of all other St. Dunstaners. Everyone stands an equal chance, and the greater the number of entries we receive for our competitions, the greater is the proof to us that St. Dunstaners look forward to receiving the REVIEW each month.

FIRST SEAMAN: "I say, Bill, what is this card?"
Second Seaman: "That's the saloon passengers' menu, of course."

"But what does it mean?"
"Oh, it means they get their soup, fish, meat, and vegetables separately, and call it a menu. In the fo'c'sle we get them all together, and call it Irish stew."

St. Dunstan's Alphabet—
Cheltenham Annexe

A is the Annexe of St. Dunstan's fame,
B for the boys, bright, cheery and game,
C is the Commandant, tactful and kind;
Her equal in England you never will find.
Chorus—Sing dumble down deary, dumble down day.

D for the donkey with lusty hee-haw,
E for the escorts the boys all adore,
F is the fun in which we all revel;
And those who don't join can go to the—
Chorus—Sing dumble down deary, etc.

G is for George's, whose teas are so fine,
H for hands and nails manicured, just look at mine!
I's interesting news which is read day by day;
And "starters" and "prices" just now hold the sway.
Chorus—Sing dumble down deary, etc.

J are the jokes we hear in galore,
K well I'm sure that you know what that's for,
L for the letters, our home news relating;
And "barbed wire" replies we're often dictating.
Chorus—Sing dumble down deary, etc.

M is for music to keep us all bright,
N is the noise of the domino night,
O are the Orderlies, patient and willing;
Who'll put on what you wish, from a "quid" to a "shilling."
Chorus—Sing dumble down deary, etc.

P are the poets who made up this rhyme,
Q Quartermaster—hear her keys chime!
R is for "Rotary," they treat us so well;
To prove "Service not Self" in that they excel.
Chorus—Sing dumble down deary, etc.

S stands for Sisters in Dispensary you know,
T for "Toc H," where we love to go,
U know we've a doctor—Kirkland by name;
Known around Cheltenham for his great fame.
Chorus—Sing dumble down deary, etc.

V is for V.A.D.'s, whose work is just fine,
W the watch that *always* keeps time,
X'cuse for getting the fine kitchen staff,
P'raps without them like "Billy" we'd have to eat chaff.
Chorus—Sing dumble down deary, etc.

Y is for you, our audience fine,
If you swear at us now you'll get many more lines,

Z is the end of St. Dunstan's alphabet;
And we wait for applause that we hope we shall get.
Chorus—Sing dumble down deary, etc.



DEPARTMENTAL NOTES



Braille Notes

ALL our heartiest congratulations to the following men on having passed their Reading Test:—

W. A. Burtenshaw, J. McNicholls, J. Walne, F. Pawley and E. J. Harlow.

Unfortunately the Writing Test results have been delayed, so that we are unable to give them in this month's REVIEW.

We give below a selection of the books that have lately been added to the National Library for the Blind:—“Here, There and Everywhere,” by Lord F. Hamilton; “Life of Queen Victoria,” by Lytton Strachey; “Letters of Travel,” by Rudyard Kipling; “Fifty Bab Ballads,” by W. S. Gilbert; “Half-hearted,” by John Buchan; “Pieces of Eight,” by R. Le Gallienne; “Hand of Allah,” by W. Le Quex; “Mystery of the Green Ray,” by W. Le Quex; “Jill's Rhodesian Philosophy,” by Gertrude Page; “Mayor of Troy,” by Sir A. Quiller-Couch; “Tales of Secret Egypt,” by Sax Rohmer; “An Irish Cousin,” by Somerville and Ross; “Lost Endeavour,” by Guy Boothby; “The Christian,” by Hall Caine; “The Red Axe,” by S. R. Crockett; “Nonsense Novels,” by Stephen Leacock; “Great Impersonation,” by E. P. Oppenheim; “Mistress Barbara Cunliffe,” by Halliwell Sutcliffe.



Typewriting, Shorthand and Telephony

WE sincerely congratulate the following men on having passed their Typewriting Test:—

A. Urry, J. Rendell, J. Marriott, S. Oxborough, H. G. Chafer and R. Edwards.



An inevitable result of St. Dunstan's decreasing numbers is that we have to say “good-bye” to old friends, and we shall all very much miss Messrs. Wilson, White and Poulton, who have done such

valuable work in the “Typewriting” and Braille Rooms. Mr. Wilson has been with us since the early days of St. Dunstan's, having come in the spring of 1915; and Mr. Poulton and Mr. White went to the Blackheath Annexe very soon after it opened and came to Headquarters last autumn.

I am sure all the boys and staff will join with me in a hearty appreciation of their work and wish them every success in the future. *D. O. P.*



Netting Notes

WE have this month the pleasant duty of reporting excellent business with the sales of garden and sports nets. We have accumulated through the winter months good stocks of these nets that the experience of past years has taught us are likely to be in demand in the early Spring. This season is really our Harvest time, and we are now reaping the reward of long months of preparation. We are glad to tell our After-Care netters that we have already booked up orders for Golf Driving nets that will dispose of our whole stock and give as well employment for some months to come. We are also doing very well with Tennis Boundary Netting. We should like to express our appreciation of the help our After-Care netters give us by making the nets we want, even if these are not always their own preference. This enables us to avoid accumulating goods that are not in demand, and permits a quick turn-over. *G. H. W.*



THE most popular feature of the menu for dinner had been soup, of which the little girl had partaken heartily.

“Dear me,” she sighed as she went on with other things, “I've eaten so much soup that every time I swallow a piece of bread I can hear it splash.”

Poetic Licence

By A. WHATOFF ALLEN

SYBIL heaved a sigh of relief. After all, the task she had so long postponed had been accomplished with unlooked-for ease. She had made it quite clear to Lucien—here, in his own exquisitely appointed rooms—that her decision was unalterable, and now she could go.

She congratulated herself on the prudence of insisting that their engagement should be kept secret for a time. She supposed she was treating Lucien badly. Most people would say so. Lucien, no doubt, thought her utterly heartless; yet he had listened to her patiently, giving no sign of surprise and uttering no word of protest, his gaze fixed steadily on her, and his face so utterly devoid of expression that more than once she paused, doubting whether he heard her.

“So far, Sybil,” he said quietly, when she had finished, “you have given me no reason for this sudden rupture of our engagement.”

“Reason?” she repeated nervously. “Do you want the brutal truth?”

He nodded. “I'm utterly tired of you!” she cried. “Of course, it's absurd of me. I'm throwing away a great opportunity. To marry the literary lion of the moment, who writes such exquisitely sentimental verses that half the women in the world believe themselves in love with him, would flatter most women. I'm not like that. It is, I believe, because I've realised just how exquisite you are, how sentimental, how daintily effeminate, that you no longer attract me. I want to marry something more robust than a haze of dreamy ideals. I wouldn't mind a real lion, with a roar, that could crush me to smithereens with a blow of his paw, but a lion with manicured nails. . . ! I suppose I'm not like other women.”

He passed a delicate white hand wearily across his forehead. Then he turned and picked up a photograph of her that stood on a table at his side.

“Give it to me!” she demanded, with outstretched hand.

He drew it closer to him, as if to shield it from her.

“Let me at least keep this,” he pleaded. “It's little enough to ask. You will soon forget—you have told me so—but I have no wish to forget, and this will help me to remember. As I look at it I shall feel again the caress of your hand—the softness of your lips—your hair will brush against my cheek—”

“Give it to me!” she insisted, with an angry stamp of her foot. “You have no right to it.”

He raised the photograph and pressed it reverently to his lips. With a swift, sudden movement she snatched it from his grasp, faced him with flaming cheeks and turned to leave him.

At the door she paused and glanced back. His hands were covering his face, and his shoulders shook.



It was three months later that she met him again. It was at one of Lady Glading's dinner parties. Knowing that he would be there, that he was, in fact, the guest of the evening, she had thought of refusing—but not for long. Sooner or later she would have to meet him. He was invited everywhere that mattered, and to continue to decline invitations for so trivial a reason was absurd. People would begin to notice and to talk, and she had no intention whatever of providing a meal for the vultures.

He met her with his usual charming friendliness, and when the first few awkward seconds were past, she congratulated herself that the last page of that unfortunate chapter had safely been turned. Only the little thrill caused by the touch of his hand disturbed her for a moment. But she dismissed it from her mind. After all that had occurred, a little nervousness was natural enough.

She was not surprised to find that he was the only man present. In a room full of women, she reflected, he was in his correct environment. This exquisite, effeminate creature, with his too charming manners, would be hopelessly out of place among men; they would ignore him, or laugh at him. Here there was scarcely a woman who would not welcome the chance of kissing his elegant feet.

During dinner good-natured banter was mingled with the usual subtle flattery. When could they expect another soul-moving sonnet? Why had he written nothing for so long? They accused him of laziness. He smiled and made charming excuses, until someone, raising her hands in mock despair, declared that he had lost the knack of it, and that never again would he wring her heart with the agonising sweetness of his lilting verse. It was only then that he grew grave.

"That is quite true," he said, and suddenly there was silence. "I will explain to you, if Lady Glading will allow."

Lady Glading beamed and nodded her consent. He was going to talk! How splendid! It was so dreadfully difficult to get him to talk.

"Three months ago," he began, "the sunshine went suddenly from my life when I lost the love of a beautiful, gentle, tender-hearted woman."

There was a smothered gasp of surprise, and more than one smothered sigh of relief.

After an effective pause he went on: "She it was to whom I owed whatever there was of tenderness, of beauty, of human understanding in my work. It was her influence that gave me the gossamer threads of romance with which to weave my dreams. If I saw visions, it was because she had opened my eyes. My thoughts were but the flowers of her thoughts; my poems were her poems."

He paused again. Sybil, her hands clenched beneath the table, her cheeks slightly paler than usual, her eyes blazing with indignation, could not withdraw her gaze from his impassive face. It was all she could do to restrain herself from rushing from the room. She was furiously

angry. What a cad he was! If he still felt bitterness against her he need not have chosen this brutal method of attack. The man had no sense of decency. To lay bare his own intimate feelings for the sake of creating an impression was at least intelligible—the creation of impressions was part of his business—but to expose her deliberately to the contempt and ridicule of her friends, for no better reason than that she had injured his pride, was abominable. To-morrow London would be talking of it. There would be detestable little paragraphs in the papers. . . . She shuddered.

She waited, fascinated and helpless, for the blow to fall. She was terrified that, as he paused, he would turn his head and condemn her with a glance, yet she almost wished that it might happen. The sooner it was over the better.

But he did not look at her. The torture was evidently to be prolonged. "Psychology is his strong point," she thought bitterly. "He knows the right moment for his climax."

"When I was working," he continued in the same even voice, "I set her photograph in front of me. As I looked at it I seemed to see her smile at me. Her lips moved, and there came tripping into my mind sweet thoughts and subtle fancies clothed in dainty, whimsical phrases that flowed unbidden from my pen. That woman was my inspiration."

"And then one day she came to me and told me—truthfully, perhaps, but brutally, that she had grown tired of me, that the very qualities in me which had once attracted her now repelled her. She demanded that I should return her photograph. She felt, I fancy, that for me to look at it, to linger over the sweet memories it would recall, to seek inspiration from the smile that had so often inspired me, would in some way taint her purity. She was deaf to all my entreaties. She snatched it roughly from my caressing fingers and left me—alone."

Again he paused, and Sybil was torn between hope and fear that he might turn his head and denounce her with his eyes. But the time had not yet come.

"I need not tell you how I suffered," he went on. "Days of dreariness, nights of agonising longing, of black despair—yes, even of tears!"

A murmur of sympathy ran round the table. They were women, and understood these things.

"And now to come to the point of my story," he said. "Since that day I have not written a line. My life has lost its sunshine. If I wrote, I should write verses so infinitely sad that you would weep over them—not because of their tender pathos, not because of that sweet sadness that has nothing of pain in it, but because you would know them to be the outpourings of a stricken, mutilated soul. That, dear ladies, is the cause of my silence, and I feel that you will now be patient with me. If ever again I can pen words that will bring happiness into your lives, you may be sure that I shall pen them. Unless I can do that I shall not write at all. I will not add to the sorrow of a sorrow-laden world."

There was a murmur of sympathetic approval. Dainty handkerchiefs fluttered unashamed around tear-dimmed eyes. Words of condolence mingled with words of condemnation of the heartless vampire who had inflicted such pain upon so sensitive a nature. It was generally agreed that she could have no soul.

Lady Glading leant towards him, and, with a sympathetic squeeze of his arm, confided to him that his sentiments were just too beautiful and noble—so exactly what she would have expected from him; but that he must try to overcome his sorrow and give the world more of his delicious verses. She would take the ladies to the drawing-room. Perhaps a few moments by himself. . . .

Sybil, strangely silent and distracted, followed her with the rest.

Later, in the drawing-room, she managed to get a few words with him.

"Well, Sybil, is it peace?" he asked, as he seated himself beside her.

"You were generous at dinner," she replied. "I want to confess and be absolved."

"I am afraid I don't follow," he began. But she cut him short with an impatient gesture.

"Don't pretend to misunderstand," she said. "You were very generous. You might easily have thrown me to the wolves; I should have known you better. But I was furious and rather frightened."

He smiled at her, and Sybil dropped her gaze.

"I feel that I treated you very badly," she said softly. "I want you to know that. I didn't realise then how much you—cared for me. I didn't think that I should make you suffer as you have suffered. But I realise it now. You opened my eyes when you spoke about the photograph. I never guessed that I—that it could mean so much to you. If it still means anything to you, I'll—I'll give it back to you."

She glanced at him, found him still smiling, and was encouraged to further confession.

"Love is rather a wonderful thing, isn't it?" she whispered. "We don't always recognise it when it comes to us—only when we have thrown it away. I wonder if you could ever. . . . Lucien, could you ever forgive me? If you could, if you still feel as you used to feel, if you still want me. . . ."

He laid his hand tenderly on hers. "My dear Sybil," he said, "please don't talk of forgiveness. You have no cause to reproach yourself. The photograph I mentioned was not yours!"

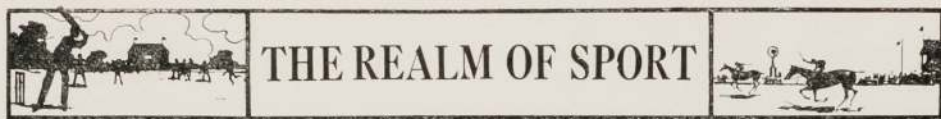
The following Proficiency Certificates have been awarded in the workshops:—

J. Deegan (centre cane baskets); P. Dixon (willow baskets); E. Sayers (willow baskets); J. Lloyd (cane hampers); F. Stew (willow baskets); F. W. Gannaway (boots and mats); A. J. Jones (boots and mats); J. Vernon (boots and mats); J. E. Howe (mats).



SAID Dinah to her sweetheart: "Does yuh truly love me, Sambo, or does yuh just kind o' think yuh do?"

"I loves you honey, all right," answered Sambo. "I ain't done no thinkin' yet."



A Derby Competition

A CONSIDERABLE number of our readers who entered for our Football Competition have asked if in future contests it would not be possible for an entrance fee, however modest in amount, to be charged, and for this to provide the Prize Fund. While we fully appreciate the sporting spirit which prompts the suggestion, we fear that the conduct of any competition on these lines would form a breach of the Lottery Acts.

We are very glad to announce, however, that a well-known sportsman, who has always shewn the keenest interest in St. Dunstan's, has most generously offered to provide prizes for any other contest of a sporting nature to the same value as those awarded in our Football Competition.

Judging by the response to our request for suggestions as to future contests, our readers' views on this point are almost unanimous, and so we have decided to run

A DERBY COMPETITION

The conditions are as follows:—

The prize of £5 will be awarded to the St. Dunstaner who sends in the correct or most nearly correct forecast of the first three horses to pass the winning post in the Derby. The second prize of £1 10s. and the third prize of 10s. respectively will be awarded to the competitors who in order of merit provide the next most accurate forecasts. In the event of ties the prize money will be divided. The decision of the Editor on all points in connection with this competition must be considered final and binding.

Entries, which may be made on a post-card, must be addressed "Derby Competition," ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW, Headquarters, St. Dunstan's Work, Inner Circle, Regent's Park, N.W.1, and must be received not later than first post on the morning of Tuesday, May 30th, 1922. No entry received after that time will be considered.

As promised in our last issue, we continue publication this month of the short articles specially contributed to ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW by famous sportsmen and leading writers on athletics.

While the branches of sport dealt with below do not include those in which St. Dunstaners themselves are able to engage, we are quite sure that our readers will find a great deal of pleasure and interest in these breezy little articles. Most St. Dunstaners will not need to be reminded, also of the generously helpful work these distinguished contributors have given in many other ways for the furtherance of St. Dunstan's activities.

A HOME-MADE EARTHQUAKE

By A. E. BEAMISH

(The Davis Cup International—perhaps the greatest stylist in English Lawn Tennis)

IN writing anything for your magazine I think I had better not begin to talk tennis to you, or I might never know when to stop. So I am giving you a little true story of a more or less real earthquake, which we manufactured in New Zealand, while on a Lawn Tennis tour. That, at any rate, has an ending, and was rather amusing to three of the party. There were four of us in the team—C. P. Dixon, J. C. Parke, F. G. Lowe, and myself.

We had arrived at a place called Hastings, in New Zealand, and were staying at the house of a man who was both very hospitable and a very good sport. At dinner he happened to remark that the season for earthquakes had arrived, and that we might have one at any moment. This appeared to interest F. G. Lowe greatly, and he asked many questions about the length and severity of the shocks, and whether they were very destructive to property. Our host told him that no one took much notice of them until the tiles began to fall off the roofs, then people thought it better to go

into the garden. After dinner the other two and I thought the opportunity for some fun far too good to miss, so, as our host was willing, we decided to "get up" an earthquake for Lowe's benefit that very evening. We arranged for lengths of string to be fastened to all the lighter pieces of furniture in the victim's bedroom, with the other ends hanging on to a balcony outside for Parke to manipulate when the show began. I was to crawl under Lowe's bed, and behave like a buck-jumper; Dixon to rush about in the passage outside, knock as many things over as possible, and call out to Lowe to "save himself." Luckily, Lowe was tired after his day's tennis, and never noticed any signs of our preparations before turning in. Then we began operations. Parke jerked all his strings, the furniture responded splendidly and leaped about the room; I, under the bed, shook and heaved the old thing vigorously, arched my back under the mattress, and made enough disturbance to have moved a ton weight; while Dixon rushed about outside and appeared to be wrecking the house in his efforts to give the idea of an -alarmed-household-after-the-first-shock-kind-of-effect; and the result was more than successful. For Lowe, when aroused, leaped from his bed and the room, and never stopped running until he landed up in the middle of a big flower-bed, where, as he said afterwards, he distinctly felt two more severe shocks and had to dodge quite a number of falling tiles!!!

That was the only experience of an earthquake that I ever had anything to do with.

A. E. Beamish

"KING WILLOW"

By H. J. HENLEY
(The well-known writer on Cricket)

I HAVE been this very afternoon made forcibly aware—literally forcibly—that cricket is not only coming but has come. For as I passed a side street a violent

smack on the back caused me to turn in pain and alarm. I then perceived that I had walked into the mighty on-drive of a sturdy urchin who had just completed the "follow through" of his stroke in front of a lamp-post wicket. Yes, cricket has indeed arrived—as a rich bruise between my shoulder-blades bears testimony.

None the less, May must enter before any really serious matches are played.* County secretaries are so very suspicious of the English climate in these days. But time was, when April was cricket's birth-month, and on Easter Monday, no matter how early it fell, the counties played their trial matches.

W. G. Grace used annually to bring a Gentlemen of England team to the Oval on Easter Monday to play Surrey. Even to recall some of those games is to shiver. No doubt the Old Man himself enjoyed east wind cricket. He had recorded that in his boyhood it was the custom of his whole family to start practice in March, and to continue till October. But to less hardy people it was no joke to field a hard drive when there was a nip of frost in the air.


It is curious to recall that when first-class cricket was begun earlier, Easter Monday was generally a beast, whereas of recent years, at an equally early date, much splendid sunshine has been visited upon mere net practice.

I have shivery recollections of Easter Oval games whereat fieldsmen wore a couple of sweaters each with a waistcoat sandwiched between them. On one occasion a batsman, who was bowled by a rank long hop, declared that a wandering snowflake entered his eye when the ball was close up to him. This may sound like one of those excuses that are several degrees worse than no excuse at all. But such things are possible: A. C. MacLaren once lost his wicket in a Test match at Adelaide through a small fly getting into his eye at the moment that he was about to make his stroke.

So although we must wait until May for the opening of the first-class season a good deal of discomfort is probably avoided by a

*This article was written a few weeks before we go to press—Ed.

late start. In the meantime there is plenty of opportunity to theorise. Prospects? Well, cricket prospects are always golden; and, although there are those who pull long faces over the condition of the game because of England's woeful failure in the Test matches, there are bigger things in cricket than whacking Australians. The popularity of cricket has never been wider; the spirit of cricket remains healthy. That is worth quite a lot of "ashes."



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THE GAME O' GOWF

By J. H. TAYLOR

(Open Golf Champion—1900, 1909 and 1913)

MY old pal, "Sandy" Herd, and I, intend sailing for the States on July 8th next for a three months' match-playing Exhibition Tour, and, judging from the comments that have been made on the fact in the American papers, we are in for a royal time.

I have visited America once before in 1900, when Vardon and myself were first and second man home in the American Open at Wheaton, Illinois, Vardon beating me by two strokes.

The game has gone ahead over there since then, and I shall be prepared to find a tremendous improvement in everything appertaining to it. Twenty-two years ago I felt as if I was a "King-pin" amongst golfers out there, but the boot will wear a different tread this time, as the British-American and the "Home-bred" professional are in a different class these days, thanks to the efficacy of the good missionary work that has been done by the former.

I shall await with a curious anxiety to see what sort of reception the Americans will give old Sandy's exaggerated "waggle," which he performs before hitting the ball.

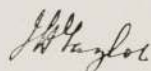
This reminds me of a story:

"What a devil of a lot of 'waggles' you make, Herd," said an enthusiastic admirer to Sandy.

"Aye, aye, Sir! but do ye ken what a devil of a lot of good shots I make, too," said my old friend.

It is good news to hear that "Joe" Kirkwood, the Australian professional, is visiting us again this year to play in the Open. Joe's debut last season was a sensational one, and his performances more than justified the good accounts of his play that preceded him.

"Joe," I verily believe, lives for golf. He certainly is one of the most thorough men at his job that ever I have seen. A strict teetotaler and non-smoker, he sets about his work with an earnestness and sincerity that is rarely seen. His deadly execution seems but a fitting reward for his painstaking zeal. "Joe" will be most welcome.



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THE FASTEST ATHLETIC GAME

By D. V. MILLS

(St. Dunstan's Sporting Representative)

THE question often arises as to which is the fastest and most spectacular athletic game, and invariably the consensus of opinion is that Rugby football predominates. The Rugby Union enthusiast would not travel a hundred yards to witness a Soccer match, and the thousands who follow Soccer would show not a particle of interest in a Rugby game. Furthermore, the Northern Union Rugby supporter stoutly claims that the code appertaining to that Union produces speedier football and creates more enthusiasm than that of the parent body. How many followers of these particular codes show any interest whatever in other athletic games? What percentage has witnessed a game of lacrosse or hockey—field, ice or rink? In my opinion either of these games requires greater speed and quickness of brain than football of all codes. Yet there are comparatively few supporters of these games which are so fast and spectacular. Lacrosse is undoubtedly faster than any football and requires perhaps a little more speed than field hockey, but to compare either with rink or

ice hockey would be superfluous. In addition, rink hockey contains an element of risk and danger far in excess of other games. Ice hockey undoubtedly has its dangers, but the reason that it is not so risky as rink hockey is owing to the fact that ice has a certain amount of "give" when a player falls whilst the composition of a skating rink is solid. In accentuation of the opinion that rink hockey is the fastest game extant it is only necessary to point out that in championship games ten minutes each half is played and not more than fifteen minutes each half in ordinary club matches. By that time the opposing players have had enough. Polo and Tennis are exceptionally fast whilst in progress, but for continuity of speed and concentration by *all* the players participating rink hockey undoubtedly excels. Three minutes only allowed for "lemon time." It may not be generally known that each side is composed of only five players, viz.: Goalkeeper; Back; Half-back; Right and Left wing forwards. The goalkeepers invariably don cricket pads, which, I might add, are very essential to his position, for the greater amount of his saves are made with the legs. It can be easily imagined the amount of judgment and quickness which would be necessary to stop a ball which is travelling at the rate of about one hundred miles an hour with a hockey stick! Most rink hockey players wear shin-guards, but their arms and elbows are exposed to very rough treatment upon the occasion of a spill. When a player is upset he invariably slides a few yards, owing to the great impetus, and consequently the skin is burnt in transit. I have seen a player's arm with a scar six inches long, which I would assume is decidedly more painful than a bruise. Rink Hockey is, I submit, decidedly the fastest and most spectacular athletic game.

D. V. MILLS.

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"It cost him ten thousand dollars a year to live."

"Why does he spend his money so foolishly?"—*Life*.

To any Blinded Soldier

G LAD in the solitude of sea and sky,
On a wild headland swept by sun
and wind,
Watching the changing beauty, idly, I
Opened a book new-owned—and read
of the blind.

The many-mooded sea, the April light,
The isle of Bardsey, like a purple gem
Glooming in silver, faded from my sight—
"Their haunting darkness ever follows
them."

O sightless eyes, unsung, unknown of
fame!

O Christ-like eyes, war-blinded in my
stead!

How shall I bear to meet you, only in
shame

Bow a forgetful and unworthy head?

Teresa Hooley.

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Compensations of Blindness

"Perhaps blindness," writes Sidney Walton in *The Manchester City News*, "brings compensation. Lord Rosebery once told us that we read too much and think too little. Like the Athenians on Mars Hill, we are ever straining at the leash to devour some new morsel of doctrine or excitement. Our eyes crowd the wharves of the mind with goodly argosies, but it is the bread eaten, not the grain stored, that adds to my stature. When the sun goes down behind the hills the stars come out to crown the dying, garish day; and I sometimes think at the time of sun-setting, when, in Chaucer's phrase, the day is at a waning hour, that we learn most in darkness. The best letters in English literature are said to have been written by the mortally wounded. There is such a thing as the sieve of blindness, which sifts out the worthless from the imperishable (this being generally in small bulk; you will recall that Stopford Brooke said of Coleridge that a slender volume would contain his best poetry, but it would need to be bound with pure gold) and leaves in the mind an exquisite and enduring residue."

An Ideal to Work For

By Ian Fraser

The article which we reproduce below was written by Captain Fraser too late for its insertion in the last number of the "Review." It breathes such a wonderful spirit of optimism, and will kindle so warm a fire of response that we are glad to have permission to reprint it in our columns.

"We who are blind cannot see the glory of the sunrise, the splendour of the sunlit days, nor the pageant of the sunset. . . . There is much that we cannot see; there is one thing we will not see, if we can help it, and that is the gloomy side of our lives."

THESE words appear in the first chapter of that splendid book "Victory Over Blindness," in which the late Sir Arthur Pearson told the story of St. Dunstan's, and set forth the wonderful philosophy upon which was based the great uplifting movement in the blind world for which he was mainly responsible. They answer, I think, the question which the Editor of the *Sunday Express* has put to me: "What is the Easter message of the blind to those who have eyes and yet see nothing but darkness in the world?"

This day, along, perhaps, with Christmas Day, stands out as a milestone set upon a hill in the road of life, and just as the traveller will pause on this high place and survey all that is good to look on in the country that is ranged around him, so I think we should stop for a moment and, casting aside our prejudices and worldly worries, concentrate our thoughts on the nobler characteristics of mankind.

If we search intelligently we shall find that the world is full of courage and of hope, and that the finer instincts of men and women are persistently forcing themselves to the surface. There is probably no section of the community in which this is to be more clearly seen than in the little army of nearly 2,000 men who lost their sight in the war. They are settled in their professional and industrial occupations all over the British Empire, and they are happy. I almost said they are happy in spite of their misfortune, but I think I should be getting nearer to the truth if I were to state that they are happy on account of their misfortune and of the necessity which it has forced on them, the opportunities it has given them, of developing the best sides of their character.

True happiness does not arise from the things we see or hear, but comes from the things we do. It is connected more intimately with the actions and thoughts which arise from within than with those which come to us from outside through the medium of our senses. I can vouch for the fact that the real happiness of the vast majority of my comrades who lost their sight in the war arises out of the sheer joy of achievement.

Which of us does not know with what feeling of pride he or she triumphed over some unusual difficulty or setback? Blindness is just such a difficulty, and it is the very fact that it is at first regarded by the individual and is usually regarded by the public as the end of all things that makes its conquest so sweet. The message of the sightless men, then, is no new one; it is merely one interpretation of the Gospel to which our attention is drawn by the advent of such a day as Easter Sunday.

It is a demonstration of the eternal truth that there is something in every man and woman more powerful and more important than his or her physical capabilities. No matter whether we call it the will or the soul, it is there, and it is capable of overcoming all the difficulties of this life if it be given the chance of controlling our thoughts and actions.

I have always thought that the real good St. Dunstan's has done for our country, and other countries, too, is not to be found in the fact that it has taught many hundreds of men this greatest of all lessons, important as this is.

It is rather the splendid example which it has given to the world—at a time when the world badly needed an ideal to work for—that difficulties are here to be overcome, and that there is no limit to the moral development which men can reach if they have but the opportunity and the determination to use it rightly.



From the World's Press

Memories of Sir Arthur

The fitting out of a special expedition to secure, dead or alive, that wonderful monster, the plesiosaurus, has reminded writers in one or two of the leading papers of a somewhat similar expedition which was financed by Sir Arthur Pearson. Sir Arthur's quest, however, was for another supposedly extinct mammoth, a mylodon, which was reported to have been seen in the same lake region of Patagonia from where the presence of the plesiosaurus has been recorded. The search, which extended over a year, and which was headed by Mr. Hesketh Pritchard, was not successful in its main object, but a great deal of valuable information as to the Flora and Fauna of those little-known wilds, and much of great interest to scientists and geologists, was added to the world's knowledge.



Blind Actors and Actresses

An important article, illustrated by photographs, which appeared recently in the *New York Herald*, gives an interesting description of the Blind Players' Club, of Brooklyn, U.S.A. In the year 1921 this club, which consists entirely of amateur actors who have no vision whatever, has staged ten different plays for various charitable organisations, and has frequently sold out all seating accommodation. From a highly-interesting article I have only space to quote the following:—

"Do the blind see? Is their sense of sight—of a subtle power of vision not physical nor material—as vivid as our own? It is almost impossible to believe. Yet evidence points out as clearly as sight itself that the blind do see.

"The Blind Players' Club, of Brooklyn, in action would convince the most sceptical that the sightless actors and actresses cast in its plays are at no disadvantage because of their sightlessness.

"The precision and the confidence with which these players move through their parts prove that they see every incident of every play they give. They do not see it as we in the audience see. The figures vividly photographed on their minds are perhaps not the same pictures as are flashed through the eyes of the seeing and reproduced. But they are as real and as true as the material visioning, and are as effective.

"It is interesting and amazing that these blind players can move through the intricacies of a melodrama as freely and with as infallible exactness as any actors on the stage; that they can get the subtle nuances, the scarcely perceptible yet meaningful gestures and glances that are woven through the proper execution of every play.

"The timing is exact. Every response, spoken or acted, is done as precisely as the most self-possessed actor on a Broadway stage could do it. The cues are often not spoken ones, as in any plays, but these blind actors never miss. They can act with a finesse that would satisfy even John Drew himself, who said that a drama might be made or ruined by a handshake."



Rat Without Eyes

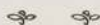
Under the above heading there appeared in a recent issue of the *London Observer* the following, which I print without comment:—

"A remarkable rat story is reported from the Campsie district of Stirlingshire, where some workmen employed at a calico print works saw one rat being led by another by means of a straw. The animals were caught, and it was found that the rat which was being led had no eyes—and not even the visible rudiments of any."

Blind and Handless Typist

THE following interesting paragraph is taken from the *Mail and Empire*, Toronto:—

"Carl Bronner, a handless, blind veteran, who is receiving vocational training under the United States Veterans' Bureau, at Evergreen Hospital, Maryland, who had already learned to operate a typewriter efficiently, has now taken up the game of chess. His instructor moves the chessmen for him and then plays himself, telling Bronner at the same time just what play he has made."



A St. Dunstaner?

The *Western Mail*, of Cardiff, printed the following:—

"One of the most interested 'spectators' at Newport Races at Caerleon Course on Thursday was a blind man. A *Western Mail* representative asked him as he was leaving the course after the races how he had enjoyed himself. 'A1,' he replied, 'it was a lovely day out in the fresh air.' 'And could you follow the sport?' 'Yes,' he replied with vigour, 'he' (nodding in the direction of his guide) 'told me how it was going, and I enjoyed it thoroughly.'"

The writer of that paragraph should go with some of our lads to the many big sporting events which they so often attend and enjoy most thoroughly. Williamson, the Arsenal "goalie," once told me when discussing this subject that the most instant applause for a specially good "save" always came from those seats in the stand where "his pals from St. Dunstan's" were sitting.



IN a letter to Captain Fraser, W. Austin, of Novar, Ontario, Canada, sends news of his forthcoming marriage. This overseas St. Dunstaner is to wed Miss Irene Annetta Martin, also of Ontario, who has taken a prominent part in both social and educational affairs. We are sure their many friends and all St. Dunstaners will join us in wishing the young couple a long and happy married life.

Eyes on Stalks

How Insects and Animals See

EYES are made to fit their jobs. Crabs and lobsters, which are slow-movers, have eyes on the tips of short stalks, so that they can see practically all round them, and thus see their enemies in plenty of time to escape. The eyes of snails and slugs (more slow-moving creatures still) are perched right on the ends of their feelers, so that they can look in every direction without moving.

Rabbits and hares live for ever on the alert, so Nature has given them eyes at the side of the head, enabling them to keep on the watch without the trouble of turning round. Birds, of course, have the same power; they have only to move their necks to see all round them.

Insects have compound eyes—that is, each eye is made up of many eyes, or facets. The eye of the common house-fly has 4,000 of these facets; that of a butterfly, 17,000; while there are some beetles having eyes with as many as 25,000 facets. The ant—with all its intelligence—has but fifty facets in each eye.

These compound eyes do not move in their sockets as ours do, for the facets give them the power of seeing in all directions at once.

Birds' eyes have an inner lid which acts as a sort of blind or shutter to protect them from the glare of strong sunlight. And the falcon family, in addition, have feathers that arch over the eyes and form a sunshade.

Flat-fish, such as soles, plaice and turbot, have travelling eyes. These fish, when young, are exactly the same shape as all the other small fry, with an eye on each side of the head. But as they grow, the bones of the head and face twist round, bringing both eyes to the same side of the head.

Unless eyes are exercised, they soon become useless, just as the muscles do. And the mammoth caves of Kentucky, U.S.A., contain many blind fish and other creatures which have lost their sight through living in perpetual darkness.

Our "Queery" Column

Another Amusing Letter from our Overseas Contributor "THIRD RESERVE"

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—“Things are not always what they seem.” These were nearly the first words of the New Zealand boy who sat down among the nettles on the canal bank in France. He was one of those who were rushed up in an emergency, and so did not know what nettles were.

We were having a dip in the canal, and though the coaldust floating on the still water made our bodies dirtier than ever, the water was pleasant. When we got out of the water we, like good soldiers, went big game hunting before putting on our shirts. I saw that he was thinking of sitting down amongst the nettles and told him not to sit there. I was politely told to “go to Germany.” I was about to tell him that I hoped I would some day but hadn't time, and it is just as well, seeing I went to St. Dunstan's instead. Well, he sat down and then jumped up again using blank verse and Braille contractions time about. Of course I knew nothing of Braille then but learned it afterwards, when I tried to read the first page of a Braille book. This is how it goes: “Ow O, Wow Ow O Ow.” After he had said that for a while, he said, “A dozen snakes have bitten me.” It took me ten minutes to convince him that it was nettles and not snakes, and then it took me longer to get enough dock leaves to comfort him a little. Then, he said, “Things are not always what they seem.” That is just what we are finding out, Mr. Editor. The missus and I thought our reference books were fine when we bought them, but now they don't seem up to much. She has found out all about deserts, sandhills, sand dunes, sand flies, sand eels, sand soap and sand man, but not a word about keeping sand up. That's what's troubling “Wingie” and I. The government are building a new concrete gumshed, and called for tenders for filling a thousand sacks of sand at the sandhills. Sacks and twine were to be supplied and

carted to the place. They tried carting the sand loose first, but the road was so rough that there was no sand left in the cart when it got to where the shed is to be built. Then they called for tenders for filling the sacks. “Wingie” and I took out a dozen sacks and the shovel and had a go at it. We thought we could make a bob an hour at twopence a sack, and that was what we offered to do it for. Ours was the lowest tender, and we got the job. “Wingie” said we had better take the sacks to the top of the sand and roll them over when they were full. The sand was about twenty-five feet high there, and I said that we mustn't get too near the edge or we and sand and all would go over. “Wingie” said, “All right.” “Wingie” put on his hook and held the sacks open, and I shovelled in the sand. Then “Wingie” held the top of the sack while I tied it. The first sack or two burst the string when we tipped them over, but we soon found the way to fix that, and things went on merrily for some time. When the carter had got away two hundred sacks he was sent to cart stones from the landing, and our sacks began to accumulate. This was bad for us as, so long as the sacks were kept clear at the bottom, they rolled clear of the loose sand that went down along with them.

“Wingie” reckoned that we would have to take the last two hundred sacks down and fill them from the loose sand on the top of the other sacks. Well, we kept at it and kept heaving them over. I could hear the sand going down with every sack. When we had got six hundred and forty-nine filled, “Wingie” says to me, “Give us a heave with this one, Jim.” So I put my back to it and says, “One, two, three, and away she goes,” and sure enough she did go and so did the “he's” as well, for the whole sand hill started and “Wingie” and I too. Things were a bit confused after that. Something gave

me a clout on the head and I saw what I haven't seen for a long time—stars. I think it was "Wingie's" boots that did it. When I was fit again I was sitting with my back against a sack and my legs up to the hips covered with sand. I soon scraped it away and was all right. Then I thought of "Wingie." "Where are you, 'Wingie'?" I shouted. At first I heard nothing. After a while I heard a sound—a sort of wail like the cat makes when she has caught a quail. Then I heard spluttering and spitting and at last a faint "Jim." "Where are you, 'Wingie'?" I cried. "Here, Jim. Have you a hanky?" he spluttered. "No," says I, "I only use it on Sunday." "Tear the tail off your shirt and wipe my eyes," says he. "We're married men now," says I, "and can't tear our shirts as we used to do but I've got some rags to tie up my fingers when I cut them, so I'll use them." "I'm up to my neck in sand, so go easy," says he. Well I got to him and wiped his eyes, and he told me what things looked like. "Dig me out," says he. "Where's the shovel?" says I. "Buried, or else behind me, and I can't see behind me." Well, I dug away with my hands and got down to his middle, after that he got his arm free and was soon out. "No profit in this lot," says he, when he had looked around. He found the shovel, and then we went to the top for the rest of the sacks and the twine. We filled the rest of the sacks and then shovelled the sand off the full sacks and at last got our numbers, but as "Wingie" says, "There's no profit in it." "Wingie" says, "If they would cart away as we fill them, there would be money in it." I don't know, but if you can tell us how to keep the sand up there might be. One mug told us we ought to have mixed it with cement and water. That sort of way is no good to us, we haven't the money. Somehow I haven't liked to hear the missus singing:

"Till the sands of the desert grow co-old," lately.

There's the chance of another contract, so let us know as soon as possible, dear Mr. Editor—and oblige, yours sincerely,

THIRD RESERVE.

A Remarkable Concert Blind Musicians Entertain Prisoners

IN all my 19 years of prison experience I have never known anything so wonderful, so unique, as the concert we have had this afternoon." In these words the Rev. E. Stephens, Chaplain of Wormwood Scrubs Prison, expressed thanks to Lady (Arthur) Pearson's Blind Musicians' Concert Party for the entertainment they had provided to the inmates of the gaol. The comment was justified. The large, beautiful prison church, known as "the Cathedral Church of the Prison Service," was the scene of a notable gathering. The performers were all blind; the audience 500 men serving their sentences for transgressing the law. Save for their dress there was nothing to indicate that they were prisoners. Many of the faces—the majority, it seemed—were full of intelligence, and their appreciation of the music was little short of wonderful. They were of all ages, from youths undergoing Borstal treatment to grey-haired old men with many convictions. In the three front rows sat the choir. On the left hand, behind them, in dark clothes were the Borstal youths, prisoners of the second division, and a few first division prisoners. On the right, in khaki, were the ordinary prisoners, while at the back a few convicts awaiting transference to a penal institution. Whatever their delinquencies, no artist could wish for a better audience.

The prisoners had been previously asked by their chaplain to name their favourite pieces, and the list included: "The Volunteer Organist," "Destiny," Handel's "Largo," overture from "William Tell," Mendelssohn's "Spring Song."

The men had been told they were allowed to clap—and did so generously—but they were formally warned against stamping their feet and talking. Nothing having been said about laughing, they received some humorous duets with ardent glee.

The Chaplain (who with the Governor, Captain H. J. K. Greenway, was responsible for the concert), expressed thanks to

Lady Pearson and the artistes. "Those who have spent any time in prison service," he said, "know how different things used to be. A man dare not even turn his head then, and the very thought of a concert would have driven us all white. (Laughter.) Thank God that has altogether changed. There is a different spirit pervading the prison service. (Great cheering from the prisoners.) In the olden days the idea was penal only; to-day it is reform—trying to build up and restore the waste places. The Prison Commissioners, in allowing concerts like these, are doing a great work towards the restoration of those who have made a mistake to the ranks of honest men. I believe this is the first time members of the press have been here. We are pleased to see them. We have nothing to hide, nothing to be proud of in our effort to make men what they ought to be. There are different opinions in the world at large about the inside of prisons, but you might go through-out the length and breadth of the land and not find a more appreciative audience. It is impossible for us to contribute in our present state to the funds of St. Dunstan's, but I venture to say that when the time comes and the members of this audience regain their liberty one of the first things they will do will be to put a little in the box for St. Dunstan's. (Loud cheers.)

About Myself

By Marshal Foch

IN a recent conversation Marshal Foch told a correspondent of the *Petit Parisien* many things about his private life, while a few things he has denied.

For one thing he has killed the legend that, since his visit to America, he had become a teetotaler—"an impenitent water-drinker."

"The truth is," said Marshal Foch, "that I drink at each meal two glasses of wine. It is not too much, I think, but it is enough; in all things I love moderation. Without being a gourmet, without having a marked preference for any special kind of cooking, I have a good appetite and I

eat well—and quickly. It is not well to grunt too much to the animal."

The Marshal confessed, however, that after meals he always takes hastily to his pipe—"That is my vice."

Another legend which the Marshal demolished—though perhaps hardly completely—was the story that he was an "optimist."

People called him an optimist, he said, merely because he always turned his back on disaster and "eliminated the hypothesis of failure." But optimism and pessimism were senseless words. Or rather, he added, "Optimism is a temperature. In any case, it has nothing to do with war or with action."

Then he summed up his philosophy of action. "Whenever you have a task to perform," he said, "consider it carefully, estimate exactly what is required of you. Then make your plans, and to carry them out have a method; never improvise. The fundamental qualities required for the proper execution of a plan are—first, intelligence; then discernment and judgment, which allows one to recognize at once the object to be attained and the best means of attaining it; then a proper sequence of ideas, and finally, what is most essential of all, will—a stubborn will."

Earlier in the conversation Marshal Foch confessed that Thiers, whom he had read ten times, was the first author that he studied; then came Walter Scott, and, later, Taine, with, naturally, a study of all the classic military writers—he paid a special tribute to Moltke's "Memories" for the study of the "theory of the Rhine."

The Marshal also told what had decided him to be a soldier. It was at Metz on that August Sunday afternoon in the war with Prussia when Napoleon III., who had arrived only the night before, had to flee, causing a notice to be posted on the wall stating that MacMahon had lost a battle, that Frossard had been obliged to retire, but that the retreat was being conducted in good order.

There was disaster in the air, and, said Foch, "that day, facing that notice, I felt that I would be a soldier."



"LET US BE MERRY"

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

THE missionary was holding his Sunday-school audience in rapt attention.

"Only think, children," he cried, "in Africa there are six million square miles of territory where little boys and girls have no Sunday-school to go to at all. Now, what should we all try to save our money to do?"

"To go to Africa," came the answer in joyous unison.

THE young clerk gazed out of the window.

"Look at the sun, sir," he remarked to his employer. "We're going to have a wonderful April."

"We!" exclaimed the pompous head of the firm. "May I ask, young man, how long you have been a partner in this firm? 'We,' indeed."

THE schoolmaster was talking to a class of boys. "You will have to make your own way in the world some day," he said. "Perhaps you don't know the meaning of energy and enterprise. Well, I'll tell you. One of the richest men in the world came to this city without a shirt on his back, and now he has millions."

One boy looked puzzled. "Millions, sir!" he repeated in wonderment. "How many does he wear at a time?"

SHE was justly proud of her beautiful long hair, and when applying for a passport filled in the blank opposite the question, "Any special peculiarities?" with "Hair below knees." Her feelings can be better imagined than described when she read on the completed document that she was alleged to have "hairy legs."

"WHY don't you go to our church?" asked one little boy of another.

"Because we belong to a different abomination," was the answer.

IT was somewhat unfortunate that the vicar, in giving out his notices, said: "After next Sunday the collection will no longer be taken in the plates, but in a pair of new bags which a lady has kindly made for me."

VISITOR: "What lovely furniture!"

Little Leonard: "Yes, I think the man we bought it from is sorry now he sold it—he's always calling."

"I WONDER how many men will be made unhappy when I marry?"

"It all depends on how many times you marry."

"WHY, you *are* a stranger!" exclaimed the youth in the bright socks to the pretty girl outside the post office.

She drew herself up to her full height. "I think," she remarked in icy tones, "that you're making a mistake. We have never met before."

"Just what I said," remarked the youth cheerfully. "You *are* a stranger!"

THERE was a small sensation the other night at a whist drive. A beautiful girl left the table suddenly, accompanied by an admiring suitor, and rushing up to her mother, she cried: "Oh, mother, I believe I've captured the booby!"

"Really, dear!" returned her mother. "Well, come and kiss me, both of you."

SMALL BOY: "Dad, how do they catch lunatics?"

Cynical Father: "With face powder, beautiful dresses, and pretty smiles, old chap."

SHE: "You think we women are more courageous than men?"

He: "Yes, I do. No man would dare go out on a cold night with only his trousers and braces on."

"GIVE women the credit they deserve," cried the lecturer on women's rights, "and where would you men be?"

It was a vile wretch of a man who answered. His voice came clear and loud from the back of the hall:

"In the Bankruptcy Court!"

"Now, you, sir, are you the captain of your soul?" asked the long-haired man.

Little Mr. N. Peck glanced nervously at his better half.

"Well, shall we say a sort of second-lieutenant?" he ventured dubiously.

FLORENCE: "George asked me what dowry you had."

Rose: "The beast!"

Florence: "To punish him I said you had no money."

Rose: "You cat!"

FURIOUS DINER: "I'll never have another meal in this restaurant! The meat's high and they've diluted the whisky."

Clergyman: "Ahem! How true it is that the flesh is strong, but the spirit is weak!"

Hobbies Grown to Handicrafts

Netting and Rug Making at St. Dunstan's

(The following article, written for a leading trade journal, will be of such general interest to our readers that we are glad to print it here.)

DURING the first year of the Great War, when ever-increasing numbers of wounded men were filling our hospitals and convalescent homes, it was something of a problem to find suitable occupations for all these "boys in blue." Many new hobbies were tried, and old-fashioned handicrafts revived, not at first with any idea of permanent utility or of profit, but merely as a means of passing a time of enforced idleness or of providing a way of escape from brooding over painful memories. The wounded men were introduced to many an occupation that in normal days of peace they would have scorned as "woman's work." But how marvellously they succeeded in this new feminine realm! Embroidery and knitting had in every convalescent home its eager devotees, and many a V.A.D. was forced to look to her laurels among the men of her own class.

But as the weary months went on it became evident that some of these occupations were to prove of more than temporary usefulness to the disabled soldiers. The numbers of discharged and totally disabled men steadily increased; their old trades were closed to them by reason of their incapacitating injuries, and the problem of their employment assumed most difficult proportions.

At St. Dunstan's, certain trades were from the first taught to the Blinded Soldiers, whose days were happily divided between their workshops and their sports. But a blinded man cannot be physically active the whole day long. What can he do when the workshops are closed, and on Sundays, in the evenings, in bad weather? What will he do, too, when he is back in his own home circle? What can a crippled blinded man do who cannot walk, and far less join in any sports? He can be taught to read in Braille, but everybody does not even what you would call an educated man. Perhaps his injuries are so serious,

in addition to his blindness, that he has not strength to attend the workshops and learn a trade. What, then, can he be taught that will fill the empty hours and bring him relief from the nervous tension of idleness and of perhaps unhappy thoughts? These were questions that pressed upon us at St. Dunstan's, and we set to work to find an answer, at least to some of them. A woman always has her knitting, something to take up and put down, something that does not interfere with her chats with her friends, something that is quiet, useful and soothing. Why should not blinded disabled men do *netting*? Netting is real men's work—fisher folk make their own nets. Netting is one of the oldest industries in the world. It is a quiet occupation and can be done anywhere, at any time, indoors and out. A strong hook, a mesh and a needle,—there you have the whole necessary equipment. You can even do without the hook, especially at night. "I couldn't sleep, Sister, so I fetched my net from my locker and tied it to the foot rail of my bed and got on fine. Saved me from thinking, it did, and going over things..."

We started with a class of one in April, 1915, and within a week we had a membership of five. The blinded men showed such aptitude that we often marvelled why no Institute for the Blind had not forestalled our own experiment. Within six months we had an organised workshop, with a definite curriculum and over a hundred pupils. We broke entirely new ground. We found out what machines could do, and by working with better materials we found we could more than hold our own against them. We found out what machines could not do, and we went ahead on original lines. We had to create our own market, for it very soon became clear that a number of blinded soldiers would never regain that measure of health and strength that would be necessary for them to make good at a



regular trade. Thus it came about that netting ceased to be a pastime, and developed into a useful secondary trade, just as soon as we were able to prove that the blinded men could make what the public wanted and would buy. There were many difficulties to overcome. The cottons and hems we needed were scarce and very dear. Our handicraft was so little known that our teachers, eager to help, must themselves be taught before they could teach others. Our method was new. The very netting knot we used was new. But enthusiasm and good will can work miracles, and, looking back from to-day to those early struggles, some of us do indeed feel that a wonder has been wrought. For here we now have organised an entirely new industry, employing over five hundred blinded soldiers in their own homes, and yielding them a fair and steady profit. There is no net that these men cannot do, although certain machine-made nets will always be in formidable competition with the hand worker. But good materials and a high standard of finish carries us very far, and we are not even yet at the end of our enterprise. Sports Nets, Garden Nets, Farm Nets, Hammocks, Nursery Swing, all are made and offered for sale by our British Blinded Soldiers. We want the British public to buy more of their nets. We want those good sportsmen, who came out of the war with their eye-sight unharmed and their bodies not broken beyond mending, who can to-day enjoy their golf and tennis, to think of their less fortunate brother soldiers who cannot see. They, too, are good sportsmen, who are still "playing the game" in fortitude of spirit, although their outward world is dark. They can make your Golf Nets and Tennis Nets and all you need for farm and garden use. Will you not help them by giving them this work?

Then there is another trade originated at St. Dunstan's and carried on by blinded crippled soldiers. This is the making of Wool Rugs. Surely, you will say, this easy handicraft cannot be called

a trade? Yet it is actually in some cases the sole trade of the one-armed blinded men and of men crippled in mind and body. You need two hands to net. There are clever netters with missing fingers from both hands, and netters without thumbs. But to net you must have two hands. A blinded one-armed man cannot net, but he can do wool rugs—careful, beautiful work, necessarily slow, but perfect in achievement. These rugs are strong and are made of the best materials. They can be made of any size, colour and shape. They are admirable in motors, practical and useful in the house. Without this work the lot of the blinded crippled man would be desolate indeed! He is cut off from active life. There are no sports for him, no walking and swimming and dancing. Yet, if he has his rug work, he can at least sit comfortably at a table, in the garden, in the parlour, in the kitchen of his humble home. With his rug work he need not be the only idle member of his family. He, too, can be busy, can earn a little to help the family purse, can keep his self-respect and his peace of mind. We think that if the British public could see these plucky men at work, so bravely overcoming the double handicap they must carry to the end of their days, they would never lack for orders for their rugs.

Many of the public will know the netters and the rug makers of St. Dunstan's as individuals, as workers in their own home, town or village, for a large number of blinded warriors have already been established by St. Dunstan's in their own little homes all over the country. But everyone may know them as Men of St. Dunstan's, and can help them through the Headquarters of St. Dunstan's Work.



W. H. WALTON, of Matlock, a St. Dunstaner who in spite of his 53 years is a possessor of the Mons Medal, won the first prize in the Domino Competition at the Empire Club, Holloway, Matlock, recently. Our heartiest congratulations.