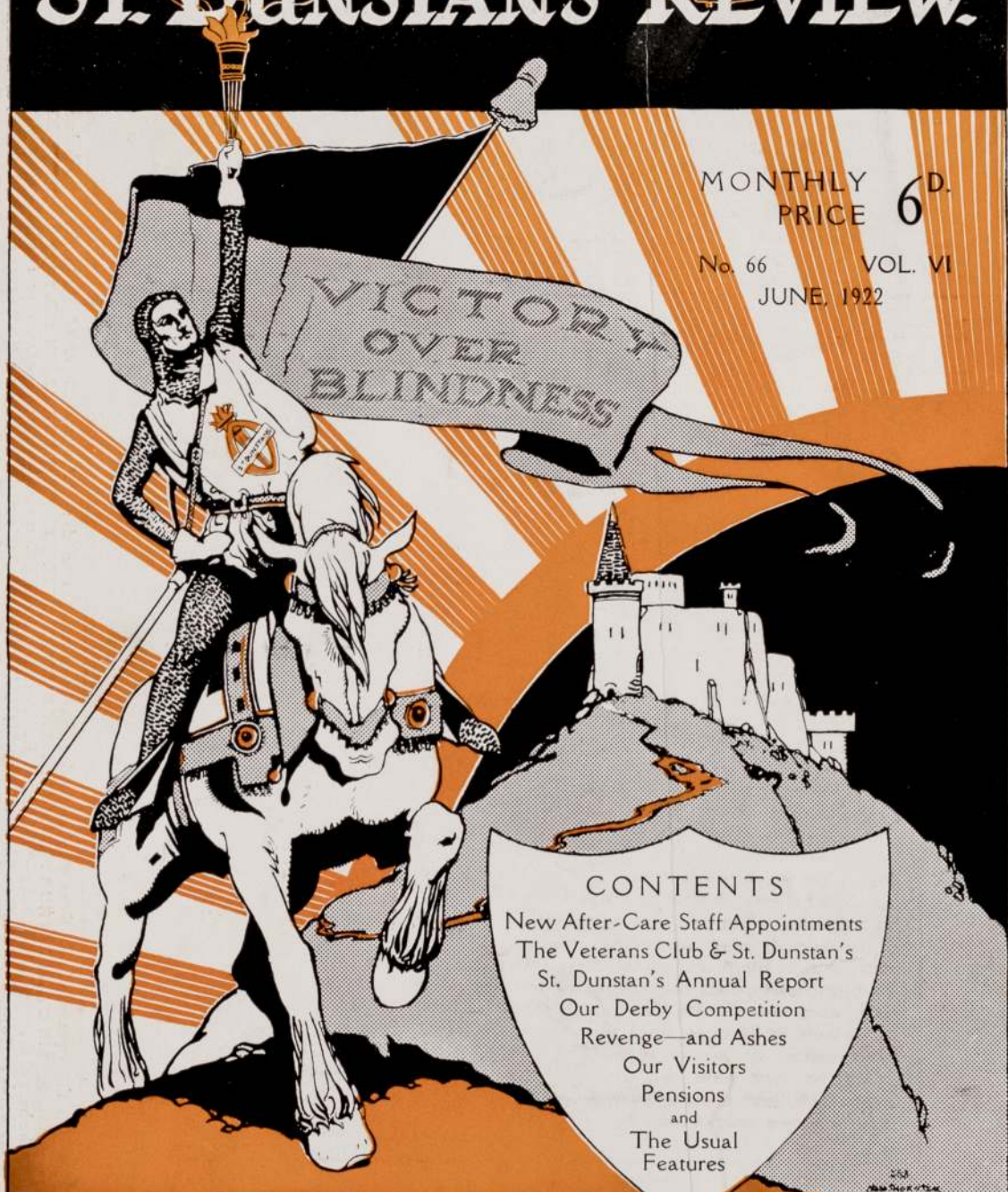


# ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

MONTHLY PRICE 6<sup>D.</sup>

No. 66 VOL. VI  
JUNE, 1922



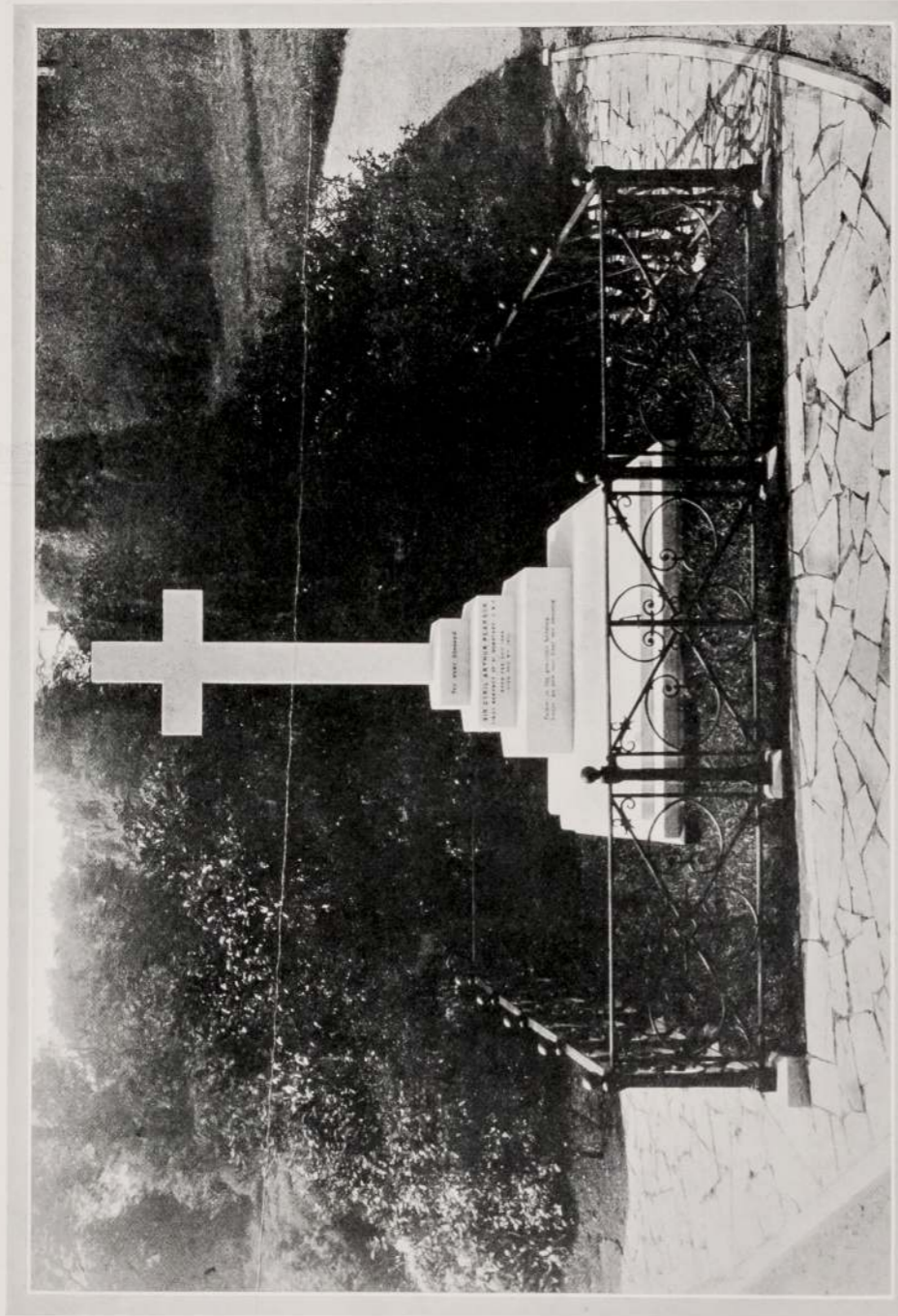
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Features

*FOR THE AMUSEMENT & INTEREST OF MEN BLINDED IN THE WAR*

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





On the topmost of the three steps supporting the cross are the words:—"For ever Blessed." On the steps below is engraved:—"SIR CYRIL ARTHUR PEARSON, FIRST BARONET OF ST. DUNSTAN'S, G.B.E., BORN FEB. 24th, 1866, DIED DEC. 9th, 1921. The base of the stone is inscribed:—"Father, In Thy Gracious Keeping, Leave we now our Dear One Sleeping." On the footstone itself are graven the words:—"Out of the Darkness he arose as a Light, And by his example of Courage and Self-reliance Gained Victory over Blindness and the Homage of the World."

# St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

EDITED BY PERRY BARRINGER

No. 66.—VOLUME VI.

JUNE, 1922.

PRICE 6d.  
(FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN.)

## EDITORIAL

SHORTLY after the last issue of the REVIEW was in the hands of our readers there was published the Seventh Annual Report of St. Dunstan's Hostel, entitled "A Little Journey to the Homes of the Soldiers and Sailors Blinded in the War." The Report forms a record of progress and achievement of which every St. Dunstaner can justly be proud. It will be obvious that the limitations of our space forbid the publication of the whole Report, but realising its interest to our readers we print in the pages that follow the most important portions. The main body of the Report is devoted to a collection of illustrations and descriptions of the occupations taught at St. Dunstan's, and to notes concerning the progress of the men in their various activities. Readers of the REVIEW will find most interest in the references to the loss sustained by Sir Arthur's death, and the articles on Training and Settlement and the After-Care Work, which we reprint below as fully as our space will permit. We feel also that we must find room for the finely inspiring message to the world with which, under the title "The Future of St. Dunstan's," Captain Fraser concludes this story of St. Dunstan's work.

We append to these articles one or two extracts from the great volume of reviews of the Report which have appeared in the Press all over the country.

### THE PRESENT POSITION OF ST. DUNSTAN'S A TRIBUTE TO SIR ARTHUR PEARSON, BT., G.B.E.

It is with very mixed feelings we present this Seventh Annual Report of the activities of St. Dunstan's. We have to record much that is inspiring, much that is hopeful, and splendid progress, but at the same time to make reference to the greatest tragedy that could have befallen our blinded soldiers.

Sir Arthur Pearson died on December 9th, 1921, and with his death has gone the Founder of St. Dunstan's, and one whom we can safely say every man who lost his sight in the Great War regarded almost as his own father.

We shall not attempt to add to the unprecedented volume of praise which has been given in every newspaper published in the English language—and indeed in most others—to this great man, or to write more than has already been written as to the regard in which he was held by the men of St. Dunstan's. Indeed, in this latter connection, could we find adequate words in which to express ourselves, we do not believe even those subscribers to St. Dunstan's who have followed its course with such interest and who, we know, had a deep personal affection for Sir Arthur Pearson, could fully understand the feelings of our men.

On the sad day of Sir Arthur's funeral there were gathered together nearly twelve hundred St. Dunstaners who had come to pay tribute to Sir Arthur's memory from



all parts of the United Kingdom. This extraordinary and unprecedented meeting, which was addressed by Captain Ian Fraser and Colonel Eric Ball, gave clearest evidence of the height to which human understanding and sympathy can attain. Anyone who was present would bear witness that we are interpreting the feelings of St. Dunstaners when we say that they have every one of them decided that their tribute to their lost leader must be a splendid one, and must be one such as he would have wished. And when we tell our supporters that the real tribute that is to be paid to Sir Arthur Pearson is the determination of his men to face the future in his way, and to maintain to the last the mastery over their many difficulties which he taught them to achieve, it will be felt that this is just as it should be. Though uttered under different circumstances, the words of Pericles seem to us to be very appropriate here:—

*"for the whole earth is the sepulchre of famous men  
... They are commemorated not only by columns  
and inscriptions in their own country, but in foreign  
lands also, and by memorials graven not on stone but  
on the hearts of men."*

#### TRAINING AND SETTLEMENT

During the period covered by this Report there have been 406 men receiving training in our workshops and classrooms.

We believe that we shall be rightly interpreting the wishes of our subscribers if we give to the sightless men who are now passing through their course at St. Dunstan's the same thorough re-education and the same opportunity of making good in the world as the 1,777 men who have gone before them have enjoyed. The Ministry of Pensions' official figures show at the present time that there are over 30,000 ex-service men who were discharged from the Army with defective vision. Fortunately only a small proportion of this terribly large number is becoming blind; but when we state that as recently as January 4th, 1922, when we re-opened St. Dunstan's after our short Christmas holiday, 15 new men had to be admitted, it will be understood that our training problem is not ended and our need to ask for support is still a very real one.

The task of our Settlement Department is no light one, for in almost every case accommodation has to be found in which the blinded soldier is to pursue the occupation he has learned; and those who have been concerned with the problem of obtaining but one small property or shop will readily imagine the difficulty of securing some hundreds. Housing has been for some years the source of our greatest anxiety and trouble. Every blinded soldier presents an individual problem: for in finding his place consideration has to be given among other things to his income, his family and the calling he is about to follow.

When we found it impossible to rent houses for the large number of men who required new homes, we had but two courses open to us. One was to let blinded soldiers leave St. Dunstan's fully equipped and trained, to find their own places. The other course was a bold one, and an expensive one, too, but we took it believing that it was best for the community, and knowing that it was the only possible means of completing our work, and avoiding the terrible waste of training to which circumstances beyond our control would otherwise have given rise. It lay in the direction of devoting a considerable portion of our resources to the purchasing of properties for the use of our men, at a time when scarcity made them both abnormally expensive and hard to find.

Since only a section of our men have been housed in this way, it would be unfair to the remainder if some financial return were not obtained from these investments, and we are under the necessity, therefore, of running an Estate Department which is costly on account of the fact that our holdings are scattered all over the country. During the year April 1st, 1921, to March 31st, 1922, particulars

of no less than 2,026 properties were obtained, examined and reported upon by our Agents, which gives some indication of the difficulty of securing suitable settlements.

Three hundred and six men passed through this complicated process of settlement during the period which this Report covers, and there are now 120 men in training who, with possible newcomers, will have to be similarly treated during the next year or eighteen months.

These facts account in large measure for the heavy expenditure to which we were put last year, and add to the necessity for further exceptional assistance in 1922-23. There is no need to point out what a bad year our country has been through, but we must emphasise that organisations like our own have suffered as heavily as have all forms of private enterprise. That we have survived this troublous time is due to the fact that we have utilised capital to make up the deficiency in our income. This state of affairs, as every business man knows, is one which has to be expected in periods of depression, but cannot be allowed to continue for all time.

In this matter the case of St. Dunstan's is perhaps a little different to that of most businesses, for it may be that later on, when fresh cases of men who have lost their sight in the War have ceased to come to us and we are able accurately to estimate our needs, a small amount of capital may safely be expended annually, so that no accumulated funds remain after the last blinded soldier has passed away. Though we are having an actuarial calculation made which will give us some idea as to the average age to which the men under our care are likely to live, these considerations take us far into the future, and these lines are written more with the idea of setting forth our policy than of foreshadowing any immediate effect this policy may bring about.

#### BLINDED SOLDIERS IN THEIR HOMES

Gradually, as men have been settled, our After-Care Organisation has grown from a small branch of our general work into a large specialised business undertaking. The main features of this work are to supply those men who are engaged in handicrafts such as mat-making, basket-making, boot-repairing, joinery, netting, etc., with the various raw materials and articles they require, to supervise their work and to assist in the marketing of their products. By purchasing in large quantities and distributing at cost price and carriage paid, we are able to give St. Dunstaners the advantage of collective buying and specialised skill and knowledge in the selection of the many hundreds of different commodities which they use. The value of goods supplied in this way during the past twelve months was £18,052. The supervision of work referred to is effected through a staff of 30 men and women who have acquired expert knowledge and who are spread out all over the country, paying regular visits to the men in their regions. This staff includes poultry experts who give particular attention to the technical needs of the men engaged in this occupation. Over twelve thousand visits of this sort were made during the year under review. With regard to sales, it is satisfactory to report that owing to the keen interest which the public constantly take in blinded soldiers' work—an interest which we hope and believe will be permanently maintained—the greater portion of the articles they make are disposed of by them in their own districts. They are, however, always at liberty to send to us for disposal articles which are surplus to local requirements, and it may well be imagined what a sense of security is given to the blind craftsman by the realisation that he has a constant market in good times and bad. Some idea of the extent of our work in this connection may be gained from the fact that £14,163 worth of goods were sold by our Sales Department during the past year.

The needs of professional men are met in various ways. For example, an annual grant is made to the Association of Certificated Blind Masseurs, an organisation



created under Sir Arthur Pearson's presidency for the advancement of the interests of blind people engaged in this profession, and a Bureau is actively at work to ensure constant employment to our telephone operators and stenographers. At the present time, when the numbers of unemployed run into such formidable figures, we are in the proud position of being able to state that there is not a single trained stenographer or telephone operator who has left St. Dunstan's and is out of work.

We have said that our wide-spread After-Care Scheme is a business activity, and so mainly it is, but it must not be supposed from this that buying, selling and securing employment are the only directions in which services are rendered to the blinded soldiers. The visitors who call to see our men at intervals forward regular reports to headquarters covering social as well as technical matters, and, without in any way interfering with the private lives of St. Dunstaners, they are—particularly the women representatives—able to be of the utmost assistance in regard to family and domestic matters. A very important part of our work is the care of the health of the soldiers and their families. Many have been very badly wounded, and are as a result susceptible to constant minor ailments which their impaired constitutions make it difficult for them to resist. The watchfulness of the visitors in matters of this sort and ready financial assistance, coupled with the facilities of our own private Hospital, to which reference is made on another page, do much to mitigate the suffering which might otherwise arise from these causes. St. Dunstaners' business difficulties, too, are brought to our notice promptly by a system of regular reports, and it is thus possible for timely help to be given with the surest knowledge of the circumstances.

In addition to all this, St. Dunstaners' typewriters, which take the place of the sighted persons pencil or pen, and their specially manufactured watches are attended to, and encouragement is given to Braille reading and the playing of games specially adapted for the blind, by judicious expenditure in this connection.

In the United Kingdom alone there are 1,436 men on the books of the After-Care Organisation, and it follows that the work of looking after their interests is becoming our larger responsibility.

St. Dunstan's receives no financial assistance from the State, and it is our hope that we shall always be able to say this. We believe that the outstanding success of Sir Arthur Pearson's work is due to the fact that it has been and is a voluntary enterprise, and that our men's peculiar difficulties can be dealt with in a more understanding, a more individual and a more sympathetic manner by an independent entity such as ourselves than by the best-intentioned Government in the world.

The After-Care Organisation has investments in Government Securities which provide a portion of the annual income that is required; but the cost of the services which we render nearly 2,000 men, and the maintenance of the standard which has been the admiration of many thousands of men and women in this country and of expert visitors from Colonial and Allied Governments is inevitably heavy in spite of the most rigid economies which are being effected. It will therefore be necessary to ask for support throughout the lifetime of our blinded soldiers and sailors if this help is to continue.

Sir Arthur Pearson believed, and we, upon whom the duty and privilege of completing his work has fallen, believe that the people of the British Empire wish it to be continued, and that the deep sympathy for the men who lost the most precious gift of sight in the Empire's service, no less than the realisation of thinking men and women that it is to the advantage of the community that the largest possible number of disabled men should be usefully and happily employed, will lead to a steady continuance of the financial support we require.

At the end of the pages devoted to these articles and the men's work there follows the message from Capt. Fraser which we reproduce on the next page.

### THE FUTURE OF ST. DUNSTAN'S

If you have travelled thus far on this *Little Journey* you will have learned something of the home lives of the men who were blinded in the War. You will have realised, I sincerely hope, that in each home there dwells not only a fellow human-being, but also a familiar yet strangely welcome spirit, familiar because this spirit is in all men and strangely welcome because we see it so little in these depressing times. It is the spirit of Mons, the spirit of optimism and adventure, and the spirit that gives the will to succeed. It is no monopoly of the men of St. Dunstan's, it is the common property of all mankind, but perhaps in reading these pages it has shone out more brightly because you did not quite expect to find it here. This spirit was not the creation of St. Dunstan's—it was latent in every shattered man who came to us. But St. Dunstan's fanned that tiny glow into the flame of hope, of achievement, and it was you and each other subscriber to St. Dunstan's who made that possible.

If you are proud of these your countrymen who can smile at their handicap and count it something gained that they have learned to smile; if it makes you happy to know that you have helped to give British blinded soldiers greater opportunities than the men of any other Nation have known; if you are prepared to make some sacrifice for the encouragement of all that is best in men, then I know that in the helping of St. Dunstan's you will find both pride and happiness.

IAN FRASER,  
Chairman, Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors'  
Care and After-Care Committees.

*The Daily Chronicle* devoted a leading article to the Report and the progress of the work it records, and in the course of a special review on another page said:—

Stirring stories can be culled from the survey of a year's work at St. Dunstan's. It has fitted many soldiers and sailors from all parts of the Empire who were blinded in the war for successfully fighting their own peace battles, making good at specially-taught trades, and maintaining cheery little homes of their own.

*The Times*, in an article headed "St. Dunstan's Task," said:—

This Report has a special interest, for it deals with a new era. The primary education of the blind is gradually giving way to the "After-Care"—that is, the supervision of those who have received training; money is still needed in large sums, however careful the administration, and it is less easily come by now that trade is bad, and the sympathetic emotions excited by the war are less dominant, above all, the death of Sir Arthur Pearson, of whose personality St. Dunstan's was the expression, has brought about inevitably a re-organisation of methods.

The general tone of the Report issued by Sir Arthur Pearson's successor—Captain Ian Fraser—who himself lost both his eyes in the war—is optimistic, but it is clear that the amount of capital that has been spent of necessity in the last fourteen months causes him some anxiety. To justify his optimism he prints letters that show the foundations of the work have been well and truly laid. What causes anxiety is the need of a large and steady income to provide training facilities to re-equip the "new" blind, and to maintain the organisation that watches over those already trained, and sees to it that they do not slip from the ladder on which they have been placed.

Practically the whole of the London and provincial papers devoted special articles to the Report, and quoted extensively from its pages.



## Our Frontispiece

### THE CHIEF'S LAST RESTING PLACE

WE reproduce this month, by kind permission of Lady (Arthur) Pearson and Sir Neville Pearson, a photograph of the grave of Sir Arthur in Hampstead Cemetery. Impressive in its simplicity, and standing alone against a wide background of foliage, the grave forms a turfed square enclosed by iron railings with a wide sweep of tiled paving around. A plain cross of white marble, supported by three steps, surmounts a massive foot-stone, also of white marble.

## New After-Care Organisation Appointments

WE have great pleasure in publishing the announcement which appears on page 14 referring to a presentation made by the men who have left St. Dunstan's to Miss Nannette Fitt, who was Secretary of the After-Care Organisation for nearly four years. Miss Fitt left St. Dunstan's to engage in journalistic work, and she takes with her the very best wishes and thanks of the men of St. Dunstan's and of the Committee of which she was Secretary. As far as the Chairman and Committee are concerned they deeply appreciate the enthusiastic and efficient way in which she carried out her responsible duties, and wish her the success which her industry and personality deserves.

Fortunately it is not difficult to replace Miss Fitt, though under ordinary circumstances to do this adequately would not have been an easy task. We are happy to be able to report that Mrs. Chadwick Bates, who has been Secretary of the St. Dunstan's Care Committee practically since its inception, has accepted the office of Secretary of the After-Care Committee, which has been rendered vacant by Miss Fitt's retirement. The fact that the work

of the Care Committee is diminishing as the number of men in training becomes less, and that certain of the responsibilities which Miss Fitt held as Secretary have been devolved upon Mr. Askew, who has been appointed Business Manager, and Mr. Swain, renders the acceptance of these new duties possible for Mrs. Bates.

We are certain that the men of St. Dunstan's will be delighted at this new appointment, for no one, we feel sure, could be held in higher regard than Mrs. Bates, while her knowledge of St. Dunstan's and of the blinded officers and men individually is probably not equalled by any other person.

The Chairman and Committee offer her their best thanks for her untiring work in the past, and her acceptance of this new and responsible office.



At the Norfolk Arts and Crafts Exhibition at Norwich, J. Buckle of King's Lynn had an exhibit of baskets, and received a "Highly Commended" award. We very heartily congratulate Buckle upon his good work at this show, and that it is not exceptional with him seems amply proved by a recent report we had that he had sufficient basket orders on hand to keep him fully occupied for the next three months. Splendid!

## Travel Facilities for the Blind

SOME time ago the director of the International Labour Office (League of Nations) drew the attention of the International Conference on Communications and Transit which sat in Barcelona to the following proposals put forward by a French organisation for the provision of special travelling facilities for blind persons:—

(1) The recognition, as an international principle, that a blind worker when undertaking a railway journey necessitated by the exercise of his trade or profession should have the right to make the journey accompanied by his guide on purchasing only one ticket which would entitle them both to make the journey.

(2) The adoption of a formal card or pass which would be uniform for all countries and which would be recognised as assuring to a blind worker the benefit of this reduced charge.

As a result, the question was referred to a Sub-Committee of the League of Nations Advisory Commission on Communications and Transit, and steps were taken by the Sub-Committee to ascertain from Governments what is the present practice in the various countries. In order that all interested in this question may know what facilities already exist for travel for the blind, it has been decided to publish the replies from the different Governments. The following are extracts from some of them:—

In South Africa those blinded as a result of war are authorised to travel free on the Government Railways if permission has been granted by the general manager, and their guides are allowed a 50 per cent. reduction on the price of tickets.

In Belgium, those blinded as a result of war, and their guides, are allowed a reduction of 50 per cent. if they produce at the booking office a special identity card obtained from the Department of National Defence. The question of a reduction for the civilian blind is now under consideration.

In France those blinded through war, and their guides, receive a reduction of a quarter of the ordinary tariff. Blind civilians travelling in the exercise of their professions receive from different railway companies, if they prove that they have insufficient means, a special card which permits them to travel with their guide for the price of a single ticket.

In Norway during the summer holidays (June 1st to August 30th) pupils in industrial schools for the blind, and their guides, receive a reduction of three-quarters of the fare.

In Holland the blind worker travelling in the exercise of his trade pays the ordinary fare but is allowed a guide free.

In Portugal those blinded through war travel at the expense of the State.

In Australia those blinded through war, and their guides, travel free in the different States of the Commonwealth. The conditions for blind civilians vary in the different States, but for the most part they travel free with their guides, although in some cases they pay a reduced tariff.

Captain Fraser was consulted on this subject by one of the newspapers, and very trenchantly pointed out that while Great Britain provided no travel privileges for the blind the possibility of taking advantage of the facilities offered by the Governments of other countries were a little remote.



THE following amusing little story, amongst others, is sent by A. Prettejohns, of Stoke Newington. Two small boys were eyeing a soiled linen basket in Prettejohns' window, and the following conversation ensued:

First Boy: "That's a waste-paper basket."

Second Boy: "No, it ain't, silly."

First Boy: "Well, if it ain't a waste-paper basket, what is it?"

Second Boy: "That's a basket dustbin; can't you see it's got a lid and two handles?"





## NEWS OF ST. DUNSTANERS

## BUSINESS ENTERPRISE

IN the course of a very interesting letter, T. W. Chamberlain, of Brocklesby, gives excellent news of the progress of his work in basket making and of the success he is having with his poultry. The details he sends of his new chicken house will interest our other poultry farmer readers who will note some useful devices Chamberlain has incorporated. We congratulate our correspondent on the enterprise he is showing and the success he is winning:—

"The basket work still continues to flourish, and I have sent them nearly all over the country. I have sent them to London and up into Westmoreland, so you see my customers spread over a wide area. I completed an order for a bazaar last week, and it has brought a promise for an order for the Royal Show at Cambridge, so this will prove that my work is quite satisfactory.

"With regard to the poultry, I find this a very nice occupation. In the first place, I find that I get a fair amount of exercise going round the pens, feeding and watering the birds, and it stretches one's limbs after sitting making baskets, and not only that, it is a profitable occupation, too. I have about 300 chicks running about now, and all are doing fine. I have also ninety hens, so this is getting 'some farm.' I must tell you about building a chicken house. It is 6 feet square, 6 feet high in front, dropping to 4 feet 6 inches at back; there are two doors, one in each end; inside the wooden doors are wire-netting doors, so that in this hot weather the wooden doors are hooked back, thereby letting the air have a free passage through the house. The dropping board does not come right to the ends of the house, but is supported by brackets 6 inches away from the ends. The idea of this is to stop the birds crowding into the corners at night. The perch is 6 inches

above the dropping board, which I ought to have said runs along the back of the house.

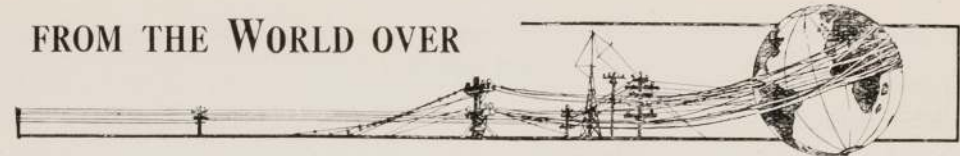
"The front of the house is open, covered with 1 inch mesh wire netting; at the top of the front is a deep wooden hood, which keeps out the rain no matter how it drives; under the wooden hood is a glass shelter, which lifts up and out, making another screen from wind and rain, and it can be left open all the summer and closed down in the winter when it is cold. Underneath the shutter are the nest boxes, four in number. It is built in section, and is bolted together and can be taken down at any time.

"I have started a new business, which promises to be successful, and that is egg dealing. I buy eggs here at the local price and send them to Hull, where the price of eggs is dearer. I go out on a Saturday afternoon collecting them. I go by myself, and find a good deal of pleasure in going from one house to another, and it has enabled me to get to know my way all over the village, which I may say is a difficult one to get about, especially when one has never seen it before, because there are a lot of cross roads and corners to negotiate. I think I have told you all the news this time, so will close wishing you all the very best.

"P.S.—I have had a photo taken of the chicken house, and I shall be sending one as soon as it is finished."

J. F. LEMAN, of Winthorpe, presented the prizes at a whist drive and dance held in aid of the Arthur Pearson Memorial Fund at the Central Hall, Skegness, recently. Lemman also made a most effective little speech. Referring to Sir Arthur, Lemman reminded his audience that in the early months of the war, when it was to be clearly seen that a large number of soldiers were to lose their sight, Sir Arthur Pearson, although already responsible at

## FROM THE WORLD OVER



that time for much other philanthropic work, came forward to shoulder the vast responsibility which has resulted in bringing light into the lives of so many men who thought their interest and happiness in life ended. The speaker referred to his own pleasurable time of training at St. Dunstan's, and expressed his keen appreciation of the services that had been rendered him, and were being rendered now, by the wonderful After-Care Organisation maintained at St. Dunstan's.

A vote of thanks to Leman for his attendance and interesting remarks was proposed and suitably acknowledged.



## BUILT HIS OWN WORKSHOP

G. PRICE, of Clacton-on-Sea, sends us full details of the manner in which he has carried out an important and interesting piece of work, no less in fact than the building of his own joiner's workshop. We append hereto a slightly shortened report of Price's own description of the way the work was carried out, and we very heartily congratulate him on a notable achievement. We might add that Price's workshop has been visited by many interested residents of the town, and an interview with him and a description of his work appeared in a recent issue of the *East Essex Advertiser*. Price writes:—

"Having acquired a permanent residence in Clacton, offering sufficient space at the rear to build a workshop, I decided, after discussing the question with a friend, to undertake the erection myself. Plans in relief were supplied by St. Dunstan's, which were submitted to the Council, and a licence obtained for a term of fourteen years.

"The work was commenced, a builder laying me a concrete foundation upon which were built three-brick sleeper walls. On these I laid and spaced out my joists,

which in turn were boarded to form the floor. Measuring staffs were used in getting out the framework of 3 in. by 3 in. and 3 in. by 2 in.; these were morticed and tenoned together according to plan, having a 1-in. set gauge to work to.

"The back, front and ends were built in four sections, matchboarded vertically both inside and out, the work being carried out upon the floor already in position. When the sections were ready, I engaged the assistance of two strong men to place them in position until they could be secured together with nuts and bolts. Then two purlins were fixed to carry the roof, which was finally boarded and covered with rubberoid.

"The next business was to make the two sliding sashes which form the window, also a small window swung on pivots in the back wall, which answers for ventilation; to make two framed and matched doors, and to fix the gutters and down pipe, which proved far simpler than I anticipated.

"I may say that the work now complete occupied about two months; it is stained and varnished outside, which gives it a good appearance. Several prominent people have witnessed the erection, and we have daily visits from others interested, who express their opinion as follows:—'WONDERFUL, WOULD NOT HAVE THOUGHT IT POSSIBLE, BUT HAVE SEEN IT AND THEREFORE BELIEVE IT.'

"I would express gratitude to St. Dunstan's for the training which I have received, placing me on the same standing as a sighted man, and would point out to all St. Dunstaners that where patience and determination are employed they are the best steps to study and practice up the ladder of happiness and success in this new life of Light in Darkness."



MRS. SEVERN: "Yes, my husband goes out each evening for a little constitutional. Does yours?"

Mrs. Jakes: "No, he always keeps a drop of it in the house."



## Pensions

AN INTERESTING AND HELPFUL LECTURE

ON Monday, May 29th, 1922, Mr. Askew gave a lecture at Cornwall Terrace on the subject of "Pensions." Captain Fraser took the chair, and there was a large attendance.

The lecturer began by stating that all civilised nations had done something to provide for their war-disabled soldiers. The Athenians maintained their wounded out of public funds, the Romans settled their legionaries in colonies and gave farms to their disabled soldiers, and under the Feudal system, although the State undertook no duties in relation to disabled soldiers, each baron looked after his own retainers, and their old soldiers and disabled men became foresters, hawk trainers, etc.

From the Feudal system there was no systematic pensions scheme, but in 1593 the first Pensions Warrant was introduced. An interesting record was that a blinded soldier was, on May 31st, 1597, given a pension of sixpence a day for life, in consideration of his loss of sight in Her Majesty's service.

The Elizabethan Statute governed national war pensions until the Civil war, when all such things fell into disuse.

In the early days of Cromwell the relief of wounded soldiers was left to charity, but the Parliament of the day found this insufficient and again stepped in to provide a regular pensions scheme.

From the reign of Charles II. pensions for disabled soldiers centred round the Chelsea Hospital. Popular tradition assigns to Nell Gwynne the idea of founding the hospital and the gift of the land on which it was built. The affairs of the hospital were conducted by the Commissioners of the Chelsea Hospital, and these Commissioners, acting in conjunction with the Army Council, were responsible for the awarding of pensions up to the outbreak of the Great War.

In 1854, when England declared war on Russia, the Royal Patriotic Fund was inaugurated, with the primary object of

assisting widows and orphans of men killed. Later its objects were extended so as to supplement pensions issuable under the Royal Warrant administered by the Chelsea Commissioners.

On the outbreak of war, therefore, war pensions and supplementary allowances were being administered by three separate bodies—namely, the War Office, the Chelsea Commissioners and the Royal Patriotic Fund. Needless to say, overshadowing all these were the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Treasury, and consequently no machinery was in existence to deal with war pensions on an adequate scale. At this time the pension issuable to a totally disabled private was from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. a day, but no allowances were given for children; supplementary allowances were, however, given "in cases of need" by the Patriotic Fund.

In November, 1914, the whole question of war pensions was discussed in Parliament, with the result that a select committee was formed under the chairmanship of Mr. Lloyd George. The report of this select committee was presented to Parliament, and in May, 1915, a Royal Warrant embodying their proposals was issued, which enabled a pension of 25s. a week being given to a private, together with 2s. 6d. for each child under sixteen; proportionate rank allowances were also given. Nothing further was done by way of establishing a Ministry of Pensions, and the result was that the system, or rather want of system, was bound to lead to a maximum of correspondence and delay, with a minimum of business done. Things drifted until the pensions administration was more or less in a state of chaos, and the country generally was getting very perturbed with regard to the way in which its disabled men were being treated.

On November 21st, 1916, Mr. Hayes Fisher introduced the Board of Pensions Bill, and in December, 1916, a Minister of Pensions was appointed, and there

were transferred to him the powers and duties of the Commissioners of the Chelsea Hospital, of the Army Council, and of the Royal Patriotic Fund, so that the Minister from that date was responsible for the whole of the war pensions administration without reference to the various departments which had formerly been responsible.

Mr. Askew explained in detail the effect of the Royal Warrants which were issued subsequent to November 21st, 1916, which permitted the issue of the Alternative Pensions, Attendant Allowances, Training and Treatment Allowances, etc., and enlarged on the wonderful work Sir Arthur and St. Dunstan's had achieved with respect to the pensions of blinded soldiers and sailors, which work—indirectly, if not directly—must have had the result of assisting pensioners generally all over the country. This especially referred to the issue of the equivalent of a full pension, without deduction, whilst St. Dunstaners were undergoing training.

Mr. Askew stated that the Royal Warrant issued by the Ministry of Pensions in 1919 governed the pensions at present being paid to all disabled soldiers and sailors. It permitted of a pension of 40s. a week being given to all totally disabled privates, with an increase of 3s. 4d. for a corporal, 6s. 8d. for a sergeant, etc., an allowance of 10s. for the wife, 7s. 6d. for the first child, and 6s. for all succeeding children. The wife's allowance, Mr. Askew explained, was only issuable if a man married before he received the wound or disability for which he was discharged. Alternative Pensions were also issuable on the basis of the whole of the disabled man's pre-war earnings, plus a 60 per cent. bonus, with a maximum of £5 a week, this Alternative Pension being in lieu of the flat-rate pension, plus wife's and children's allowances, but the Attendant Allowance being issuable in addition. Pensions were due to be re-adjusted in April, 1923, on the basis of the cost of living for the year 1922 as certified by the Board of Trade cost of living figures. It was explained, however, that flat-rate pensions would never fall below 33s. for a private, with

higher proportionate rates for rank, 8s. for wife, 6s. for first child, and 5s. for all other children; and no alteration would be made in the rate of Attendant Allowance issuable.

Mr. Askew explained in detail the effect of the Act which had lately been passed, under which pensions can be made permanent. He emphasised the necessity of no St. Dunstaner accepting a permanent pension of less than 100 per cent. (*i.e.*, the total disability rate), and asked the small number of men who might be given a permanent pension of less than 100 per cent. to communicate with him at once.

At the close of the lecture Captain Fraser expressed the thanks of all those present for a very interesting and informative exposition of what was in many ways an intricate and difficult subject. Dealing with the question "What exactly was a disability pension given for?" he mentioned that he had discussed the matter with Sir Lisle Webb, the Director General of Medical Services, and even that great authority admitted that it was a subject which called for constant care and thought on the part of those who were responsible for the equitable administration of the provisions of the Pensions Act.

Referring to Mr. Askew's statement that a re-adjustment of Pensions was to take place next April, Captain Fraser assured the men that they could rely upon their interests being safeguarded in every possible way by Headquarters. He pointed out that Pensions had been raised in 1920 for the specific purpose of meeting the increased cost of living, and that in 1923, since it would be difficult to deny that the cost of living had dropped, it would not be easy to oppose the Government in this matter. He and Mr. Askew would, however, prepare the strongest possible case for the men of St. Dunstan's, and, whether complete success was obtained or no, they could be quite sure that no legitimate method of presenting and emphasising this case would be left untried.

A number of questions were asked by members of the audience, some of which were dealt with by the Chairman and others by the lecturer.





## CHAPEL NOTES

IN spite of the very hot weather, which makes our little Chapel almost uncomfortably warm, our services have been particularly well attended during the past month. I feel sure that these short yet simple services have been of real help to us all. The singing has been extraordinarily good under Miss Warren's able direction at the organ, and I am only sorry that the size of the building has prevented us retaining the use of the splendid instrument we had in our old Chapel at the house.

On Sunday, 21st May, a party of ten boys and sisters from the Chapel made a pilgrimage to Sir Arthur's tomb at Hampstead Cemetery. We brought the flowers from the Communion table and placed them at the foot of the grave with our loving wishes and expressions of gratitude.

We were all charmed with the beauty of the new stone, which had just been placed in position, and the exquisite wording appealed to all of us. Even when standing there we could scarcely realize that our beloved chief had indeed left us, yet we felt that his great spirit was with us and that he would be pleased with our token of love.

I feel sure that many pilgrimages of such nature will be made by all St. Dunstaners—in token of affectionate regard for all that he has done for us.

In the evening, after our pilgrimage, our party attended St. James', Sussex Gardens, the Church of our Hon. Chaplain, the Rev. Prebendary Sharpe, and where the memorial service was held last December, and thoroughly enjoyed a most beautiful service.

### Baptisms

ON Sunday, May 7th, at St. Dunstan's Chapel, Horace Arthur Dunstan William, son of Joseph and Daisy Billington.

On Sunday, May 14th, at St. Dunstan's Chapel, Lillian Violet Patricia, daughter of William and May Clampett.

E.W.

### Births

REV. HAROLD GIBB, son	May 2, 1922
ROBERT WHITE, daughter	April 30, 1922
C. J. SULLIVAN, daughter	May 2, 1922
H. R. EXALL, daughter	May 2, 1922
G. T. PINNER, son	May 7, 1922
B. G. WOOD, daughter	May 8, 1922
H. HOTSON, daughter	May 9, 1922
W. FOUT, daughter	May 11, 1922
H. PUGH, daughter	May 12, 1922
P. SUMNER, daughter	May 12, 1922
W. PETERS, daughter	May 13, 1922
K. GATRELL, daughter	May 14, 1922
G. POWELL, son	May 14, 1922
W. L. REDHEAD, daughter	May 20, 1922
E. C. ORAM, son	May 21, 1922
A. YATES, daughter	May 23, 1922
J. W. KERR, daughter	May 23, 1922
J. HEALEY, son	May 27, 1922

### Marriages

HENRY Arthur Alfred Dakin was married to Miss Ethel May Evans at All Saints Church, Blenheim Grove, Peckham, on March 25th, 1922.

Herbert Jubb was married on April 17th to Miss Hilda Hammill, at Christ Church, Harrogate.

Arthur Smith was married to Miss Eva Dobson Richardson at the Parish Church, Nottingham, on May 20th.

E. T. Hughes was married to Miss Eva Florence Axell at Maesyrfaf Chapel, Neath, on June 3rd.

### Obituary

E. Hancock, of Rochester, died on May 7th, 1922.

### Erratum

The notification in our last issue of the birth of a son to G. H. Matthews on April 6th, 1922, should have read "a daughter on April 11th."

## The Joy of Achievement

Does it Become Less when "Victory Over Blindness" is Assured?

WE have received the following letter from a St. Dunstaner, and we print it in our columns with an invitation to others of our readers to give their own views upon the points raised therein. Captain Fraser, to whom "Canuck's" letter was personally addressed, and who suggests that other St. Dunstaners will like to contribute to a discussion on the subject, writes that he is inclined to agree with the observations made in the letter below, although such feelings are not peculiar to blind people. He points out that the overcoming of the first difficulty in any new undertaking is always the source of greater pleasure than any subsequent triumphs. But, after all, that is human nature, and most of us can find consolation for the satiety of easily assured success by the thought that there are other difficulties to be overcome, and so new triumphs to be fought for and won. Life would indeed be a dreary thing if like the great Alexander we had "no worlds left to conquer."

As some slight stimulant to the putting upon paper of the views of other correspondents we offer a prize of 10s. for what is, in the opinion of the Editor, the best letter received on this subject. The amount of this prize was sent to us by Mr. Charles J. Jones, who has often helped the competitions in the REVIEW before:

"Dear Captain Fraser,—After reading the article in this month's REVIEW, which touches upon the satisfaction obtained from the fulfilment of any new achievement, a thought came into my mind as to whether or no what new thing we do now gives the same feeling of gratification as that which came to one in the early days, and I think I am obliged to say 'No.' This, of course, is due to the example set and the training given by our beloved Chief, the late Sir Arthur.

"Let me explain the meaning of my last few words. When I arrived at St.

Dunstan's I was, as I think were all others, enveloped in a pit of blackness from which there seemed to be no escape. There seemed to be nothing for one to do but to sit down, as it were, twiddling one's thumbs and bemoaning one's fate of being thrown into a life of utter uselessness. These were the 'blind' days. Then, inspired by the example shown by our Chief, and seeing for oneself the utter disregard displayed by men who were being taught by that example, blindness disappeared and mere sightlessness came in its stead. Each and every new thing done threw more and more light into one's days. Step by step the training went on, day after day some new feeling of pride came, and sight in its full inward sense came once again into being, and finally, trained and fully equipped to start the battle of a new life, we left the sheltered walls of our Alma Mater for the open world beyond. It is true that after being 'out' the same feeling of pride came as some new difficulty was overcome, some new obstacle was surmounted, some rough road made smooth, pride in one's achievements was felt; but to my mind, certainly not as fully as in those early days. Why? My reply is, in getting away from the 'blind' stage and reaching the 'sightless' stage, those 'wonderful' achievements became merely everyday common-place happenings. For example, well do I remember my first walk alone from the Bungalow to Clarence Gate. It seemed then that nothing could be quite as big as that. Later on I crossed half a continent and an ocean on three occasions, and alone, but that first walk has been to me by far the greater achievement and accorded me the greater satisfaction. In short, knowing as a St. Dunstaner does, that victory is his before the fight starts, what satisfaction is there in being the victor? I would appreciate comments on this matter.

"CANUCK."





## DEPARTMENTAL NOTES



## Netting Notes

WE think our readers will be interested to hear that we have now completed a special order for one golf net, which has been made in seven sections. Each of these seven sections is 45½ ft. by 30½ ft., and has been composed up of sections measuring 10 ft. by 10 ft., that have been made for us by our After-Care netters. The whole net is to be suspended on a large iron frame at the "All Weather Golf Practice" grounds in London. The Committee of the Club proposes to advertise this netting freely for us, and we anticipate some nice orders in the near future. We intend, therefore, to accumulate good stocks of little sections to measure 10 ft. by 10 ft., and we take this opportunity of congratulating those of our netters who have succeeded in mastering the ¾-in. mesh and have thereby secured for themselves the prospects of permanent employment.

❖ ❖ G. H. W.

## Braille Notes

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

*Reading Test:* J. Palmer, G. Kilsby, W. A. H. Farnery, E. A. Turnock, T. Watmore, and H. A. Baker.

*Writing Test:* C. Wheeler, F. M. Duignan, E. Lupton, W. G. Bawden, and H. G. Boorman.

❖ ❖

## Typewriting, Shorthand and Telephony

HEARTIEST congratulations to the following men on having passed their Typewriting Test:—

L. Forrester, A. Stevens, A. Holmes, S. Aves, C. A. Biggs, F. Champniss, E. Ling, and T. Watmore.

R. C. O. Cowley left us a few weeks ago to take up a post as Shorthand Typist with the Inland Revenue Department, Somerset House. He is the first St. Dunstaner to enter this Government De-

partment, and we wish him all good luck and every success in his new work.

We are glad to hear that A. G. W. Peckham has been able to take up work again after six months' illness. He has replaced J. Hughes at Messrs. Johnson Matthey & Co., the double position having proved rather more than a totally blind man could manage. We have found J. Hughes a nice post at the Manchester Hotel, Aldersgate Street, which he finds very satisfactory.

D. A. P.

❖ ❖

## Presentation to Miss Fitt

BY THE AFTER-CARE MEN

We have pleasure in giving space in our columns to the following report of the Committee of the After-Care men of St. Dunstan's who were responsible for the Organisation of the testimonial to Miss Nanette Fitt, and we offer our congratulations to all concerned upon the result of the Committee's work.

We wish to acknowledge with many thanks the generous and sincere response which answered our circular letter concerning the presentation to be given by the After-Care Men of St. Dunstan's to Miss Fitt, in appreciation of her work on their behalf.

Judging from the few suggestions received, the general feeling seemed to be that the present should take the form of a travelling clock, and this we have purchased from R. Jay, Charlotte Street, W.1.

The clock is in a silver and tortoise-shell case and has a good guarantee. The following words are inscribed on the back:—

TO MISS N. FITT  
from the After-Care Men of St. Dunstan's  
1922

The presentation was made to Miss Fitt on Tuesday, June 12th.

(Signed) D. Gray, W. C. Scott,  
H. Steel, S. Dyer

## Our Visitors

By "MERRYTHOUGHT"

The pseudonym chosen by the writer of the article that follows veils the identity of a St. Dunstaner who reveals quite an exceptional gift for character drawing and a piquant sense of the humorous side of things. We look forward with interest to further contributions from "Merrythought's" pen.—E.D.

IT is quite inevitable that such a place as St. Dunstan's should have become one of the most interesting institutions (how the Chief disliked that word, but I am afraid I can't think of another at the moment) in England, and a place that everyone who had the opportunity would wish to visit. In fact, it is rumoured that Sir Arthur once said that if he had dared accept visits from one-tenth of those good folk who wanted to see the marvels of St. Dunstan's for themselves there would have been no marvels to see, for the simple and sufficient reason that the crowd would have left no room for the jolly old mat-makers, "brailleurs," "snobs," and so on, to say nothing of the instructors who laboured so hard to put some of their own skill into our clumsy finger ends, and—ghastly thought!—the sisters who studied our creature comforts so splendidly.

So it was that fixed visiting days and fixed visiting hours were laid down for the attendance of sightseers at St. Dunstan's, and only occasionally some particularly "big nob" or "nobbess" was permitted to make a special tour of inspection.

Some wise person once said that everybody has different views about everything, which is one of those remarks which strike dull people like myself as being "welly clever" (like the Chinaman's wife in "Cairo"), but which other super-clever people call "merely stating the obvious." Be that as it may, there is no doubt that most of the boys at St. Dunstan's had as many views about visitors as there were boys and as there were visitors. I know that sounds a little involved, but I expect most of you will understand what I mean.

Now, take myself (and as I am writing this article it seems about time that I brought myself into it): even from the

first few days of my stay at St. Dunstan's I got endless fun and interest out of the visitors and their quaintnesses. On the other hand, I remember one special pal of mine who worked beside me telling me plaintively, after a particularly sympathetic (and boring!) old lady had asked him for about the fifth time in five minutes what it felt like to be blind, or words to that effect, that he thought a big notice ought to be written up in every classroom and workshop at St. Dunstan's something to this effect: "Visitors are requested not to exasperate the men." I consoled him somewhat by retailing the story Sir Arthur was so fond of telling of the old lady who, on asking the same question of one of our boys, was reported to have received the answer, "Top-hole, Mum, you try it and see!"

However, we're getting away from things, as the Tommy said when he dived into a dug-out, so let's return to our visitors. As I have said, I liked them, and, to be serious for a moment, I am quite sure they had a really good effect on us all—our work, our spirits, and our pride in ourselves and what we were doing, which last was the biggest thing of all. I do not say that they were not a bit of a hindrance to work at times, but anyhow there was plenty of time and no need for hustle. Another good feature which we must realise about these visits was that the more the world knew about St. Dunstan's and the way it was helping us to get on, the better it was for the all important business of securing financial support.

Well, we have had everyone at St. Dunstan's from Kings and Queens to Chinese blind boys, and one and all before they left have sent us up one peg more in our estimation. I for one have



been told so often by visitors to St. Dunstan's that I am a wonderful fellow, that even my missus can't convince me to the contrary—with all her trying!

Just in case the Editor should print this rambling screed in the REVIEW, I suppose I had better avoid the mention of names, and in any event that always has its advantages, because people can't prove you are a — that you are telling terminological inexactitudes! At the same time some other St. Dunstaners may recognise a portrait, and if so, they must lie low about it, just in case of trouble.

A party of north countrymen going round the workshops were grouped round the frame of one of our men who was engaged on a very elaborate fibre mat, of which he was very proud. It had all sorts of ornaments and decorations woven into it, including that classic suggestion "WIPE YOUR BOOTS." There was no word for a time, and our mat-making hero supposed they were lost in admiring silence. Then from one of the visitors, whose own boots and the state of his native highways I should imagine matched his voice, came the words, "Aye, lad, but mak' 'em scrape 'em fust!" Collapse of mat-maker hero and convulsion of us all.

I have vivid recollections, too, of the American journalist who, anxious to make a real "scoop," laboured very hard to induce my humble self to tell him of my wonderful experiences. In a desperate endeavour to avoid such fame, I promised to get him a story from a much bigger man than myself, who I created on the spur of the moment as a "V.C. and Bar" who had before the war been Editor of *The Times*! What sort of journalist our friend was I don't know, but anyhow he swallowed the story splendidly, and in the peace of the Bungalow lounge that night we produced a life story of our mythical V.C. which embraced the exploits of Napoleon, Lord Haig, and "Brigadier Gerard" all rolled into one. Whether it was ever received by our importunate friend, and whether it ever appeared in print to amaze the world, I know not to this day, but—I ha'e ma doots! Some of the sisters to whom we

gave our confidences were wonderfully wise little women.

Visitors were generous almost to excess in the presents they would bring with them for distribution amongst the men. Cigarettes and cigars galore, pipes, chocolates and even flowers were pressed upon us to an extent which was rather embarrassing at times, and generally unnecessary, as there was little in the way of these luxuries that St. Dunstan's did not keep us well supplied with always. Perhaps the quaintest present was given to one of our men by a visitor who had spent most of his life in Central Africa, and who pressed upon the St. Dunstaner in question a small square of leathery substance which he informed him was the skin from the hood of a black mamba snake, and which, worn next to the body, would ensure keen eyesight till oldest age. The recipient, one of the cheeriest of fellows, was able to see the humour as well as the irony of the gift, made undoubtedly in the best of faith; and, although I believe he has it now, he told me at the time it "came a bit late in the day!"

Another present, which had both its touching and its humorous side, was that made to one of our men in the joinery shop. It was sixpence, and it came from a dear old lady who explained very diffidently that she wished it had been a sovereign, but since she had lost two sons in the war she had little to spare. The humour of the incident lies in the fact that this particular joinery learner was a Colonial officer who only came to St. Dunstan's to relearn his old hobby of carpentering, and who was quite a well-to-do man. But he had the wit and intuition to accept that sixpence, and I have little doubt possesses it now.

I am sure, in the memories of most St. Dunstaners, there will be hundreds of incidents, both amusing and with their pathetic side, too, in connection with the thousands of folk who have seen the working of the wonderful organisation Sir Arthur Pearson built up, and perhaps the Editor might see his way some day to offer a small prize for the best story on these lines sent in to him. From my own

recollections, and from stories retold to me by my pals at St. Dunstan's, I could add many more to the few I have recounted here; but what small chance this article ever had of appearing in all the glory of type must already have been jeopardised by the way I have let my fingers run away with me.



### The Veterans' Club and St. Dunstan's

WE have great pleasure in printing below a letter received from the Chairman of the Veterans' Club of Dover, and also a copy of Captain Fraser's reply. It must be a source of gratification to all St. Dunstaners to feel that such a bond of fellowship exists between themselves and other one-time comrades-in-arms who comprise the membership of such organisations as the Veterans' Club. St. Dunstaners individually and as a whole have always had ample proof of the existence of this spirit of brotherhood, but it is all to the good that its enduring vitality should sometimes be voiced in words which ring as truly as those of the Chairman of the Dover Club.



#### COPY OF LETTER TO CAPT. FRASER

Dear Sir,

I am a disabled ex-soldier interested deeply in the welfare of my comrades, and have been prompted by feelings of genuine gratitude to convey to you, as Chairman of this Club, the expressions of sincere thanks heard on all sides at the splendid work you and your colleagues have done firstly to lighten the burden of those unfortunate soldiers blinded in the late war, and secondly to immortalize the name and memory of the late Sir Arthur Pearson, founder and benefactor of St. Dunstan's Hostel.

The large amount of good and appreciable work already done in this connection is impressed very clearly on the minds of those members who were fortunate enough to escape with

their sight, through the activities of our friend Mr. Sheehy, a totally blind comrade and ex-soldier of this Club. My committee and the members generally are quite amazed at the creditable manner in which Mr. Sheehy has been instructed in the difficult work of mat-making at St. Dunstan's, and besides his wonderful execution on the typewriter must also largely contribute towards alleviating the continual presence of this terrible affliction.

I apologise if I have done wrong in addressing to you this letter, but I feel very strongly on this subject. You are at liberty to make any whatever use of this communication.

I am, Capt. Fraser,  
Yours faithfully,  
WM. C. DAWES,  
Chairman.

Veterans' Club, Ltd.,  
33, Liverpool Street,  
Dover.



#### COPY OF CAPT. FRASER'S REPLY

Dear Sir,

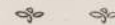
May I be permitted to thank you and your Committee for your letter of 2nd of June.

It is a very great pleasure to feel that the work which has been done, and is being done at St. Dunstan's appeals to you as strongly as your words indicate.

I was extremely glad when I heard that Mr. Sheehy had been elected to your Council, for I felt that he would not only help you in your work, but would set an example of which we, and all ex-service men in Dover, could be proud.

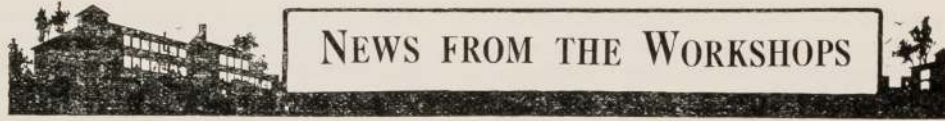
Yours faithfully,  
(Sgd.) IAN FRASER,  
Chairman.

Headquarters of St. Dunstan's Work,  
Regent's Park.



At the weekly concert of the Thrybergh Working Men's Club, F. Garsworthy, an old St. Dunstaner of Rotherham, was the principal vocalist.





## NEWS FROM THE WORKSHOPS

### MAT SHOP

THE last mat made by C. H. Aldridge reached a satisfactory level, so that now we expect to see an advancement in his work both in this and Boots. J. McGee has been working very hard, and turning out a large number of Mats, the quality of which has improved. A Diamond Border Mat made by J. Hallaron came out very well indeed. He will now take Boots in addition to Mats. H. A. Critchell has also been doing some thoroughly sound work during the month. He is now getting master of the work, and only requires the finishing touches to reach a first-class level. The whole of the work done by F. C. Harrison has also been very pleasing, and he has been getting through with it with much more confidence. Two Kneelers of A. Anderson's were extremely well made. A considerable amount of work has also been done by G. Tibbs, one mat with "Victory over Blindness" in Spanish, came out very well indeed. S. Oxborough is making a mat with his own name in black letters, which promises thoroughly well. He is getting on very quickly, and with great confidence in spite of his damaged fore-arm. J. Davies has been making lettered mats, and others with insertion borders. One with the words "Use Me" was very regular in working, of nice thickness, and thoroughly pleasing appearance. The standard of work of B. Pursglove continues to improve. A special size mat with St. Dunstan's Badge in centre in two colours was extremely creditable.

### BASKET SHOP

E. C. Wheeler has with considerable perseverance improved his weak points in round work, and is now making a start on square. T. Watmore has made extremely good use of his time, and there is every indication that he will turn out a

craftsman rather above the average. After early difficulties J. Japps is now very cheerful, and with reason, as his work has shown satisfactory progress; with small Square Hampers we have every reason to think that he will do well. The period of instruction of A. Urry has been much broken by attendance at King's Langley and work on Poultry Joinery. He will now come full time on Baskets, and should rapidly make his way. During this year W. Buckle has had experience with small Square Hampers, Picnic Baskets, Waste Paper Baskets, and Dog Baskets. He is gaining in confidence in himself, and his square work is developing well. W. A. Burtenshaw has done quite well with square work, and also covered a varied range including Barrels, Waste Papers, Soiled Linens, and Luncheon Baskets. The care he gives to his work will shortly repay him. Parts of the work still give R. Barber difficulty, but he steadily overcomes them in one way or the other. He should specially be commended upon the control he now has in working all kinds of borders, and the excellent results he gets with his Centre-Cane Work Baskets. J. Marriott continues with his excellent style, and is gaining extensive experience with every possible variety of work; Soiled Linens, Picnics, Waste Papers, Letter Baskets, and Plate Baskets have succeeded one another on the plank, and all have been first-class. During the last three months J. Boon has also got through a variety of work. Some Centre-Cane Trays and Teapot Stands, two Pigeon Baskets, Coal Baskets, and Hampers, with good results on each.

### BOOT SHOP

A new man, A. Lane, has had previous experience as a boot-repairer, and has shown by his work that he has some considerable ability. K. J. Howes is making steady advance in the right way.

### JOINERY DEPARTMENT

T. W. Moore is making excellent progress with all the best picture framing. A. J. Mason has finished his elementary course with honours. J. Spink is making good with his elementary work, and promises well. Capt. Williams has just completed a very good kitchen table, and should find the craft both interesting and profitable.

Since our last issue, the following Proficiency Certificates have been awarded:—

J. McAvoy (Mats)

J. Davidson (Mats)

W.H.O.

### A South African St. Dunstaner's Wedding

AT St. Alfege Church, Greenwich, on the 6th instant, Miss Evelyn Dyson, daughter of Sir Frank Dyson, the Astronomer Royal, was married to Hugh Arthur Stayt, a South African St. Dunstaner, who has built up a flourishing Poultry Farm, near Maritzburgh. Both press and public are always keenly interested in the weddings of the men of St. Dunstan's, and special attention was drawn to this particular event in view of the fact that the happy pair first met when the bride was serving at St. Dunstan's as a V.A.D. The bridegroom joined the Army when only 18, and lost the sight of both eyes as the result of a liquid fire attack while serving in France.

The Reverend F. J. Tackley performed the ceremony, and the bride looked very charming in white satin and wore a beautiful old lace veil; she was attended by six bridesmaids dressed in white and silver. Sir Frank and Lady Dyson afterwards held a reception at the Royal Observatory, at which was present a large number of distinguished guests. Mr. and Mrs. Stayt left on the 8th instant for South Africa, where they will be residing. We offer them our heartiest congratulations and best wishes for future happiness.

He is an energetic worker who keeps to his work steadily and independently, with very good results. P. Sheridan has been putting in some very useful work during the month. All parts of the work of J. B. Hart are done carefully, and we anticipate that he will turn out a sound workman. The same characteristics can be observed in A. E. Sherwood. He is most diligent, and turns out thoroughly satisfactory and clean work in the Boot Shop. His work on Mats has also advanced well. A Black Design with insertion border, made early in the month, was extremely pleasing. Another man whose work on both Boots and Mats can be commended is T. A. Wilson. He takes intelligent interest in his work, and he is not content unless he gets it thoroughly correct. The last mat he completed was a particularly good one.

### CLOG SHOP

The number of men in this Department has increased so that there are now seven under instruction in the mornings. H. G. Chafer now finds the advantage of "Sticking to it," for the advance in his work all round is decidedly marked. Further success has also come to J. S. Lever who holds on steadily and is gaining experience and making progress. The work of E. T. Turnock varies somewhat at present. A pair of Buckle Clogs made by him were quite on the right lines, so that we may now expect to see his other work of a similar level. E. Ling has been making advance with both Boots and Clogs. At the moment he is certainly more successful with Boots; his chief difficulty with Clogs being the tacking on. W. Wright is extremely keen on both trades. He works hard and gets through a large amount of work, in fact so much so that his work at times lacks finish, but for the time he has been under training he is to be thoroughly commended upon the amount of work, and the standard which he has reached. A. Kelly has not found the work come easy to him, but he is getting on with it, and in spite of several serious "wound stripes" he is moving in the right direction.





WE have had a very busy time during the past month with our Sports. The weather has been delightfully fine, if rather on the warm side, but we have been able to carry through all our sports programmes. The Saturday Sports continue to flourish, and already our new boys are making their presence felt. Some excellent performances have been witnessed, and particularly in the sprint has the levelling up been seen. On successive Saturdays two of the boys ran dead heats, rather an uncommon experience, but it shows how strenuous our competitions are. A consideration of points scored by the competitors is interesting. It will be seen that C. Johns leads J. Spink and W. Trussler by the narrow margin of five, whilst H. Boorman, who is fourth, is only twenty points behind the leader. Such keenness is for the good of our Sports, for it not only brings out the best in us, but it keeps the competition both interesting and exciting. The race for the S.S. leadership rests between W. G. Bawden and T. L. Moore, and already some terrific struggles on the 75 yards track have taken place between these two.

The following are the leading points at the present time:—

T.B.		S.S.	
C. Johns ...	315	W. G. Bawden ...	390
J. Spink ...	310	T. L. Moore ...	375
W. Trussler ...	310	H. Finkle ...	260
H. Boorman ...	295	J. Greaves ...	252½
E. Turnock ...	270	E. Harlow ...	207½
H. Chafer ...	120	H. Potts ...	190
J. Griffiths ...	80	T. Watmore ...	145
S. Kelly ...	60	F. McMahon ...	125
		A. Dean ...	120
		H. Wood ...	110

#### FOOTBALL COMPETITION

It is hard to imagine footer at a temperature of 127 in the sun, but such is the condition under which sometimes our games have been played. Our condolences and sympathy go out to our goalie, Sergeant Hunt, who has to show

tremendous energy and agility in this tropical atmosphere. Mrs. Hunt must be relieved when he arrives home again; possibly he is like the old soldiers of the song who "never die," but simply fade away! At all events, I hope he won't fade before our football games are over! The results of the league matches are rather surprising. A new team like the Kellydonians has come to the front by some splendid victories, whilst an excellent team like Greaves Athletic, captained by our "Owdham" friend, is languishing near the foot of the table. However, the return games will give them glorious opportunities of revenge!

Tuesday, May 16th—		Goals
Brightonians v. Townshend Villa ...	4—3	
Ramblers v. Townshend Harriers ...	6—1	
Thursday, May 18th—		
Brightonians v. Sherwood Foresters ...	5—2	
Friday, May 19th—		
Kellydonians v. Townshend Harriers ...	1—0	
Monday, May 22nd—		
Kellydonians v. Greaves Athletic ...	7—3	
Townshend Villa v. Ramblers ...	3—7	
Friday, May 26th—		
Ramblers v. Sherwood Foresters ...	4—0	
Tuesday, May 30th—		
Brightonians v. Kellydonians ...	1—2	
Townshend Villa v. Greaves Athletic ...	6—2	
Thursday, June 1st—		
Brightonians v. Harriers ...	2—4	
Greaves Athletic v. Ramblers ...	1—5	

Name	Pl'y'd	W.	L.	D.	Goals		Pts.
					F.	A.	
Ramblers ...	4	4	0	0	22	5	8
Kellydonians ...	3	3	0	0	10	4	6
Brightonians ...	4	2	2	0	12	11	4
Townshend Villa ...	3	1	2	0	12	13	2
Townshend Harriers ...	3	1	2	0	5	9	2
Greaves Athletic ...	3	0	3	0	6	18	0
Sherwood Foresters ...	2	0	2	0	2	9	0

#### ROWING

"A certain liveliness" has been noticed on the lake lately due to much heavy practising. We are very grateful to Bedford College for coming to our aid with coxes in the early morning. Rowing Instructor Gibson is kept well occupied in telling his boys to "swing their shoulders" and keep their "chin up," and he reports excellent

progress. We are fortunate in being granted the use of the compact little boat-house near the end of the lake by Headquarters, and all are grateful to Captain Fraser for the keen interest he has taken in the matter. Here will be stored our Pairs and Fours with oars, and from 6.45 a.m. to 1.30 p.m. each day, except Saturday and Sunday, Singles are hired from Mr. Johnson and brought up to the boat-house. This position is far more central for the majority of the boys, and it has the great advantage of supplying dressing accommodation inside. I feel sure that its use will be greatly appreciated by all our rowing men.

#### SWIMMING

Our readers may be sure that this useful pastime is well patronised during this warm weather! Every morning large numbers of our chums are seen splashing about in the baths at Marylebone, and some splendid swimming practice is obtainable. Instructor Jones' smile broadens as his family increases, so I hope that all who haven't yet succeeded in swimming the Channel will join his class and help on his facial expansion.

#### JERKS

The morning exercises and walks are greatly enjoyed, and Instructor "Bill" Tovell has quite a busy time in counting his many pupils. Some of them put in very busy mornings, for after the Jerks squad has finished "squadding" they hurry on to the baths to cool down!

#### DANCING

It might well be imagined by those who know us not, that dancing is "napoo" during this hot weather, but if they call in at the Bungalow on Tuesday and Friday evenings they will see dozens of couples enjoying themselves. On Tuesday, May 30th, Lady Pearson and Captain Fraser came in to see us, accompanied by Captain and Mrs. Marriott. Our guests were delighted with the excellence of the dancing, and spoke in high terms of the ability of our orchestra. Captain Fraser made an admirable little speech, in which

he thanked Mrs. Marriott and her father, Mr. Otto Kahn, for their magnificent generosity in granting us the use of their beautiful house and grounds. He pointed out how delightfully central this position was, and how extraordinarily useful for rowing and sports. Then again, in granting us the continued use of the Bungalow, Mr. Otto Kahn had given us the opportunity of having our dances in a place dear to all St. Dunstaners. The applause which greeted his remarks showed how very grateful we all were to Mr. Kahn, and how delighted we were to have Captain and Mrs. Marriott with us. We do hope they will come again. The party stayed until the conclusion, and Captain Fraser and Captain and Mrs. Marriott took part in the dancing.

#### THE DERBY

A cheery party of 20 optimistic men and co-optimistic escorts went off in one of the St. Dunstan's char-a-bancs to the Derby on Wednesday, 31st May. In spite of a sweltering day, they said they thoroughly enjoyed themselves. As I did not accompany them I am asking our Sports Instructors and one of the boys to give us their impressions, so that our readers can have a first-hand account of what actually took place.

#### A WAR MEMORIAL BASKET

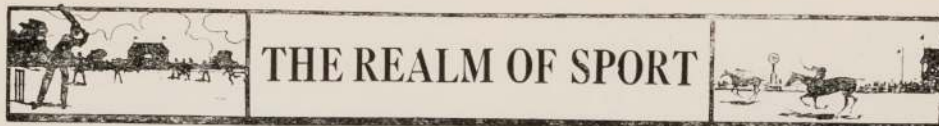
We learn that business is very good in all lines with W. C. Smith, of Derby. This St. Dunstaner has just completed the making of a long cane basket to hold flowers and plants, which will stand below the War Memorial Tablet which has been erected in a local school.



THE small child was talking to a kitten which she held tightly in her arms. A thoughtful pause caused her mother, who was sitting behind her, to pay some attention to what was coming next.

"Kitten," said the infant, "I know all your little brothers and sisters, and I know your mamma; but I have never seen your papa. I expect he must be a commercial traveller, like daddy."





## Our Derby Competition

Official Result—1 CAPTAIN CUTTLE;  
2 TAMAR; 3 CRAIGANGOWER

IT is quite evident that the Sport of Kings is even more popular with St. Dunstaners than the great and democratic game of football. So at least we must judge by the interest which has been aroused amongst readers of the REVIEW by our Derby Competition. Records for all previous competitions have gone by the board in respect to the number of entries, and the editorial staff have been faced with a big task in finding the best prophet amongst the hundreds of St. Dunstaners who have competed for the prizes so generously offered for this competition by a sportsman supporter of St. Dunstan's.

In all well over 400 entries have been received, and it says a great deal for the knowledge of racing possessed by our readers that no less than 84 of these nominated the winner—CAPTAIN CUTTLE. But, alas, for the chances of these bright souls, their powers of prophecy, at least as regards the great majority of that number, faded abruptly away when it came to the placed horses. Still, the work of the adjudicators began on this discovery to reveal a little more definite ending, and eventually it was found that out of the whole entry only five competitors had placed the second horse, TAMAR.

But to "cut the cackle and come to the osses," the eventual winner of the first prize of **Five Pounds** has proved to be

C. Mackintosh, Jnr., The Neuk, Bridge of Weir, Renfrewshire, N.B., who gave as his forecast the following:—

1 CAPTAIN CUTTLE    2 TAMAR  
3 ST. LOUIS.

This was the nearest to the result of the race which (although we have little doubt will be well within most of our sporting readers' memories when this issue of the

REVIEW is in their hands) we have set out at the head of this article. Actually it will be seen therefore that the first prize winner secures his award by placing first, second and fourth horses correctly, which is an achievement upon which he is to be very heartily congratulated and one which would undoubtedly have brought many thousands of pounds had such prophetic powers been possessed by many professional followers of the Turf.

Four competitors remain to be dealt with of those who were successful in placing the second horse TAMAR. Three of these gave RE-ECHO as the third horse and one placed PONDOLAND third. As the adjudicators can only take official cognisance of those placed by the judge, we have decided to combine the second and third prizes and divide the amount between the four competitors. Thus the sum of **Ten Shillings** is won by each of the following:—

F. Marsden, 26 Shadsworth Road, Blackburn, Lancs.

E. G. Rushford, 144 Mellison Road, Tooting

C. B. Baker, 27 Barretts Grove, Stoke Newington, N.16

J. Blaney, Grosvenor Sanatorium, Kennington, near Ashford, Kent.

The laws of chance are curious things, and in going through the entries we have found many instances of hard luck. We can only hope, however, that those of our readers who have not succeeded in gaining an award in our competition have been sufficiently courageous to back their fancy in other quarters, and so reap some reward for their perspicacity. If, for example, each of those 84 St. Dunstaners who tipped the winner in our competition had 10s. each on at starting price, bookmakers would have paid out the substantial sum of £420!

There is one reader, however, whose forecast is an outstanding example of

"the exasperating miss." He actually gives the first three horses past the post and yet, according to our rules, is not eligible even for a third prize. Here is his entry:—1 Tamar; 2 Captain Cuttle; 3 Craigangower! The sheer cussedness of fate which marks this entry has so impressed a member of St. Dunstan's staff, that he has asked if he may give a

small consolation prize. We have very willingly accepted this sporting offer, and accordingly an extra award of 10s. goes to

C. A. Stevens, 39 New Street, Ashford, Kent, with the donor's heartiest commiserations! Cheques for all prizes have been despatched to the respective winners.

## ON THE GREEN CLOTH

By SIDNEY H. FRY

(Four Times British Amateur Champion Billiard Player and also Runner-Up for the Amateur Golf Championship)

I HAVE been asked by the Editor to write a few lines reminiscent of my experiences in the World of Sport. Now I am blessed with a fairly good memory, but the one thing that I cannot ever remember is a good story. There seems some fate about it with me. I am in the midst of a company of real good sportsmen, perhaps, and after that last "hundred-up" has been played, and it is still too early to toddle off to bed, talk flows and the yarns are spun—except by me. Of course I do occasionally dig out some appropriate incident or recollection, but really, for a life which has been a fairly full one, I am not a good man on stories.

As though to prove that all my excuses are unavailing, there has just come to me the remembrance of an incident (I can't claim it as a story) which happened many years ago at the Victoria Club, which you will all know as perhaps the biggest of London's Sporting Clubs.

The favourite for this billiard handicap in question, upon the result of which there was a great deal of betting, was playing his heat of 200 up. The scores were called 198 to 199 in favour of his opponent. It was the turn of Mr. H., the favourite, to play, and after asking the marker the game he carefully played a safety miss and thus presented the game to his opponent. Needless to say this disastrous stroke (for him!) was made as the result of one of those strange lapses of thought which seize upon the best of us at times.

There! I have remembered one story, and perhaps because it is for St. Dunstan's—the magic words which make everyone anxious to give of their best—I have just recalled another.

It was during one of the concluding heats for the Amateur Billiards Championship, which are played with a keenness and solemnity exceeding even the great professional matches. Although I felt fairly sure that the lead I had gained rendered me secure, yet my opponent was plugging after me with a concentration which, had his skill matched it, would easily have made him champion! I wanted, I think, about 15 for game and he wanted something like 300. He played a shot which left the object white hanging on the brink of the pocket. Had it actually fallen the break, except for a safety miss, must have ended. Everyone held their breath as my solemn opponent crept gingerly round the table to make the next shot. He was just about to strike his ball when, from the back of the spectators seats, came a really ear-splitting, deafening—sneeze! My opponent drew himself up and gazed at the unfortunate spectator with an intensity of disgust which should have chilled the blood in his veins. Then, with slow deliberation, he bent to make his interrupted shot and found—that the object white had vanished into the pocket! The cause was probably one of those earth vibrations which every room of every building in our crowded and honey-combed London is subject to, but to this day I am quite sure my opponent considers that such chance as he had of winning that game was destroyed by that wicked man's sneeze.



## SOME SPORTS STORIES

By FRANK THOROGOOD

(The well-known sporting writer of the "Daily News")

THE Editor has asked me to tell the boys a few stories. Let me spin you a yarn about myself—a yarn which I have not yet narrated even to our own publisher. One morning last winter I got up, for my sins, very early in the morning, slipped a woollen wrap round my neck and went to my newsagent to buy the leading journals of the day. Returning with all the amalgamated brains of the globe tucked under my arm, I suddenly observed a little girl dart away from the custody of a gentleman and hasten towards me from the other side of the road.

The light in her eyes suggested that she was taking a deep interest in my personality, but I did not find out the young lady's intentions until she came up alongside the footpath; then looking up into my face and holding out a penny, she said, "Please, dad wants a *Daily News*."

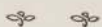
In my own professional way I may perhaps have helped to sell the Journal which I have the honour to represent, but this was the first and last occasion upon which I had bartered it on the street for coin of the realm. Let me add that the penny which I received from little Miss Muffitt has been added to my sporting treasures.

It is said that distance lends enchantment to the view, but in some cases I find it difficult to agree with these ancient proverbs. For this reason I always make it a rule year by year to walk from my home at Sutton to Epsom Downs in order to watch the races and better still to study the crowd.

Upon the occasion of the last City and Suburban, and at the conclusion of one of the events, a rather shabby hen-pecked looking man who had backed the winner at odds-on for a very small sum, received an amount from a book-maker which in the punter's opinion was not enough. The penciller concerned—a perfectly honest man who has been on the hill for "donkey's years"—was very busy paying out, but he did not lose his temper. Laying his hand on the man's shoulder, he said, "Now look here, lkey, my boy, I have paid you out the correct odds as a

sportsman and a gentleman, and if you don't stand aside and let me get on with my business I shall tell the missus you're here."

To avoid the bricks at St. Dunstan's I will now follow the example of Lady Godiva after her glorious ride, and come to my close!



## A Blind Botanist

A writer in the "Newcastle Daily Chronicle" is impressed by the botanical and natural history powers possessed by a blind man of his acquaintance. Under the heading "A Blind Man and the Blossoms," he writes:—

Blind people are known to have very often an extraordinary sense of touch, as well as a fine sense of hearing; hence the skill of blind piano tuners. But one does not usually associate a blind man with meteorological and nature observations. A blind correspondent of mine, however, points out that the glorious colourings (of which he has been told) and the excessive quantities of bloom this year are due to the long light days of last summer. Light retards vegetative growths and favours the growth of flower buds. "I have obtained oak flowers or catkins from four to six inches long," says the blind botanist, adding that he has never known them so large. The same remarkable results are seen in the lilac, laburnum, and other familiar garden blossoms. That the blind are capable of appreciating the blossoms and trees is a thing to be truly thankful for. I know they delight in the songs of the wild birds, and often display a remarkable faculty for distinguishing them by their notes. We who are blessed with vision are apt to use our eyes too much in the opinion of my blind friend.

The men of St. Dunstan's have in very many cases proved themselves during their stay at the Hostel, and after they have been settled in their own homesteads, to be not only most capable gardeners but in several instances have been able to compete with success with sighted folk at flower shows.



## From the World's Press

## Blind Stenographer

THE following, taken from the "World" of New York, deserves full quotation if only for the naïveté of its phrasing. All the same, that reporter does not know much about men of St. Dunstan's! I print the extract as it appears.

A blind stenographer! Whoever thought such a person existed? And yet Howard B. Burrirt is daily accomplishing this stunt in the Chestnut Street offices of the Atlantic Refining Company, and has successfully done so for the past four years. Stenographic work is ostensibly an occupation which requires the fullest advantages of normalcy, eyesight in particular, and that, perhaps, is why the case of Burrirt seems so extraordinary. Interest prompted the reporter to go to see him, and when eventually led up to his desk, where he was busily typing, it was difficult to ascertain whether the man was blind until he turned to the interviewer a pair of lustreless, unseeing eyes.

His character is equally on a par with his remarkable business efficiency. His chief ambition, Mr. Stone tells, is to become a trustworthy and respected citizen of his community. He is married to a physically normal girl, has a strappingly healthy boy four years of age and owns the house in which he lives in Germantown.

Burrirt is contemptuous of those afflicted persons who depend upon their business for sympathetic help, for he believes if they were all to take advantage of the various institutions for the instruction of the blind our citizenry would be happily improved, and there would be a less querulous and suffering humanity.

And so Burrirt sat in his office, contentedly at work, and the interviewer came away with an exhilarated feeling

in place of the oppressive thought which inevitably clings to one after speaking with a person who is less fortunate physically.



## Helping a Lost Sense

I TAKE the following extracts from an interesting article which appeared in the "Liverpool Courier." The point that nature gives some compensatory addition to other senses when one is lost or its powers impaired, has been discussed before in our pages. Indeed, the whole history of St. Dunstan's success lies in the realisation of this fact and the considered and thorough educative system of training the remaining senses to make up, as far as possible, for the one that has been lost.

A diamond lost in a coalbin was found by a man with one eye after a number of others with two eyes had looked for it in vain.

This will not seem extraordinary when it is remembered that the loss of an organ or limb is followed by a surprising accession of strength in the corresponding member.

Indeed, some consider that the strength of a lost member passes automatically into the other; what happens probably is that extra use of an organ or limb in such cases develops extra power.

For a person deprived of a sense to be able to hold his own with others not so unfortunate, through the quickening of another sense, is not an uncommon thing.

Hopelessly lost in a London fog, a British officer had to thank a stranger for conducting him to his destination. His guide turned out to be a blinded ex-soldier, trained at St. Dunstan's Hostel, to whom the fog made no difference.



Readers of the REVIEW will remember the references that have appeared in these columns to an American girl Willetta Huggins. Of her the article says:—

Even more striking are the powers of certain people deprived of even more than one sense.

The sense of touch does duty for eyes and ears with a young lady who has been astonishing Chicago people with her remarkable powers.

Surprising as it may seem, this girl, blind and deaf from birth, is said to have convinced physicians and scientists of her ability to see with her nose and hear with her fingers.

She can take telephone messages by putting her fingers on the receiver, and by placing her fingers on the cheeks of speakers she knows what they say.

So wonderful is her sense of touch that she is able to read large newspaper type by putting her nose to it. By the same means she distinguishes banknotes of different value from each other.

Men and women in possession of all their senses cannot emulate these feats.

The striking powers possessed by Miss Helen Keller have been referred to in these columns, and the author of this article quotes this wonderful American woman as an example of how much can be done by concentration and determination to overcome physical handicap. He concludes:—

Without doubt, our senses would be keener if we were obliged to rely more upon them and made greater use of them. By training they could be brought to such a pitch of development as to make it appear, in comparison with their present state, as if we had come into the possession of some additional sense.

WIFE: "John, there's a burglar at the silver and another in the pantry eating my pies. Get up and call for help."

Hubby (at window): "Police! Doctor!"

## The Derby

By a St. Dunstaner

At 8.30 a.m. outside Cornwall Terrace a group of the boys, who had been lucky enough to be drawn for the Derby outing, awaited the coming of the char-a-banc which was to take them to Epsom Downs and the joys of Derby Day. There were fifteen of us altogether accompanied by the two Sports Sisters and two Sports Instructors. On getting on to the char-a-banc we were duly ordered "to put on our best smiles" for the camera, after which we started in earnest. It was a glorious morning, and all London seemed bound for the Derby. The char-a-banc was very comfortable, and we were kept well informed as to what was going on around us, when we were not discussing the pros and cons of various favourites.

For an hour we went well; then the traffic became congested, and by 10.0 a.m. we were moving at little more than a walking pace with frequent stops. 11.0 a.m. found us at Epsom. Alighting we made our way to lunch at the marquee. Refreshed by an enjoyable meal we took up our position on the char-a-banc to watch the Races. Through the medium of our escorts we were able to follow with interest and were inspired by the general feeling of excitement that accompanied each race, especially when the event of the day took place at 3.0 p.m. The excitement was intense, one could feel it in the air, and many of us struck oil.

After this we had tea, followed a few more races and then all aboard for home.

Progress was slow at first, but gradually we were able to gather speed.

At intervals all the way along children greeted us with the cry of "Throw us your mouldy coppers!" which was generally contracted to "Throw us your mouldies."

We arrived back at 7.30 p.m. after a most entertaining and enjoyable experience.

A. MASON.

[A brightly phrased little report of the outing has also been received from the Sports Instructors which pressure on our space forbids our printing.—Ed.]

## Revenge and Ashes

By EDWIN G. WOOD

AFTER an absence of seven years, Hargrove stepped off the train at his old home town. He glanced curiously around. The place looked pretty much as it did when he had left it, a young fellow of twenty-four, bruised in feelings, empty in pockets.

It was different with him now. He came back with full pockets, and, he hoped, unknown. He was neatly dressed, carried himself with an air of prosperity—a prosperity acquired by toil. He was striving for this effect. He knew that he would not be in the little town long before it would be buzzing with gossip of him. Money does not only talk, it sets tongues wagging.

He gave his suit-case to the slouchy-looking hotel porter, and made some trivial inquiries of the station-master. He had known this man well, had run errands for him when he—Hargrove—was a boy. It was something of an effort for him to steady his voice as he spoke. If he could run the battery of the station-master's sharp eyes he felt fairly safe. The man answered his questions concerning the best hotel without a flicker of recognition.

Hargrove smiled as he turned away. It was not to be wondered at that he was unrecognised. Nearly seven years of hard, blistering work in the open had lined and seamed his face, tanned his skin to a saddle-leather hue, and he was now wearing a beard. When he had left the town his face was smooth, his skin clear, white and soft, unmarked of time or toil.

On his way to the hotel he passed the bank. A prosperous, clean-shaven, pompous-looking man of about his own age stepped out of the building, favoured Hargrove with an interested stare, and walked on, Hargrove following at a little distance.

It was John Smears, the man Hargrove was looking for, the man that had brought him here, the man who, seven years back, had ruined him, and by lies and trickery

had pushed Hargrove aside and married the girl he was to have married.

John Smears, his once supposed friend. There was no law that could touch Smears. Hargrove smiled. Law! What did he care about law? The law he was going to use rested in his coat-pocket, a black, stumpy-looking thing, which his hand now and then caressed fondly.

But not yet. He was planning his work carefully. A rash, hasty act would spoil all. He must wait till all was in readiness, then strike, and, with the wealth he had cleaned up, get away to safety, where he could enjoy himself for the rest of his life in ease and comfort, and with the sweet taste of revenge that he had been hungering for during those seven years of exile; perhaps, too, to find another girl as an antidote for the one he had been tricked out of.

He turned into the hotel and registered under an assumed name. He bought a cigar, lounged against the counter and engaged the clerk in casual conversation.

"Pretty nice little town you've got here," Hargrove observed.

"Yes," nodded the clerk, warming. "Nicest little place for miles around. Stranger here?"

Hargrove nodded, smiling inwardly. "You're not a travelling man?" the clerk ventured.

"Oh, no. Just looking round."

"Oh. Think of settling here?"

"Don't know—perhaps." Hargrove studied his cigar, apparently in deep reflection. Then: "Haven't much money to settle on anywhere—just a few thousand. Thought if things looked all right might buy a little property or something. Who's boss of the bank here?"

The clerk beamed. "Mr. Smears is manager and cashier—nearly the whole works. Fine man, Mr. Smears. Everybody goes to Smears for advice. You go and see him—he'll give you some good advice. Know where he lives?"



"No."

"I'll show you."

Having obtained the information he desired, and left the impression he wanted to leave, Hargrove asked to be shown to his room.

When he was alone he grinned with satisfaction and proceeded to make himself comfortable. He took off his collar; it irritated him. He had not worn one in years before. He kicked off his shoes, sat in one chair, put his feet upon another, and lighted a rank, aged pipe.

As he sat smoking he tried to put a curb on the impatience that was beginning to steal over him. He must go slow for a few days; move round among the people and test his ability to conceal his identity. In a little while, under his assumed name, he would cultivate Smears; get him interested by holding out the lure of money, and then, when the time to act had come, Hargrove would suddenly make himself known, see Smears turn white, cringe, plead—and then! It would be sweet, make worth while the suffering, the toil and the loneliness of years spent in that little shack out West making his fortune.

Hargrove bought a motor-car and kept it at the combined livery stable and garage. He took long drives into the country, his favourite route being along a lonely road that followed the river. Several miles out there was a high bluff, at the foot of which flowed the stream, swift, terrible in its race for the quieter pools below. The road ran perilously near this bluff. A turn of the wheel and the car would be dashed over—

When the time came, the moment of moments, and he had the hated Smears alone; after taunting him, holding up to him his perfidy, there would be a muffled shot, the car would plunge over the embankment, carrying Smears' body with it, and Hargrove would travel on foot the five miles to the next station, catch a train and be away. He had it all timed to the minute.

Of course, when he and the banker were missed there would be a search, it would be discovered where the car went over the bluff, and it would naturally appear that there had been an accident and that he and

the banker were drowned. The delay in searching for the car and their bodies would give him time to put miles between himself and the scene; then clean-shaved, with a complete change of clothing, and the chances would be slight of his detection. The plan was as nearly perfect as he could make it.

Things ran smoothly. He had interested Smears as only money talk can interest such men. The two took long rides in Hargrove's car. Late one afternoon he carried the banker out to the road he had chosen, pausing at the selected spot, and with his hand on the wheel, while the engine purred, he gazed over the precipice, enjoying the taste of his coming vengeance, playing with it cat-and-mouse fashion.

He eyed Smears, slantwise. "Nice place for an accident," he suggested.

"Brrr-r-r!" shuddered the banker. "Let us go on—it gives me the shivers."

Hargrove smiled, and the car shot ahead.

The night before the day on which he determined to act, Hargrove, in restless mood, strolled out. He found his steps wandering in the direction of the banker's home. He had been invited there by the important man several times, but had steadily declined.

Smears' residence stood on the edge of the town, surrounded by spacious grounds, as befitted the home of so prominent a personage. It was quite dark.

Hargrove entered the grounds and walked through a grove of cedars. In his imagination the girl of former days was by his side. He ground his teeth, and involuntarily his hand grasped the black thing in his pocket as a figure moved across a window of the house. Removing his hand from his pocket he crept nearer.

He was looking into the sitting-room. The banker sat reading a paper and smoking a cigar. On a small table near him rested an expensive ash-tray. Near by sat the woman, her head bent over some kind of work. On the floor sat a child playing with its toys.

Hargrove again felt his hand stealing towards that black thing in his pocket. He clamped his teeth hard. All this

comfort, peace, heaven of home would have been his had it not been for that fat and smug sneak sitting there. The money he had been robbed of he cared nothing for—he could cover Smears' wealth many times; but to be robbed of the woman—

Should he kill the snake now? His hand closed over the black thing and began slowly drawing it out—raising it till its little round mouth was on a deadly line with Smears' head.

Smears, in the security of his own home, not dreaming of the thing of death outside, was deeply engrossed in his paper. His left hand moved carelessly towards the ash-tray. He flicked his cigar. The ash missed the tray and fell to the floor.

The woman looked up, scowling. "John

Smears," she shrilled, "just get the broom and sweep up those dirty ashes. And don't you ever smoke a vile, smelly pipe in here again as you did a while ago. If you must smoke a filthy pipe, go outdoors—"

Back in his room at the hotel Hargrove jerked off his collar and threw it in the middle of the floor; he kicked off his shoes and sent them to join the collar, sat down with his socked feet propped in a chair; lighted his aged pipe, took two or three heavy puffs, and drew a long breath.

"It's back to the little old shack for me," he muttered into the clouds of rank smoke. "Lordy, how's a fellow to know when a friend is a friend?"



## DISCUSSION CLUB NOTES

ON May 1st Mr. Crawford lectured to us on "Time," a seemingly dull subject, of which he cleverly made an interesting and amusing lecture. We were told that Time is one of a Basic Trinity, the other two parts being Length and Mass. It was cleverly shown to us how few things exist, according to some thinkers.

Event, Memory and Order were proved to us as three real things.

Time was finally summed up as a sort of classified Order in respect of classified events.

The story of Mahomet dreaming of ninety thousand conferences raised a general laugh, as our thoughts flew to Genoa and the Hague.

On May 8th Dr. William Brierley lectured to us on "The Black Man's Burden," which is Ignorance.

It was proved to us that the position of the negro socially and politically is the burning question of the day, and will have to be solved in the near future, either peaceably or by war.

We learnt how disastrous a solution the

latter would be from the white man's point of view, as numerically there are three black to one white man.

We were surprised to learn of the two universities for negroes in the United States, which were described as even more efficiently equipped than Oxford and Cambridge.

Japan was described as having "turned over in the night," and at the present time her scientific research is far ahead of Italy, and in some points ahead of us.

The lecture closed with the question, "Are we stewards or owners of the world?"



On Monday, May 22nd, Hon. and Rev. E. Lyttelton, D.D. (late Headmaster of Eton), gave an interesting and amusing talk on "Humour." He told us that man was the only animal who laughed or had a sense of humour, though dogs were sometimes supposed to smile!

Laughter was a great gift of God, and oiled many of the wheels of life: it was very infectious, and once an audience was in a good humour anything could be done with them!





Of all the nations he thought the English had the greatest sense of humour, because they were the only people who could really laugh at themselves.

He said he held no brief for Mr. Lloyd George, but he thought part of his greatness consisted in being able to take a joke against himself, which was a thing very few politicians could do.

He quoted Dickens as being one of the greatest wits, and said he thought "Pickwick Papers" one of the finest books ever written. Dickens often wrote when travelling in a train, and sometimes was so amused at his own humour, that he had to put his head out of the window to laugh.

He had come to the conclusion that laughter was one of the greatest assets in the world—it kept people sane, from becoming too egotistical, and as soon as we could smile at our burdens! they became lighter at once.

Captain Fraser, who was in the Chair, thanked Dr. Lyttelton for his lecture, and said he had not only enjoyed it because it had been so amusing, but because it had taught us much and had given us all a great deal to think about afterwards.



On Monday, May 15th, Dr. Leonard Browne gave a very interesting lecture on "Curiosities of Mind." He said the great thing to learn was "Balance of Mind." There was always conflict between the conscious and the unconscious mind, and he quoted St. Paul in the words, "For what I would, that I do not: but what I hate I do," and told us our unconscious mind had a great deal more influence over us than most of us had any idea of.

It made us fear, when our conscious mind told us there was *no* fear, but it also gave us hope when our conscious mind said there was *None!* and though many of us were inclined to think our imaginations were all nonsense, science had taught us they were part of our unconscious self, and dreams even were most helpful if we only learnt to read them properly.

## Visitors from China

LAST month a party of blind boys from the Training School for the Blind at Foo Chow, China, paid a visit to the workshops and classrooms at St. Dunstan's.

Eight of the ten boys who comprised the party are totally blind, and the other two who are sighted act as native cook and coolie companion respectively. As the boys have themselves been taught several of the industries practised at St. Dunstan's, including mat and basket making, they were very keenly interested in their tour of our workshops. The fact that most of them have some knowledge of English, and that one or two speak it extraordinarily well, enabled them to have many chats with our own men. One could not help being impressed with the rapid and intelligent way they followed the explanations given them as to the methods employed in the workshops, and they were very much taken with the up-to-date tools and contrivances which we use. Our men also found much of interest in the often quaintly-expressed views of the Chinese lads as to their impressions of London and their experiences during their long journey from China. Considering that they hail from perhaps the most densely populated country in the world, it was amusing to find that their most dominant impression of London was that it was so very crowded.

"You have house we have seen," remarked one of the boys, "with four hundreds people in it." The St. Dunstaner to whom this information was imparted was rather puzzled until it was explained to him that the boy was referring to the St. Pancras Hotel which had been pointed out to him on the way!

The party were afterwards entertained to tea by Captain and Mrs. Fraser, who were both very interested in the account of her charges' life and training which was given by Mrs. Wilkinson, who is responsible for the foundation of the school in Foo Chow.



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