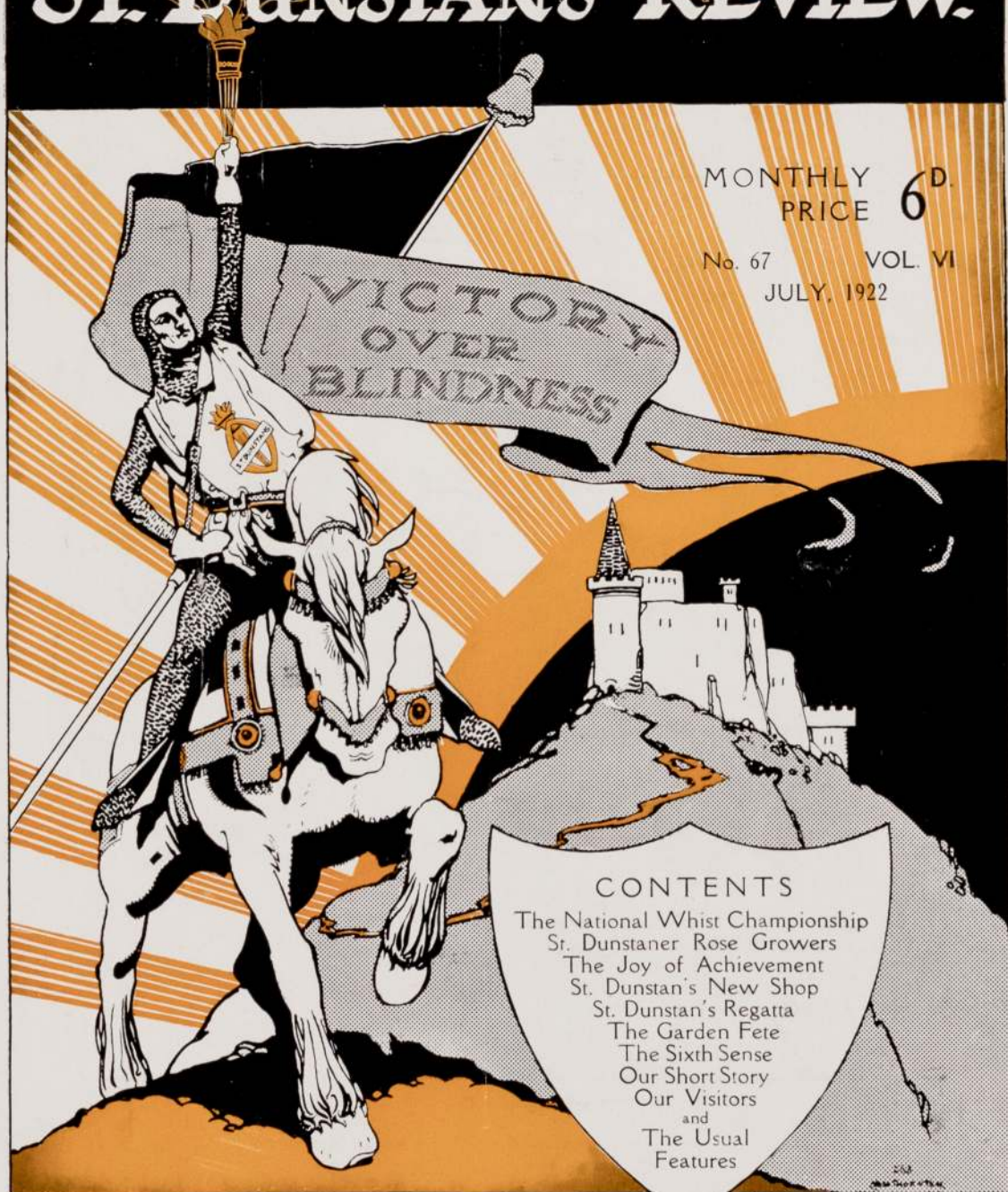


ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

MONTHLY
PRICE 6^D

No. 67 VOL. VI
JULY, 1922



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FOR THE AMUSEMENT & INTEREST OF MEN BLINDED IN THE WAR



THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AT ST. DUNSTAN'S
H.R.H. opened the first day of the Fête

St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

EDITED BY PERRY BARRINGER

No. 67.—VOLUME VI.

JULY, 1922.

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

EDITORIAL

“FOR the amusement and interest of men blinded in the war.” That is the description of the province of “St. Dunstan's Review” which appears on its cover every month, and that is the ideal at which we aim from the first to the last of its pages. From the publication of our first number we have always set a rigid embargo upon the appearance in the columns of this record of the work and play of the big family of St. Dunstan's of anything which might savour, even in the slightest degree, of (we use a term which every St. Dunstaner will very fully appreciate) “army orders.” Thus we are sure we shall be absolved from any charge of “preachiness” when we claim the attention of our readers to deal very briefly with a subject which we should probably never have ventured upon but for a conversation we had quite recently with a great leader of English thought and opinion. Our talk had turned upon the generally unsettled—indeed, almost revolutionary state of European Countries. Russia, France, the mid-Europe States and last but by no means least the present condition of Irish affairs had been under discussion. Turning to home politics we had mutually agreed that, considering the burdens that have to be borne to-day by every class in the direction of heavy taxation, widespread unemployment and the travail of existence generally, Britishers were a remarkably long-suffering and patient race. And then from this great publicist, who is respected by friend and foe alike for the sincerity of his statesmanship and the breadth of his vision, came the comment which has, we freely admit, inspired this little leader. “The Britisher,” he said, “is on the whole a very clear-thinking and logical soul, and among the most powerful of the brakes which have controlled and prevented the ruinous anarchism Russia and Germany have known, has been his capacity to set a standard of comparison. Let me bring my meaning more directly home to you. I believe, for example, that the universal knowledge of and the universal pride in the way the men of St. Dunstan's, who have fought and conquered what is to the average person the most terrible loss man can be called upon to bear, has in itself had a far-reaching influence on the nation's outlook on life. The men of St. Dunstan's stand to most of us as living examples of how little—how feebly little—a thing is the absence of employment, the loss of this or that comfort or luxury we might have known, compared with the immense sacrifice that these men have made for us all. We know how splendidly they have belittled the extent of that sacrifice by the bravely energetic lives they are living to-day, and it has set us a standard by which we can see our own woes in a perspective which I am sure has helped to make Britain such barren ground for the wild sown seeds of the revolutionists.”

We have quoted the words as they were spoken as nearly as our memory serves, and we believe there is not a man of St. Dunstan's who will not read them with the same thrill of pride with which we heard them spoken—pride in the knowledge that as one of

the men of St. Dunstan's he has been given the courage, the determination and the power to prove to the Empire that the

Home-land that was worth his sacrifice is worth our keeping free from the ruin of Civil War.



St. Dunstan's New Shop

THE splendid success which St. Dunstan's as an Organisation has achieved has been rendered possible by the effective co-ordination of all the factors which must enter into such a wide-spread scheme of rebuilding lives—to quote a recent description we heard of St. Dunstan's activities.

It will be obvious that we should have been working along a very blind alley had we undertaken to make highly-trained craftsmen of war-blinded men without providing in every possible way for the establishment of markets for the work of their hands, not only while under training, but when they were settled as useful citizens again in their own homes.

Thus it has been that almost from the first establishment of St. Dunstan's workshops we have conducted a sales department which has been responsible for the marketing of the goods made by our men. Every form of enterprise that could help to this end has been undertaken. Stands have been taken and displays made at exhibitions and shows all over the country. The local sale of goods made by our men has been fostered in every way by Headquarters, and St. Dunstan's has maintained special Sales Shops in London where the public could buy everything which we produce. For some time past, however, it has been felt by Headquarters that our Sales Shop in New Oxford Street was not too well placed to ensure the greatest market possible, and arrangements were therefore made for securing a really fine centre in the best quarter of shopping London.

The outcome of these efforts was seen on the 28th June, when St. Dunstan's new shop at 155 Regent Street, W.1, was formally opened to the public by Mr. Gordon Selfridge.

On arrival Mr. Selfridge was received by our President, Lady (Arthur) Pearson, and our Chairman, Captain Ian Fraser.

In a short introductory address, Captain Fraser explained to the company present the reasons which had prompted the opening of this new shop, and he emphasised the added sense of security given to the men of St. Dunstan's by the knowledge that every effort was being made to find a market for the goods they produce.

In declaring the shop open, Mr. Selfridge said he welcomed this new entrant in the broad world of business, and he trusted it would meet with the full success it deserved. "A good position," said Mr. Selfridge, "is one of the great secrets of success in business, and no organisation in the country is more deserving of that position than St. Dunstan's." Mr. Selfridge added that he desired to be an immediate purchaser, and the fact that he was at this juncture presented by the little daughter of G. Eaton with a brass-handled tray, made by her father, did not prevent Mr. Selfridge making other purchases. Among the company present were the Duchess of Hamilton, Lady Emmott, Lady Erleigh, Lady Mond and Lady Coghlan. There were also a number of St. Dunstan's men representative of the different industries which provide goods for sale in the shop.

Since its opening the new shop has been a centre of interest for the shopping public, and its well-dressed window is always surrounded by interested folk. Within a week of the formal opening no less distinguished a customer than H.R.H. Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles, paid a visit to the shop as an ordinary customer. She made a most interested and thorough tour of the shop and shop-room, and made various purchases.

Visit of the French Military Attache to the Bungalow

ONE of the most delightful little functions which have taken place at the Bungalow, occurred on Tuesday, the 27th of June, when General Vicomte de la Panouse, the military Attache of the French Ambassador in London, came to greet our boys. It seems that the previous week, when the French Prime Minister, M. Poincaré, was entertained at the Hotel Cecil, that a number of our boys were invited to be present. M. Poincaré, with his usual thoughtfulness, upon hearing that our boys were present, sent them his greetings accompanied by a glass of champagne. A few days later, Captain Ribot from the Embassy, called upon the Matron, and asked if he might be allowed on behalf of the French Government to send along some champagne to our Tuesday evening Social, so that the boys could drink the health of their French comrades, and in memory of the victory of Verdun. Accordingly, on this important Tuesday evening the champagne arrived—and so did the boys. We hardly expected the French Government would be represented, and were delighted when the Vicomte de la Panouse came to represent the Ambassador of France.

The General was tremendously interested in the dancing, and was amazed at the excellent way in which they were conducted. Two of our boys, one who was a countryman of his, and the other, who had married a country-woman of his, were presented to him, and he seemed very happy indeed to meet them.

Captain Fraser, who was accompanied by Mrs. Fraser and Colonel Eric Ball, made one of his delightful little speeches, in which he spoke of the way in which the British and French had fought side by side and of the wonderful resistance the French had put up at Verdun. He thanked the General and the Ambassador for their great kindness in thinking of the boys in such a practical way, and then called

upon us to raise our glasses in honour of France.

The toast being given, the Vicomte de la Panouse made a most charming reply, saying how proud his comrades were to fight side by side with the British, how much France appreciated the sacrifices that had been made by Britain, and congratulated our boys upon the way they had triumphed over their blindness. He made one very beautiful remark when he said that it was upon the fair fields of France that the eyes of many of our boys had last rested, and how much France honoured their sacrifice. Immediately upon the conclusion of his speech our Band struck up with splendid enthusiasm the "Marseillaise," and then from that notable French song we immediately gave him our true British welcome—"For he's a jolly good fellow."

Colonel Ball, in thanking the General for coming and Captain Fraser for presiding, pointed out how wrong it was after witnessing such a function to think for a moment that France and England were not the best of comrades. He felt that nothing could mar the Entente, and that such a pleasant evening rather served to cement an already strong and indissoluble friendship. And so we had a very pleasant evening; we enjoyed the dance, we enjoyed the speeches—and I feel sure we enjoyed the champagne! E. W.



THE interviewer at the bedside of the aviator who fell two thousand feet and hit the earth, asked gently:

"Tell me, what was your dominating thought as you fell through all that space?"

And the aviator, true to form, lit a cigarette, smiled, and said:

"Why, the thought that impressed me most was that I was about the only thing that wasn't going!"



NEWS OF ST. DUNSTANERS

A ST. DUNSTAN'S PRIZE BABY

WE learn that K. C. Gatrell, of Worthing, and his wife carried off the second prize for their little one in the Baby Show recently. We offer our hearty congratulations to all three concerned!

NEWS FROM NEW ZEALAND

Another overseas St. Dunstaner has decided that "life with a wife is the life for me" (as the old song has it), and we offer our sincere congratulations to J. P. Robinson, of Nelson, N.Z., on his engagement to Miss Dora Beatson. The wedding, we understand, is to take place in the early spring, and the home is now being built at Stoke, a suburb of Nelson, N.Z. Robinson, who has not, since he left us, enjoyed the best of health is, we are glad to hear, very much more fit now. He proposes to make Poultry Farming one of his activities, but meanwhile will not let his other work drop—a wise decision when launching out into an industry which it must necessarily take some little time to establish on a really paying basis.

A CARNIVAL WEEK PRIZE WINNER

The first Carnival Week ever held in Bridlington will be cheerfully remembered by G. Lawty of that place. In sending the news of this event Lawty writes:—

"A prize of £5 5s. was offered for the best decorated Business Premises. Competition in this class was very keen, and the prize had to be shared by three of the largest shops in the town, so you will see that Lawty was up against it. However, you will be pleased to hear that I was awarded a special prize of £2 2s., and was complimented by the people generally. Here I might add that this prize was not awarded me on the sympathy stunt, but purely on merit. Although my premises are only small, you will notice by the

post card that neatness is combined with the decorations."

With his letter Lawty sends a picture of his shop very gaily beflagged, and, with the big mat in the centre of the window bearing the words Carnival Week, the whole effect is very smart and attractive. Our heartiest congratulations; this is the sort of effort that keeps the Torch of St. Dunstan's burning brightly as well as adding "grist to the mill" of the Men of St. Dunstan's who show such enterprise.

A SUCCESSFUL POULTRYMAN

The following letter from A. J. Knopp was unfortunately crowded out of our last issue owing to pressure on our space. It tells, however, such a stimulating story of success and content that we are glad to give very full extracts from it. We learn that Knopp is exhibiting at several other shows, and we hope to hear has been equally successful:—

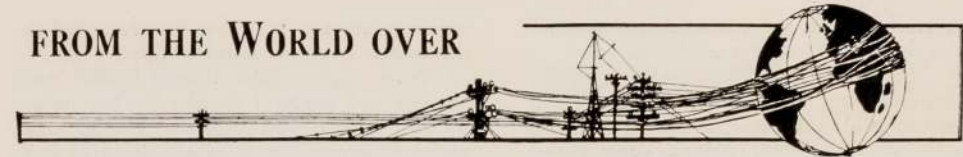
"As to-day appears to be one of our 'red letter' days I am writing to let you know how things are going.

"We have this morning received the enclosed card notifying us of our success in the Notts County Best Kept Poultry Competition. This competition has been held from the beginning of last November up to 25th March, and we are very pleased with the result. We shall also be awarded an additional prize which we shall be allowed to choose from a given selection. If the first prize winners do not take it, I shall ask for the 200 chick brooder which is on the list.

"I should like very much to be at the Poultry Club dinner, but it is rather an expensive luxury: it would either mean two journeys to Nottingham or else staying for the night, as I am sending three birds to the Burton Joyce Show so should probably go on there as well.

"Just a few words about incubation. We have had great success this season in this

FROM THE WORLD OVER



direction owing to my wife's capable management of our five incubators. Our worst hatch this season was 60 per cent. and this only happened once, the average being from 75 to 80½ per cent., and this morning we have beaten all records with a hatch of 51 strong chicks out of 55 eggs.

"We are still incubating as fast as we can as orders have poured in from all parts ever since the beginning of the season, and owing to lack of incubator capacity we have had to refuse orders for many a hundred chicks. I received one order for four thousand chicks, but had to refuse it for the same reason. I have the offer of it for next year, however, if I can manage it, and it may possibly be doubled. It would mean a considerable outlay for new machines, I'm afraid, but we shall have to wait and see how we get on."

BASKET WORK BOOMING

J. Buckle, of King's Lynn, provides a fine example of how the will to work and make good breeds success. Buckle only left St. Dunstan's as recently as November last, and we understand that consistently good reports have been received as to his progress.

In a recent letter this St. Dunstaner writes:—

"For some time past I have had quite a rush of orders, but now we have cleared off most of the pressing orders.

"I would like to say how much I appreciate the visiting instructor's patient help. Since I have been home, I have realised more than ever how much St. Dunstan's and the After-Care have meant to me.

"I have found many difficulties in my basket work, but by careful thought and application to the job in hand, I have managed to overcome them; at least, I think I have given satisfaction to all the people I have sold my baskets to.

"The basket work I find most interesting, and enjoy every moment spent in my

little workshop. Since I came home last November I have had hardly a slack moment, and the time passes most quickly and pleasantly. By supplying Garden Fêtes and doing some work for the Norwich Exhibition, it has become known all round the immediate neighbourhood that there is a St. Dunstaner in Grimston who makes baskets, and so the orders flow in. I would like to thank you for the interest taken in me and the many kindnesses shown me. What little success I have made, I owe to the happy months I spent in St. Dunstan's and the splendid organisation of the After-Care Department.

"Knowing that whilst I do my very best I am proving the faith which our dear late Chief had in the boys of St. Dunstan's in their fight for 'Victory over Blindness.'"

A WONDERFUL CHAIR

Some time since we were invited to Headquarters to see the trial journey of a special mechanical chair which the Settlement Department was providing for C. H. Cause whose disability made some special adaptations from anything like the usual pattern essential. We found the chair a very ingeniously-designed production, and were not surprised to hear its future owner express much delight in it. We have pleasure in printing the following acknowledgment received by the After-Care Department from Cause:—

"I have much pleasure in informing you that I have now come into possession of my 'Rolls-Royce.' Some time ago I suffered a disappointment by not receiving a Mechanical Chair from the Ministry of Pensions, but I feel quite sure that had a chair been received from that source it would never have equalled the chair so carefully selected by Mr. Black. This chair, which has been refitted with modifications to suit my disability in accordance with

the well-thought-out plans of that gentleman, is everything one could wish for.

"Mrs. Cause and myself wish to tender our most heartfelt thanks to you for being instrumental in bringing this great pleasure to us, and will you please convey our warmest thanks to all others concerned."



BUSINESS GOOD

We are glad to learn from a letter sent by H. D. Clevett, of Durrington, that he is able to report very good business. Clevett says, "I have not had one day without something coming in since I opened the Shop. It is all boot repairs, and so I don't get much time for mats."

We also learn that this St. Dunstaner is going in for poultry keeping on a small scale, and we wish him every success with this venture.



RE-ESTABLISHING A BUSINESS

A good many old St. Dunstaners have been afforded the opportunity by our Settlement Department (where their loss of sight has not proved an insuperable barrier) of re-establishing the business in which they were engaged before they joined the army. W. A. Biggs, of Leicester, is one of those whom it has been found possible to help in this way. Prior to the war Biggs had invented a boot polish which had achieved considerable local success. Then came army service and his loss of sight, and Biggs came to St. Dunstan's to be trained as a boot repairer. When he had been established in business again he saw opportunities for remarketing his old invention. The outcome is perhaps best expressed in the following extract from a letter received from him by Headquarters:—

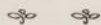
"Will you please convey my heartfelt and sincere thanks to the executive officials and committee of St. Dunstan's for the practical help and financial assistance given to me during my training and when placed on the After-Care Department. . . . As you know I have had a strenuous time re-establishing my Boot Polish business, which is going along rather better than I anticipated, and I am

looking forward to a big development in the course of a few months' time.

"Now myself and family tender our sincere and grateful thanks for the magnificent advice and practical suggestions given to us in the re-establishing of our business; the assistance and guidance in the various difficulties that cropped up have made it possible for us to look forward to a bright, happy and prosperous future.

"I trust the time is not far distant when I may be able to devote a little time and energy to the progressive advancement of the noble and glorious St. Dunstan's."

We know well that the staff at Headquarters who have dealt with Biggs' case are keenly hopeful that he will achieve the success with his enterprise which he so thoroughly deserves, and we add our heartiest wishes also.



Notes on Mat-making

[We have received the following from the Superintendent of Workshops.—E.D.]

THE little pamphlet issued to each man on leaving St. Dunstan's has just been revised. The opportunity has been taken to add a brief explanation of a method of finding out the number of square feet in any special size mat in order that the price to be charged can be calculated. Several examples are given in order to make the method clear.

The Chain Apparatus, devised by our Chief Instructor, is now in general use and well understood. It has been thought, however, that a few notes as to its use would be valued by some men, and so these have been inserted.

Some valuable hints on the method of working from a bundle of plait prepared by one of the Technical Visitors have also been included. These have been prompted by practical experience of the difficulties some men encounter, and will prove most useful.

The great importance of maintaining an even standard in Mat-making should never be forgotten.

The "thrums" should all be of an even length. If the knife is not kept level with the surface of the mat it means that half

of the thrums are shorter than the other half. The result is that even when the mat is sheared the surface is uneven. In extreme cases some thrums have been half an inch or more shorter than others, and even come out of the back of the mat.

If a mat is cleanly cut with a sharp knife it can easily have a very good appearance without being sheared.

Thickness is another matter which should have careful attention. It is quite easy to cut a mat of a regular thickness of $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches. To make it thicker means a *dead loss* by using more material than is necessary, and the mat is no better. A thick mat is too heavy and is not a good mat.

A good shape is very necessary. Watch the sides carefully and keep selvedge straight. Measure sides when working, and keep them equal, and finish with a square end. A well-placed border and good square corners will then give the best results.

A copy of these "Revised Notes on Mat-making" can be obtained by any Mat-maker on request.



The Garden Fete

JULY 7th, the day fixed for the opening of the two days Garden Fête at St. John's Lodge, for the benefit of the Arthur Pearson Memorial Fund, was a very wet one, and more like January than the month of July. This, however, did not damp the enthusiasm of the goodly crowd which congregated for the opening ceremony, which was performed by H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught, who afterwards made a tour of the workshops and addressed the workers of each in turn. The workshops were open for inspection all the evening, but the boys ceased work at four-thirty, and after having tea at the Canteen, they took part in the revelries going on in the grounds.

The obvious happiness of the boys helped in a great measure to dispel the effects of the weather on the visitors, and their determined onslaught against the "Cokernut Shies" greatly encouraged the onlookers and also boosted up trade for

the lady and gentleman in charge of that particular side-show.

Other well-patronised features of the Fête were:—"The Marconi Wireless Telephone Concerts," "The Water Otter," "The Balloon Race," "Roulette," "The Bran Tubs," and "Dancing on the Lawn," with the Band of the Coldstreamers and the St. Dunstan's Orchestra in attendance.

A Ballot with ten valuable prizes was also very well patronised, and one of the lucky winners was a Bandsman of the "Coldstreamers," who received a great ovation from his comrades when he returned to them bearing his trophy in his hands. A detachment of the Fresh Air Fund children were present each day, and amply provided with cokernuts by our boys and the visitors, these poor little souls went away perfectly happy. Altogether the whole thing was a great success, and would have been a grand show if the weather conditions had been more favourable.

Saturday, the second day of the Fête, promised at first to provide better weather. The promise was maintained until the early evening when steady and persistent rain began to fall again. However, the attendance by that time had reached goodly proportions, and generally the results in every way were better. The opening ceremony was performed by Dame Margaret Lloyd George, who afterwards visited the workshops and spoke a few words to the men. She said that as a hard worker all the week she usually expected to be free on Saturday afternoons, but she did not think she could have enjoyed herself so much in any other way as by seeing the cheery and capable workers of St. Dunstan's at their interesting occupations. She thanked them for giving up their own half-holiday for such a splendid cause as they were all working by means of the Fête to support. Mrs. Lloyd George, accompanied by Lady (Arthur) Pearson, and Captain Ian Fraser, afterwards spent a considerable time visiting the various attractions which were provided, and the Press photographers present secured, with great joy, pictures of Dame Margaret taking cokernut shies in turn with Lady Pearson.—*Observer*.

The Sixth Sense

By G. DOUGLAS WARDEN

We have pleasure in printing below the following article on a subject which must be of the deepest interest to every blinded person. Our contributor (a St. Dunstaner who is in business in London) deals with his subject in a thoughtful and well-reasoned way.

THE closest scrutiny of all available literature would, it is safe to assume, reveal little or nothing on the subject of what might be termed, for want of a better expression, facial resonance or nerve reflection, that sense which, when developed from its dormancy, signals to the brain the close proximity of any solid object by a sensation of air pressure on the face. To the ordinary person, possessed of physical sight, this sixth sense—for indeed it richly deserves such distinction—is very little known or even realised. This ignorance is explained by the fact that with the services of sight this resonance would serve no useful purpose, and in consequence remains dormant until the necessity arises for its development. Indeed, the very existence of such a faculty is not usually suspected. Its existence and value are as a rule only understood when, physical sight failing, all one's reserves are called upon to yield their greatest efficiency.

The ambitious man without sight is consumed by one desire—normality and the great degree to which this power can be developed and provide the most potent props on which to pursue his ambition. By its aid, inconspicuous pedestrianism is not only possible but comparatively simple. It is not too much to say that without this help attention would be inevitably drawn to his handicap. A few points in connection with this subject may be of interest.

What is this facial resonance? It is a very close relation to the sense of touch, and produces, when near an obstacle of almost any kind, a feeling of pressure on the facial surface nerves. This pressure or heaviness increases in accordance with the distance of one's face from that object. It is possible that this sensation is caused by air displaced by a solid body, but that is, of course, by the way.

A man whose sight has been destroyed can, without any apparent communication with, say, a brick wall, pursue a parallel course, his distance from the wall varying according to the degree to which he has developed his sixth sense. Obstacles passed on the way (lamp-posts, etc.) are noted and, as with sighted people, semi-consciously envisaged, and distances, sizes, etc., measured. A short, thick object like a pillar letter-box is easily distinguishable from a lamp standard, a low wall is noted as distinct from say a fence-work boundary, etc. Such splendid service is rendered this man through his nerve sensitiveness that few but the keen observer notice his disability when travelling in the streets. To the handicapped this is a great achievement on the road to successful normality.

We now arrive at the question as to the origin of such a faculty. Since it is ordinarily dormant it is probable that it is an inheritance from the dim distant past when life commenced its development of senses. Undoubtedly the first sensation of living organisms was touch. We are told authentically that in one stage of evolution the elephant was a sightless animal, but that through the ages physical sight developed. It is reasonable to suppose that in its helplessness the sense of touch must have become extraordinarily strong, and that this sense of resonance would grow startlingly in that part of its anatomy which was exposed to unpleasant blows. So great must have been its powers in that direction that the sight as we know it must have grown from this faculty. No fine line could be drawn between this sense of resonance and actual sight, so that the transition must have been a gradual one. The example of the elephant must, I consider, be taken merely as an instance of the progress of evolution in all living matter.

The National Whist Championship

A Remarkable Gathering at Olympia

FIFTY-SIX very serious-faced ladies and gentlemen sat down at small tables placed in the Minor Hall at Olympia, at 6 p.m., on Friday evening, June 30th. Upon each table was a new pack of cards, and upon the distribution of these pieces of paste board and the skill or otherwise with which they were played depended on the winning of £2,000. The occasion was the Final of the St. Dunstan's National Whist Championship. Originated by the late Sir Arthur Pearson to provide much-needed funds in aid of his work for the war-blinded men of St. Dunstan's and the civilian blind population, whose interests are in the care of the National Institute for the Blind, this mammoth whist tourney has provided interest and amusement for many thousands of players through the winter. The scheme has gained such widespread public support that its details are familiar to most of our readers, but the lines of the contest may be mentioned briefly. Local qualifying rounds have been held in many cities, towns and villages of Great Britain, and players securing 140 points or over have qualified for a District Championship. Winners of these have in turn competed the County Round to secure the right to compete in the Final to determine the National Champion and the destination of the handsome Silver Challenge Cup and the big cash prizes for the winner and runners-up.

It can well be imagined that the successful conduct of such a widespread scheme has meant an immense amount of work and thought, and it is wonderful proof of the universal sympathy and interest of the public in the work for the blind that everyone of the drives in connection with the Championship have been arranged and organised by voluntary helpers—ladies and gentlemen who have spared no pains and no effort to ensure success. In the majority of cases the prizes given at each drive have been provided by the generosity of local firms,

while the prize money and other awards in the Final have been presented by great National Trading Houses.

Some interesting features of this unique competition may be mentioned. The County Champions taking part in the Final were represented by 25 ladies and 31 gentlemen, rather contrary to precedent, as usually ladies carry off considerably more prizes than men. The youngest of the competitors was Master David M. Jones, of Llanrhysted, the Champion of Cardiganshire, who is only 15 years of age. As the cash prizes alone total something over £2,000, and there were only 56 competitors, the value of each one's place in the Final was roughly £40. The proceedings commenced with a reception for competitors in the Pillar Hall at 4.30, where afternoon tea was provided. At 5.45 competitors proceeded to the card tables placed in the Minor Hall, and their friends who had accompanied them adjourned to the gallery to watch the play. After this was finished, the company dined under the Presidency of Captain Ian Fraser, the Chairman of St. Dunstan's. Shortly after 9 o'clock the prize-winners were announced by the Chief Organiser, the name and awards being as follows:—

First Prize, £1,000 (presented by the proprietors of "Nugget" Boot Polish): Miss H. C. Rainford, White Edge Farm, Hightown, Liverpool.

Second Prize, £500 (presented by Wood Milne, Ltd.): Mr. H. Nixon, 18 Edward Street, Warwick.

Third Prize, £500 (presented by the proprietors of "Glaxo"): Mr. W. J. Watkins, Bryn Glas, Cross Keys, Monmouth.

Fourth Prize, Piano (presented by John Broadwood & Sons, Ltd.): Mr. R. Preston, 20 Lish Avenue, Whitley Bay, Northumberland.

Fifth Prize, Piano (presented by the Chappell Piano Co., Ltd.): Mrs. A. Remfry, 3 Beaumont Place, Crownhill, Plymouth.

Miss Rainford thus becomes the National Whist Champion and the holder for the year of the handsome Silver Challenge Cup.

Chapel Notes

IT seemed strange that after writing about our tiny organ in last month's notes to have to report the addition to our services of quite a nice instrument, which is making all the difference to the vocal part of our worship. Through the kind offices of Mr. Kessell an excellent American organ was brought to us from Blackheath, and its tone has been greatly admired.

Again, I am happy to say our attendances are keeping up. I especially like the old boys who were, and are, so interested in our Chapel to know this. It is surely helpful to feel that we have them in our intercessions, and that the spiritual side of the work is still forward. During the past month we have had a special service on behalf of the London Hospital Fund, and were able to send quite a respectable amount as our contribution to that thoroughly deserving cause.

There will be a special celebration of Holy Communion on our last Sunday of term, July 24th. ❀ ❀

Births

M. O'HARA, son	- - -	April 26, 1922
J. H. HAM, daughter	- - -	May 11, 1922
G. F. SMITH, daughter	- - -	May 11, 1922
J. LOWDEN, daughter	- - -	May 30, 1922
F. HACKETT, twins	- - -	May 31, 1922
T. EAMES, twins	- - -	June 1, 1922
A. W. GROCOTT, son	- - -	June 2, 1922
J. McAVOY, daughter	- - -	June 2, 1922
H. J. GOODWIN, son	- - -	June 3, 1922
D. LEWIS, daughter	- - -	June 4, 1922
E. FEARN, son	- - -	June 5, 1922
D. LIVINGSTONE, daughter	- - -	June 6, 1922
S. TARRY, son	- - -	June 7, 1922
G. J. SMITH, daughter	- - -	June 9, 1922
G. H. HAWKINS, son	- - -	June 11, 1922
W. STAMP, son	- - -	June 13, 1922
C. W. MATTHEWS, son	- - -	June 23, 1922

Marriages

ON Thursday, June 15, at Marylebone Registry Office, Albert Anderson was married to Miss Daisy Scouse.

On Saturday, July 8th, at Marylebone Parish Church, Ernest Woodward was married to Miss Grace Edith Clinch.

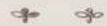
At St. Ann's Church, Tottenham, H. Saunders was married to Miss Gladys Alice Isabella Bloomfield, on July 1st.

John Macfarlane was married on May 20th, at Christ Church, Brondesbury, to Miss Gladys Needham.



Obituary

On Monday, June 12th, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Tomkinson passed away after an operation.



Departmental Notes

Netting Room

WE have again had the pleasure of attending the West Surrey Goat Club Show, held this year at Guildford. The Committee kindly asked us to take a netting party on both days of the Show, June 23rd and 24th, and we were given a sheltered stall in the Cattle Market, where we had ample space to set up a table of goods to sell, and where our netters could demonstrate their skill at Goats Nets, which were naturally in good demand. Many of the exhibitors who bought our nets last year greeted us as old friends, and proved again good customers. It was noticeable that all the best cared for goats among the one hundred and fifty or so exhibits, were provided with hay nets. We were told that our nets were much liked by the goats, who are not above occasionally munching them up along with their contents. We feel this is good for trade, although we offer no opinion as to whether it is equally good for the goats' digestions. We offer our best thanks to Messrs. Mason, Meredith, Brooker and Pawley, who kindly formed our netting parties, and whose cheery presence added to the success of our own exhibit. G.H.W.

Braille Room Notes

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

Reading Test: T. Powell, J. Buckle, and A. H. Bradley.

Writing Test: W. A. Foulkes, W. Birch, T. McNicholls, W. A. Burtenshaw and G. J. Kilsby.

The following are among the books that have recently been added to the National Library for the Blind:—"Days before Yesterday," by Lord Frederick Hamilton; "Heretics," by G. K. Chesterton; "King Arthur in History and Legend," by W. Lewis Jones; "Close of the Middle Ages, 1273-1494," by R. Lodge; "Ireland in the Last Fifty Years," by E. Barker; "Psychology," by W. James; "Thirteen Travellers," by H. Walpole; "Knight on Wheels," by Ian Hay; "Rainbow's End," by Rex Beach; "Rocks of Valpre," by E. M. Dell.



Typewriting, Shorthand and Telephony

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

H. A. Critchell, Captain J. C. Williams, W. H. Trussler, G. Barr, and H. A. Baker.

W. Nicholls has obtained a position as telephonist with Messrs. Sharp & Perrin, Old Change, Cannon Street, E.C., and started work on June 6th. We wish him all the best of luck and every success on this rather busy board. D. A. P.



For Poultry Farmers Some Easily-Made Accessories

CAPTAIN A. R. T. Peareth, a St. Dunstaner Poultry Farmer, of Staplehurst, in sending the particulars of some useful additions to a Poultry Farmer's outfit, says: "They are both things I use and make myself. The bins are much cheaper than those one buys ready made, and I think any other St. Dunstaner can make them easily and would find them useful if they are troubled

with as many rats as I am." Captain Peareth also appends to his instructions for making some rough sketches, but we think our readers will find the details he gives sufficiently explanatory.

SHEET IRON CORN BIN

Frame-work made of 2 in. by 2 in. First of all cut four pieces of the 2 in. by 2 in. the exact length of the sheet iron. Then nail (with clout nails, 1 in.) the iron on to the pieces of 2 in. by 2 in., top and bottom. Then cut four pieces more of 2 in. by 2 in. to fit in., and nail them on. Thus two sides are made. If the bin is required to be divided in two or three divisions, cut and nail on more pieces the length of *a* to *b* at the required distances apart. Next cut four pieces of 2 in. by 2 in. for the ends, cutting them 4 inches shorter than the width of the iron as they are to be spiked between the sides. If more divisions are being made, cut the extra pieces the same length as the end pieces, and spike on the same way. Next nail on the bottom piece of iron, and having cut the fourth pieces of iron in half, nail each half on to the ends. If divisions are required fill in these with match boarding; finally add lid of match boarding and creosote the lid.

"My own bins are 6 feet long by 3 feet deep by 3 feet broad; one is divided into two, and one half holds 1½ quarters of wheat, the other half holds 5 cwt. of dry mash. The other bins are divided into three, and each part 1¼ qrs. oats, 2 cwt. middlings, or 1 cwt. bran, or 2 cwt. clover meal.

"The cost of making a bin last year was 24s., complete, but material is now about 25 per cent. cheaper."

GATE HINGES

To make hinges that allow a gate to open either way, all that is required are two heavy screw eyes and two heavy screw hooks in the shape of an L, they should be about quarter of an inch thick. Screw the eye into the gate and the L into the post, then lift the gate up so that the eyes drop over the L. The cost is about 1d. or 1½d. a gate.

Our Visitors

By EDITH R. MANSELL-MOULLIN

[Our readers will remember the article by "Merrythought" under the above heading, which appeared in our last issue, and we have pleasure in giving hereunder the impression on the same subject of a lady who has given up much of her time to showing the wonders of St. Dunstan's to visitors to our classrooms and workshops.—ED.]

IT has given me very great pleasure to read "Merrythought's" interesting article on "Our Visitors," and it encourages me to say a few words from a different point of view.

It has been my great privilege for many years to conduct parties of visitors round the workshops every Tuesday afternoon. I must have personally conducted hundreds, probably thousands of visitors, and it has been work of never-failing interest, owing to the different types of people and the wonderful things one always has to show them.

At the old St. Dunstan's it took fifty minutes to go round thoroughly, but I often had to curtail this, as one had to go round three, and sometimes four times, in one afternoon: on many occasions taking parties consisting of thirty to forty visitors at a time.

I never repeat the same story. I just tell each visitor what I think will appeal to him or to her.

I have taken round people who have literally come from all parts of the world. In old St. Dunstan's there was so much to see, from the brocaded satin on the walls of the Lounge, to the two Chapels, Ball-room, Poultry Farm, etc. Then there was always the story to tell about the history of the Clock. On one occasion a lady said to me, after I had given the accurate date of the fire of London, etc.: "Now I know why the face of the Clock was made so huge. It was so that the blind boys can read it easily!"

Now that the workshops are so much smaller, and the workers few in number in comparison with war-time, I go back to the past, and find all visitors are interested in hearing what was done in those days, and how the most sorely wounded men have "made good" and are now leading happy, useful lives.

I shall never forget one lady whom I took round in 1917. She was weeping bitterly, and I begged her to control herself. I told her that at St. Dunstan's we one and all tried to follow the great Chief's example, and never gave way. She told me she had prayed for two years that her only son might not be blinded, and *her prayer had been answered*. I asked her in what way. She said he had been killed. She had felt thankful for this until that afternoon when I took her into the Mat Department, and she heard the boys singing and saw them looking so happy. She now realised how wrong she had been, and she went away saying she would spend her life in trying to interest others in St. Dunstan's.

Speaking of the Mat Department reminds me of an incident of a later date. I was showing a party with great pride one of our beautiful mats with SALVE printed large in the centre of it, and a man said to me in a whisper: "What a pity he has put that on the mat, for they will not stand being called *Slaveys* nowadays!"

Another time I was conducting a very large party through the Carpentery Department. Standing at one of the benches was one of our big Australians. I missed one of the party, and I went back to this bench, and I heard her say: "How beautiful yer are! What a lovely, noble face!" I took her arm, and dragged her away, and said: "Please do not say these things. He is not deaf. He is only blind." I had not gone on very far when I had again to go back to fetch her. This time I heard her say: "If I were twenty years younger I would marry yer at once." I must add that his self-control was marvellous; he might have been a statue.

I have been asked countless questions of all sorts. One is expected to be the

fount of all knowledge. There is only one question (a very frequent one) as to how the boys catch a runaway chicken, to which I have never found a satisfactory reply, but one of the boys himself answered it by saying: "It is all done by kindness."

This last is a very good motto for St. Dunstan's, especially for the teachers; and how kind everybody is, including the visitors, who very often have, I am sure, denied themselves (especially in the lean days of 1918), and I shall particularly remember always the parties of factory workers and school children, who all brought gifts.

I must close, though I could go on and on, for one never wearies of the story of "Victory over Blindness."

The thought that the great Chief, who fought in his own person to bring this victory, can now "*see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied*," helps to console us all for his loss, and to carry on.

St. Dunstan's Regatta

[Just as we go to press the following report reaches us.—ED.]

THE Henley of the men of St. Dunstan's took place on the afternoon of July 11th at Putney, and a big programme of races was got through. The Vesta and Thames Rowing Clubs gave the hospitality of their club houses and generously helped in judging and organisation.

Great crowds watched the racing from the tow-path, and some keen and exciting finishes were seen, particularly in the final of the Open Fours, won by Bawden, Pawley, Pettit and Turnock, with Miss Paterson (cox).

A special event which attracted great public interest was the race between one-armed and one-legged men, won by Albertella (one-legged) and Downs (one-armed), who beat Barber (one-armed) and Walne (one-legged).

The racing concluded with an Invitation Fours between two crews of St. Dunstan's men and an ex-service men's crew from the London Fire Brigade. A well-fought

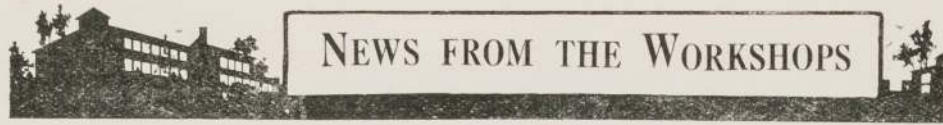
race resulted in a win for St. Dunstan's "A" crew by two lengths from St. Dunstan's "B" crew, the Fire Brigade crew finishing three lengths behind.

The full results were as follows:—

EVENTS	FIRST	SECOND	THIRD
SINGLE SCULLS Present Boys T.B. Final	Chafer, H. by 1½ lengths	Griffiths, J.	Urry, A.
OPEN FOURS Final	Bawden, W. G. Pawley, F. Pettit, D. Turnock, E. by 1 foot	Thompson, C. F. Nuyens, P. Edwards, J. Doubler, —	Thompson, H. V. Scott, T. Winter, F. Steel, H. M.
SINGLE SCULLS Present Boys S.S. Final	McGee, J. by 1 length	Potts, H.	Allen, W. Paterson, R. Dead Heat
DOUBLE SCULLS Final	Pettit, D. Pawley, F. by 2½ lengths	Webster, S. Rhodes, —	Urry, A. Clarke, T. E.
SINGLE SCULLS Old Boys S.S. Final	James, A. by 3 lengths	Gimber, J.	Varley, E.
PAIR OARS Present Boys Final	Bawden, W. G. Turnock, E. by 1 length	Watmore, T. Burtenshaw, W.	Spink, J. Wood, H.
SINGLE SCULLS Old Boys T.B. Final	Thompson, H. V. by 2 lengths	Webster, S.	Ingram, J.
PAIR OARS Old Boys Final	Trott, Cashmore by 1 length	Nuyens, P. Edwards, J.	Meredith, T. S. Gimber, J.
SPECIAL EVENT One-Armed & One-Legged Men's Race	Drummer, M. A. by 2 lengths	Barber, R. Walne, J.	
INVITATION FOURS	Bawden, W. G. Pawley, F. Pettit, D. Turnock, E. by 2 lengths	Thompson, C. F. Nuyens, P. Edwards, J. Doubler, — by 3 lengths	The London Fire Brigade's Four

T.B.—Totally Blind S.S.—Semi-Sighted

AUGUST being holiday month the next issue of "St. Dunstan's Review" will appear in September. We take this opportunity of wishing the sunniest of weather and the happiest of holidays to all our readers



NEWS FROM THE WORKSHOPS

BOOT SHOP

THE men who have started on this trade during this term have done remarkably well. H. A. Baker has made very steady progress, and has already gained useful experience in all-round work. A. Dean has done excellently with shape and nailing, and keeps up a very uniform standard. Another very steady worker is W. A. H. Farmery, who has formed a very good idea of the requirements of the trade. The advance made by H. D. S. Wood is also quite satisfactory. His rivetting and finishing this month have been decidedly better. H. W. Allen has been doing some extremely careful and very satisfactory work. He does particularly well with ladies' soles, and gets a nice clean finish. The steady consistent work of S. Barlow has enabled him to overcome all the initial difficulties, and in all parts of the work he has shown a marked improvement. W. H. Trussler continues to do well; he gets good square edges and has also had useful experience with fixing quarter rubbers. The work of J. Rendell also shows steady progress. His marking and rivetting are both good, and there is every indication that he will make a very satisfactory repairer. Since our last report J. A. Greaves has had very useful experience with both Boots and Clogs; he has made every effort to advance, and takes every opportunity of gaining experience with every class of work, including some hand sewing. F. McMahon has also shown advance on clogs—particularly with his welting. W. Wright has completed his course on both Boots and Clogs and is to be congratulated on the large amount of useful work which he gets through. A. Lane has completed his course in Boot Repairing in an excellent manner. He has made every possible use of his opportunities while with us, being always ready to add to his previous knowledge. He had an all-round

experience in the work, and can turn out any class of repair very quickly and in good style.

MAT SHOP

A. Anderson completed his course with two very good mats, one with a five-diamond design. We feel sure that he will not only maintain this standard but improve upon it. B. Pursglove has also just left us. Mats made during June were fine examples of work, and once more we are glad to be able to congratulate him on his success in spite of serious additional disability. F. W. Brooker has now reached a satisfactory standard on plain work. The work of A. H. Bradley still continues to be of a first-class quality. In addition to plain mats, he has made one lettered mat, "Use Me," a red fibre fancy border, and a very good mat with five diamonds. The three kneelers he made were also remarkably good. S. Oxborough's work is always done in good style. We may particularly refer to one with his full name and another with St. Dunstan's Badge design. On receipt of a mat made by Oxborough, Lady Haig writes: "Please let Stanley Oxborough know how pleased I am with the Mat. It is quite beautifully made." By the time these notes are printed we shall have lost the services of E. Woodward, who has been a Pupil Teacher and Instructor in the Mat Shop since April, 1919. The men who have been under his charge will know the close attention he always gave to them and the particular aptitude which he developed in imparting instructions. They will, I am sure, wish to join with us in the workshops in very sincere wishes for his happiness in married life and his success in all respects. It is hardly necessary to remark upon the skill he has with his trade, but we can hardly avoid referring to the excellent mats which we have seen him make recently with which he will be stocking his workshop.

Curfew Must be Rung To-night

1917 VERSION

SLOWLY England's sun was setting
O'er the top of Primrose Hill,
Filling all the park with beauty
That St. Dunstan's did not fill,
And the last rays kissed the forehead
Of a man and maiden fair:
He with bowed head, far from thoughtful,
She with sunny floating hair,
He with arms around his dearie,
She with lips so far from white,
As they paused for breath to murmur
"Curfew MUST be rung to-night."

For the "adjie" at St. Dunstan's
(Though he may have once been young)
Had decreed that Bill must enter
Ere the supper bell was rung.
But the Chief of all St. Dunstan's
Had decreed and done it well:
You might seek the nearest shelter
Did you hear the warning bell.
Should your maiden hie you homeward,
Should she show one trace of fright,
You might stay with her till morning
If the curfew rang that night.

So they stood there undecided,
Though 'twas long past seven o'clock,
Then young Bessie grabbed her comrade
Giving Willie quite a shock;
She had seen the words, "Take Cover!"
Carried by a man in blue,
In a moment, Bill, her lover,
Heard the joyful ringing too.
Swiftly sped they down the pathway,
Each the other's hand clasped tight,
Willie pausing just to murmur
"Taint the supper bell to-night."

In the morning at St. Dunstan's
"Adjie" talks with Mr. Brown,
Enter Willie and his Bessie
Radiant in her freshest gown.
Willie seeks the dear old matron,
Introduces Bessie dear,
Tells her of the great betrothal,
Says the wedding day is near.
They were married from St. Dunstan's,
Mr. Tucker tied them tight;
Though the wedding bells were ringing,
Curfew did *not* ring that night.

THIRD RESERVE

BASKET SHOP

On the Centre Cane Table, J. Walne has been making some remarkably fine baskets, both Barrels and Workbaskets. He has also had experience with Oval work and also some Teapot Stands, Bread Baskets, etc. He appears to have overcome all his difficulties, and gets through his work unaided. G. Barr has also gained considerably in confidence, and is improving steadily with his management of the Borders. On Willows, H. Smy has done extremely well. He has a good memory and takes up strokes carefully; he has already had a try on Oval work. A. Stevens is now able to give more time to the trade. He has had some useful experience on Letter Baskets and Suit Cases and has had very satisfactory results with a Hamper. W. Birch has recently revised his small work, making a range of Barrel Baskets in good style. H. Jones has been doing Square work recently—following upon small Soiled Linen Baskets. His progress is very satisfactory. W. A. Foolkes has also done Soiled Linens, Square Arm Baskets and Hampers; he has made most advance probably with the latter. A. Sneddon continues to do extremely satisfactory work; Soiled Linens, Hampers, Letter Baskets and Cycle Baskets have been got through, and he has recently done extremely well with Oval Clothes Baskets. D. T. Vernon completed his course with some Workbaskets and Centre Cane Trays on which he obtained very good results.

JOINERY DEPARTMENT

Mr. Steel has completed a course of Joinery which should be very valuable to him as a basis for future developments. All his work has reached a very satisfactory standard. S. Holmes has found very great interest in the progress of his work. He has made a Palm Stand in Oak and a Meat Safe, and his workmanship has been of a very good quality. E. Harlow continues to make very steady progress, and his work in the final stages of Picture Framing has been very successful. T. E. Eaton has made a very fine Kitchen Table, which he will assemble for himself at home. He has also been enjoying an experience on a Palm Stand. W.H.O.

The Joy of Achievement

WE have received the following contributions to the discussion which we suggested might arise from the letter printed in our last issue from "Canuck":—

We have decided to award the prize of 10s. (presented by Mr. Charles J. Jones) to T. J. Floyd, of Twickenham, the writer of the letter which we print first.

"I am afraid my opinion on this subject is not in accord with that expressed by 'Canuck' in his letter, and I suggest he has rather missed the point.

"Now let us analyse the example he gives. Supposing he had taken his first walk from the Bungalow to Clarence Gate in the company of a sighted friend; would he have felt any degree of satisfaction? It is doubtful. Then supposing he had walked alone, not to Clarence Gate, but to, say, the barber's shop; would he have experienced any joy of achievement? Undoubtedly. There is no doubt, then, that the gratification came, not from walking, nor from journeying to any particular place, but in the successful completing of a journey unaccompanied by any guide. He felt he had, to a certain extent, regained his independence. Subsequent unaccompanied journeys were repetitions of the first bold move, and could hardly be expected to bring the same degree of satisfaction. For, after all, the amount of satisfaction obtained from the successful performance of any operation is surely relative to the importance of that operation.

"The knowledge that success is assured before the fight begins, does not, in my opinion, rob any man from the gratification obtained. How many readers remember the satisfaction they obtained from developing their first photographic plate, although hundreds of photographers before them had successfully developed hundreds of plates. Incidentally, 'Canuck' unconsciously endorses this statement, although meaning to hold an opposite opinion; for he admits getting a great

deal of gratification from his walk alone from the Bungalow to Clarence Gate, yet he must have done that walk in the full knowledge that many other St. Dunstaners—whom he mentions set him an example—had already successfully made the same journey. Did that knowledge rob him of any gratification? He tells us it did not."

Further contributions to this discussion are quoted below:—

EFFORT IS A STIMULANT

"It is human nature that we could not get the same keen satisfaction from repeating a first-won victory as from the pride and joy of an initial success; but surely, knowing that must be so, we should not, because of it, sit down and say, 'I shall not try and find a way of getting over any difficulty because once I have found it the joy of repeating that success will be reduced every time I do it.'

"That would be, to my mind, the death of all effort, all pleasure and all satisfaction in life, particularly for we who are so dependent upon an optimistic mental outlook for the pleasure we can get out of this world.

"The point that 'Canuck' apparently does not see is that the pleasure secured from one achievement is almost always the stimulant for making an effort in another direction—a never-ending vista of hope, which surely means everything not to only blind men but all human beings."

G.N.H.

DEGREES OF SUCCESS

"'Canuck' is surely very fortunate in knowing that 'victory is his before the fight starts.' I realise that he did not use these words in a personal sense, and that he was, in fact, trying to express how splendidly helped St. Dunstaners have been, and how pluckily they have turned that help to account. But, even so, he must know that there are degrees of

The Empire of the Blind

Below appears a message, sent by Captain Fraser to the *Empire Mail*, in response to a request directed by the Editor of that paper to representative leaders of Empire organisations for a message for their readers on Empire Day.

IN almost every corner of the far-flung British Empire there is to-day a man of St. Dunstan's who is proving, as much by the brave independence of his life now as by the greatness of the sacrifice he has made, how much that Empire means to him.

I am asked to give a message from the men of St. Dunstan's which may help to advance the cause of Empire consolidation; but it seems to me that finer than any words I could frame, more convincing than any expression of abstract ideals, would be a few of the simple, homely phrases from the letters of St. Dunstan's men from Home and Overseas. Throughout they tell of hope and content, of the joy of "making good," of keeping bright the fame of Britain and the work of St. Dunstan's. Never is there in these records of life in Africa, in Australia, in New Zealand, in Canada, or the Home country any regrets for what might have been—only the fine, clean determination to keep our flag flying.

They do not regard themselves as heroes—these men of St. Dunstan's—they are content to feel that they can "carry on." But surely that is the true spirit which has made the British Empire what it is!

I would only add that we at St. Dunstan's are proud of the trust that Empire has placed in us to discharge her debt to these her sons, and that we believe we may always count upon the help we shall need throughout their lifetime.

"I WANT a pair of spectacles," said the countryman to an oculist.

"Ah, old age coming on and eyes failing, eh?"

"No," replied the old man, obstinately. "My eyes at fifty-five are just as good as ever they were, but—dang it all—the light nowadays isn't the same."

success, and that what one St. Dunstaner may regard as a fully satisfactory measure of achievement may be to another but the beginning of the success he means to achieve in life. In fact, we fellows who have lost the gift of sight are in no different category to the rest of the world as regards human aspirations and human ideals. The Selfridges, the Liptons, the Haigs and the Beattys of all professions and all trades had to start at the bottom of the ladder. Would they ever have got to the top if the flavour of their first success had so jaded their palates for further fruits from the heaped baskets of human achievements that the desire to taste anything more was gone? I do not know how old 'Canuck' may be, but I hope he will forgive my saying that he writes like a very, very old, or a very, very young man. I hope, for his sake, it is the latter, for the jaded palate of youth is but a phase of human nature's evolution which inevitably passes to give place to the realisation that there is always something worth striving for. When a man is too old to care for or want success he had better be dead!"

WE take the following from *The Stratford Express*:—

A highly successful social took place at Water Lane Higher Elementary School, when, on the third annual occasion, Miss E. Baker entertained a party of blinded soldiers from St. Dunstan's Hostel. This was rendered possible by a dance held a short time ago at the Town Hall, as a result of the proceeds of which Miss Baker, the energetic and generous organiser, was able to invite sixty blind heroes to the social on Thursday. The guests, who arrived by motor, were first entertained to tea, and after an enjoyable meal took part in a varied programme of dancing. Including a large number of patrons and friends there were about 250 present. The music was provided by St. Dunstan's Band, which, on its first visit to the East End, played with great effect and made a very favourable impression. The band was composed of blinded soldiers, and was conducted by Mr. McLoughlin.



SPORTS CLUB NOTES

WE have had no cause to grumble at the weather during the last month, for, with the exception of a football match, we have been able to carry out our full programme of events. The Saturday sports have provided much excitement, and the leaders of the competition have nearly had attacks of brain fever through totalling up continually their points and also those of their opponents. The position when I last wrote was very interesting, for in the T.B. section the first five were within forty-five points of the leader, whilst in the S.S. section only fifteen points separated W. G. Bawden from T. W. Moore. It can be well imagined how strenuous the various encounters proved to be—first one "topping the bill" and then another. At length it worked out that the last Saturday of the competition, and almost the last events, were to decide things. The final position saw J. Spink leading by $12\frac{1}{2}$ points over W. H. Trussler, who in turn led E. Turnock by five points. Could anything have been closer? W. H. Trussler still declares that an unfortunate gust of wind, which blew his rope against his head and made him lose the skipping event, proved his "ill wind." He doesn't believe ill winds do any good—at all events to skipping ropes! As T. W. Moore managed to beat W. G. Bawden in the 75 yards sprint after a magnificent race in $8\frac{2}{5}$ seconds, it brought him the S.S. Championship, too—for this competition, of course!

I heartily congratulate all our sporting men on their running and athletic powers, particularly those who have only commenced this year.

If they will only persevere they are bound to do well.

The following are the leading points during this competition:—

T.B.		S.S.	
J. Spink	470	T. Moore	567 $\frac{1}{2}$
W. Trussler	457 $\frac{1}{2}$	W. Bawden	555
E. Turnock	452 $\frac{1}{2}$	H. Finkle	370
C. Johns	410	J. Greaves	357 $\frac{1}{2}$

H. Boorman	375	E. Harlow	302 $\frac{1}{2}$
H. Chafer	235	H. Potts	285
J. Griffiths	155	T. Watmore	207 $\frac{1}{2}$
A. Kelley	105	A. Dean	195
W. Farmery	80	J. McMahon	190
S. Barlow	60	H. Wood	145
P. Nuyens	55	A. James	120
		A. Stevens	105
		G. Anderson	80
		W. Burtenshaw	75

FOOTBALL COMPETITION

This term's competition has been one of the most exciting we have had. For a long time it looked as if the Ramblers team from Townshend House would walk away with the honours, for they had played seven matches and won them all with the splendid goal average 35 against 7. Then the Kellydonians and Brightonians seemed to become aware of this, and immediately got busy. A desperate match between the Brightonians and the leaders resulted in the slaughter of the leaders by the big score of 9-4. Since this match the Brightonians have won all their matches, and the Ramblers have lost two more! So that with the Kellydonians in holding their own the League table is in a very interesting state.

Some topping shooting has been seen, and J. Greaves and H. Smy have reached the "scoring high-water" mark by getting four goals from four shots. On several other occasions have men scored as many as three goals out of their four attempts.

RESULTS OF MATCHES

Date	Match	Goals
Wednesday, June 7th—		
	Greaves Athletic v. Townshend Harriers	3-1
	Sherwood Foresters v. Greaves Athletic	2-1
Thursday, June 8th—		
	Brightonians v. Townshend Villa	4-2
	The Ramblers v. Brightonians	3-1
Friday, June 9th—		
	Townshend Villa v. Townshend Harriers	6-5
	Townsh'd Ramblers v. Townsh'd Harriers	5-1
Tuesday, June 13th—		
	Kellydonians v. Greaves Athletic	4-1
	Townshend Ramblers v. Kellydonians	5-0
Wednesday, June 14th—		
	Brightonians v. Sherwood Foresters	4-1
	Greaves Athletic v. Brightonians	6-4

Friday, June 16th—		
	Kellydonians v. Townshend Harriers	4-2
Tuesday, June 20th—		
	Greaves Athletic v. Sherwood Foresters	5-1
	Townsh'd Harriers v. Sherwood Foresters	2-0
Wednesday, June 21st—		
	Brightonians v. Townshend Ramblers	9-4
	Kellydonians v. Sherwood Foresters	7-1
Thursday, June 22nd—		
	Townshend Harriers v. Townshend Villa	3-2
	Townshend Villa v. Kellydonians	4-1
Friday, June 23rd—		
	Kellydonians v. Townshend Ramblers	7-5
	Sherwood Foresters v. Townshend Villa	1-1
Tuesday, June 27th—		
	Townshend Villa v. Townsh'd Ramblers	3-2
	Brightonians v. Greaves Athletic	4-1
Wednesday, June 28th		
	Townsh'd Ramblers v. Sherwood For'st'rs	4-1
	Brightonians v. Kellydonians	4-2
Thursday, June 29th		
	Greaves Athletic v. Townshend Villa	5-3
	Townsh'd Harriers v. Sherwood Foresters	2-2
Friday, June 30th—		
	Brightonians v. Townshend Harriers	5-3
	Townsh'd Ramblers v. Greaves Athletic	6-3

FOOTBALL LEAGUE TABLE

(Correct to June 30th, 1922, inclusive)

Name	Ply'd	W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	Goals A.	Pts.
Ramblers	12	9	3	0	56	30	18
Brightonians	12	8	4	0	47	33	16
Kellydonians	10	7	3	0	35	26	14
Villa	10	4	5	1	33	34	9
Greaves Athletic	11	4	7	0	31	43	8
Harriers	11	3	7	1	24	36	7
Sherwood Foresters	10	1	7	2	11	35	4

POLYTECHNIC SPORTS AND MARATHON RACE

Mr. Lynch, of the Polytechnic Harriers, very kindly invited a party of boys to attend his sports at Stamford Bridge on Saturday, June 10th. The afternoon was beautifully fine, but rather hot under the stand where we were sitting, so you can guess that we almost literally welcomed Cpl. Major Tovell with open arms when he appeared with some excellent tea and bread and butter about 4.30 p.m. The programme of sports was a large one, but we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves all the way through. Excitement naturally rested with the 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles Marathon race, which started at Windsor at 3.15 p.m., that afternoon, and was due to finish with two laps of the Stamford Bridge track. During the sports we were informed of the position of the runners, and great enthusiasm was shown when we heard that the

Englishman was leading, with an Italian and Dane in second and third places.

The British representative, A. R. Mills, kept the lead and finished wonderfully fresh seven minutes ahead of the rest, setting up a remarkable record of winning this race for England three years in succession. When he came into the Stand to welcome his mother, who was sitting behind us, we were delighted to have the opportunity of shaking hands with him and of congratulating him upon his magnificent effort.

A.A.A. CHAMPIONSHIP

A party of a "baker's dozen" had a most delightful time at the British Championship meeting at Stamford Bridge on Saturday, July 1st. The Amateur Athletic Association, through the kind offices of Mr. H. J. Barclay, F.C.A., gave us an invitation and treated us splendidly. Excellent seats were reserved for us in a position where it was possible to know all that was taking place, and just at the moment when we needed it a plentiful supply of tea, bread and butter, and cake was sent up for our inspection and was duly "hidden" by the boys. We did not take part in the Championship on the field, but I think we could have beaten "all comers" in the disappearing cake contest on the stand! During the sports one of the stewards came up and took one of our sports sisters away. She thought she was going to bring the tea and good things up to us, and went off quite gallantly. On the way down she found the stewards talking of "spikes" instead of "cups and cakes," and only then she learned that she was, *pro tem.*, the medical adviser to Stamford Bridge, and that she was wanted to see to the dressings of an injured competitor who was badly "spiked" in the 100 yards sprint. We were naturally alarmed when the tea and good things were nearly "lost to view" and she had not appeared, but Miss Morris turned up in due course and joined in the refreshment competition with the rest of the competitors!

ROWING

We are all greatly looking forward to our Regatta, which we are holding at Putney on Tuesday, July 11th. All are delighted, after such a long absence, to renew associations with Putney, but this time we are only attempting a few races, which will be completed in the afternoon only. There are just T.B. and S.S. singles, open pairs, fours and mixed doubles to attempt, but the great thing of the afternoon is the "four finale," in which we are attempting to row an ex-service four of the London Fire Brigade. This four is sure to be "very hot" and "fired" with great enthusiasm, but our boys are "all out" to do their best, and I hope that their hopes will not be entirely "extinguished." But, joking apart, we are awfully glad to have the opportunity of rowing against such fine fellows, and I know that all our rowing men will be interested in the result. The Presidents of the Vesta and Thames Rowing Clubs have again kindly placed their beautiful boat houses at our disposal, whilst Westminster School are granting us the use of their fours. I need hardly add that all our prospective prize winners are putting in much time on the lake, whilst the coxes are having a very busy time indeed!



JERKS AND SWIMMING

There is little news to say about jerkers and swimmers, but our old swimming boys will be sorry to learn that we nearly lost Instructor Billy Jones a week or so ago. He was diving into the bath when somebody "crossed" his line, and he went to the bottom of the bath. As he usually comes up after a time, the spectators wondered why he delayed his appearance, and one went down to investigate. He had bumped heavily into the stone work, and the bump at present on his forehead, about the size of Hill 60, shows how serious the blow must have been! The only thing that troubles him now, luckily, is that he is compelled to wear his hat at a most "rakish" angle. We are all glad that he has, otherwise, recovered, and that we have recovered him!

E.W.

From the World's Press

Garnered by SYDNEY KENDALL

The Great and the Little Soul

MANY of my readers will have read in the general Press the story which follows; but as I happen to know personally that, unlike many stories of the kind, it relates actual fact, I think it worthy of a place in these notes:

"Excuse me, am I near the wounded soldiers' institute?" asked a blind veteran of a passing pedestrian as he tapped his way along the sidewalk. "I've only been there twice, and I'm not quite sure of the way."

"You are close to it now; let me take you," came the reply.

Arriving at the door, the guide said to the janitor:

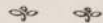
"Kindly take this man to the section for the blind."

"Take him yourself," growled the janitor. "Under the archway on the other side of the courtyard."

The civilian did so, but on the way out addressed the janitor again. "Couldn't you be a little more obliging to the blind?" he asked gently.

"There are too many, and I haven't the time," was the surly response.

"It seems to me it is your duty to help them," said the other. "I can find time—and I am Marshal Foch."



Double Engine Men

I QUOTE the following from the "Liverpool Courier," not merely because it has a home interest in the fact that it refers to our own activities, but because it strikes me as being a finely-inspiring and pithily-written little article. I leave my readers to judge as to whether it makes the same appeal to them as it did to me.

Nature knows the value of the "double engine."

Animals placed in the perpetual darkness of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky gradually lose the sense of sight, but

their senses of smell, touch, and hearing intensify. The blind, wingless grasshoppers, for instance, develop extremely long antennæ.

Thus, additional to their own strength and cunning, they have a reserve of help in the securing of protection and food.

PROGRESS MAKERS

Man himself is equipped with nearly every organ in duplicate—twin hands, arms, legs, feet, ears, eyes, and lungs. He has even two sets of brains. *He is intended to be double-engined.*

Where the organ itself is not duplicated, as in the nose, a division of parts secures a constant reserve.

Nature, intent on the double-engine principle, has also for every part of the body an understudy in training, to be ready in a crisis created by the breakdown of the principle—as the sense of touch for the blind.

St. Dunstan's restarts men on the reserve engine.

The double-engined men make progress in life.

They use their reserves when one engine fails them.

Such men may fail in their own line of activity, and then, undaunted, succeed amazingly in a phase wherein they were not conscious of ability.

WISDOM

Joggins, whose novel raft of great logs—towed successfully from Canada almost to New York—was driven helplessly into every sea by a furious storm, was a single-engined man. He had failed.

Had he been a double-engined man he would have done what the hydrographers at Washington did. By discovering the whereabouts in the seven seas of the logs months afterwards they learned the courses of ocean currents. They made one of the greatest discoveries in modern marine geography and navigation.

The wise man is a double-engined man. He cultivates a reserve of interest and abilities. Calamities call up his resourceful

reserves. When others are held up, he uses his reserve engine.

He "travels hopefully"; and he will "arrive."



A Remarkable Blind Man

SERGEANT Nichols, an old St. Dunstaner of Harrogate, has had such a tremendous publicity over his summons for driving a motor car without a licence that I need add nothing to it in these notes. An interesting reference to a very famous blind man is made, however, in the "Daily Express," in connection with the mention of Sergeant Nichols' "achievement."

Harrogate, where a wonderful blind and armless ex-soldier has been summoned for driving a motor-car without a licence, is also associated with the most remarkable blind man on record—John Metcalfe, known as Blind Jack of Knaresborough, who, in 1751, started the first stage coach from York to Knaresborough, driving it himself twice a week in summer and once in winter. This amazing man lost his sight by smallpox in childhood. Three years later he could find his way all over Knaresborough, ride his father's horses, steal birds' nests, and rob orchards. He was so expert a swimmer that he was engaged to dive and search for bodies of the drowned. He played the fiddle, and, with a boy assistant, became the Harrogate Assembly Orchestra!

Blind Jack learned to play bowls, and was proficient at cards, using a special pack. He was a smuggler, a boxer (in a pothouse quarrel he challenged a bully to fight, and beat him); an engineer (he studied mensuration and undertook road-making and the repairing of bridges); a soldier (he raised 140 volunteers at Harrogate for the Young Pretender, served in several engagements, and was taken prisoner at Falkirk); and a successful lover, for he ran off with an innkeeper's daughter the day before her wedding with a suitor more favoured by her parents. Blind Jack's crowded life came to an end in 1810, at the age of ninety-three.

St. Dunstaner Rose Growers

We have pleasure in appending hereto a report, received from Miss B. Brown, of the exhibition of the Blind Gardeners Guild, held at the National Rose Show recently, which will have special interest to our readers, in view of the fact that most of the exhibitors were St. Dunstaners.

ON June 29th the Guild of Blind Gardeners held their second annual exhibition of Flowers and Vegetables at the National Rose Society's Show, Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park.

Mr. Courtney Page, Hon. Secretary of the National Rose Society, again very kindly put a Tent at the disposal of the Guild and arranged for the judging of the Exhibits.

The schedule of prizes consisted of eighteen classes, for which there was a most satisfactory number of entries.

The past and present Workers of St. Dunstan's have given a silver Challenge Bowl to the Guild which is to be awarded annually to the member who has the best exhibit; the Bowl is not to be won outright, but the winner holds it for one year and is given a medal.

This Bowl was awarded for the first time this year, and won by Mr. A. Hinton, of Malvern, for his very fine collection of Roses, for which he also gained two first prizes.

Mr. W. A. Minchin, of Worplesdon, was the runner up with his excellent exhibits of Fruit and Vegetables, winning four 1st prizes, three 2nds and two 3rds. Mr. Minchin deserves very high praise for the way in which he succeeded in getting together so many fine exhibits so early in the season. His raspberries, gooseberries, black and red currants, also carrots and beetroot, should be especially mentioned.

Miss Walker again sent excellent Flowers and Vegetables, and was awarded one 1st prize, three 2nds and two 3rds.

Mr. Coe won a first prize for cabbages, and was second with his peas, turnips, shallots and sweetpeas; also gaining third prize for broad beans.

Mr. Duncombe gained second prize for potatoes.

Mr. B. Jarvill was awarded first prize for the four best vases of perennials, first prize for sweetpeas, and two 3rds for vegetables.

Mr. J. H. Lea came second with his general collection of roses, and gained third prize for perennials.

Mr. William Robinson won a first prize for shallots and a third for onions.

Mr. A. Morgan and Mr. A. Hazel are specially to be congratulated on their exhibits, having only started their gardens this year. The former showed some excellent peas and lettuces, for which he gained first prizes and also a second prize for carrots. Mr. Hazel was first with his turnips and radishes, and won a second prize for broad beans and third for shallots.

It is hoped that all St. Dunstaners who are interested in gardening will join the Guild; the subscription is 1s. a year. Will those wishing to become Members apply to:—Miss B. Brown, The Braille Room, Headquarters of St. Dunstan's Work, Regent's Park, N.W.

A London Vicar, in the neighbourhood of Regent's Park, was enquiring his way to St. Dunstan's. The lad he questioned, a typical Londoner, seemed amazed at such ignorance. He gave minute directions, and the Vicar proceeded to question him further, and soon discovered that the lad lived in his parish. "Do you attend my Church?" he asked. "No," was the reply. "But why not, my lad?" It was the Vicar's turn to be questioned. "What could yer teach me, guv'nor?" "Oh! I could teach you a great deal; for instance, I could teach you the way to heaven." The answer, as disconcerting as it was unexpected, was delightful: "Garn, guv'nor! and you don't know the way to St. Dunstan's."



"LET US BE MERRY"

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

THE new curate wanted to make a good impression, it being his first sermon. He was determined not to neglect his personal appearance.

Smoothing his hair, he said to the old verger: "Could you get me a glass? A small one will do."

The verger hurried away, but soon returned concealing something under his coat.

"I know what nervousness is," he said. "I've brought you a whole bottle."

"How long have you been playing bridge?" asked the man who had been "dummy."

"About five years," replied his partner, who had played the hand with superb disregard for the rules of strategy.

"Impossible! No one could ever acquire such colossal ignorance of the game in so short a time!"

"How far is it to the moon, dad?" "About two hundred and forty thousand miles, so the astronomers tell us."

"Well, I'm afraid you'll have to take a taxi. Baby wants it."

FOLLOWING the marriage ceremony the groom called the minister aside and inquired the price of the service.

"Well," said the minister, "you may pay me whatever it's worth to you."

"Be reasonable!" groaned the groom. "This woman inherits twenty thousand pounds on her twenty-first birthday."

AN Englishman, a Scotsman, and an Irishman were arguing as to who had had certain things the longest.

The Englishman said, "I've had this horse ever since it was a colt."

The Scotsman said, "I've had this cow ever since it was a calf."

"Well, that's nothing," exclaimed the Irishman. "I've had this cart ever since it was a wheelbarrow."

"How do you know the date of which you speak was near the end of May?" a witness was asked at Ealing.

Witness: "Because it was near June 1st."

MOTHER (severely): "Edith! Did I see young Mr. Sotherly stroking your hair last night?"

Daughter: "It's a mere habit with him, mother. He used to stroke his 'varsity eight."

SMALL BOY (to airman): "If you be a-goin' up, zur, would ye see if ye can find Billy's kite driftin' about, wot he lost last Toosday?"

THE JUDGE: "Surely I have seen you before somewhere?"

Defendant: "Yes, my lord, I gave your daughter singing lessons."

The Judge: "Twenty years!"

DOCTOR: "I would advise you, madam, to take frequent baths, plenty of fresh air, and dress in cool gowns."

Husband (an hour later): "What did the doctor say?"

Wife: "He said I ought to go to a watering-place, and afterwards to the country. Also, I must get some new light gowns at once."

BROWN: "They say Jones owes everything to his wife."

Smith: "No feah! He owes me a tennah."

A POPULAR minister was also an enthusiastic golfer, and on one occasion he was greatly upset at the loss of a match game, which until near the end seemed entirely his.

His defeat worried him considerably, and on the following Sunday he rose in the pulpit to announce his text, which very solemnly he gave out as: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose the last hole?"

"It's a hard life," said the policeman on point-duty.

"What's the trouble?" asked the genial old gentleman.

"I had to stop an actress just now for driving too fast. The look she gave me was bad enough, but the way her Pomeranian yawned in my face was absolutely insulting."

DORIS: "Yes, her husband robbed her of every penny she had."

Dora: "Poor dear! And she only married him because she was afraid of burglars."

LONDON POLICEMAN (to country youth): "Now, then, my lad, hadn't you better get a move on?"

Youth: "I'm waiting for a man wot offered to take me watch an' get it reg'lated to Lunnon time. 'E ought to be back by now, fer 'tis nigh on two hours since 'e went."

The Cherub's Last Chukker

By W. J. MAKIN

I.

ALTHOUGH this story tells of the plains of Northern India and the finest game in the world, to see the hero of this adventure you need go no further than Fenchurch Street. There, in a dingy office where daylight and dust struggle for supremacy, you will find him, an ordinary, uninteresting clerk, who prepares bills of lading for a shipping company trading East. He lunches daily at a neighbouring tea-shop, and suffers occasionally from indigestion. His slightly bowed shoulders suggest that life weighs heavily these days; but there is a philosophic acceptance of things in his regular routine, and the fact that his services are never questioned by his employers. He has become part of their system. But there was a time when he lived.

II.

"Hope you left the whisky alone at tiffin," said the Major bluntly, as he regarded his team, the best polo team the umpteenth Punjabis had put into the field for a long time.

"Didn't touch a drop, Major," said the Cherub cheerfully. "We are out to win the cup to-day, sir."

The others chuckled approval as they swung themselves into the saddle, while each groom tightened the girths or vigorously shampooed the legs of a pony.

"They've got the best of us in mounts," mused the Major anxiously. "One for each chukker. You boys had better hold in your mounts during this chukker, and save them for the last. And remember, no damned selfishness. You have the better of them in team work, so play the game."

The two umpires were already on the ground, dancing about on two excited little ponies. The hard, dusty field was lined with thousands of soldiers, black and white, who squatted or lounged about in the indolent manner of the East. The station had turned out in force, and there were

hundreds of carriages, dog-carts, buggies, and even motor-cars fluttering with the coloured frocks and parasols of the ladies. The Lieutenant-Governor, discreetly garbed in grey, and surmounted by a white topee, was gathered with his A.D.C.'s and a sprinkling of light-coloured frocks under the shade of the flaring awnings.

The Cherub, as he rode slowly on to the ground with the Punjabis' team, licked his lips appreciatively, and grinned at his nearest companion.

"A full-dress show, Feathers, eh? See the Governor and the ladies?"

But there was no time for talking. Each man of the Punjabis was measuring the strength of their opponents, the Wasps, as they rode on to the field.

"Beautiful Arab ponies," said the Major dolefully, as he saw the mounts. "Must have cost a thousand rupees each if they cost a farthing."

He looked again in a worried fashion at the queer-looking country-bred which the Cherub had picked up cheap and elected to play for the cup. But the Cherub was perfectly happy, perched on his mount, Sharif. He knew that she would answer the least pressure of his knee, that she knew the game so well as to follow the ball without his dragging at the rein, and so he swung his leathern thong well on to his arm, knowing he would have little cause to use it.

Now the white ball was put into the middle of the ground, and the Major crossed sticks, heads up, with the Captain of the Wasps. There was a sharp click as the sticks met, and the Major with a quick turn of the wrist had dribbled the ball a few yards away. Immediately his pony was on it, and with a sudden *thwack* the ball was sent hurtling along towards the Wasps' goal. The Captain of the Wasps had wrenched his pony round in a whirl of dust, and set off in mad pursuit with Feathers and the Cherub racing along at his side. The back of the Wasps came out

to meet the four ponies rushing along almost neck and neck.

"Head off the Captain, Feathers," yelled the Cherub, as he swung Sharif slightly outwards. Feathers had already got his mount bumping the Captain, and the strength of his country-bred told on the Arab. The Captain swerved just as the Major and the back met with a resounding *thwack* of sticks. For a moment the dust obscured everything, and then a yell went up from the Punjabis soldiers lining the field. The ball had been passed neatly to the Cherub, who was racing in the direction of the goal pursued by one of the Wasps.

The Cherub swung his stick in the air, there followed a crack, and the ball had been smacked in before anyone quite knew what had happened.

"Glorious!" cried Feathers. "A goal in the first three minutes."

"We need it," growled the Major. "They'll run us off our feet in the last chukker. They can afford the mounts."

The next few minutes of play saw a ding-dong game in front of the Punjabis' goal, with the Wasps pressing hard. It was a relief to hear the long, strident blare of the trumpet declaring the chukker over.

Both teams raced to their respective quarters, where fresh mounts awaited them. The Cherub slipped out of the saddle, and mounted a grey Syrian. Sharif, being vigorously shampooed by a groom, had relaxed every muscle, hung down her head, and let everything go slack.

"Bless her! Just look at her!" cried the Cherub. "She's saving every ounce for the last chukker."

"Come on, and don't talk," said the Major, galloping on to the ground as the trumpet blared forth its warning note.

The second chukker was not polo but football, as Feathers said afterwards: "All hitting, and no one able to see the ball." The ponies turned and doubled, twisted and galloped, their riders breathing hard, and playing the rein unmercifully. At the sound of the trumpet they emerged out of the clouds of dust, the ponies foam-flecked, and the riders with their grey, powdered faces streaked with sweat.

"They're wearing us down," said the

Major warningly. "Don't let them get near your goal in the next chukker."

His warning was prophetic. In the next chukker the Wasps got away, and with the Captain leading on his beautiful soft brown Arab, swept down on the Punjabis' goal like a whirlwind. The Cherub, mounted on a light country-bred, which had pace but no brains, gradually drew level with the rush. The Major and Feathers were left hopelessly behind.

The Cherub swung his leather thong with a vicious swish in the air, and brought it down across the flanks of the country-bred. She leapt forward, but in doing so lost her balance. It was just at that moment that the nearest Wasp had decided to ride off the eager Cherub, and as he swerved slightly into the country-bred he was just in time. The country-bred went over with a crash, squirming and kicking in the dust, while the Cherub was pitched a few yards away. At the same moment there was a yell from the crowd as the Captain of the Wasps scored with a beautiful low shot.

They picked the Cherub up, dazed and dusty, and limping badly.

"Didn't fall quite clear," he groaned to the Major, who held him up, anxiously.

The Captain of the Wasps rode up.

"Look here," he said, "I'm frightfully sorry. You deserve to win. Can I lend you a man?"

The Major looked at the white drawn face of the Cherub, who pulled himself together, and said:

"Let me play the last chukker, sir. I'm riding Sharif next, and she'll play without any spurring."

The plaintive face of the Cherub would have moved a less stony man than the Major.

"All right, Cherub, play on. You're devilish plucky."

But he felt, nevertheless, that the game was lost.

They rode back to their waiting grooms. Each player of the Punjabis was grimed beyond recognition. Their cheeks were ashen, they licked dry, cracking lips, and their eyes were flinty. The team looked appealingly at the Major as they got on to their old mounts.



"All right," he smiled. "Just one glass."

They gulped down the sparkling, bubbling liquid as it was handed to them, and then went out to meet the Wasps for the last chukker. The Wasps had the advantage. They were riding fresh ponies to the last, four beautiful blacks shaking their heads excitedly at the rein.

The Cherub patted Sharif on the neck.

"You've got to play the game of your life, old girl, now," he whispered; and he felt a quiver run through her, as though she understood.

But it was hard work. The Wasps pressed hard, and their black ponies shouldered their way to the Punjabis' goal by sheer weight. They approached closer and closer, edging the ball towards the centre so that the Captain could get in a clean hit.

Suddenly out of the scrummage of panting horses and dust, the ball rolled clear. One of the Wasps was on it, and had raised his stick in the air to take the open shot. But Sharif also had spotted the ball. The Cherub felt the pony crouch under him, and make a leap forward. The next moment he was gliding under the bridle of the other pony, and had taken the ball clear away from the Wasps' rider. It was a splendid piece of work, and Sharif picked up her legs to get clear.

"Oh, beautiful—beautiful," sobbed the Major, as he swung his pony round, so sharply that its tail was in the dust. "Now we've got to ride for it."

And ride they did. The Cherub hit at the ball with all his strength, and sent it careering along the ground. He felt Sharif take a deep breath, and at the same moment he let go the reins, and gave her her head. She moved along like a streak, with two of the Wasps pounding vainly behind, and the Major lashing his pony like a man possessed.

They pounded along in one mad rush, racing with their necks at stake, the back galloping to meet them. Sharif made a sudden twist, and slipped past like lightning, the back just managing to swerve his pony aside as the others thundered by.

The Punjabi soldiers lining the field were yelling themselves hoarse, and the ladies had scrambled on chairs to see the finish. The Cherub's eyes were filled with dust, he was sobbing for breath, and he vaguely wondered where the ball had got to.

But Sharif was following it like a hound on the scent. The Cherub felt her lurch sideways to give him the hit. He swung his stick in the air, and—*thwack!* He saw the ball leap through the goal as he swept after it, with the Major yelling like a demon, and the two Wasps swearing and pulling at their ponies.

III.

A month later the Cherub was demobilised, and his career as a temporary officer of the Indian Army ceased. Yet although he now rests in the prosaic obscurity of a dingy shipping office, you will still hear them tell this story over *chota* pegs at the bar of the Nasrullabad Club.



Haircutting and Blindness

THE following appears in the columns of the "Pall Mall Gazette." We merely note that the name of the "well-known London oculist" is not given!

Some time ago a well-known London oculist gave expression to the following opinion: "More blindness is produced amongst men by barbers shaving their customers' necks with a razor than from any other cause. The razor when applied to the neck affects the nerves of the eye, weakens them, and, in time, kills them, causing blindness. In America there are more blind men than in England, France, Germany, and Russia, and that is due, in the majority of cases, to barbers making a constant practice of shaving men's necks with a razor. The grating of the razor on the neck causes a shock to the nerves of the eyes, often painful, and not infrequently dimming the sight of one or both eyes for life. The razor does not only do that, but it also causes bloodshot and watery eyes, and I have known of cases where it has been responsible for what are commonly called 'cross-eyes.'"