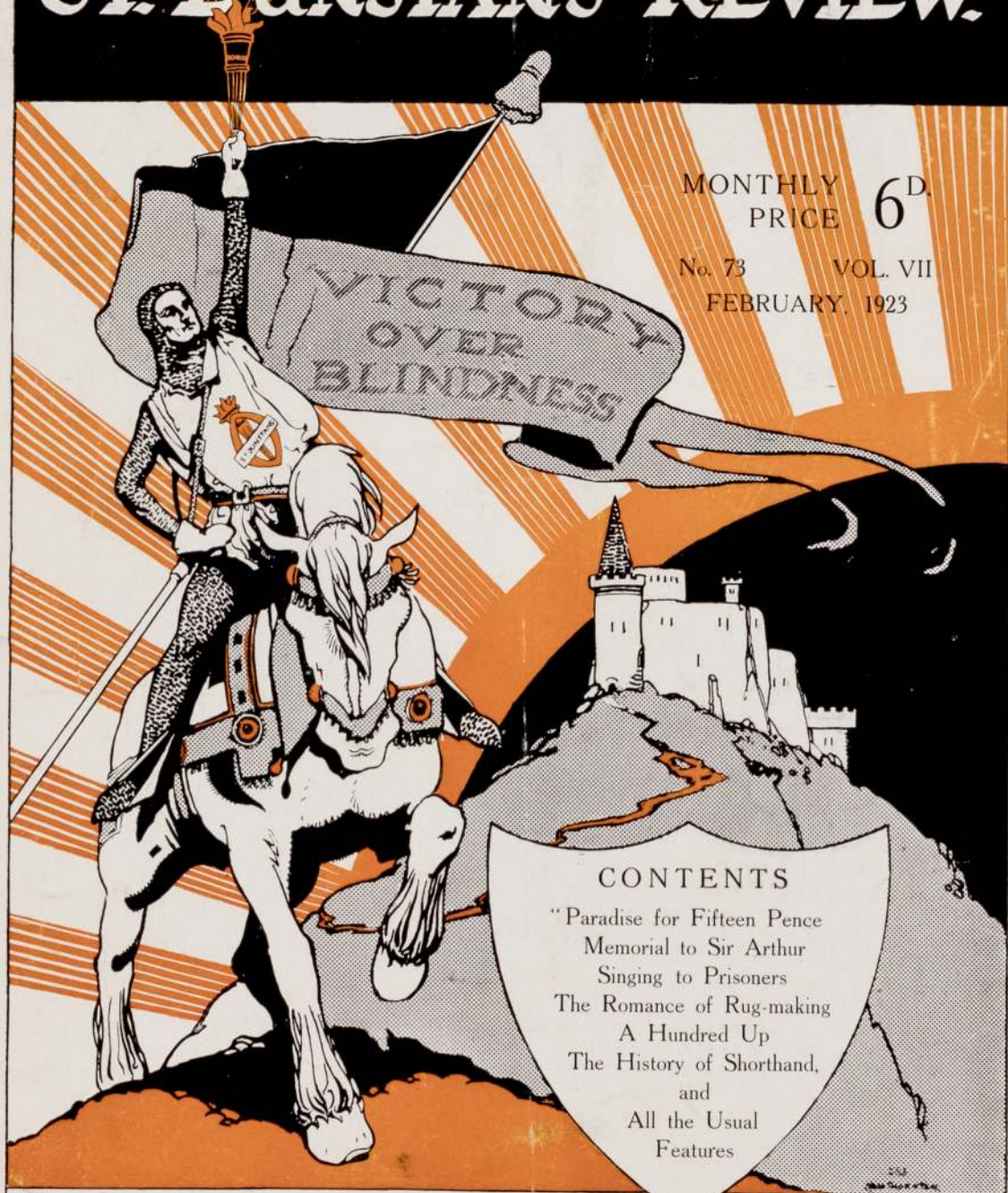


# ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

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

No. 73 VOL. VII  
FEBRUARY, 1923



## CONTENTS

"Paradise for Fifteen Pence  
Memorial to Sir Arthur  
Singing to Prisoners  
The Romance of Rug-making  
A Hundred Up  
The History of Shorthand,  
and  
All the Usual  
Features

FOR THE AMUSEMENT & INTEREST OF MEN BLINDED IN THE WAR

## Pictures of the Month



No. 1. Handrup makes a silhouette portrait of Matron at Cornwall Terrace.

No. 2. Wedding of T. North, of Walsall.

No. 3. "THE CINEMA MAN'S SNAP." (A picture of the making of the film which has recently been taken of St. Dunstan's activities.)

# St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

EDITED BY PERRY BARRINGER

No. 73.—VOLUME VII.

FEBRUARY, 1923.

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

## EDITORIAL

RARELY a month passes but we have information of some venture into a new avenue of industry—new, that is, to those who are pioneers in the treading of its ways without the aid of sight. Elsewhere in this issue we mention, in connection with the entry of a St. Dunstaner into a new business, that there might be interest in the compilation of a list of all the professional and commercial careers which are being followed to-day by the men of St. Dunstan's. We imagine that the number would reach a total highly surprising to those who have not given heed to this mark of our men's enterprise and ambition. St. Dunstan's have in this, as in so many other phases of the life lived by those without sight, set an example of which St. Dunstan's men, individually, and St. Dunstan's as a brotherhood and community, may feel very justly proud.

We do not point, as the course for all to follow, the tracks these pioneers are blazing. Sometimes it is restlessness and distaste for the monotony of the everyday work one has been trained to do, which leads to these departures from the beaten track and solid road of everyday industry, and that, particularly in the case of those of us who are in some degree handicapped, might conceivably lead not to success, but to disaster. But the spirit of adventure, in whatever form it may manifest itself, must always be to British blood an attraction and a thing to be admired, and we hope the day will never come when the men of St. Dunstan's as a whole will say in effect, "The blazing of trails is not for us; we can only follow where others lead." For it is only pointing a truism to say that the step that may be taken towards new interests, new activities, by the blind man who knows the greatly added difficulties he will have to overcome, is a much greater thing than similar action on the part of a man who has no physical handicap to contend with.

St. Dunstan's has broken new ground, has explored many new avenues of work for those without sight, and it has been able to accomplish also what seems to the world almost miraculous in this respect, because it has refused ever to standardise or sectionise its methods of training. Every son of St. Dunstan's has been treated as an individual, and not merely as a part of the whole.

Every possible scope has been given to each and every man to follow his own bent in profession or industry, and that there are perhaps hundreds who have taken up one or another of the staple occupations does not prove absence of enterprise or ambition on the part of the trainee, but rather the wise resolve to lay, in the first years of the strange new life, firm foundation for wage-earning. That there is plenty of time in the after years to explore the interesting by-ways of other activities is, as we have said, being proved with ever-growing frequency by the men of St. Dunstan's.

## "Paradise for Fifteen Pence"

THAT might well serve as a popular title for the 31st Annual Report of Pearson's Fresh Air Fund, which has just been published.

At one time, the cost of transporting a poor child from the slums to the paradise of the country, and providing two good meals, was only 9d., but like everything else worth having, the cost per child, for this splendid charity, is now 1s. 3d. To all of us, however, this will seem a small enough sum in comparison with the wonder-work it does for the hearts, health, and minds of the little slum dwellers which it keeps.

St. Dunstaners will not need telling anew of the aims and achievements of the Fresh Air Fund, but it may be briefly recalled that it was founded as long back as 1892 by our late chief, Sir Arthur Pearson, and it has been worked in co-operation with the Shaftesbury Society, all the expenses of management being borne by Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson Limited, and the Society.

From the report before us we cull the following figures: In the first year of its existence the Fresh Air Fund took no fewer than 20,000 East End children to Epping Forest for the first summer. From that time its operations have continuously grown, and now its beneficent work goes on in 42 different towns, in addition to London. In 1922, 165,681 children were taken to the country for a day, and 3,880 were given a fortnight's holiday by the seaside or in the country. This made the total for the whole period reach the wonderful figure of 4,525,341 for the day treats, and from 1908, when the fortnightly holidays commenced, 70,924 children were given a much-needed stay by the seaside or in the country. Hundreds had never seen the sea, and many amusing remarks with an underlying note of pathos, have resulted. A little girl, of some eight years, asked of one a

few years older, as they stood gazing at the incoming tide at Margate, "But this ain't the same sea, is it, that you see in Battersea Park?"; while another enquired why railings were not put round the sea to keep children from falling in!

It may be mentioned that among the collections listed in this year's report, is one from St. Dunstan's staff, per Miss Pincham and Miss Kessell, of £20 10s. 3d.

Sir Neville Pearson, Bt., is now the President of the Fund, with Mr. P. W. Everett, M.A., F.S.S., as Vice-President, and Mr. Ernest Kessell as Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, a position he has held ever since the original foundation of the Fund.

The registered offices of the Fund are at 18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.; and those of our readers who want to give the maximum of pleasure at a small cost should send their "fifteen pence" there.

\* \* \*

We have few St. Dunstaners upon the stage, and therefore ought to be all the more proud of Mr. F. Ogg, of Swindon, who is a member of the cast of "Polly," the successor to "The Beggar's Opera" at the Kingsway Theatre. He is playing the part of Sergeant.

Mr. Ogg served with the Royal Warwickshires during the war and gained commissioned rank before he was partially blinded. It was while he was undergoing training at St. Dunstan's that his vocal talents were first recognised. He became a student at the Royal College of Music where he gained honours for himself. Now the London critics are predicting great success for him on the stage.

Any St. Dunstaners who are lucky enough to have the opportunity of enjoying "Polly" will, we are sure, doubly enjoy the "Sergeant" as personified by Mr. Ogg.

## St. Dunstan's Memorial to Sir Arthur

ARRANGEMENTS have at last been concluded for the unveiling of the portrait, by Sir William Orpen, R.A., of the late Sir Arthur Pearson—St. Dunstaners' Memorial to their beloved chief—and all will be gratified to hear that H.R.H. the Duke of York has honoured us by consenting to come to headquarters on Tuesday, February 27th, to perform the ceremony at 11 a.m.

Colonials and St. Dunstaners unable to be present will be given a graphic account in next month's REVIEW, but we hope men living in London and its outskirts will turn up in a body to do justice to this momentous occasion.

Accommodation is, alas, too restricted nowadays to allow us to offer a bed to any St. Dunstaner coming from a long distance and unable to return the same night—the utmost we can do in such cases is to provide a meal. For this reason I think perhaps it will be wiser for men living far from town not to undertake the journey.

E. M. C. B.

\* \* \*

## Singing to Prisoners

St. Dunstaners' Visit to  
Wormwood Scrubs

A GREAT deal of interest, not only by those actually engaged, but by all St. Dunstaners, was taken in the visit arranged on Sunday, the 4th inst., to Wormwood Scrubs Prison. The occasion was the presentation of a musical programme to the prison inmates. The preliminary arrangements had been made by Mr. Kessell, and Miss Bald, who is now responsible for the musical training at St. Dunstan's, fixed up the programme and personally accompanied the party, which consisted of the following performers:—Lieut. F. Ogg, — Costigan, R. Cowley, J. Doubler, P. Nuyens and W. Robinson.

The party left Cornwall Terrace about two o'clock, and arriving at the prison found an audience of about 700 prisoners

awaiting them in the chapel. Concerts, in the strict sense of the word, being permitted only once monthly at the prison, the St. Dunstaners' programme was incorporated in the usual afternoon service. The following was the programme presented:—

Violin Solo	"Chant Hindu"	Paul Nuyens.
Song	"Invictus"	W. Robinson.
Song	"Devonshire Cream & Cider"	Lt. F. Ogg.
Song	"Angels Guard Thee"	J. Doubler.
	(With violin obligato, by P. Nuyens).	
Recitation	"If"	R. Cowley.
Song	"A Sailor's Prayer"	Lt. F. Ogg.
Violin Solo	"Souvenir"	P. Nuyens.
Song	"Harlequin"	Costigan.

The audience, wedged closely together on the benches which served as pews, displayed throughout the keenest appreciation, and sustained bursts of applause followed every item, although the time permitted did not allow of any encores.

It may be mentioned that among the audience of prisoners was the man whose name, not very long since, was on the lips of everyone—Horatio Bottomley, who is now serving a sentence of seven years for fraud and embezzlement.

At the close, the chaplain, on behalf of the prisoners, expressed gratitude to our men and the lady helpers for the visit, which it is possible may be repeated at some future date.

The unique character of this concert has been responsible for wide attention being given to it in the press.

\* \* \*

## The Kitchener Shakespeare Gift Book

OWING to the generosity of the League of Empire, yet further copies of that fine souvenir of the Great War, the Kitchener Shakespeare, are to be made available for St. Dunstaners.

Will all who have not yet received a copy, and would like to have one, send in their names as promptly as possible, in order that a complete list may be sent forward.



## NEWS OF ST. DUNSTANERS

### Picture-Framing "Boom"

WE learn from T. Kent, of Chelmsford, that he has been kept very busy of late at picture-framing, and he calculates that during the past year he has framed a total of over 400 pictures for his customers. While this seems to suggest that the citizens of this Essex town are of distinctly artistic bent, it also proves that Kent has the capacity to give very complete satisfaction at this particular branch of his craft.

\* \* \*

### A Basket Monopoly

W. Whitside, of Lytham, is fortunate in being the only practical basket maker in his particular district, and while we have no doubt that he could quite effectively compete with all comers, we do not suppose he bemoans their lack! We learn with pleasure that customers' orders for Christmas cleared him entirely out of stock—excellent business indeed. Whitside is now busy on linen baskets, and into these is, we understand, putting his usual excellent work.

\* \* \*

### Other Basket Makers

Another St. Dunstaner who is working hard at basketry just now is A. Tillotson, of Nelson, who is making vigorous efforts to build up a substantial business in these goods, and who makes a point of attending different local markets with his productions. This is the sort of enterprise that deserves success, and we wish Tillotson all luck.

S. Sephton, of Warwick, is a basket maker who has ambitions beyond waiting for his customers to come to him. He believes also in going to find trade, and is at the present time building up stock with the intention of opening a stall in the cattle market, where we have little doubt he will find a ready sale for his

wares. Sephton also goes in for netting, which he finds a profitable and interesting variation from basketry.

\* \* \*

### From Northampton

Good workmanship and good service are two of the key-notes of sustained success in any industry, and A. Billingham, of Northampton, has, by virtue of these qualities, been successful in interesting in his work one of the principal stores in his town. This firm sells Billingham's work for him, and has now started giving him regular orders.

\* \* \*

### Working to System

An energetic and an interested worker is apt to find days too short, and this is so with G. Pell, one of our joiners. He is busy just now, making furniture, and has just fixed up one room in his flat as a small workshop. He has carefully planned out a place for everything, and is justly proud of the result of his efforts to economise space, and assure convenience.

\* \* \*

### His Own Home

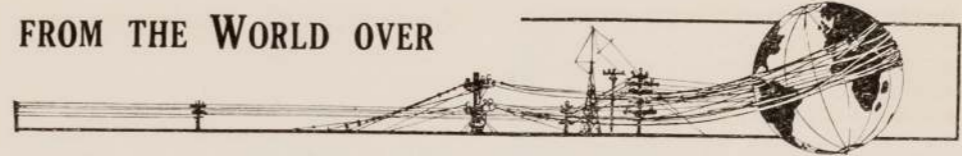
Most people are in trouble over accommodation in these days of house shortage, so it is pleasant to know that the new home of L. Green, of Kenilworth Brockhurst, is both well built and arranged. It has a good garden, and Green hopes to go in for poultry as soon as he has the place in order.

\* \* \*

### A Poultry House Builder

Next to the difficulty of finding suitable home and land comes the problem of keeping it. Apparently, J. Cockeril, of Laindon, who is very keen on his farm

## FROM THE WORLD OVER



(and has a fine lot of birds), has had a slice of bad luck in this direction, having lost quite a lot of his land, which has been taken for the new road to Southend. Luckily he has been so busy building himself some fine new poultry houses that he has not had time to worry over the matter too much.

\* \* \*

### A Check Register

We have heard little from our boot and shoe men of late, but perhaps the craft article on "The Gentle Art" in our last issue will stir them up to write. M. Oldroyd, of Dewsbury, Yorks, is one of the exceptions and we are glad to learn that he has built up quite a nice little boot and clog business and is holding his own with competitors—probably because he is both a good and conscientious worker. An excellent idea on his part is the keeping of a register of his customers, so that if one complains that a certain pair of shoes has worn out unduly fast, Oldroyd can turn up dates and prove that on the contrary his leather has done excellent service!

\* \* \*

### Busy Workers

Another who is flourishing in the same line is L. Johns, who at the end of the year was so swamped with "urgent repairs" that he had to put in some work on Christmas Day!

As for C. Marshall, of Sandwich, one of his customers won a prize in a "Dri-ped" competition, and Marshall himself was lucky enough to receive 10s.

J. Brockerton, of Coleraine, is on the list also of those with work ahead, for not only had he some orders to finish up on his return from London but he found new commissions awaiting him.

As for our carpenters, J. Burley, of Norwich, has just completed an interesting

order for one tall palm stand and two small ones, to say nothing of a smoker's cabinet. Now he has an order for a single bedstead. As every good piece of work sent out means not only pay but advertisement, we have no doubt that Burley's circle of customers will steadily increase.

\* \* \*

### A New Line

Some day we hope to compile a list of the very varied professions, trades and hobbies carried on by St. Dunstaners, for they seem ever-growing. The idea is newly suggested by the venture of T. Flannery, of Nelson, who found an unforeseen opening for himself by starting up as a dealer in second-hand furniture. Despite the obvious difficulties confronting him in such work he has done well, although at the present moment things are decidedly quiet. It is a plucky venture and we wish him all success and good profits.

Readers will recall in this connection, and no doubt Flannery has been encouraged by, the great reputation as an expert on antiques which was gained by a London blind man, whose death was recently recorded, and a reference to whose career appears elsewhere in this issue.

\* \* \*

### St. Dunstan's Tea-pot!

Among the recent additions to the group of St. Dunstan's benedicts was H. Green, and we are pleased now to hear of a letter of thanks from him in acknowledgment of the usual silver tea-pot. We hope that there will be many a happy gathering around the table it adorns.

\* \* \*

### From Overseas' Men

New Zealanders have done more than others to fill St. Dunstan's post-bag this

month and we have read a happy sounding letter from J. P. Robinson, of Nelson, who, at the time of writing was looking forward to his wedding on 5th December. Robinson and his fiancée are equally enthusiastic over the little house which is being built for them as a permanent home and we wish them all happiness in it. It is "very sunny, in an ideal situation, and the builders are making a splendid job of it."

Another overseas man, A. M. Johnston, now of Gore, N.Z., reminds us that it is over three and a half years since he left St. Dunstan's but "the spirit of the place is as alive to him as ever." We are glad to hear that his wife and little daughter of 17 months are well, and, as in all cases, look forward to hearing further news of Johnson's doings.

Perhaps next time our mail-bag disgorges letters from J. Chisholm, of Auckland, W. Woods, of Christchurch, and P. Driscoll, also of New Zealand, their letters will be longer. It is just the little details of the daily doings of all that enable us to make of the Review a link in the chain that holds together our widespread family.

#### From the Sunny Isles

Not many St. Dunstaners are settled in the Isle of Wight, so an appreciative letter from J. C. Stephens, of Elmfield, near Ryde, is the more welcome. Stephens is working hard at making rugs and avails himself of St. Dunstan's arrangements for the disposal of these, as unfortunately Ryde does not give him sufficient market. Mrs. Stephens has had the excellent idea of acting as agent for the sale of "The Life of Sir Arthur Pearson"; we congratulate her upon her initiative and wish her every success in her venture.

#### A Keen Netter

One of our most enthusiastic netters is G. Nancarrow, of Cornwall, who writes: "I revel in it and consider it a most delightful and profitable pastime." It is pleasant to learn what keen interest is found in the handiwork. Did Nancarrow read the article on netting in our craft series published in the December issue of the Review?

#### News from our Poultry Farmers

A report of his experiences in his first season as a poultry farmer has just reached us from C. H. Brown, who is living near Burton-on-Trent, and we give it almost in full as no doubt others will like to compare their experiences with his:—

"From the pen of White Wyandottes and White Leghorns sent from King's Langley, I reared 145 chickens, eighty of these proved to be cockerels all of which I disposed of in my own locality at prices varying from 1s. 3d. to 1s. 10d. per pound. The pullets have been laying now for some time and are giving every satisfaction in this direction. They have also proved their value in several shows, as you will see by the following results. Ambergate, commended White Leghorn pullet. Burton-on-Trent, second prize and commended, two White Leghorn pullets entered. Birmingham Midland festival, second prize and highly commended in a class of ninety-three, two W. L. pullets. Leicester National, reserve White Wyandotte pullet in a class of over fifty."

It will be agreed that Brown shows a splendid list of successes and we realise what real hard work on his part they represent. May he have all luck and prosperity.

#### Pullets Doing Well

Our poultry farmers generally are hoping for a busy season. J. Kirkham, of Gloucester, writes that his pullets have done well up to the present and he is getting a fair number of eggs.

White Leghorns have captured the fancy of J. Johnson, of Worcester, who apparently intends to go in for these birds exclusively. He is regretful that he has no space for breeding.

A suggestion that other poultry farmers might consider comes from W. H. Wright, of Derbyshire, who is of the opinion that a good advertising board might be made from a St. Dunstan's crest displayed above some day-old chicks or nests of eggs.

The first report of the season has just been received by I. Irvine, of Moffat, who

finds that he occupies 8th position in the White Leghorn section out of pens numbering up to 100—in fact, his is the leading pen for Scotland. We share Irvine's pride and hope that he will not only maintain his place, but advance steadily.

Another who is making good progress is C. A. Brown, of Buxton. He has taken three prizes at the Birmingham utility show—two seconds and a "v.h.c."

#### 85 Eggs in Three Months

Perhaps just to show that White Leghorns are not the only breed that do well, B. Hamilton, of Brookville, writes concerning a Rhode of his which has put up an excellent score—29, 28, 28. No less than 85 eggs in the three months. Can this be bettered by any other St. Dunstan's poultry farmer? We should like to hear.

From Mr. A. Hutcheon, of Aberdeenshire, comes an idea that others may care to adopt. "To make my new chicken houses easily movable," he writes, "I am utilising old cart wheel-axles and getting the blacksmith to cut both the ends to a stock which will pass through below supports. For the front an old grubber wheel will do the job. Wheels for axle will consist of old naves, if these are too worn I will have pieces of wood turned to same size. These not being too high will prevent the houses from swaying too much."

A number of men seem specialising in Rhode Island Reds, and with W. Barnes, of Bradford, these share the honours with White Leghorns. We are glad to hear that many people have admired his birds.

All friends of J. Leeman, of Skegness, will be sorry to know that he has had considerable worry over the health of his family of late. We hope that the coming of better weather will improve things for him. Meanwhile he is keeping busy and is looking forward to rearing 200 chicks for himself and more to sell.

#### No Grumblers

A cheerful letter comes from C. Temperton, of Dimswell, near Hull. As a test he set a broody hen with eleven eggs

on the last day of the old year, and all proved fertile, while his pullets and hens are doing so well that if only they keep on at the same rate Temperton assures us that he will feel quite a millionaire. "Joking apart," he writes, "things are looking bright. I am over my first 18 months' struggle and, although I don't suppose everything is always going right, and I have a good way to go yet, I feel ready to face the future. I am averaging 154 eggs a week from 54 hens and all are not laying yet, so I have nothing to grumble about in that direction."

#### What are "Silkies"?

Does any poultry man know anything about Japanese Silkies? L. Bisset, of Hants, has heard rumours of these birds which sound remarkable, although he is inclined to think they are show and not utility. The Encyclopædia of Poultry, while offering information as to Japanese bantams, is silent as to "silkie." Do they exist?

Another who has run into smooth water is G. Coles, of Doncaster, who, for two years has been supplying eggs for table purposes at a good market. May the wind long continue fair.

#### Motor Mat Making

The making of motor mats has been keeping J. Plunkett, of St. Leonards-on-Sea, busy of late. Not only has he been engaged on an order for the Hastings trams, but, in addition, Lady Eustace Percy, wife of the member of Parliament for the district, came to Plunkett's shop, and left an order for mats for her London house.

We congratulate Plunkett on the good work he has done, and are sure that he will put his best efforts into the new order.

This incident actually happened at the pavilion of a well-known London cricket club.

The telephone bell rang.  
"May I speak to Mr. Blank?"  
"Sorry. He's just gone in to bat."  
"Right. I'll hold the line."

## "And Here's Rosemary for Remembrance"

*We have received the following letter from a lady who was one of the Sisters at St. Dunstan's for a number of years; we may add that the visitor "incidents" mentioned therein are some of many equally amusing which are actually happening almost every day.*

To the EDITOR.

SIR,—One hears a great deal about the wonderful effect the "spirit" of St. Dunstan's has on the men who enter its portals—but nobody seems to have pointed out the equal effect it has on "the Sisters"! I had the privilege of coming to St. Dunstan's as a raw V.A.D., in the old "House" days, and, though very shy, I was at once struck with the spirit among the sisters and men alike. I suppose no V.A.D. ever came to St. Dunstan's who did not wish "to help," but all the same, they are so "helped" themselves, their "service" is a continual joy.

The bravery and pluck of the men has always been phenomenal, and not in a single instance have I ever known a man say he wasn't glad he had done "his bit," notwithstanding the consequences (most of them said they wouldn't have missed it for anything).

We had many amusing times in the "old days" (we have many amusing times now), and looked upon ourselves as a sort of "Zoo" of sorts and kinds of animals—not to be wondered at when so many people came to see us, thinking we really *were* the Zoo!

A very smart officer came one day, and asked for "Two Ticket, please," and when the Sister in the Hall office looked rather puzzled, he said, "But this is the Zoo, isn't it?"

Another day a family arrived all looking hot and tired. "Oh, yes; we came up from the country for the day, and have been to the Zoo, so we thought we would come to St. Dunstan's, too!"

One afternoon two very grand Indian gentlemen, in smart turbans, came in, and said, "And *where* are ze an-i-mals, please?"

I have even met Americans roaming round the duck-boards, which used to

lead from the house and bungalow to the workshops and offices, vainly searching for "wild animals"—(if they had only known there were plenty among us to be found!)

Sometimes an old man would arrive with a £100 note, and would give us his name and address, or a little woman with 2s. 6d., wrapped up in a handkerchief—saved up after weeks, to help "the boys"!

Then who could resist our old "jazz band," or our "Tug of War" men—our debating evenings—or our *dances*?

And so the days flew by, and now we are such a small community—we think of the "old days" and the many men and sisters who have "passed through" all breathing and blessing the "spirit of St. Dunstan's," which was inculcated by our great chief, and which we who still "carry on," and we who have left, will remember always with deep thankfulness.

Yours sincerely,

A GRATEFUL SISTER.

\* \* \*

Complimentary notices are still reaching us concerning the performances of D. M'Loughlin, who has been appearing with the O'Dempsey Opera Company in various Irish cities. We quote from "The Irish Independent":—

"He performs extraordinary conjuring tricks with marvellous skill, is a witty entertainer and sings excellently."

May M'Loughlin soon have a whole portfolio full of such notices!

Yet another of our men in the public eye is J. Mitchell, of Harrogate, who appeared recently with Mr. Leonard Houseman's concert party to make a short speech descriptive of St. Dunstan's. According to the press notices he spoke with excellent effect, and we send him our congratulations.



## SPORTS CLUB NOTES



I KNOW that all our sportsmen are glad that we have been able to recommence our Saturday sports. At first I wondered how we would manage to carry on with such a small staff, but I was very lucky in getting into touch with Mr. E. Finch, of Toc. H. Mr. Finch, who is an old Cambridge University man, is a keen sportsman, and not only is he helping us with our Saturday sports, but is also coaching our rowing men, with excellent results. Again, he is assisting in the goal-keeping arrangements for our football competition, and so you see we are all making splendid use of his services. We are all very grateful to him for giving his time to us, and he can safely rest assured that his work here is greatly appreciated.

I can see at once that our Saturday sports are going to be both strenuous and exciting. Instead of having a six weeks' competition, the whole term will be taken up and those securing the highest points win the prizes. This means turning up regularly Saturday by Saturday, so that no competitor is allowed to obtain an overwhelming number of points. Handicaps will also be in force during the whole competition.

The following are the leading points:—

T.B.	S.S.
Spink .. .. 95	Prior .. .. 105
Griffiths .. .. 75	Burtenshaw .. 105
Purnock .. .. 70	Wood .. .. 80
Pawley .. .. 65	Inman .. .. 70
Boorman .. .. 65	Coman .. .. 60
Ashe .. .. 60	

### FOOTBALL COMPETITION

When Sergeant Hunt left we were faced with the extreme difficulty of obtaining an efficient goalkeeper. We didn't want anyone who stopped a shot now and again, but a really good man who would keep the score down. We were fortunate, therefore, in getting Mr. Finch to "keep" for us, and also to have the assistance for

two days a week of G. Zipfel of Mr. Lush's department. Both these "goalies" have done so well that it wasn't until the sixth league match that a victory was recorded and then the Terrace Ramblers beat the Lodgers by 7 goals to 4; F. McMahon and G. Anderson each scoring three. It will be seen, therefore, that already the excitement is intense, and I am sure no English cup-tie is fought with greater keenness than our football league matches.

### RESULTS

January 30th:—	Goals.
The Saints v. Oddfellows ..	2—2
Oak Villa v. Terrace Ramblers ..	2—2
February 1st:—	
The Saints v. Oak Villa ..	3—3
Lodgers v. Kellydonians ..	2—2
February 2nd:—	
Kellydonians v. Oddfellows ..	1—1
Terrace Ramblers v. Lodgers ..	7—4

### JERKS

Our jerks classes are doing extraordinary well. Instructor Tovell now has a system by which he calls his pupils at St. John's Lodge one week and the next week Cornwall Terrace. A meeting place is arranged and then the whole squad gets to business. Already 45 men are taking part in morning jerks and feel all the better for it.

### SWIMMING

Instructor Jones is looking after his pupils in his usual enthusiastic way, and already he has 27 men on his list learning to swim and dive.

Swimming is one of the most useful, as well as invigorating, exercises and it is remarkable how quick our men are in picking it up.

### ROWING

The ladies of Bedford College have been most kind in coxing for us regularly each morning, and as there are 37 men on our rowing list there is plenty of work to do. Miss Patersona is most energetic in seeing

that all her many pupils are progressing satisfactorily, so that we can say that, with Mr. Finch's assistance, our rowing has "plenty of life."

#### FOOTBALL LEAGUE MATCHES

The boys are very keen upon attending the big league matches and every week a draw has to be made to pick out the lucky ones. We cannot thank the Arsenal Chelsea and Fulham Clubs enough for their goodness in inviting us, and for their personal courtesy when we arrive. We are particularly fortunate in getting tickets for the cup-tie matches, and have had the pleasure of attending the Rotherham and Southampton games. It is good to be at the great footer grounds again, and feel its peculiar and exciting atmosphere; it is an experience that we always thoroughly enjoy, especially when our side wins!

E.W.

\* \* \*

#### Another St. Dunstan's Romance

ALL good wishes will go to T. North, who, as reference to another paragraph will show, was married on January 24th to Miss Florrie Edwards. Everything went off splendidly, we are glad to hear, the weather kept fine, and there were crowds of people both inside and outside the church. We quote the account of the ceremony, as given in a local paper:—

A romance of St. Dunstan's had its happy sequel at Rushall Church, on Wednesday afternoon, when one of Walsall's three totally blinded soldiers, Mr Thomas William North, of 5, Brewer Street, was married to Miss Florrie Edwards, of Hazlemere, Surrey, whom he met while he was undergoing training at the Regent Park Institute for Servicemen who lost their sight in the war. Mr. North has thus never seen his bride.

In spite of his blindness, Mr. North has a cheery disposition, and largely in consequence of the excellent tuition he received at St. Dunstan's, where the men are taught to depend as much as possible

on themselves, he is able to find his way about the town unaided, and to supplement his pension by making netting and mats in a hut which has been provided for him by the St. Dunstan's authorities in the garden at his home.

Formerly a grocer's salesman in one of the leading shops in the town, he served for some time in the Special Constabulary, and joined the South Staffords in March, 1916. It was while he was in France, at Easter, 1917, that his mother and his sister's child were killed by a British aeroplane, which made a forced landing in the garden at Brewer Street. The sister was also injured by the machine.

Transferred to the Lincolns early in 1918, Mr. North was blinded a few months later while in the front line trenches, at Cambrai. A bullet passed behind one eye and also destroyed the sight of the other. He now has one glass eye, and at first appearance seems to be more short-sighted than blind.

"Victory over blindness" is the motto of St. Dunstan's, and while there he was taught to mend boots and shoes, make mats and nets, and generally to look after himself. Since he has been blind, he told the "Observer," his sense of touch has developed in a remarkable way, and when out by himself he had an intuition when he was about to walk into any obstacle. He still carries on his hobby of keeping fowls and pigeons.

Rushall Church was crowded for the ceremony, which was conducted by the Rev. A. Dawson. Many were unable to obtain admittance, and the approaches to the church were thronged with on-lookers. A guard of honour was formed outside the church by ten members of the Special Constabulary, in uniform, under Chief Inspector Comer, and Inspectors Hubble and Whitfield. Leaving the church, the happy pair passed beneath an arch formed of the constables' staves, and drove away amid cheers and cries of "Good old Tom," followed by three hearty blasts from the whistles of Mr. North's old colleagues in the "Specials."



## NEWS FROM THE WORKSHOPS AND STORES

#### MAT DEPARTMENT

G. H. WOOLEY has been making a steady improvement in his work on plain mats. Since our last reference A. H. Bradley has had further experience with designs and insertion borders which were made in his usual style. The work he has been doing during January on sinnet mats has also been excellent. Another man who has been making sinnets is J. Davies, and in his case also the work has been thoroughly good.

#### BOOT DEPARTMENT

During January, E. Ling has made a decided improvement. A pair of gent.'s boots, soled and heeled, were quite a good job right through. W. A. H. Farmery still continues in his persevering way getting good experience in all classes of repairs, and trying exceedingly hard to get his jobs correct, with the result that a decided improvement is shown all round. A. Dean has also been making steady and consistent progress, taking great pains and tackling every kind of job with very pleasing results. F. C. Harrison has just completed his course, having maintained his good standard of work to the end. We offer him our sincere congratulations upon the very capable and independent work he has done in the shop, and wish him every success in the future.

#### BASKET DEPARTMENT

At the centre-cane table, J. E. Pearson has continued to work on trays with plaited borders, teapot stands, barrels and work baskets, showing decided improvement all round. W. Lowings has also been doing trays, work baskets, letter baskets and barrels, in a similar manner.

On willow work two new men, G. Matthews and J. Whittingham, have been on small work and have overcome the initial difficulties. They are now gaining confidence and making advance. R. White has put in some useful work during January on oval arms and clothes

baskets, and has done very nicely. E. C. Wheeler has recently been doing hampers, waste papers and barrels. His recent advance on dog beds is a great credit to him. H. Smy has been occupied with clothes baskets, barrels, and, recently, soiled linens. His advance with this class has been very marked.

#### PROFICIENCY CERTIFICATES

The following have been issued during last month:—

Jones, H. (willow baskets).

Eaton, T. (joiner and picture framer).

Tomkinson, H. (mats).

W. H. O.

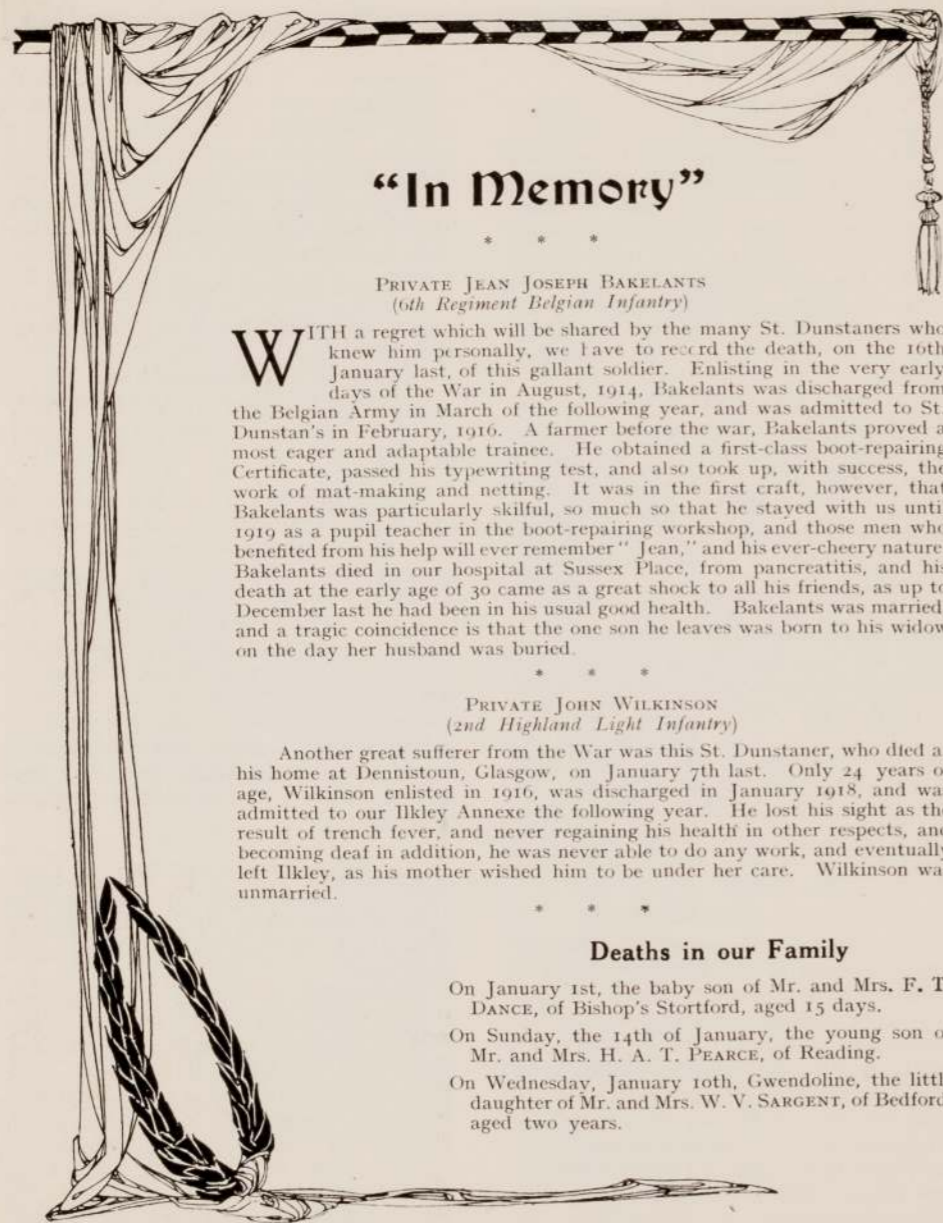
\* \* \*

A correspondent, J. Sheehy, sends from our Brighton Annexe news of an enjoyable concert held there on the evening of the 7th instant. The audience, which included, besides a large number of St. Dunstaners and their lady friends, the matron and staff, greatly enjoyed the programme submitted by the "Uniques" Concert Party. One of the "star" turns, we hear, was a little girl aged 10, whose songs "brought down the house." Amid great enthusiasm, she was presented with a box of chocolates by one of the boys.

\* \* \*

The following extract from a letter recently received from T. W. Chamberlain, of Habrough, one of our poultry farmers and basket makers, gives its own good news.

Chamberlain writes:—"I am pleased to tell you I have been busy with the baskets this last two weeks. I have had three 24in. clothes baskets to put new bottoms in, and three new ones to make for Lady Yarborough, and she is going to send me some laundry hampers to repair, which to and from London to their own laundry here, so you see, I look like having a bit to do here, and I think if they are all right, I might get the orders to make new ones when they are required."



## "In Memory"

PRIVATE JEAN JOSEPH BAKELANTS  
(6th Regiment Belgian Infantry)

WITH a regret which will be shared by the many St. Dunstaners who knew him personally, we have to record the death, on the 10th January last, of this gallant soldier. Enlisting in the very early days of the War in August, 1914, Bakelants was discharged from the Belgian Army in March of the following year, and was admitted to St. Dunstan's in February, 1916. A farmer before the war, Bakelants proved a most eager and adaptable trainee. He obtained a first-class boot-repairing Certificate, passed his typewriting test, and also took up, with success, the work of mat-making and netting. It was in the first craft, however, that Bakelants was particularly skilful, so much so that he stayed with us until 1919 as a pupil teacher in the boot-repairing workshop, and those men who benefited from his help will ever remember "Jean," and his ever-cheery nature. Bakelants died in our hospital at Sussex Place, from pancreatitis, and his death at the early age of 30 came as a great shock to all his friends, as up to December last he had been in his usual good health. Bakelants was married, and a tragic coincidence is that the one son he leaves was born to his widow on the day her husband was buried.

PRIVATE JOHN WILKINSON  
(2nd Highland Light Infantry)

Another great sufferer from the War was this St. Dunstaner, who died at his home at Dennistoun, Glasgow, on January 7th last. Only 24 years of age, Wilkinson enlisted in 1916, was discharged in January 1918, and was admitted to our Ilkley Annexe the following year. He lost his sight as the result of trench fever, and never regaining his health in other respects, and becoming deaf in addition, he was never able to do any work, and eventually left Ilkley, as his mother wished him to be under her care. Wilkinson was unmarried.

### Deaths in our Family

- On January 1st, the baby son of Mr. and Mrs. F. T. DANCE, of Bishop's Stortford, aged 15 days.
- On Sunday, the 14th of January, the young son of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. T. PEARCE, of Reading.
- On Wednesday, January 10th, Gwendoline, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. V. SARGENT, of Bedford, aged two years.



## CHAPEL NOTES

OUR services during the past month have been remarkably encouraging.

In spite of the fact that the number of men in residence has been diminishing, yet our service attendance has been kept up. Nearly every Sunday we have a full congregation, whilst the additional seating accommodation has still to be requisitioned. We were glad to welcome several of the old boys and their wives at our chapel; the service is held at 11 a.m., and is invariably over by 11.45 a.m. There is always a celebration of Holy Communion on the first Sunday of the month after Morning Service.

CONFIRMATION.—I am hopeful that I may be able to present one or two candidates for Confirmation by the Lord Bishop of London at S. Paul's Cathedral on the 17th inst.

E. W.

\* \* \*

### Births

On January 21st, posthumously, to MRS. J. BAKELANTS, of Holloway, a son.

On January 23rd, to the wife of J. BANNISTER, a girl. Both doing well.

On January 9th, to the wife of W. BIRCH, of Paddington, W., a son.

On January 17th, the wife of F. V. BOND, of Bath, of a son.

On Monday, January 8th, to the wife of W. COX, of Marylebone, a baby girl. Mother and child both doing well.

On January 2nd, the wife of A. DAVIES, of South Bank, Yorks, a baby girl (Edna). Mother and child both doing well.

On January 13th, to the wife of C. DURKIN, of Putney, a son.

On January 20th, to the wife of W. J. HARRIS, of Swindon, a daughter.

On January 7th, the wife of A. JAMES, of Harringay, N., a son, and first baby.

On January 19th, to the wife of S. JENNINGS, of Bradford, Yorks, a daughter.

On December 28th, to the wife of J. McCUE, of Newport, Essex, a daughter. Mother and child both doing well.

On December 27th, the wife of GEORGE PITT, of Bristol, a son (first child). Mother and boy both doing well.

On Thursday, December 28th, the wife of R. WARREN, of Nottingham Place, London, W., a son. Mother and child both doing well.

On December 24th, the wife of J. G. WISHART, of West Stanley, Co. Durham, a daughter. Mother and baby both doing well.

\* \* \*

### Marriages

NORTH—EDWARDS.—At Rushall Parish Church, near Walsall, on Wednesday, January 24th, THOMAS WILLIAM NORTH, to FLORRIE EDWARDS, of Haselmere, Surrey.

\* \* \*

### Our Babies

The list of prize winning babies grows longer almost month by month. This time we have to offer our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Cork as their baby boy, aged 10 months, has taken two prizes, one first and one second.

\* \* \*

### MISS MAUD ROYDEN

RECENTLY several men at Cornwall Terrace have expressed a wish to hear Miss Royden preach, and a Sunday or so ago the idea crystallised. "Unemployment" was the topic for the day, and Miss Royden prefaced her remarks by a sentence from something Sir Arthur Pearson had once said to her. It was to the effect that almost invariably men who came to him blind, said that the worst part of the burden to their minds was the fear of perpetual unemployment as a result of their handicap. When this nightmare was lifted, hope returned.

Such an introduction was naturally of the keenest interest to every St. Dunstaner present, and Miss Royden's address was listened to throughout with the keenest pleasure.



## The History of our Crafts The Romance of Rug-Making

*We are publishing, under the above heading, a series of articles dealing with the origination and progress of the various crafts which are taught at St. Dunstan's, and in which our men have accomplished such splendid work. Quite apart from the historical interest which will attach to these reviews of the crafts which occupy the working hours of many St. Dunstaners, the information which the articles provide should help in other directions: as, for instance, in any advertising or publicity the men themselves do, and also in the possible provision of ideas for the making of articles for sale.*

RUG work, as organised at St. Dunstan's, is a comparatively new industry, since it was not initiated until two years after netting had been introduced.

Until 1917, string-bag work seemed the only occupation suitable for our one-handed and otherwise crippled men. This was not sufficient, so, for the benefit of the doubly handicapped, a new method of rug-work was started in the Netting Room. Wool was both scarce and expensive. Therefore, our beginning was modest, but the work quickly proved to be exactly the quiet, and yet interesting, occupation needed; within a year it developed into quite an important industry, though one reserved for the benefit of those unable to undergo the regular workshop training. St. Dunstan's rugs have now won a well-deserved reputation; they are of high quality and unique in their blend of usefulness and beauty.

Perhaps to the rug-makers of St. Dunstan's this work will appear in a new light when they know something of the history and romance of their craft. As they make their knots may the rugs bear them, in imagination, to the mystic East, as did, in substance, the magic carpet of which we used to read in the days of our youth.

The oldest rug known was captured by the Arabs from the Persians in the year 637. It was woven of silk, while gold, silver and precious stones were worked into the wonderful flower border. Treated as "booty," this amazing work of art was cut up into small pieces and divided among the soldiery!

Another historic rug almost caused a war. An envoy sent to Persia by Queen

Elizabeth felt insulted at being asked to remove his shoes before entering a mosque and stepping upon a rug held sacred by the Persians. Affronted, he complained to his hot-headed mistress, and it required all the tact of the leading diplomatists of the day to prevent the occurrence of "a regrettable incident."

But the most famous rug in the world, valued to-day at £50,000, hangs in South Kensington Museum. This is known as the Ardabil rug as it was woven in a little town of that name, in honour of a Shah of Persia who died in 1524, his son wishing to offer it to the mosque associated with the tombs of his ancestors—as a modern king might present a western church with a memorial tablet or group of statuary. This rug measures about thirty-four by seventeen feet and contains thirty million knots—350 to the square inch! The greatest rug maker of the day laboured on it for sixteen consecutive years. Had he not employed assistants to help him with the simpler parts, it would have taken him full twenty-four years to complete.

Persians look on rugs as we do pictures, so this masterpiece is signed:—"The work of the slave of the threshold, Mahqud of Kashan."

To our minds, rugs are merely floor coverings, but in Eastern countries they serve many purposes, and for those who can read by signs there is romance as well as history in their knots.

The first rude "rugs" were made of plaited or woven reeds. Then some now forgotten genius discovered a method of "spinning" fibre and wool, so revolutionising the manufacture.

Both the Persians and Turks, the two most famous rug-making peoples, were nomads. They first used rugs to hang over the openings of their tents, later, as a covering for the raised bank of earth on which the chiefs sat in state with the honoured guest of the moment; the retinue squatted on the floor. As the sense of luxury developed, smaller rugs were provided for those of less importance, as we, to-day, provide chairs for our friends.

In the East, too, rugs are used for ceremonial purposes. We have all heard of "Prayer Rugs," on which those of the Mahomedan faith prostrate themselves, but not everyone knows that rugs are also used at funerals. Funeral rugs are invariably woven with a Cypress design, as this tree is accepted as the emblem of immortality.

Pilgrims intending to go to Mecca weave rugs and carry them with them, exchanging them for money as opportunity arises *en route*, as we do travellers' cheques.

At one time the rug in the tent of a Sheik was held as sanctuary. If a man, hard pressed by his enemies, could force an entrance and set foot on such a rug the Sheik and his whole tribe would rise in defence of the desperado, no matter what his crime.

In the interior of Turkey and Persia sons still bring home their wives to the house of their father, and it is the duty of the mother-in-law to keep all employed, hence there is a considerable amount of rug-making done by these peoples. They use a very primitive kind of a loom made by driving two poles into the ground parallel to each other, the distance between the two determining the width of the rug. Warp threads are then fastened to a pole which rests in notches on the upright ends.

Women, and even little children of five and six years of age, weave at these looms, the latter being employed on the plain backgrounds. Each family has its own design, as have the Scotch clans their plaid.

As the weaving is done by many hands there is considerable variation in the tying

of the knots, which is one of the reasons why oriental rugs lie unevenly on the floor.

When a girl is considered fairly proficient she is allowed to make a complete rug, and the money for which this sells is counted towards her dowry.

A Senna rug may have from 400 to 600 knots to the square inch; a Turkish as few as 30.

A skilful eastern weaver can tie three knots a minute. If he worked at such rate a rug five feet by eight feet, having 499 knots to the square inch, would take four years to make!

The tools of the oriental rug-maker are simple, a knife, a pair of curved scissors and a comb-like instrument to batten down the pile, are all that he requires.

In rugs made with the Turkish knot, the yarn is tied in such a way that the two ends which make the pile of the rug alternate, necessitating a somewhat long pile in order that they may lap over and cover the warp threads; when these wear the warp is liable to show.

In Persian rugs the knot is tied in such a way that between every strand of the warp a strand of yarn obtrudes. This makes it possible to cut the ends of the wool very close, so giving the rugs a velvety surface.

The shearing of the pile is specialised work and is usually done by one person in a family or tribe. In rug factories a kind of lawn mower is used!

The combings shed once a year by young lambs are carefully set aside to be used in the finest rugs, but for the general run of work the hair of goats and camels is employed.

The dying of the wool is considered a fine art, and the tribal dyer is esteemed as a person of great importance.

Sometimes villages specialise in a colour, one dyes only blue, another yellow and a third red. In such cases the drying frames erected on the roofs of the houses give an extraordinary effect of vivid blocks of colour.

Vegetable dyes, of course, are used. Onion skins are boiled to obtain yellow,

walnut husks for green, and "worm red bugs" give pinks and reds. As fuel is scarce, having to be bought by the pound, red is too expensive a colour to be used in purely commercial rugs; a deep rich shade can only be obtained by something like twenty-four hours' cooking.

The beautiful sheen on old Persian rugs is due to the untwisting of the wool owing to the friction caused by contact with the harsh woollen stockings worn by the natives. Wily sellers of rugs in Constantinople have learnt how to give an imitation gloss to shoddy products by smearing them with a mixture of glycerine and water and then applying a hot iron. Another little dodge of the rug-seller (when overhauling his stock just before the tourist season) is to mark everything exactly double. It is a "January sale" the wrong way up.

A district in India which is famous for its rugs is Gwalior. Here, curiously enough, the rugs are the result of prison labour. A man "in" for a short term is not considered worth teaching, but those sentenced for upwards of two years are sent to the looms and given an opportunity of becoming expert rug-makers.

Some of the designs are so intricate that six men can only complete two inches a day. These carpets are always made in pairs, this is because the pattern-maker sits between two looms and chants the number of stitches and their colouring.

E. T. C.

### A Development in Rug Work

OF late the idea of incorporating names and monograms into rugs has found favour. In this direction W. G. Sanders was a pioneer, for it occurred to him that a memorial rug might be acceptable to Lady (Arthur) Pearson. The scheme was approved, eager fingers set to work, and the joint effort was finished to everyone's satisfaction. To Sanders, Lady Pearson wrote direct; to the other workers she sent a gracious message:—

"I shall be glad if you will convey a message to those who assisted in making

the rug, of my deep appreciation and high regard for their neat and beautiful handiwork. The monogram is delightful, and so cleverly inserted. I shall treasure the rug with the utmost care in remembrance of the courage of our blinded soldiers."

The same idea, but with a variation, has been adopted by F. W. Thompson, of S. Devon, who has just completed an order for a rug, with a lady's name on it. He found it a difficult and somewhat lengthy piece of work, but decidedly interesting. The letters were black, filled in with orange, and the general effect of the rug was excellent. Thompson has a right to be proud of his handiwork.

\* \* \*

### Handrup at St. Dunstan's

WHEN one puts one's ear to the telephone receiver at St. Dunstan's there is never any guessing as to what the message may be. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred the call will be prosaic, the hundredth, so little anticipated that it sets everybody running.

Among the most unexpected calls of the past few days was one from Handrup, the well-known silhouette artist, who, finding he could spare an hour, volunteered to come up to Cornwall Terrace.

Unfortunately, the lounge was more empty than usual, as a large party had just gone off to a football match, and others were out in parts unknown, but all within reach eagerly assembled to welcome the visitor, and an engrossing time ensued. Amongst those fortunate enough to be in were P. McGloin, H. Boosman, E. V. Dawes, F. Griffiths, A. Herriot, A. Kelly, F. MacMahon, R. Pateron, T. Amnis, and A. Stevens. These are now the proud possessors of excellent silhouettes of themselves, cut in Handrup's own distinctive manner. The chagrin of those who were not at hand can be imagined. Luck was in for P. McGloin, for his sister was present, and Handrup included her in his galaxy of portraits.

(Picture on frontispiece page.)



## DEPARTMENTAL NOTES



### Braille Room

OUR heartiest congratulations to the following men on having passed their Braille Reading and Writing

Tests:—

*Reading*:—G. H. Gilpin.

*Writing*:—J. W. Cookson, K. J. Howes, J. R. Brown, M. J. Printie and T. J. Floyd.

The following are amongst the books that have recently been added to the National Library for the Blind:—

"Huntingtower," by John Buchan; "Knight among Ladies," by J. Buckrose; "Bars of Iron," by E. M. Dell; "Desert Wheat," by Zane Grey; "Roads of Destiny," by O. Henry; "The Matador," by V. B. Ibanez; "The Brushwood and the Maltese Cat," by Rudyard Kipling; "The Nursery," by Eden Philpotts; "The Grey Room," by Eden Philpotts; "Windyridge," by W. Riley; "The Coming of Bill," by P. G. Wodehouse; "Five of Swords," by G. K. Chesterton; "Greatheart," by E. M. Dell; "Bella Donna," by R. Hichens; "The Wood Carver of Limpus," by M. E. Waller; "Scaramouche," by Sabatini; "Lhasa and its Mysteries," by L. A. Waddell, and "Sea Power and Freedom," by G. Fiennes.

### Typewriting, Shorthand and Telephony

We sincerely congratulate the following men on having passed their Typewriting Test:—Mr. C. Le Bas and H. Wood.

All the best of good wishes to H. Finkle, who has obtained a post in the North of England, and started work as telephonist on January 15th. We wish him every success.

D. A. P.

### Netting Notes

WE have again something new to write about this month. Our golf driving nets are in such good demand that we are now prepared to supply with

these, strong wooden 10 feet supports, guy ropes, runners, and pegs at a very moderate price.

If home workers receive inquiries for golf nets, will they please note that these are now made both in straight and square netting. The former kind allows a certain fulness which absorbs the impact of a hard driven ball, but such nets are a little more costly than those made on the square mesh, as more string is used.

It is so important that golf driving nets shall be made on a mesh not exceeding  $\frac{3}{4}$  in., and that the netting shall be very tight and even, that we do not advise home workers to undertake orders without our advice.

G. W. H.

### A "LISTENER-IN"

Among the latest devotees of "wireless" is H. Manning, one of our telephonists, who, aided by a helpful engineer (one, by the way, who will help other St. Dunstaners in the same direction), has lately installed a crystal set which differs a little from those usually obtained from shops, and is giving most excellent results. Manning is enthusiastic over the broadcasted operas, as are those of his friends who join him in "listening-in."

### A BLIND ANTIQUE DEALER

The death has occurred suddenly at Lisson Grove, Marylebone, of Mr. Charles Moore, aged 67, familiarly known as "Blind Charlie," who was recognised as one of the most expert judges of old china, cut glass, and furniture in London.

Ever since he became blind, 36 years ago, he devoted his life to antiques, and so delicate was his gift of touch and extensive his knowledge, that he estimated the value of any article to a nicety.

He was a well-known figure at London and provincial sales, and also at the Caledonian Market, at Islington, which he attended for many years.

## A Hundred Up

By PETER GLADWIN

WIND and rain together laid siege on the windows of the hotel lounge. The panes were spattered untidily, drops joining drops to run in miniature rivers. Outside the rain seemed to drift almost in clouds; the long skirts of the sea were hemmed with white; there was almost a snarl in the dull and heavy voice of the surf.

The two men, yawning over the fire, regarded each other moodily from their respective chairs. The meeting of their gaze seemed to demand an exchange of speech.

"Nice day!" said Pebling, an upward glance of comic despair laying stress upon his irony of tone.

"Beastly!" Garbut agreed. "And nothing to do. Not so much as an evening paper to be seen in this benighted hole."

"Some people think they're resting when they get right away from them," Pebling muttered. "I wonder whether they've caught Marsden yet."

He took off his glasses, polished them and readjusted them on a thin, aquiline nose.

In appearance he was remarkable, arresting. With the lightly-etched features of a man in early middle life he was as bald as an egg. Smoothly shaved on the lip and chin his innocence of a single apparent hair gave him an air of fastidious cleanliness. For the rest he was tall and lean, of a build which just missed scragginess.

Garbut was of a different and coarser type, stoutly and heavily built, with a full and not very intelligent face. A sound man, you would say, in his own particular business, whatever that was but far from being a man of parts.

"What," he said, "the Kensington murderer? Shouldn't wonder. The police are pretty good. I shouldn't think that fellow would get far."

Pebling leaned forward in his chair as he spoke.

"I don't know. The man's clever. You'd think with his build and appearance, and the photographs which have been circulated, they'd have had him in no time. He seems to be about my height and build, and we tall, thin people are so conspicuous. Then he had that dark, curly hair. Daresay he had the sense to have it cut pretty short. Of course, he'd shave off his moustache. He'd want some identifying then, you know."

Garbut smiled.

"Oh, they'll have him," he said. "He's hiding up somewhere in London, I suppose, only going out at night. But a policeman will spot him just when he thinks he's safe, or his landlady will give him away."

"Hiding up in London!" Pebling laughed whimsically. "Wish I'd had the sense to stay there too instead of letting myself be lured down to this hole where it does nothing but rain and blow. What is there for man to do but read the guide-book and go crazy."

Garbut laughed in his turn.

"It's not very exhilarating," he agreed. "Play billiards?"

The other hesitated a moment before saying, "Yes."

"Come on, then," said Garbut. "I'll give you a game. There's a fire in the billiard-room to keep us warm. It'll pass the time."

Pebling rose lazily and stretched.

"All right," he said, "just a hundred. Shall I give you points?"

Garbut shrugged his shoulders.

"It doesn't matter. I daresay I can give you a pretty good game. Mind if I take spot."

They entered the empty billiard-room where the balls lay ready on the table. Garbut selected a cue and gave a miss in baulk. His opponent missed by an inch in an attempt to cannon off three cushions.

"Cushions are as dead as mutton," he remarked.

Garbut went to the table and scored a dozen, breaking down at an easy losing hazard, and leaving his opponent with a thin in-off shot to play.

Pebling, however, elected to tackle it differently. He played an admirably judged half-run-through shot, landed his own ball in the pocket and brought the object ball well out of baulk.

Garbut applauded by tapping the butt of his cue. His eyes were shining with a curious elation.

"I can always get these," said Pebling, with thinly disguised satisfaction, and proceeded to make an admirable run-through cannon. He scored twenty-seven in all, breaking down at a long jenny along the right-hand cushion. "I always miss those beastly things by a bit of shaving paper," he said, chalking his cue.

Garbut smiled at something in his mind. He went to the table and failed to score, leaving the balls, however, in apparent safety.

Pebling hesitated, frowned, and then cut the red into one of the bottom pockets from a seemingly impossible angle.

"Oh, the snooker-player," said Garbut admiringly.

"I do play snooker a bit," Pebling rejoined. He was warming to the game now, and played another admirable run-through shot.

His score was forty when he turned away from the table. Garbut followed him and missed an easy in-off.

"I don't believe you're trying," Pebling said.

Garbut looked up quickly and keenly.

"Not trying!" he echoed. "If you only knew how hard I'm trying! There you are. Don't try to run through that. The kiss will rob you for a certainty."

"Will it!" Pebling went to the table and he was smiling. "Nine hundred and ninety people in a thousand would say the same. Watch! It's a matter of left-hand side, hitting hard, being at the same time very careful not to stop my own ball. Voila!"

Garbut ran to extract the ball from the pocket.

"Oh, great shot!" His eyes were glistening with an enthusiasm which

seemed disproportionate to the cause. "Pity you've left yourself another of those long jennies. You don't seem to like them very much."

Pebling attempted the shot and missed it as before. Garbut's cold, dull eyes still shone with a queer joy. Ten minutes later Pebling ran out with a break of thirty-nine.

"Thank you," he said, and returned his cue to the rack. "I ought to have given you points."

"You did," said Garbut, leaning his own cue against the table, "you did."

Pebling allowed what seemed a foolish remark to drift past him.

"You weren't playing up to your form," he suggested.

"I assure you," said Garbut, "that I never played better in my life. My object was to leave you certain shots and see how you tackled them."

"Oh!" A shade of annoyance crossed Pebling's face. "Well," he added, coldly, "I hope you were satisfied."

"Perfectly!"

Garbut approached him slowly, leisurely, a hand in the side pocket of his coat.

"I have," he said, "a very wonderful memory. That is part of my stock-in-trade. It is something which every detective should cultivate."

The muscles about Pebling's mouth began to quiver.

"You're a—a detective then?" he stammered.

Garbut nodded.

"But talking about my memory," he continued, "I remember Marsden, the man who's wanted for that Kensington murder, very well. He was an excellent billiard player. I only met him once, but I played a couple of games with him, and had the utmost difficulty in winning both. He had the same stance and style as you. He had also a trick, which is also yours, of making his bridge with his index-finger just off the table. He potted admirably, and his run-through shots were something to dream of, but he couldn't get long jennies."

The clean pink tint had faded out of the other's face. It was white now, and shiny with sweat.

"I ought to tell you," Garbut continued, "that I am covering you through my coat pocket. This, in case you meditate anything wicked. It was clever of you to shave your head, but it's been done before. I was pretty sure of you as soon as I set eyes on you, but I wanted to see you play billiards first in order to make certain."

Pebbling reeled against the wall. Some cue-cases swung and clattered behind his head.

## From the World's Press

By SYDNEY KENDALL

### Laughing at Blindness

THE philosophy of St. Dunstan's might alternatively have been the title of an article written by Rex Furness in the *Evening News*, and from which I give some striking extracts:—

Those of us who have been blinded in the full pride of youth have a rather strange philosophy of laughter.

Broadly speaking, for the young, active and healthy blind man, there are only two alternative ways of regarding blindness—to laugh or to cry about it, and we prefer the former. The famous poster depicting "Three Happy Men of St. Dunstan's" strives to create no exaggerated impressions for propaganda purposes, but is truly descriptive of the blind man's philosophy of laughter.

You must eliminate all pathos from your conception of the blind. You must laugh with me—at myself—when I tell of how, in the early days of blindness, I struck a match to help me find a dropped collar stud, which had apparently rolled into a dark corner. Helpful assistance when needed is deeply appreciated, but given with laughter it is doubly welcome.

A philosophy which tells one that there are many things in life still left to do and to enjoy is very good meat, and laughter is an excellent sauce.

But such an attitude of mind, although based upon no false heroics, is only possible in those cases where independence and freedom from material want have

"You don't mean," he stammered—"my God—you don't mean—"

Garbut's left hand reached out and plucked him gently by the sleeve.

"Theodore Marsden," he said, "I arrest you for the murder of John Suter Taylor. It is my duty to warn you that anything you say may be used in evidence against you. . . ."

been secured. To be active, healthy and engaged in some form of constructive employment is almost a *sine qua non* of blind happiness.

### Mental Visions

THE mental pictures which are never very far away, and which are so easily called up by some unexpected word, or smell, or sound, are part of the everyday life of all of us. The mental visions of a blind writer in the *Weekly Dispatch* are, however, unusually interesting, because they deal with well-known figures and places of the past.

### In a Sighted Past

Various sounds produce thoughts of by-gone days. Mental visions appear, and some seem indelibly impressed on the mind. When I hear the cricket bat strike the ball I see the incomparable Dr. W. G. Grace in the cricket field as I saw him forty years ago at Bristol. The mental vision presents him walking from the pavilion to the pitch, the tall, black-bearded man putting on his gloves preparatory to knocking the bowling to all parts of the field.

### Pictures from Thoughts

As thoughts wander, I see Jem Mace—that quiet, unassuming man—one time champion of England, sitting opposite me having a game of cards before entering the ring; Frank Slavin, Jim Driscoll, and Fred Welch, whose fights stand out prominently in my mental pictures.

What celebrities are visualised! Disraeli, with curl on forehead and tuft on chin; Gladstone, in his famous collar; Salisbury, with his bushy beard; Chamberlain, with his eyeglass. I remember seeing a small, slight young man addressing a Liberal meeting in a chapel on the borders of Wales, gesticulating as he denounced the Government then in power: this little man was Mr. Lloyd George.

### Blind Men and Fogs

By W. J. HENRY

WHILE we are groping through the thick of a fog, we find it hard to realise that high over our heads the sun is still brilliantly shining.

A great part of the coal thrown into furnaces or on open fires isn't burned at all, but is merely distilled up the chimney. Thus are thrown into the air with the smoke many invisible gases, which create the thick, sooty fog of towns.

Hence, even when our air is comparatively clear, we town-dwellers are breathing "foggy" or foul air. And how much we are affected by the air we breathe is shown by the fact that while the lung of an Eskimo is quite white, that of a coal miner is quite black, and the lung of a dweller in a manufacturing town is grey.

At sea, fog invariably brings disaster. But on land—apart from the fact that a foggy week increases our death rate by nearly a quarter—there are surprisingly few accidents in foggy weather.

Broadly, whereas on sea fog plays havoc, on land it plays pranks. On a foggy day in town there is usually more to smile at than to grieve over.

Foreigners visiting our picture galleries ask why we cover our masterpieces with glass. On the Continent, where the air is clearer, they don't need to take this precaution; but in our country the canvases have to be protected from the smut and fog.

Animals and birds are bewildered by a fog. Animals which find their way by scent are baffled. Birds, especially pigeons and chickens, usually sit motionless till the fog has passed.

During a very thick fog a blind man was

found wandering about, feeling his way with a stick.

This man was in the habit of coming every day from a little town two miles off, carrying notes and parcels, and he had scarcely ever lost his way before. Asked why he had lost his way—for he is quite blind, and weather might be supposed to make no difference—he said that in a fog the ground "sounded quite differently."

### The Human Calculating Machine

My readers will no doubt be considerably astonished by the existence of a calculating machine that has the appearance of an ordinary human being, except for a most unhuman ability for arithmetic. That such a man existed may be seen from an article in the *New York Herald*, which itself is quoting from an English medical paper. We give the greater part of the article here:—

#### FEAT OF A BLIND MAN REMARKABLE CASE OF RAPID CALCULATION REPORTED IN ENGLAND.

From the *Scientific American*.

Some years ago the London *Lancet* cited a remarkable case of extraordinary ability in arithmetic calculation.

The patient was completely blind, and was able to make elaborate calculations such as the square root of any number running into four figures in an average of four seconds, and the square root of any number running into six figures in six seconds. These are mere trifles, however, compared with the following:—

He was asked how many grains of corn there would be in any one of sixty-four boxes, with one in the first, two in the second, four in the third, eight in the fourth, and so on in succession. He gave the answers for the fourteenth, for the eighteenth and the twenty-fourth instantaneously, and he gave the figures for the forty-eighth box (140,737,488,355,328) in six seconds.

Further, on the request to give the total in all the boxes up to and including the sixty-fourth, he furnished the correct answer (18,446,744,073,709,551,615) in forty-five seconds.

### "Speed" Stenographer

It is from America, too, that we get six inches of headlines on the miracle of a blind stenographer, who could write eighty words a minute on her shorthand machine, and was also an expert typist. When we remember the 100 words a minute shorthand test at St. Dunstan's, and the fact that practically every St. Dunstan's man is an expert typist, the miracle of the American lady seems to lose a little of its point.

A short passage in the *Liverpool Post* will also raise smiles from St. Dunstaners. It is reported, as a news item of interest, that three blind men went to Blackpool from Wigan, and while they were there actually bathed in the sea! One wonders what the reporter would think if he should ever visit the St. Dunstan's swimming gala, where solo and combined diving, racing and water polo, were part of the ordinary repertoire.

### The Perceptions of the Blind

THE *Yorkshire Observer* gives quite an interesting article on the Perceptions of the Blind. As everyone knows, the blind man referred to as driving a car was a St. Dunstaner. The article is, of course, emphasising all these points laid down in Sir Arthur Pearson's "Victory over Blindness":—

Even greater uncanniness is shown by some blind people than was shown by the blind man who "sensed" the presence of a motor-car (writes a correspondent). We have lately heard of the phenomenon of a blind man driving a motor-car from Leeds to Harrogate. How do we account for the fact that a blind supporter of the Huddersfield Town Football Club supplied occasional reports of the game to a newspaper, reports which included details which some of the spectators did not remember observing? In Leeds there is a blind botanist, and formerly that town also had a blind cabinet-maker, who in trade circles became famous. At Selby there is a blind shopkeeper who has no difficulty in recognising the goods which he sells by their touch. Sound, of course,

helps a blind man immensely, and the one thing that really makes him helpless is a fall of snow, which deadens sound. But it is not so generally realised that the sense of smell is made great use of by the blind. To some blind men, it is said, no two streets have quite the same smell, and parts of a street have their characteristic smells. A blind person who has cultivated the sense of smell as a guidance to him can often tell that a friend is not wearing the same suit or dress as he or she wore when last they met. Practice has enabled him to distinguish the aromatic individuality of different kinds of cloth.

### The Tonic of Appreciation

We know that the letters, so constantly received, of appreciation and thanks for the services of the different departments at St. Dunstan's form one of the greatest stimulants to the hard work and enthusiasm of every member on the staff, and for that reason alone we welcome the opportunity of publishing these letters in the columns of the REVIEW. Here is what Reginald Wilkinson says in a letter recently received:—

"I would like to take this opportunity of recording my grateful appreciation of all that St. Dunstan's has done for me in the way of treatment, training and general welfare. St. Dunstan's has been a true friend to the hundreds of fellows who have been under its care, and I am sure that when I write these few words of thanks to this wonderful institution, I express not only my own sentiments, but those of St. Dunstan's both individually and collectively.

"I trust this finds you well, and with all good wishes,—Remain, yours sincerely,

"REGINALD WILKINSON.

To Captain Fraser.

\* \* \*

### Back Numbers

The Editor is still anxious to secure one or two back numbers of *St. Dunstan's Review*, particularly Numbers 3 and 40. Can any readers oblige with these issues?

## Notes on the History of Shorthand

THERE are traces of the uses of shorthand by the ancient Greeks. A papyrus of 155 B.C. found in Egypt contains a contract of apprenticeship to one Appollonius, a "Semeiographer" (i.e. writer by signs).

Specimens still exist of the Roman system known as the "Notae Tironianae" from Tiro. Tiro was first a slave and afterwards a freedman of Cicero. He became Cicero's amanuensis and is believed to have improved on the method of the poet Ennius. Tiro used abbreviated long-hand and we owe much of what remains of Cicero's writings to him.

Pierre Carpentier's *Alphabetum Tironianum* (1747) contains specimens of charters of Louis the Pious, written in this system, which had thus remained in use until the 9th century. While there are indications of an alphabet, there are no uniform rules for writing, many words being shortened in an arbitrary way and others represented by the characters of the ordinary alphabet.

For some centuries after the final disuse of the Tironian notes, shorthand seems to have been unknown, and to England is due the credit of its revival.

In 1588 Timothy Bright, rector of Methrey, Yorkshire, and author of several medical works, published his "Characterie; an Art of Shorte, Swifte and Secret Writing by Character" (reprinted in 1888). In it he claims the invention of shorthand. His system is not shorthand in present sense of the word for it is not based on a shorthand alphabet, but is a system of arbitrary marks for words; there was an alphabet and "A" was the only letter formed by a single stroke; any letter could be used in four directions, (1) an upright stroke with a hook at the top, (2) a similar stroke but hooked at the bottom, (3 and 4) slanting to the right or left.

The signs were rarely used in their simple state but with an additional mark at the end (of which there were 12 different kinds), and they were used to indicate arbitrarily selected words. Each letter might thus indicate 48 different words,

but the whole number of words in the "Characterie" table is 537. These were to be committed to memory and from them all other words were formed by modification.

Two years later Peter Bales published "The Writing Schoolmaster," also composed of arbitrary characters. The problem which inventors of shorthand have attempted to solve is thus formulated by him.

"to write as fast as a man speaketh treatably. This may in appearance seem difficult; but it is effect very easy, containing a many commodities under a few principles, the shortness whereof is attained by memory, and swiftness by practice and sweetness by industry."

In 1602 appeared "The Art of Stenography of Short Writing by Spelling Characterie," invented by John Williw, Bachelor of Divinity. Notice the grand distinction between it and the previous attempts that had been made by describing it as "Spelling Characterie"; the others were *verbal* characterie.

From then on came many systems called by different names, and with different rules, about which there is no need to go into detail. But one of the earliest practised was that of Thomas Shelton (1630), in which system Pepys' diary was written.

There were a number of shorthand writers in the 18th century, amongst them Taylor, and in 1837 came Isaac Pitman. The latter marked a new era, his system being entitled "Phonography," the sounds of the English language being represented by different marks.

Remarkable impetus was given to the general cultivation of shorthand by the celebration of the tercentenary of Bright's system and the jubilee of Pitman's phonography at the first international shorthand congress held in London in 1887, followed by the introduction of shorthand as a subject to be taught in elementary schools and technical classes in great Britain.

D. A. P.

## "Let us be Merry"

*"Laugh and the world laughs with you—weep and you weep alone"*

"SIR," he said, "your daughter has promised to marry me. But one has to be careful these days. I'd like to know—just to be sure—is there any insanity in your family?"

"I'm afraid there must be," said the old gentleman, looking the young man up and down.

\* \* \*

A WORRIED-LOOKING man recently applied for settlement of a claim for fire insurance.

"Much damage?" asked the agent.

"Just a door," said the man.

"How much would a new door cost?"

"About a pound."

"When did the fire happen?"

"About thirty years ago," answered the man, hesitatingly.

"And you have waited all these years to report it?"

"Well, sir," said the man, "the women-folk at my house have been at me to do something about that door ever since it was burned, and I just couldn't stand it any longer."

\* \* \*

BARBER: "Razor all right, sir?"

Victim: "My good man, if you hadn't mentioned it, I should never have known there was a razor on my face."

Barber: "It is very kind of you to say so, sir."

Victim: "Not at all. I thought you were using a file."

\* \* \*

THOUGH favoured by fine weather on the journey up, the traveller arrived to find Manchester dripping in rain.

"That's curious," he said to the porter; "how long has it been raining here?"

"Dunno," was the reply, "I've only been here a matter of five weeks."

\* \* \*

"WILL you please send me a new cheque-book," wrote a lady, "as I have lost the one you sent last week. This does not much matter, as I have signed all the cheques in it, so it will not be of much use to anyone else."

\* \* \*

THE following dialogue took place at a Sunday school the other day.

Teacher: "Who was it saw the writing on the wall, Bobby?"

Bobby (sadly): "The landlord."

"I SAY, old chap, I want a quid awfully badly, and I haven't the least idea where I can get it."

"Glad to hear it," replied the affluent one. "I thought perhaps you had the idea you could borrow it from me."

\* \* \*

JONES decided to try a conundrum on his wife.

"Do you know why I am like a mule?" he asked.

"No," she replied, promptly. "I know you are, but I don't know why you are."

\* \* \*

NOT feeling well, Sandy consulted a doctor.

Doctor: "Do you drink, Sandy?"

Sandy: "Yes, sir."

Doctor: "Well, you must give that up. D'you smoke?"

Sandy: "Yes, sir."

Doctor: "You must give that up, too."

As Sandy went quickly through the door the doctor exclaimed:—

"You have not paid me for my advice, Sandy."

"I'm not taking it," was the reply.

\* \* \*

It was the night of the grand concert, and approaching the hour at which it had been advertised to begin.

At seven o'clock the money-takers, ticket-takers, ushers and attendants were assembled.

"Money-takers all ready?" asked the manager.

"Yes, sir."

"Ticket-takers all ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ushers and attendants stand by the door!"

"Right, sir!"

"Now open them!"

The iron doors crashed open.

Two small boys entered hesitatingly.

"Please, mister," said a tiny voice, "can we both come in with this free pass?"

\* \* \*

"FROM what land do ye coom?" asked the Scot.

"The greatest in the world," replied the American.

"Puir bairn, ye've lost yer accent!"

## The Massagers An "Illiterary" Phantasy

*"We have received the following very amusing letter from a source entirely unknown to us. While strictly speaking it is against the Editorial rule to publish anything not bearing the name and address of the writer (to quote the popular papers, "as evidence of good faith"), we are making an exception in this case in view of the really rich vein of humour the writer strikes. At the same time we do not envy the printer the task of setting this matter in type. Neither do we accept any responsibility for the opinions expressed or the spelling of our contributor, and in fact, totally disagree with both!"—ED.]*

To the Editor of THE ST. DUNSTAN'S  
REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—

Bein in reseet (I dont like that last word, sort of makes me think of telephone bills, &c., but the missis says even if it does remind er of the kids pants its the rite word any, ow) of a revue in which the editer ollers that e never ears from any of the massagers I astens to korrekct that defishuncy. I aving taken massarge at the ostel I relize that it kind of sort of the juty of us fellers as had the adwantage of a beter edication than is usuley the kase theirby bein able to hundergo the inwalible instruckshun of massage wud like to tell the editer ow I am makin out.

After I left london I rememberd the leson that our instruckters wuz allers atellin of us that is that we was perfeshonal men and I can ashure U that spekin for meself i as allers tride to beave as one.

bein as I ave suckseeded farely well i take this operchunity of givin a few pointers to any stewdents as may be there now.

As i sed afore i aint starving, bein as my penshun is punktul and i ave akwired the abit of judishus movin i keeps my ead above water.

But to be sucksesful as a massarger you just as to ave tacked, by tacked i means profeshunal hetiket so to speke. That is you must not call ure klients, that is the folks as come to you, cases. I knows as ow there is sum in Hengland as calls um cases. I uster call mine cases and arst em if they wanted me to treat em, gosh it wud surprise you ow quick theyd uster say

yes and lede me to a blind pig. after about a weke of this what with eadakes and things i thought i must be gettin only ard cases, and that if i wuz to be a kredit to the orstel I must find another name for em. So after severe thort wich giv me many eadakes but not so bad as the ones I uster get callin em cases and offerin to trete em i selekcted the word patience. Patience thats the rite word.

Patience is wot you as to ave awaitin for em to come after they as eard you arnt goin to treat em any more. Patience is wot you as to ave awaitin for em to pay you, and patience is wot they as to ave waiting for results of wot you is adoin for em. Yes patience is the word as shud be used by the massarger in con-neckshun with the folks as comes to im.

But my adwice, and i says it as knows from hexperients, my adwice to young massagers is NEVER ofer to trete em I knows from hexperients wot a ell of a orrid mes that larst wor made of our menfolk, that is as far as ackseptin an offer to be treted goes.

Likwize another tip is never let your fambly get mixed with your perfeshun. In my ouse i as an insultin room, you know a place were you hinterveys your patience befor you starts to rob em.

Well one day a lady comes to my place and we wuz asittin down her tellin me ow sick she wuz and me atrying to find out ow much she wuz worth wen the dore opens and in cums my little sun. Rite off i cud see she liked youngsters and enkuraged im to talk, thinkin as ow i could weigh up the finanshul end of er better. She got kwite hintristed in im and torked about tranes and things, but

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

she called em tootoos. She sez do you ever go on the tootoo, no sez my opeful but my daddy offen goes on the toot too. Do you know she got rite up and left. I found hout after that she wuz one of them moral performers, you know one of them peple as goes about hagitatin for the destruckshun of breweris and distilleries, bolshuvicks i calls em destroyin publik hedifises like them to say nothin of abolishin work of nashunal himportanse like that.

But anyow wot i ames at in tellin this hinsident is to bring before the massarger the himportanse of assurtin imself at ome and avin no fambly hinterferense with his practis.

Supposin, not as i wud acksept it bein as i am orlrite but just supposin i wuz offered a cuple of thousand pounds a year per annum to lecktore the klass of massargers and medikle helectrocutioners at St. Dunstan's. There is three points i wud hempertize as essenshul to there suckses.

First, get kredit with the traidsmen.

Second, be mobile like we wuz in the harmy, a good way to be mobile is to live in a movin van.

Third, be on good terms with the penshun board, and keep a lot of change of adres forms andy. Like that he will always kepe is ead above water so to speak.

of korse if you gets a job at a orsepital then that pointer about mobility wont

matter so much, but a little mobility is a good thing.

When i red as ow the editor wuz gettin no letters frum us massargers my eart went hout to im bein compeled to pore over the hilliterasy of the snobs and maters and netters without never a word from hus better klass st dunstaners so i says to the wife, i'll just rite a few lines to the pore man and by way of killing to burds with one stone give a few bits of advice to the massarge klass. I ham drorin up a few methuds a tretement for the kommer alements wich hi intends to give to the world if i am spared, that is if wun of my patience does not cut me of premat-churly so to speak. I am going to ave em bound over, no i dont mean that wot i means is bound and call em ints to young massagers and medikle helectrocushoners and dederkate em to st dunstans. i mite send you a kopy when theys finished.

My eart goes out to the stewdents of massarge. I relize ow my heddicashun elped me and that theres them as is not so fortunite as me in that respekt.

Hi am sendin these few ints and persunal reminsinesce anonomously as i ham one of those as prefers to give by stealth so to speak as the feller said when he slipped a penny into the plate at the free performance of the Carl Rosa Hoperacoy at wich they wuz takin a silver colection.

Trustin all is rite in the hinner circle

I am

Yours truly

GREATFULL ST. DUNSTANER.