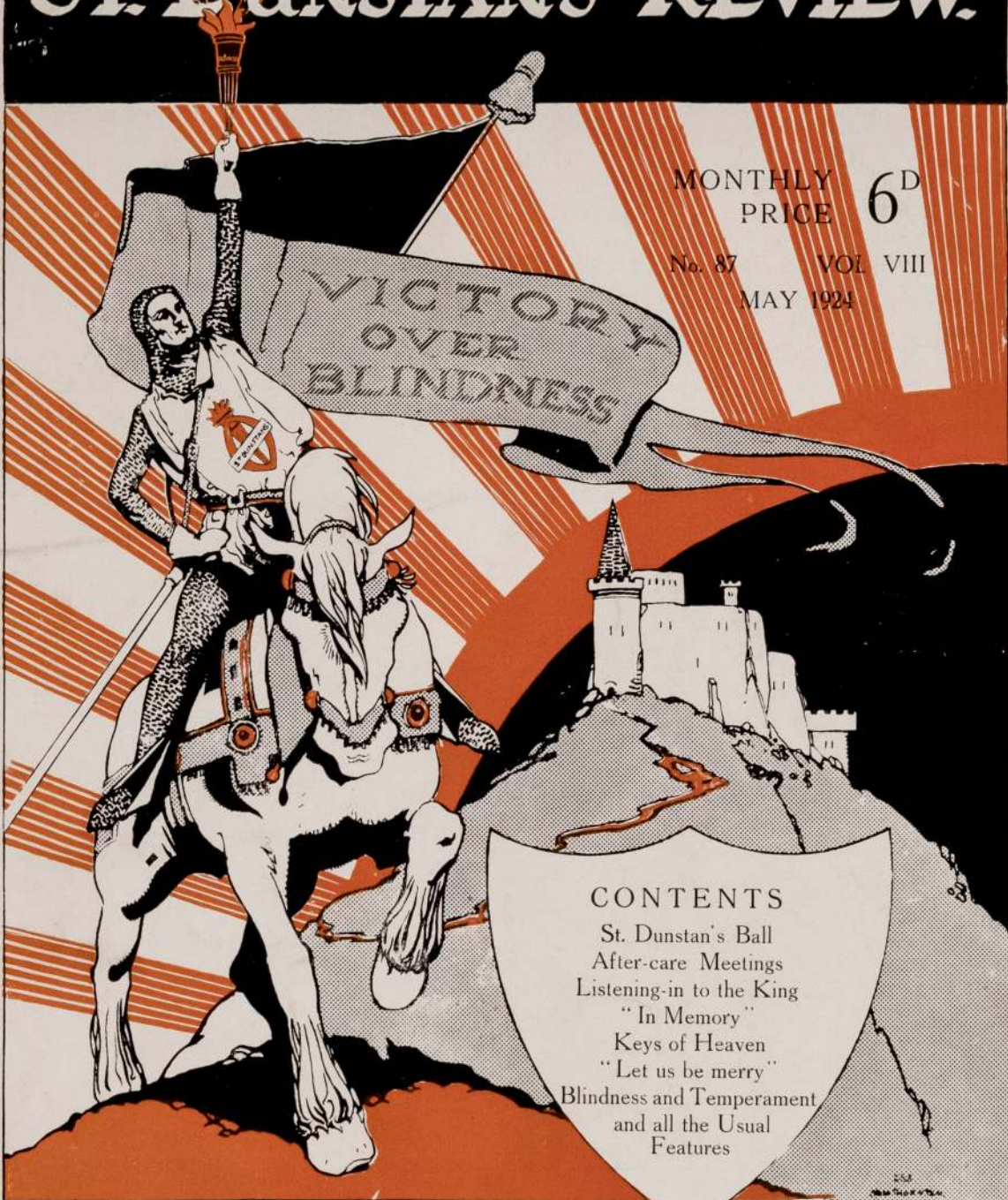


ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

MONTHLY PRICE 6^D

No. 87 VOL VIII
MAY 1924



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FOR THE AMUSEMENT & INTEREST OF MEN BLINDED IN THE WAR



"LISTENING-IN" TO THE KING.
(See page 5 in this issue.)

St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

EDITED BY PERRY BARRINGER

No. 87.—VOLUME VIII.

MAY, 1924.

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

EDITORIAL NOTES

WE publish in another portion of this issue an interesting article on the part that music plays in the recreational side of the activities of St. Dunstaners. We are sure it will be read with the greatest interest by all our readers, particularly as it forms an independent view of a branch of our work which has contributed a very great deal to the enjoyment of past and present St. Dunstaners.

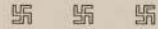


The record of the Music Department, under the most capable and sympathetic control of Miss Bald, can show some very remarkable achievements. We have in mind, as we write, at least two vocalists whose attainments are of a sufficiently high order to enable them to secure frequent public engagements, and in both cases we believe the realisation of these ambitions would have shown but little prospect of fulfilment but for the opportunities St. Dunstan's School of Music gives. Many other St. Dunstaners have been wooed and won by the muse of melody because of the attractions the Music Department has offered. Pre-war knowledge of music or singing has been cultivated to what is often a high degree of attainment, while many more of our men who had never thought of becoming musicians have taken up the art with advantage to their own leisure hours and the pleasure of their families. Altogether the Music Department can pride itself in no small degree upon having supported most effectively the guiding motto of all St. Dunstan's work, that proficiency in a very wide range of arts and crafts is within the compass of the blinded soldier given the necessary application and a real will to succeed.



We have little doubt that the extremely successful broadcasting throughout the country of the King's speech at the opening of the British Empire Exhibition will have given strong stimulant to the adoption of wireless by many who had possibly regarded it as just an amusing hobby. As is reported elsewhere in this issue our own Chairman, Captain Fraser, made the most complete arrangements for the reception of His Majesty's speech for the men resident at Headquarters and the Staff. The speeches both of the Prince and of the King "came over," to use a wireless colloquialism, splendidly. But the point which must have made the greatest impression on the minds of everyone present, both those with sight and those without, was that here was an occasion when all, sighted and non-sighted, were on an equality. There is something very wonderful in that thought, and we cannot help but think that a science which can so level up conditions that a handicap becomes a handicap no longer can claim to rank as one of the greatest boons conferred

on humanity. The community of the blind recognises, of course, that it is the greatest beneficiary, but to those of us who have the blessing of sight, the thought that with radio we have no advantage over the sightless must add to our admiration and regard for the clever brains and deep research which is so rapidly bringing to remarkable perfection this wonderful science.



Suggested Presentation to Captain Williams

With reference to the announcement which appeared in last month's REVIEW asking for an expression of the wishes of our readers in connection with the proposed presentation to Captain the Rev. J. E. Williams, we have received the following letter from our Chaplain.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I have just read in the REVIEW the very charming suggestion made by some of the boys that a fund should be raised to provide a testimonial for me.

Such sweet thoughtfulness touches me deeply, but as there have been so many drains lately upon the hearts and purses of these good fellows I beg that they do not carry on with the idea. The fact that I have got their goodwill is to me the very best of testimonials, and I shall ever look back upon the time I have spent at St. Dunstan's with the very happiest of recollections. I am delighted that I am being permitted to keep in touch officially and that our association will be continued.

Yours sincerely,

J. ERNEST WILLIAMS.

We are sure that all our readers will agree that Captain Williams' own wishes on this matter must be a paramount consideration. We ask, therefore, that all who have written to us on this subject will note that, in deference to our Chaplain's wishes, we cannot proceed any further with the opening of a testimonial fund. It only remains for us to say that, while we are quite sure that universal response would have been made to such a fund, the attitude he has taken in this matter is intensely characteristic of the disinterested thoughtfulness which has ever distinguished all Captain Williams' labours on St. Dunstan's behalf.

St. Dunstan's Ball

A BRILLIANT GATHERING AT GROSVENOR HOUSE.

THE great Ball in aid of St. Dunstan's funds, in the organisation of which our President, Lady (Arthur) Pearson, has worked so hard and so devotedly, provided one of the most brilliant and successful of the social functions which the season has yet seen. The splendid mansion, which had been generously lent by the Duke and Duchess of Westminster for the Ball, formed the setting for a gathering which must have numbered nearly 900 people. The Prince of Wales and Princess Beatrice honoured the Ball with their presence, and the Prince, who had previously dined with the Duchess of Westminster at Bourdon House, arrived comparatively early and obviously enjoyed every moment of his stay.

The Duchess of Westminster, who has given Lady (Arthur) Pearson whole-hearted help in connection with the arrangements for the Ball, was with our President receiving the guests on arrival. Dancing took place in the ballroom and the famous Rubens Gallery, two bands, Clifford Essex and Vassie's, playing throughout. The Duke and Duchess of York, and Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, were among those who gave their patronage to the ball, and many well-known society people held dinner parties for the occasion and brought their guests along afterwards. Among these was, as previously stated, the Duchess of Westminster's party, which included, besides the Prince of Wales, the Duchess of Sutherland, the Marquis of Blandford, the Countess of Wilton, Lady (Arthur) Pearson, Lady Loughborough, &c. Others who gave dinners included Lady Avice Menzies, Lady Weigall, the Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon, Countess Beatty, &c. The company present included a

great number of the leaders of London social life, but space forbids the mention of even a partial list. Sir Neville and Lady Pearson were giving valuable help to our President, as also was Lieut.-Colonel Percy Laurie, who has fulfilled the duties of Hon. Treasurer for the ball. Captain and Mrs. Fraser were amongst those present from St. Dunstan's.

Lady (Arthur) Pearson has received most hearty congratulations upon achieving an outstanding success of this effort on behalf of St. Dunstan's funds, which it may be mentioned will benefit very considerably as a result.

Helping Uncle!

HUNDREDS ASSIST AT CENTRAL HALL.

The following, which appeared in the *Radio Times*, was written by Mr. Frederick Martin, the St. Dunstaner who is the Member for East Aberdeen. It will interest all St. Dunstaners who listened to these splendid concerts, which it may be mentioned will considerably help our funds:—

I was attracted to the Central Hall, Westminster, mainly on account of the direct personal interest which I have in St. Dunstan's and in every effort that is made for the good of that wonderful institution. Secondly, I went to hear the music.

The fact that the concert was to be broadcast moved me not at all. So long as the process did not interfere with my enjoyment of the music, it mattered not a bit to me though it were being wafted to the Equator or the North Pole. This is a brave confession to make in these columns; it has the merit of being true.

A CONGREGATION OF DEVOTEES.

Yet I had not been in the Central Hall more than five minutes when I was engulfed in the prevailing excitement and enthusiasm. It was suddenly borne in on me that these hundreds of men, women and children were assembled

together not as the mere passive receivers of pleasure. They had come together to co-operate in a great enterprise. Indeed, I may almost describe them as a congregation of devotees gathered in order to celebrate a sacred and secret rite in which each was to play a priestly part. The atmosphere was electric with expectation, and it affected me powerfully.

And then, at last, I discovered so much of the secret of this thronged and eager place. A figure emerged and walked along between the front row of stalls and the stage. There was a gasp from the audience and then a great outbreak of hand-clapping and feet-stamping such as you seldom hear at musical entertainments of the better and more genteel sort. It was the figure of Uncle Rex. The miracle was about to happen—indeed, so much of it was in process.

There came a sudden silence, tense, dramatic, poignant. Uncle Rex had reached the microphone. Never has there been on this earth so sudden and expectant a hush since last the Delphic Oracle spoke! What Uncle Rex actually said into the microphone I do not remember. It was something like "London Calling," followed by an announcement that he was speaking from the Central Hall, and that the concert was about to begin.

THE MIRACLE REPEATED.

The pleasant voice stopped. The figure retreated towards the mysterious regions from whence artists appear at concerts, and as it retreated, it was saluted by salvos of applause. There was time for only a moment's whispered comment on the appearance of Uncle, on the tones of his voice, on the marvel of having seen him speak, when the conductor raised his baton and the concert began.

The miracle continued to happen at intervals during the evening. That is to say, each item on the programme was announced to the listening world outside in the fashion I have described; but the miracle never lost freshness and still the wonder grew. I cannot explain it all. But the essence of the matter was that we had all been helping Uncle.

After-Care Meetings

REPORTS OF SOME PLEASURABLE REUNIONS

A NUMBER of After-Care meetings have been held since our last issue, and we cannot do better than quote from Press reports of some of these gatherings. The following is taken from the *Bournemouth Echo* of April 25th:—

BLIND EX-SERVICE MEN.

LOCAL GATHERING.

BENEFACTANT WORK OF ST. DUNSTAN'S.

Thirty men, young, middle aged and seemingly old, differing in every possible way except one, the lack of sight, gathered in Gervis Hall yesterday afternoon.

Each of these thirty men fought in the Great War as soldiers or sailors, and all of them have lost their sight on active service. They had passed through St. Dunstan's Hospital, where, after receiving all possible medical attention, they were trained in such occupations as basket making, boot repairing, massage, shorthand and typewriting, telephony and poultry farming. After the necessary period of training, the men, when they had attained the high standard of efficiency set by St. Dunstan's, were set up in business in their own particular line, and once more placed in a position to obtain a living although working under the greatest handicap.

The money given by St. Dunstan's to set the men up in business is a gift, but the hospital does not lose touch with the men even after they have settled down in various parts of the country. Five or six times a year they are visited by a technical expert from headquarters, whose duty it is to see that the high standard of efficiency set by the hospital is maintained. In addition the men receive social visits two or three times a year, and if at any time a man should fall ill he is visited, and the necessary medical attention is provided. St. Dunstan's "fathers" the men at all times, and appeals for assist-

ance, either financial or otherwise, are always given sympathetic consideration.

The gathering at Gervis Hall yesterday afternoon was one of many which are being organised by St. Dunstan's in various parts of the country, with the object of providing the men with an opportunity of meeting each other and of talking to Mr. T. E. Swain, manager of St. Dunstan's after-care department (who was present yesterday), and who gave the men advice on many matters affecting them in business and in their private lives. All the men present yesterday are living within a 25-mile radius of Bournemouth. Many of them were accompanied by friends and relatives, 60 people sitting down to tea, which was followed by an entertainment given by Miss G. Court.

It is hoped to make the gathering an annual affair.

The *Yarmouth Independent* writes of the gathering at Norwich as follows:—

ST. DUNSTAN'S NOBLE WORK.

With the laudable object of giving the men an opportunity of meeting old comrades, and discussing with the officials of the After-Care Department matters of communal interest St. Dunstan's periodically arrange social gatherings of soldiers and sailors blinded in the War. Such an assembly was held at Ye Old Curat House, Norwich, on Friday, when the men, with relatives and friends, were entertained to tea and entertainment, and listened to a homely address by Mr. Ernest Kessell, the treasurer of St. Dunstan's. Mr. Kessell later met the local committee of the Pearson Fresh Air Fund, and gave interesting details of the work carried on throughout the country for the benefit of poor children. The beneficent work carried on by St. Dunstan's is deserving of every encouragement and support.

Listening-in to the King

[The following is an impression by a listener-in of the gathering arranged at Headquarters by Captain Fraser for the men and staff to hear the King's speech. A picture taken on the occasion has been reproduced as far afield as Lyons in France.—ED.]

The big lounge was very full on St. George's Day, April the 23rd, for everyone knocked off work to listen to the King's speech wirelessly from Wembley all over the United Kingdom—and some way beyond it seems, for certain wireless enthusiasts from the States have cabled over that they heard every word.

Captain Fraser was controlling the wireless-set in the lounge, so everyone expected excellent results, nor were they disappointed.

As six loud speakers were pressed into service the din made by the various bands as they marched into position at Wembley can be imagined. Every now and then would come a stentorian shout:

"Present arms . . . whir-r . . . whir-r . . . Halt!"

"Must be the sergeant-major," said someone. "Sounds like murder," retorted his neighbour.

There followed a burst of music, then cheers.

"The Prince!" everyone exclaimed with certainty, and resisted an impulse to join in the Wembley cheers.

"Ah, now the King!"

Clear to everyone in the big hall sounded His Majesty's words. They drifted out of the open windows and must have reached the surprised children playing in the park. . . . We listened—the King was telling us how this great exhibition would enable us to take stock of the resources of our Empire and learn how best we could co-operate to supply our needs. A burst of cheering came as he reached the end and uttered the few brief words that were cabled round the world in 80 seconds—"I declare this exhibition open."

"It's magic," said more than one as they went back to work.

Another After-Care Re-union took place on Thursday, 24th April, at the Gervis Hall, Bournemouth, when about 25 St. Dunstaners and their wives or escorts attended.

During tea Mr. Swain addressed the meeting and read a message from Captain Fraser. This was followed by a few words from Mr. Martin. Mr. and Mrs. Martin arranged a very nice little concert, when C. J. Fawcett sang "A Chip of the Old Block" and "Songs of Araby." Also J. S. Smith sang several songs, including "I Know of Two Bright Eyes" and "Absent." The splendid efforts of both artistes were very greatly appreciated and called for loud applause. Miss Court supplied the humorous element.

The cake-guessing competition was won by J. A. Godwin, of Weymouth.

The meeting broke up about 6 p.m. as happily as it commenced, and there were many who expressed the hope that next year St. Dunstaners in and around Bournemouth might again meet and make merry.

A Very Sudden Death

We are sorry to hear that H. Hargreaves, of Clayton-le-Moor, has just had a very bad shock. His brother-in-law, with whom Hargreaves has always been great friends, died suddenly when the two were alone together. We know that courageous effort will have to be made to fling off the effects of such a startling and sad experience.

A person is rich who has the following goods, to wit:

Health,

Enthusiasm,

Craftsmanship—the skill to do some work well and to get joy out of it,

A sunny disposition,

A number of resources, things to fall back on, in which he is interested,

A strong will, so that he is always master of his desires, and not mastered by them,

A happy memory.



NEWS OF ST. DUNSTANERS

FRIENDS of G. Birkett will be glad to hear that he is still going on well with his work on the Liverpool Corporation Pullet Farm. "Apart from the rather cold mornings," he writes, "when a number of times the ice has had to be broken before the pullets could drink their water, the weather has been ideal for a long time. We are doing well as regards eggs, and the chicks are keeping us busy. We have about 1,500 of all sorts and ages. Next Saturday I am hoping to have an opportunity of showing Eaton (a former poultry St. Dunstaner) around the place, and this will be very interesting."

We are glad to hear from G. Moore, of Canterbury, that he was one of the many who enjoyed the Canterbury Re-union. "It seems so nice to meet the old boys again," he says, "and almost all the St. Dunstan's men from Kent have paid me a visit." Moore hopes to return some of these visits when his family is a little older; at present the eldest of his four small sons still has vivid memories of his own fourth birthday. It is almost five years since Moore settled down in Canterbury.

From Devon comes word of the progress of G. Gilpin, who says that he has had sufficient work to keep him "comfortably busy" ever since leaving St. Dunstan's. He has contrived to make himself both well-known and well-liked in his district, we know, and when one adds popularity to good work, it should certainly keep a boot-repairer at work.

Another Devon man who is working away very steadily is A. Eden. It is good to hear that he is "extraordinarily quick, yet also accurate," which perhaps accounts for the keen interest he takes in everything fresh that comes his way. Eden, by the way, is one of those to whom fell the honour of being employed on the Wembley

mat. He is particularly proud of the number of letters allotted to him.

A busy man these days is James Booth, of Cheshire, for he has been moving, which always means work for everyone concerned. The new house is a splendid one, we are glad to hear, and in an excellent position in the main street, so when he is once settled in, business should develop speedily. Booth was exceedingly lucky in getting hold of the house, for over 200 applicants applied for it.

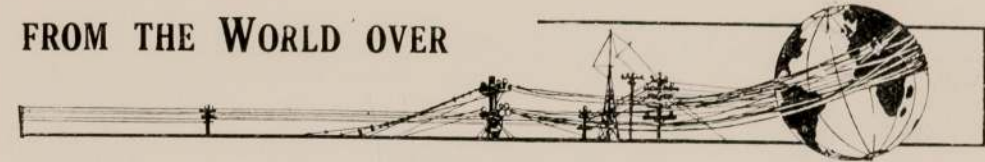
We have not many wholesale potato dealers on our lists, but T. Eastman, of Preston, is one. He finds he has very few spare minutes these days, for business is "doing nicely," the shop means perpetual occupation, and, in addition, there is his poultry needing attention.

From many different quarters comes word of the progress of exhibits for Wembley, and we are looking forward to receiving some excellent productions even at the eleventh hour. J. Brockerton, of Coleraine, Ireland, is finishing a particularly excellent mat, we hear, which will doubtless have been delivered before these lines appear in print.

Another of our Irish brotherhood who reports himself "quite busy" of late, is T. McCann. We are glad to know, too, that he has been enjoying decidedly better health of late.

A streak of serious bad luck has upset the plans of A. Lane, of Devon, we are sorry to note, in that his horse fell dead while actually on the way to market. To make matters worse, this delayed the sale of some young pigs, and now Lane fears he will be unable to sell them at all. We hope to hear that in this direction at least his fears have not been realised.

FROM THE WORLD OVER



Recognition in the local paper, which usually leads to an increase of business, has come to A. E. H. Brown, of Bridgwater, as the result of his part of the work on the Wembley mat. We congratulate him, not only upon his work, but upon the notice it has won for him.

Boots and clogs are occupying the time of A. Allen, of Staffordshire, and, in addition, he has various side-lines. So far, however, he feels, and we feel with him, that he deserves more success than he has found, for both Allen and his wife are keen on all they undertake. We hope shortly to hear that his circle of customers has increased, and bring him almost more repairs than he can do.

Like so many others Allen is interested in wireless, and rarely fails to check his watch by Big Ben. He was also one of the number who "listened-in" with particular attention on the occasion of Captain Fraser's broadcasted speech. In Allen's district wireless sets are still a decided novelty, at least among the villagers, and the other day, when an old man came in for a ration of tobacco and saw the compact little valve outfit on the table, he became quite excited and asked "if you were the Thingless he had heard tell of."

In his leisure moments J. Burley, of Norwich, has been making himself a remarkably nice and compact "smoker's cabinet" we hear, as well as finishing up various odd jobs; but then, we know he is one of those who are never idle.

Another Norwich man, and one to whom honour has fallen, is W. Cubitt. He has been put on the executive committee of the British Legion. Another who has been made a life member and elected to the committee is W. Lowings, of Eastleigh.

The friends of F. Stew, who lives near Tewkesbury (Glos.), will be glad to hear

that he is wonderfully better than they will remember him during his early days at St. Dunstan's. He gets a fair amount of local work, most of this being repairing. However, Stew is one of the wise ones and is always willing to tackle any job, believing that by so doing he is steadily widening the circle of those who count themselves his regular customers.

J. Davies, of Willesden, is another wise man. He has just started up a laundry-receiving agency at his shop in the confident expectation that it will bring him additional trade. We feel sure that he will not be disappointed.

One who is doing well in regard to local mat orders is W. Storer, of Leicester, we hear, and send him our congratulations accordingly.

Storer's friends, especially those with babies of their own, will feel sympathy for him in his recent trouble. His child, aged 16 months, contrived to climb on to the kitchen table while the parents were out of the kitchen and fell badly, breaking his arm in two places. We hope shortly to hear a good report of the little sufferer.

Excellent news comes from H. A. Knopp (Notts). He has done really wonderfully well with his poultry, all of which show an excellent laying record. In addition, Knopp has hatched 3,000 chicks and has sold all except about 600, which he is retaining for his own use. He has also found a sale for a number of sittings. Knopp is another of the fortunate ones with a capable helper in the shape of his wife; he boasts that she takes all responsibility for the incubators off his shoulders.

Another name can now be added to the long list of St. Dunstaners who are holding stalls in market places—that of J. L. Brooke, of Oldham. We hope that he will

do well, and that the venture will lead to an increase of business in other ways as well.

How many men have contrived to turn spring-cleaning to good account? It has made business hum for W. Goding, of Leicester, partly because he is in a shoe and hosiery district, where various of the local factories furbish up their premises at Easter. Some of his spring-cleaning orders were for a couple of dozen brushes of assorted kinds, all of which had to be delivered to time. The season for cleanliness is not yet over, we may remind others, so there is yet time for them to stir factory managers and householders to a sense of their needs.

Looking forward to the fine weather for another reason, P. G. Alvey, of Byfleet, with the help of his brother and sister, has opened up a sweet and provision shop. They provide teas and hope to do well during the summer. May Byfleet have many thirsty visitors!

From Dublin comes word that R. Bell is now settling into his new house at Sandymount, which has made him so busy that he has been unable to find time for other work, though he hopes to tackle baskets soon.

The boot trade, according to A. Palfrey, of Cardiff, is improving. He is another of the many enthusiasts in our wireless band, and much approved our recent competition in this connection. His third little daughter, we hear, is a remarkably captivating baby and her parents expect her to do great things in the prize-winning way, if and when St. Dunstan's organises another baby show.

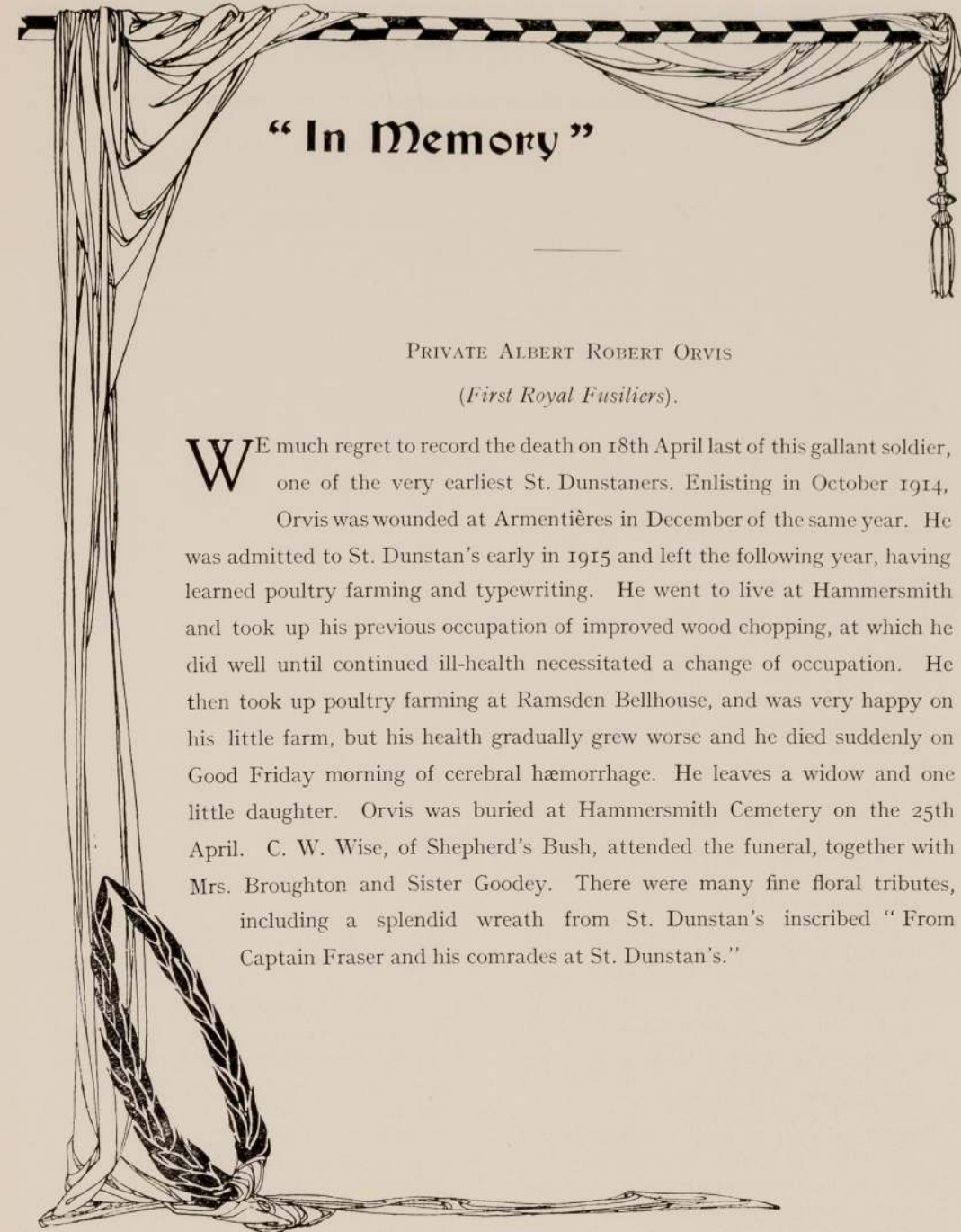
Everyone's good wishes will, we are sure, go to W. Wright, of Dukinfield, who has just opened up business. Knowing his record of work when here, we feel he has every prospect of success. May he soon achieve it and find his feet on firm ground.

An interesting letter has been received from V. Guthrie, of Vancouver, who has

sent along a fine exhibit, including a wicker table lamp, two afternoon tea-trays, and two smaller trays, which can be used for flower-pot stands or for other ornamental purposes. Guthrie has had the kindly thought of presenting these specimens of his handicraft (after they have served their purpose at Wembley) to Lady (Arthur) Pearson, Mrs. Fraser and Mrs. Bates, "wishing to show, in a small way," his keen appreciation of those ladies for "all the kindnesses they have shown me." And then Guthrie ends his letter by a very real expression of his gratitude to St. Dunstan's and all it stands for in his career. We are glad to know that his thoughts are still much with us and the work still being done here.

From R. W. Glasson, now living near Auckland, New Zealand, comes a letter of thanks for his wedding cheque, although what will materialise from that cheque is still uncertain, despite a score of suggestions, which range from an extra-specially comfortable chair to a chiming clock. "We have not yet built our cottage," he writes, "but the plans are at last completed. Although smaller than we wanted, it should be one of the nicest little houses to be seen in these parts, and we are looking forward to being actually in our own castle before the winter. The site is very good, close to the beach, yet within two or three minutes' walk of the tram—a fearsome and wonderful affair like a miniature train, but one which blows off great quantities of foul-smelling smoke. It is to be superseded by an electric tram within the next year or so, however, and then the value of property about here will certainly go up. The journey from the city takes at present about 45 minutes, across the harbour by ferry boat, then on by tram, but the charm of the locality quite compensates for its distance from town. The soil is very rich and with the mild climate, almost free from frosts, it is an ideal place for gardening."

Of course you know a good story. Send it in for the new competition announced this month.



"In Memory"

PRIVATE ALBERT ROBERT ORVIS

(First Royal Fusiliers).

WE much regret to record the death on 18th April last of this gallant soldier, one of the very earliest St. Dunstaners. Enlisting in October 1914, Orvis was wounded at Armentières in December of the same year. He was admitted to St. Dunstan's early in 1915 and left the following year, having learned poultry farming and typewriting. He went to live at Hammersmith and took up his previous occupation of improved wood chopping, at which he did well until continued ill-health necessitated a change of occupation. He then took up poultry farming at Ramsden Bellhouse, and was very happy on his little farm, but his health gradually grew worse and he died suddenly on Good Friday morning of cerebral hæmorrhage. He leaves a widow and one little daughter. Orvis was buried at Hammersmith Cemetery on the 25th April. C. W. Wise, of Shepherd's Bush, attended the funeral, together with Mrs. Broughton and Sister Goodey. There were many fine floral tributes, including a splendid wreath from St. Dunstan's inscribed "From Captain Fraser and his comrades at St. Dunstan's."



CHAPEL NOTES

OUR last regular Chapel service in the Bungalow was held on Sunday, 13th April. I was delighted to find a very full attendance, not only of present boys, but many old boys and their friends, who came quite long distances to be present. Miss Parkinson very kindly presided at the organ and we had a happy service, concluding with the service of Holy Communion, at which a large number communicated. We were all very sad to think that these helpful little services are now over, but I am glad that we have been able to carry on when they were most needed. I do so want the work at St. Dunstan's to be remembered in our intercessions, and purpose next month setting out those prayers which we have been using in the Chapel for years past.

May I once more extend our grateful thanks to all those who have helped me in the Chapel during my time as Chaplain. I have been most fortunate in having such keen Chapel sisters and capable and enthusiastic organists. Orderly Spottiswood has looked after the cleaning of the Chapel splendidly, and I am grateful for his sympathetic help. J. E. W.

Births

GRIFFITHS.—On the 25th of March, a son (Gordon Crisp), to the wife of J. Griffiths, of Abermorddu.

LEA.—A son, on the 18th of March, to the wife of H. Lea, of Bradley.

MCCAIRN.—To the wife of C. McCairn, of Leighton Buzzard, on the 2nd of April, a son. Mother and child both doing well.

MURPHY.—On the 1st April, a daughter (Catherine McDonald), to the wife of D. Murphy, of Anderston.

SAINTY.—On the 27th April, a daughter, to the wife of P. Sainty, of Clapton.

SAUNDERS.—On the 17th of April, a son, to the wife of W. G. Saunders, of Leicester.

SHAW.—On the 10th of April, to the wife of R. Shaw, of Burnley, a daughter, Irene.

TAYLOR.—To the wife of A. Taylor, of Lye, on the 27th of March, a son.

TEMPERTON.—On 28th April, to the wife of C. Temperton, of Hull, a daughter (Betty).

THOMAS.—On the 5th of April, a son (Llewellyn James), to the wife of R. J. Thomas, of Worcester. Mother and child both doing well.

TURRELL.—On St. Patrick's Day, March 17th, to the wife of A. T. Turrell, of Masham, a son.

WATT.—On the 20th of March, a daughter, to the wife of W. Watt, of Montrose. Mother and child both doing well.

WHEELER.—To the wife of C. H. Wheeler, St. Albans, a son, on 30th April.

WOODHOUSE.—To the wife of J. Woodhouse, of Hulland, a son (James), on the 26th of March.

Marriages

BOORMAN-BURRETT.—On the 19th of April, at St. Mary's Church, Battersea, H. G. S. Boorman, of Battersea, S.W. 11, to Miss Alice Jane Burrett.

URRY—EVERITT.—On Thursday, 24th April, at St. Marylebone Church, Albert Urry to Miss Ethel Annie Everitt.

WILSHAW—NORTH.—On Tuesday, 6th May, at St. Marylebone Church, Charles Wilshaw to Miss Selina Elizabeth North.

Deaths

This month there is rather a long list of those to whom we offer our sympathy:—

BATT.—On Sunday, the 16th of April, the mother of T. Batt, of Stokercroft, passed away.

CRABTREE.—On the 27th of March Mr. and Mrs. Crabtree lost their baby daughter, Muriel Joyce, aged three months.

The Years Between

The following charmingly sympathetic verses have been, we are informed by the authoress, an always ready worker for St. Dunstan's, inspired by a leaflet issued by Headquarters.

The years between? What have they for their showing
Through those dark years in which their lives were cast?

What hope of joy, or gain of high achievement
Was left to them from out the longed-for past,
The years between.

The years between? How dark with dire foreboding
They seemed at first. How full of anxious thought,

Till joy and hope and honest brave endeavour
Attest the skill by which their work was wrought,
The years between.

The years between? Led by one master-spirit
They wrought and fashioned forth their lives anew,

With *his* own lofty words to cheer and counsel,
To give them praise or cheer as each seemed due,
The years between.

The years between? Though night unlifting
wrapped them,
With groping fingers still their task they wrought,

Proud, as the days and weeks came swiftly
towards them
That they to life a fuller tribute brought,
The years between.

The years between? Filled full with hearty
labour,
Of knowledge gained and high ideals proved,
New manhood found, and hope to gild the shadows,

And, best of all, to find that they were loved,
The years between.

The years between? Far-distant lies behind them
The wreck from which anew their lives they framed,

Still they press on to find new triumphs waiting
Bought by the victory they themselves have gained,
The years between.

The years between? What have they for their showing?

They show a life in fuller measure wrought
Than ere they deemed in those first days of darkness,
Well have they learned the lessons they were taught,
The years between.

NINA STEPHENSON-BROWNE.

FOSTER.—On the 15th of April there passed away the mother of F. Foster, of Plymouth, her death being due to a fall on the previous Saturday.

HARRISON.—On the 25th of March Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Harrison, of Leytonstone, lost Robert, their 10 months old son, from pneumonia. The funeral was at Woodgrange Cemetery on the 31st.

HOTSON.—On the 5th of April H. Hotson, of Brough, near Hull, lost his mother. It is barely three weeks since we heard news of the death of his brother-in-law, and we know that Hotson himself has been ill and is only just able to get about again, hence the fresh loss is especially hard to bear.

RANDALL.—On the 21st of March S. Randall, of Berks., lost his father.

SIMS.—On the 24th of March H. Sims, of Langshott Farm, Chobham, lost his mother. She had been ill a long time, but despite this the end came as a shock to Sims.

The "Review" in Braille

In the course of a letter received from a correspondent a short time since, a suggestion was made that a special edition of ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW, or possibly even a portion of it might be produced in Braille. The authorities at Headquarters are, we know, always willing to try and meet any really widespread desire expressed by the general body of St. Dunstaners, and we have accordingly gone into the possibilities of carrying out this suggestion. The production in Braille type, however, of even a greatly abridged edition of ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW would be a decidedly costly matter unless the demand was on a very wide scale. This being the case, we invite those of our readers who would really appreciate such a production to write to us on the subject. We should thus be better able to gauge the extent of the demand and the cost, but we must warn all our readers that the idea is at the moment in quite a tentative stage, and that even assuming the demand would be considerable we cannot definitely undertake to carry out the suggestion.

Keys of Heaven

Music at St. Dunstan's

The following delightful appreciation of the work of St. Dunstan's Music Department has reached us from an outside source, and if only to pay tribute to the fine work done by that Department, we gladly give it space in our columns.—ED.

ENTER Regent's Park by the Hanover Gate and turn to the left. Presently, on the right, you will pass a house famous for all time in memory, but now looking dreary in its emptiness. It is St. Dunstan's Lodge. The Headquarters of the celebrated hostel for blinded soldiers is now to be found at St. John's Lodge, about a mile away.

Go a few steps further and you will come to a low roofed bungalow, a collection of huts—obviously a former annexe of St. Dunstan's, looking hardly less dreary than its parent building. It is approached by a covered way, flanked by grass and shrubs.

If you pause for a moment you may hear snatches of music coming from its rooms. So it is clear that these huts at any rate are not deserted. In fact, in spite of outward appearances, there still beats within them the heart of a great effort. For here is St. Dunstan's school of music.

This group of huts was specially built on ground lent by Mr. Otto Kahn. At one time 450 music lessons including 60 singing lessons were given here every week.

These numbers have diminished as the number of those under training at St. Dunstan's has grown less. To-day there are but forty pupils; about half of them are "After-care" cases, old patients with whom St. Dunstan's still keeps very closely in touch.

But if numbers are smaller, the enthusiasm remains the same. Some of these after-care men come regularly from districts as distant as Walthamstow and Bromley to attend their music lessons.

The work at this centre is almost entirely voluntary. There are about fifteen teachers, and among the subjects taught in class and individually are singing, piano, banjo, banjo-mandoline, violin,

'cello, and the theory of music. In fact, the instruction as far as possible is made to fit the need and wish of the pupil. This is perhaps always the truest line of approach in art. But here it is especially the case, where the pupils are already grown up, and where the music is worked on in the first place as a wonderful hobby, and a great social asset. In the end it may be found to be something much deeper.

Particularly successful, almost famous, is the Jazz Band, now composed entirely of after-care men. It would seem as if their blindness had brought some compensation in a keener musical ear and an increased sense of rhythm.

The night of our visit was a quiet night. As we enter the main hall only the sounds of a piano and a fiddle can be heard coming from different rooms. We join the group of seven or eight men round the fire. They are waiting for the instructor who is training them for a concert at Walthamstow.

As we approach the group, the men look up, waiting for the sound of a voice to tell them who the newcomers are; for they are all blind.

As soon as the lady who is instructing them comes along a move is made down the passage, past rooms decorated with derelict harps and other instruments, to their particular practice room.

Some of the class walk with amazing confidence. But for going down passages and round corners a hand laid on the shoulder of the man in front is a great help; the leader of the file being the instructor.

She has chosen for her purpose "The Shanty Book," compiled and arranged by Mr. Terry. These sea songs, sung so universally in the old days, to the daily work on board the sailing vessels, have the

Departmental Notes

Braille Room

We sincerely congratulate G. Fallowfield and C. Brammer on having passed the Braille Writing Test.

Typewriting and Telephony

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

G. Fallowfield.	F. G. Teagle.
E. Williams.	W. B. Gill.
E. J. Roberts.	W. Judd.

We all wish every success to J. W. Cookson, who has obtained a post as telephonist at the Solicitors' Law Printers, 104 Fetter Lane, E.C. G. J. S.

Netting Notes

We have had our hands very full during the past month in connection with St. Dunstan's stall at Wembley, but we feel sure the eventual result will fully justify all the work involved. Visitors are showing the keenest appreciation of our many exhibits, and netting and rug work comes in for special praise. G. H. W.

A Splendid Craftsman

F. W. Thompson, of Tavistock, has recently completed another really wonderful piece of rug work. It embraces a most elaborate and effective design and border in a large number of colours and measures about six feet by four.

Some of Thompson's rugs are now on exhibit at St. Dunstan's Stand at the British Empire Exhibition and arouse great interest and admiration from visitors. We most heartily congratulate this St. Dunstaner on the finely finished and most painstaking work he accomplishes, and it is probable that steps will be taken to see that at least one of his latest productions is brought to the notice of as wide a public as possible.

advantage not only of being fine, well matured, national melodies, but also of providing parts both for soloist and chorus. Moreover, the chorus is in unison.

A start is made with "The Drunken Sailor."

"What shall we do with the drunken sailor?"

The instructor has one special difficulty to deal with. All the conducting, all the gestures in the world are useless for correcting any fault or guiding the performance. It must all be done by word of mouth.

On the other hand, her pupils have less than most to distract their attention. In fact they do not even realise who are their class fellows until they hear the speaking voice. Perhaps here is the secret of success.

"The Drunken Sailor" being disposed of, he is followed by "Shenandook."

"I long to hear your waters, Shenandook"; one of the most popular at all times of the shanties.

What is the emotion that makes the spectator at this music practice catch his breath? It can hardly be pity; for where is there room for pity when teachers and taught are so happy together? Rather it is admiration at the success of so splendid an effort.

It is said that this is one of the only musical centres of the kind in the land; these voluntary classes, where those who already possess the golden keys to that kingdom of the spirit—the world of music—are unlocking its gates to those less fortunate in their opportunities than themselves.

Surely many more might be found to imitate their example, and reap the same happiness.

"I long to hear your waters, Shenandook"; the melody pursued us down the path as we made our way into the park.

We are glad to hear that the little son of M. Morgan, of Tredegar, is getting on famously. He weighs "in the buff," his proud parents tell us, fourteen lbs. five ounces, which, for a three months' child, although we do not pretend to be experienced on the subject, seems to promise a weight-lifting career!



SPORTS CLUB NOTES

At last the weather has proved kind to us, for we were able to have our sports on the Sports Ground on Tuesday, 6th instant. Our start was made in connection with the Old Boys' Sports, and we had a most delightful evening. There was an excellent attendance of Old Boys, but I am sure that more in and around London could join us. If so, please do come along each Tuesday. We do not commence before 6.30 and after sports are over there is the opportunity of attending the Tuesday dance at the Bungalow. The Old Boys finished the Winter competition on 15th April, and in the T.B. Section interest was kept up right until the last event. Henry did wonderfully well to top the T.B. section, and is worthy of praise, whilst Nicholls did well to secure third place by 27½ points from Gamble. The final leading scores were:—

Henry	.. 2452½	Brown	.. 2875
Webster	.. 2385	Downs	.. 2445
Nicholls	.. 2190	Scott	.. 2100
Gamble	.. 2162½	James	.. 1340
Hughes	.. 1840	Taylor	.. 515
Burran	.. 570		

The present boys' sports were also remarkably interesting. Pawley scored a great success in the T.B.'s by winning by 160 points, whilst Prior easily topped the S.S. Both these men deserve our hearty congratulations, because they have been constantly good and have been most regular in their attendance. The leading scorers are:—

T.B.		S.S.	
Pawley	.. 1100	Prior	.. 1145
Edwardes	.. 940	Muir	.. 920
Wilshaw	.. 935	Inman	.. 840
Roberts	.. 875	Jervis	.. 700
Wootley	.. 725	Williams	.. 520
Chiverton	.. 670	Salt	.. 490
Lee	.. 100	Fallowfield	.. 480
Gile	.. 70	Teagle	.. 295
		Hemmett	.. 150
		Lovell	.. 65

FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

We are already engaged upon our next competition. At first I thought we were

going to have some difficulty in securing a goalkeeper to take Zipfel's place, but luckily we have unearthed a most capable custodian in Orderly Lomax. He gave an extraordinary good display in the Old Boys' football competition and I feel some goals will be difficult to get while he is in goal. Nine teams have entered for this competition, and as usual several curious titles are in evidence, such as Spudonians, Loungers and Buskers.

TEAMS.

Radiators—Lee, Herne, W. Hill and E. Williams.
 Spudonians—Murphy, Tebbutt, Hunt and Mathews.
 Spurs—Chiverton, Edwards, J. Dawes and Blackman.
 The Saints—Goodison, Teagle, Watt and Clamp.
 Loungers—Edwards, Evans, Chambers and R. J. Williams.
 Brightonians—Mason, Fallowfield, Harris and Wilks.
 Springvale—Gill, Muir, Turnock and Jarvis.
 Lodgers—Jubb, Roberts, E. Roberts and Lovell.
 The Buskers—Healy, Anderson, G. Hill and Pawley.

OUTER CIRCLE WALK.

This handicap walk is being held on Saturday, 17th May, at 3 p.m. The race will start from the Bungalow, and will be on sealed handicap lines similar to our January walk. Mr. Donoghue, of Q.P.H., has kindly consented to arrange the handicaps and I hope that at least twenty competitors will toe the line.

REGATTA.

Unless anything unforeseen happens, the Regatta will be held on Monday, 7th July, and will commence at 2 p.m. sharp. The programme will be in accordance with that published in the March issue, and I trust that intending competitors will not delay their entry until the last moment. Each man may enter for two events. Owing to the lack of accommodation boys will be responsible for their own arrangements and expenses.

SWIMMING.

Instructor Jones will be glad to hear from any London boys who desire to take

up this excellent pastime. He wishes to arrange an Old Boys' class for either Monday or Friday evenings at Marylebone Baths. Will swimming enthusiasts please let me know which of these two days will suit them best?
 J. E. W.

Our Silver Teapot

A letter of thanks has been received from H. Temple Coates, New Langton, who writes:—

"I received the silver teapot with thanks and trust you will kindly express our best thanks and gratitude to Captain Fraser and the committee of St. Dunstan's for the handsome wedding present, in which we shall always have pleasure, both as a souvenir of the happy event and as a gift from the great St. Dunstan's, which has done so much for our welfare in putting us on the road to victory over our difficulties.

"We intend to make good use of our present on special occasions, and it will always be a great addition to our silver display on the sideboard.

"Many thanks for the kindly interest and remembrance of our wedding."

A Startling Experience

When J. Henry and W. T. Scott were crossing the road near the North Gate en route to the Bungalow some weeks ago they were run into by a taxi. While Scott escaped entirely, Henry had the misfortune to be knocked down. His friends will be glad to know that no serious damage was done except to his clothes. The driver of the taxi was much concerned at the accident, and did his best to mend matters by driving both Scott and Henry to their destination, and reimbursing Henry for the amount of a new suit.

Ray to Blind Armies.

We cull the following from a recent issue of the *Daily Graphic*:—

An eminent scientist indicated to a representative of the *Daily Graphic*, recently, the discovery of a ray of actinic light, which might be used with devastating effect on human life in the event of war.

It is claimed that by its use a whole army could be rendered permanently blind, and therefore useless.

Experiments closely allied with spectrum analysis have resulted in the separation of this particular ray, which is possessed of exceptional intensity and of a wave length far above that which can be absorbed by the human eye.

"SHORT-CIRCUIT" OF THE EYE.

The blindness resultant from its contact is instantaneous, and the process can be termed as a "short-circuit" of the eye, the retina of which is immediately shrivelled up.

Although the use of the ray has not been definitely suggested in connection with warfare, expert opinion holds that the apparatus necessary to produce the ray could be mounted on a lorry and projection carried out by means of a searchlight, against which no army could advance or maintain any position.

The ray is capable of piercing Crook's lenses, mica and any kind of glass. The only protection against it known at present is thick steel, but that in itself would be absolutely useless, as it would obscure the sight.

EFFECT ON THE BODY.

Asked if its contact with the body might cause serious injury, the scientist said that although no experiments can be made, he estimated that the ray would dry up the blood and doubtless cause death if allowed to rest on a certain spot for a sufficient time.

Its use in warfare, however, would simply mean that the army employing it would simply flash their lenses across the ranks of the advancing enemy and blind them.

"The next war will be one of science against science," said the speaker, "and victory will come speedily to the nation which can spring the biggest surprise on the other, and such a surprise will mean annihilation."

It is not known yet at what range the ray will be effective, but certainly no eye would be safe from its influence at a distance of 1,000 yards.

There could be no pain caused to the individual struck blind, but any restoration of sight would be out of the question.

The Rise of Mahjongg

The following interesting article is written by A. A. Biggs, who, having lived in the home of the origin of the game for the past three years, should be able to write with authority on the subject.—Ed.]

I READ with a certain interest the article published in February's issue of the REVIEW, under the heading of "Mahjongg." I have played this game in China for the past three years, and as a St. Dunstaner, can recommend it to all other St. Dunstaners as a good pastime.

Now may I be allowed to enlarge on the article, and at the same time point out that it was to a certain extent misleading. "E.T.C." in his article stated that Mahjongg is a game whose origin is lost in the mists of antiquity.

This is hardly correct, as the game Mahjongg was an unknown game in China thirty years ago, and five years ago was unknown outside of China; to-day it has succeeded bridge as the diversion of afternoon tea-parties in almost every clime. To-day it is the craze among Chinese and other nationalities alike, championed by enthusiasts as the game that Confucius played in the intervals of philosophical speculation. Such are the uses of advertisement.

Although it is impossible to say definitely, many well-known Chinese authorities whom I have discussed the game with doubt whether it was ever heard of before the present generation. Some people have it that it was the invention of a poor scholar who parted with the idea a short time ago in return for sustenance. This is a version that is not popular outside China; in fact, so far as it is known, it has never been put forward as the genesis of the game, salesmen preferring to capture the imagination of the market with the appeal of an age-old pastime immortalised by an immortal. Even in these republican days of China, it is difficult to persuade the great buying public that products are coming out of far Cathay that are without the labels of hoary age and intriguing romance.

Now to quote the fable as told by E.T.C. Three thousand years ago a few fishermen hailing from Ningpo invented the game to ward off sea-sickness. Long before the

days of suggestion or auto-suggestion, these simple fisher folk believed that concentration was the only thing that could ward off mal-de-mer; so they brought Mahjongg into existence. It is not related how the game affected the catch, but it would be in line with the story to say that the present condition of China's fisheries can be traced to the absorption of the fishermen in the game of Mahjongg, just as in modern days it is said that proficiency in Mahjongg is a token of ill-spent youth.

All classes of society in China seem to have had a hand in the invention. Another story credits a soldier. Taken by itself the word "Jongg" means "General," and "Mah" was his name. He lived in the Ming dynasty (1368-1643), and it is said that General Mah invented the game to enable his soldiers to while away their leisure hours, as well as to reduce crime by keeping them engaged. This story has an air of credibility which it preserves in the details. The names of the different suits, so runs the tale, had a military connection. "East," "West," "North," and "South" indicated the gates of a Chinese walled city; "white dragon" represented the general's hat, which in those days was white; "bamboo" signified an arrow; "circle" was the target for the arrow; and so on.

The stories notwithstanding, the origin of Mahjongg, both as regards date and manner, is wrapt in mystery. It was evidently of no consequence to the old Chinese historians, who are renowned to be the most painstaking of their time. They have made no record of the game, so we are forced to believe any story that is told us about the game. Modern enterprise succeeded in creating a demand for the game that is apparently insatiable in America. One thing is certain, however, that the game of Mahjongg flared into popularity in China as suddenly as abroad.

Let Us be Merry

"Laugh and the world laughs with you—weep, and you weep alone."

SEVERAL correspondents have asked for a revival of this feature of ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW, and appreciation has also been expressed of the humorous stories contributed to last month's number by a St. Dunstaner. We publish a further selection below.

It has been suggested that our readers themselves might form contributors to this feature, and there must be many St. Dunstaners who meet with humorous incidents or very often hear amusing yarns.

"Once Upon a Time——"

Continued.

"Tooth Powder"

The guest was being questioned by his hostess as to the comfort of his apartments, and replied that he had passed an exceedingly comfortable night, and everything was very satisfactory.

"I must apologise, however," he remarked, "for taking the liberty to use your tooth powder."

The hostess could not understand, so the guest explained that he had found on examining his bag that he had omitted to bring any tooth powder with him, but found a jar on the mantle shelf with a greyish powder, and had taken the liberty of using it.

The hostess stared, "Tooth powder," she gasped, "you horrible person, you have cleaned your teeth with the ashes of my poor husband."

"The Extremist"

The Labour Candidate was a man of extreme views, and had been discussing at length on his "Ideals."

An increase in the amount of the "Dole," pensions for mothers, old-age pensions at fifty, University education for all, maximum of wages, and a minimum of labour, etc., etc., etc.

We will give a prize of a "Valet" Auto-Strop Safety Razor, in case, to the contributor sending in each month what, in the opinion of the Editor, is the most humorous story. It need not necessarily be original, but it *must* be funny.

Entries should be addressed "Story Competition," the Editor, ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW, Headquarters of St. Dunstan's, Inner Circle, Regent's Park, N.W.1.

Stories arriving too late for one issue will automatically be included in the next.

When he was just warmed to his topic and was holding the audience in breathless, spellbound silence, a gentleman sitting in the front row stood up and requested to be allowed to put one question as he remarked, "I see you are a humanitarian."

"Yes, Sir," said the speaker, "I am a humanitarian," and requested the nature of the question.

"Are you in favour," said the interrupter, "of putting hot water pipes through cemeteries during this cold weather?"

The spell of awe stricken silence was broken, and the meeting dispersed.

"Some Fish"

It was during the after-dinner conviviality of three ardent anglers, who hailed one from England, one from Scotland, and the other from the land of Uncle Sam. A good day's sport was followed by an equally good dinner, and the spirits of the party were in great form, and the conversation naturally turned to stories of great catches.

After comparing stories the Englishman said "Well, I must say that I think I have caught the largest salmon ever hooked, for last summer whilst staying in British Columbia I went for some sport to the Fraser River, and caught a salmon

weighing 128 pounds, and I think that is a record."

"Talking about big fish," said the Scotsman, "I was in the Gulf of Mexico last season and went fishing for tarpon, and we hooked a fellow that we could not bring in, but he tore off pulling the boat with him, and if we had not cut the rope, the boat would have caught fire with the friction."

The company naturally looked to the son of the land where great things are done, expecting that he would be beaten, but he calmly came up with the recital of a little bit of sport he had taken part in the previous season when with several other sportsmen he had gone fishing, and they hooked a great fish, which it took two steam winches with steel hawsers to bring alongside.

"Oh! You were whaling," said the Englishman.

"Whaling," said the Yank, "No, siree, we were using whales for bait."

MENTAL ABERRATION.

A notoriously absent-minded professor was one day observed walking down the street with one foot continually in the gutter, the other on the pavement. A pupil, meeting him, said: "Good-evening, Professor. How are you?"

"Well," answered the professor, "I thought I was very well when I left home, but now I don't know what's the matter with me. I have been limping for the last half-hour."

A HEBREW BARGAIN.

A young Jew tried to make a bargain with a taxi-driver. The driver ultimately agreed to take him to his destination for 2s. 6d.

"Vell now," said the Jew, "ve're both sportsmen, I'll toss you double or quits." Again the cabman agreed. The coin was spun. The cabman called heads. The Jew took a look at the coin. "Hang it," he said, "I shall have to walk home after all."

A QUICK CURE.

Two Scotsmen were taking a walk, and were hot and tired.

"Hae ye got any food wi' ye, Dougal?" asked one.

"A've a bottle of whiskey. What hae you, Angus?"

"Dried tongue."

"Guid! Then we'll gae halves wi' oor proveesions."

The whiskey was duly divided and drunk. Angus wiped his lips. "Noo for yer dried tongue, Dougal."

"Mon," said Dougal, "it's no dry the noo!"

Here is a story of Sir Henry Irving. It seems he used to admire the perfect intonation of a blind beggar who read Braille with his fingers on Blackfriars Bridge.

One day, however, Sir Henry got a rather rude awakening.

"I was listening intently," he said, "fascinated by his musical rich tones, as he read: 'And the Lord said unto Moses'—the poor fellow had some difficulty with his Braille, and turned back. 'The Lord said unto Moses'—the delicate fingers brushed the surface of the page, and at each repetition his voice rose in fuller and finer volume: 'The Lord said unto Moses. . . Who the blazes has been putting sand on my Bible?'"

Wisps of Wisdom

Enthusiasm breakfasts on obstacles, lunches on objections, and dines on competition.

Develop pluck, let the other fellow trust to luck.

Sometimes it is better to stay where you are than to jump at conclusions.

Happiness doesn't just happen. It has to be earned.

The line of least resistance doesn't always lead farthest.

Nobody can do as much for you as you can do for yourself.

There's no ill-luck in turning back if you are on the wrong road.

We learn wisdom from failure much more than from success. Often we discover what will do by finding out what will not do; and probably he who never made a mistake never made a discovery.

Blindness and Temperament

BY R. W. BOWEN.

[The following able and interesting article we take from the pages of a South African Journal.—ED.]

"The world is full of shadows, but the sunshine makes them all."

... If we only face the sunshine, the shadows will fall behind.

I think a word of apology is due to the many advisers who have strongly urged me to record the difference in my outlook upon life since losing my sight in September 1917.

I am influenced to record my impressions through the medium of a free magazine, in order to disabuse the public mind of the popular impression that blindness is the most awful of all afflictions, and that those who suffer under this calamity are fit subjects only for everybody's ostentatious pity and commiseration.

Let me here postulate the fact that there is a wide difference between the psychology of one who having once seen, has subsequently lost his sight, and that of a person who has never enjoyed the privilege of seeing. As I understand public opinion, it would seem that all persons who cannot see are blind, irrespective of the fact whether they have ever been able to see. May I here say that in my opinion those of us who have lost our sight after having enjoyed it for a number of years, look upon ourselves as a class distinct from the blind community, in the popular sense of the term, and it is only by a wider appreciation of this fundamental fact that the public will ever realise what St. Dunstan's and kindred institutions are capable of doing.

I shall not digress into any consideration upon the divergent points of view with which these two classes approach any given subject. I am here concerned with nothing but my own impressions.

A popular impression is that a blind man is encased in an impenetrable wall of darkness. He is shut in by a depth of gloom which ought to be commensurate only with his outlook upon his future.

A very popular and most graphic writer has written what is generally considered to be the most graphic account of what it is like to be blind. He deprives one of his characters (a native gun bearer) of his sight, by the bursting of an elephant gun. In a flash the light of the sun has disappeared, and the victim is covered by a black pall. He raises himself from the ground, and the blackness is still with and about him. He tries to run away from it, but without avail; he is encased in an envelope of thick blackness. He tries to jump over it, jumps until he is exhausted, but it still encases him. Down on the ground he goes again, and he tries to crawl beneath it, but without avail. In dreadful anguish he turns and tries to run away, first to the right, and then to the left, from the darkness which has so suddenly come upon him, but all his efforts are unavailing. Blindness has fallen upon him like some enormous, dark, dreadful curtain, and he is encased as though in a tomb. The writer gives one the impression that, oppressed by this darkness, there is an ever-present consciousness of being blind. He conceives a desire to ward off this darkness, and that there is always present a suppressed attempt to pull aside this curtain which separates him from the light. This is the popular conception, and one which, if it were true, would certainly destroy that cheery optimism which the blind of our community seem to possess as a compensation.

This impenetrable wall of darkness, as far as I personally am concerned, has no existence. I cannot see, it is true, but it is more an effort to realise this than one would imagine. The power of visualisation is an ordinary feature with me, and there is always an impression of my natural surroundings before me. When concentrating upon the fact that it is physically impossible for me to see (and sometimes this fact comes upon me with an awfully surprising suddenness) then I am also overwhelmed with the realisation. Then do I perceive myself as though I were staring into an inky pool. I stare out and out into infinity. It is as though I were in the centre of a plateau with nothing between me and the horizon. I am not

encased in an envelope of gloomy blackness, and the colour before me is not always the same hue. It ranges from deep black upon occasions, through all the varying shades of dark and light brown, to a bright shimmering light haze. My normal colour is a dusky brown, and into this background the ordinary surroundings (as I perceive them to be) spread themselves out. This colour is the most soothing of the variety which appear before me from time to time, and I am unconscious of its existence when it is the background of my vision.

Across the background appear at irregular intervals flashes varying in size, and of every imaginable colour. This fact alone would safeguard the mind in retaining the power of visualising colours.

Can anyone appreciate the benefit of being able to conjure up a vision of some exquisite profusion of flowers? Those who are unfortunately born blind have no conception whatever of colours. Anyone with the power of graphic description can interest and supply the deficiency of sight to those who have once seen, and it is no exceptional thing for me to recite an account of some incident, laying stress upon the position and colour of the objective matter, in a way which surprises the hearers. It have often, too, argued my recollection of an incident and reinforced the same with references to the detail, with a conviction which convinces even myself that I have observed it in a physical sense.

It is a great mistake to believe that a blind man does not take any interest in his surroundings. It used to be thought that so long as a man was taken for a walk, it did not matter to him what the surroundings were, as long as he had the exercise. This is really not the case. The delight of seeing a wave commence to curl and gradually lengthen itself and at the same time complete its curl, with the wind blowing the spray off its crest, is as much a joy to him now as it ever was. One cannot imagine waves curling, nor the tide creeping nearer and nearer each wave, or visualise the flecks of foam left upon the sandy beach, if one is being walked down back streets. It was always a source of astonishment to the visitors who came to St. Dunstan's, and with whom I often used to

walk, to be told to choose the most lovely walk within range, and to tell me all there was to see. And should it so happen that I walked there with some other friend afterwards, their interest and surprise at my wonderful perception was a constant source of amusement to me.

The foregoing is my attempt to suggest that it is possible for a person to take up his old life, with its interests, different though they be, in exactly the same manner, and with the same zest, regardless of the fact that he suffers from what, by most people, is considered to be the most appalling of all afflictions.

The general public is so overwhelmed by the fact that he is blind that they seem to think him incapable of doing anything. They seem surprised that he can even answer an enquiry intelligently, and they invariably ask his sighted friend (if there be one with him) questions which ordinarily would have been directed to him. "Does he take sugar in his tea?" . . . "Will he have anything else?" . . . "Do you think he would like so-and-so?" It is really surprising how many of my newly-blinded friends object to this mode of eliciting information, which at once makes them feel dependent, and which would certainly never have been expressed had the sympathiser thought it likely to be resented.

If anything that I can say will in any way influence the general public to treat blind people as rational and natural, then I shall have been more than repaid for this disclosure of my intimate feelings.

A deaf person is credited with being a suspicious person, but a blind person, though not suspicious, is generally over-sensitive and susceptible to imagined slights. He imagines that he is being overlooked, or is being treated like a child, when it is nothing more than the over-anxiety of some friend, who is conscious only of a deep sense of pity and a wish to help.

If you have anything to say to a blind person, say it to him, prefixing the question with his name, or place your hand upon his shoulder, or in some equally effective manner make certain that he knows you are speaking to him.

I have many times been spoken to, and

the speaker, who was genuinely anxious to be friendly, has walked away hurriedly, because I did not answer the question which I had thought was being directed to someone else standing nearby. I, realising that many people at public functions speak to one another in their endeavour to be friendly, have often entered into conversation with people by answering questions which were never directed to me. I decided at a very early stage in my blind experience never to feel uncomfortable because of any mistakes which I might make in consequence of my disability, and even the most awkward occasion has its humorous side if one can only see it. When standing at a buffet-bar counter in the club the other day, I put out my hand and took up a glass (a much fuller one than my own) and drank from it. It belonged to someone to whom I had never before spoken. We joked at the incident, and we never pass each other now without this man giving me a cheery word. I mention this incident as being likely to have caused someone with a different temperament to myself a distinctly uncomfortable feeling.

St. Dunstan's Egg-Laying Test

This important and interesting test for our poultry farmers has received widespread attention from every section of the lay and technical Press, while pictures of some of the prizewinners have been published. There can be no doubt as to the beneficial effects to our poultry farmers particularly and St. Dunstan's generally that this test provides, and we congratulate all concerned and St. Dunstan's Poultry Superintendent upon a most creditable result and very capable organisation throughout.

Royal Customers

Ernest Blundell, who is running a picture frame shop at Eton, had a most pleasurable afternoon not long ago, when both the Queen and Princess Mary entered to inspect his efforts. Perhaps he will give other St. Dunstaners the pleasure of hearing some details of the honour that befell him.

About Wireless

Some interesting points are contained in a letter from H. E. Raymond, of St. Annes-on-Sea, addressed recently to Captain Fraser. Raymond says:—
DEAR CAPTAIN FRASER,

It may interest you to know that we heard every word of your speech from the Central Hall last Friday night. My set at present is a home-made crystal set. The circuit is a common one, the coil being wound on a cardboard tube and fitted with two sliders, and I have a .002 M.F. fixed condenser across the 'phones. I have modified the circuit slightly by putting the sliders in parallel with the earth instead of in series, as they should be, and this arrangement improves the signal strength 100 per cent. My aerial is 30 feet high and 65 feet long.

We are about 39 miles as the crow flies from Manchester, and the land between us is mostly sandy. I think that the results are exceptional for a crystal, as we hear quite distinctly and without any effort, and our reception is quite independent. I mean that it is not due to any regeneration effects from another aerial, as I have conducted a few experiments to ascertain this fact.

We get a good deal of interference from ships, but this is to be expected, situated as we are.

It may interest you to know that I am now making a four-valve set.

Trusting you are well,

Yours very sincerely,

HAROLD E. RAYMOND.

KIA-ORA TEA ROOMS,

STATION ROAD,
SUNBURY-ON-THAMES.

High-Class Confectionery & Tobacco.

Close to River.

Special Daily cheap returns from Waterloo 1/7.

PROPRIETOR - T. ASHE.

From Many Sources

A PAGE OF PARAGRAPHS.

A St. Dunstan's Dance

The dance organised by the North Road Football Club for St. Dunstan's on Saturday was a huge success, socially and financially. Over 200 dancers were present, and a most enjoyable evening was spent. A party of "blinded boys" and their lady friends from St. Dunstan's were entertained by the club, and judging by their enthusiasm in the various dances they were quite at home. The tit-bit of the evening was undoubtedly the exhibition Tango waltz given by the "blinded boys" and their partners, and was received with continuous applause. It was also noted that directly the M.C., Mr. Polly Perkins, announced a dance the St. Dunstan's "boys" were always the first to take the floor, and never tired. During the evening a large box of chocolates was sent to the M.C. anonymously. The chocolates were sold at a penny each and nearly £1 was raised in this way. Judging by the happy appearance of the crowd everybody spent a pleasant evening.

Anonymous Donations.

We are asked to acknowledge with grateful thanks the following anonymous donations received at Headquarters:—

	£	s	d
Norwich	2	0	0
Hammersmith, W.6	1	0	0
Kington	1	0	0
Derby	0	10	0
Exeter	0	10	0
London, N.W.1	0	10	0
Nawton	0	10	0
Deal	0	5	0
Windsor	0	5	0
Guernsey	0	4	3
Kensington, W.8	0	3	6
Hammersmith, W.6	0	3	6
Darlington	0	2	6
Putney, S.W.15	0	2	0
Fleetwood	0	1	0
Burlington, Ontario			\$2.23

Another Letter of Thanks

"On behalf of my wife and myself," writes H. Thomson, of Clapton, "I trust you will tender to St. Dunstan's our

sincerest thanks and appreciation for the most generous gift which we received this morning, and also for the sincere wishes for our future happiness and prosperity contained in the accompanying letter."

(Note.—As Thomson had already received *two* silver teapots he was asked to choose something else as a memento of his time at St. Dunstan's.—ED.)

A New Address

We have been asked by J. A. Bruce to let his friends in Scotland know, through the medium of the "Review," that he has at last secured a nice house at Edenbridge, Kent. As he hopes for correspondence we give his address in full:—

J. A. Bruce, "Hazeldene," Lingfield Rd., Edenbridge, Kent.

Attention 7th Bedfords!

According to H. S. Eames, of King's Langley, a benefactor particularly interested in men belonging to the 7th Bedfords has left a certain sum of money for the benefit of the disabled soldiers of that regiment. Up to the present Eames himself has been the only eligible man traced.

Will anyone knowing the whereabouts of any other men of the 7th Bedfords kindly send in particulars?

VAT YOU TINK?

"THE pen is mightier than the sword," said the poet to his Jewish friend.

"Of course it iss," said the Jew. "You can't sign cheques mitt a sword."

To Readers of the "REVIEW"

Send £1 for guaranteed all-leather boots or shoes in Box Calf, Tan Willow, Glacé and Suedes.

— In all Shades —

When ordering, state size, style, etc.

F. G. BRAITHWAITE,

Wholesale Leather & Grindery Merchant, etc.,

4, Commercial Road, Guildford.



NEWS FROM THE WORKSHOPS AND STORES

G. FALLOWFIELD continues to make remarkable progress in Basket-Making, in spite of his double handicap. He takes the keenest interest in his work, and at all times shows a splendid independence in endeavouring to get through without assistance. He works his rods remarkably well, has mastered all the strokes, and is to be congratulated on the very sound idea he has of the work in all respects. E. Roberts has been doing oval clothes baskets, soiled linens, a butcher's basket and square-arms, in addition to small work. He has had most success with the latter.

In the Mat-Shop E. J. Roberts has been doing well with plain mats, insertion borders and one with five diamonds. His thrumming and cutting are good, and he maintains a steady, regular standard. The work of A. Jarvis during February and April has been extremely good and varied. A mat lettered "St. Dunstan's" was made very well in all respects, and, in addition, he has done several with diamond borders, and latterly some mats with more difficult designs. A very decided advance in the work of F. G. Teagle has been evident since our last report; he is a keen worker and a good mat-maker. We may particularly refer to one with a scalloped border, which was really an excellent mat in all respects. J. Evans has got through a good deal of work, in which he has shown great interest. He has, also, been having experience in the use of coloured fibre and he exercises good judgment in handling this material.

R. J. Williams is very eager to advance with his work, and makes good progress generally. The careful attention he gives will provide him with a sound foundation for further advances. W. Tebutt is also making very regular progress. A. Wilkes experienced some difficulty with his marking and riveting at the commencement, but his work throughout has been showing steady improvement from week to week, and it seems that he has now

thoroughly got over his marking difficulty, which will enable him to move forward rapidly. Though quite a new man, W. J. H. Clamp has completed a repair which would have done credit to a man who had been at the trade longer. A. Chiverton has been doing very useful work in both the boot and mat shops; he works very steadily and is most painstaking. He has got through a good number of repairs on children's boots, and he has made a lettered mat "Use Me," which was quite satisfactory. C. Brammer has now started his Clogging course, under P. Goulden, at Bolton, and if, as no doubt he will, he tackles it with the same intelligence and industry as he did his boot repairing, we have every confidence that he will make a real success at it. The work of J. Whittingham does not vary very much; he gets a good square edge, and tackles every class of job with quite useful results.

Captain Priestley is completing his course of Poultry Joinery, which should prove very useful to him. R. Watt is getting experience in Picture-Framing, and is doing very well. We are pleased to see Whall back with us after a long spell of sick leave. He has completed a meat safe which does him great credit.

TO MAT-MAKERS.

The packing canvas which is used for sending out yarn could quite well be utilised several times. It may be that it is of no particular value to the mat-makers who receive it, and so we venture to suggest that in that event they should return it with their bundles of mats, when they would have the satisfaction of knowing they were thus effecting an economy. W. H. O.

A Wedding To Be

Friends of F. Griffie, of Bristol, will doubtless be glad to hear that an interesting rumour is abroad concerning him. We lack definite details, but hope to be able to give these within the course of a number or two.

Trade Advertisements and Notices

[We have decided to devote some space each month to advertisements of goods made or supplied by St. Dunstaners, for which there may be a demand from others of our readers. No charge will be made for the insertion of these announcements, which, as our space is limited, must be as short as possible. They can only be accepted from men who have actually been trained at St. Dunstan's, and we undertake no responsibility with regard to them.—ED.]

FIRST-CLASS WORKMANSHIP	<h3 style="margin: 0;">THE "VICTORY OVERALL"</h3>	EXCEPTIONAL DURABILITY																
<p>Once a Customer ALWAYS a Customer!</p>	<p style="text-align: right; margin-right: 20px;">Price post free</p> <table style="width: 100%; border-collapse: collapse;"> <tr> <td style="width: 50%;">8 oz. Blue or Brown Drill (Super-Cloth) Boiler Suits ..</td> <td style="width: 50%; text-align: right;">12/9</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Ditto ditto ditto Bibs & Braces ..</td> <td style="text-align: right;">7/6</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Ditto ditto ditto Jackets ..</td> <td style="text-align: right;">7/6</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Ditto ditto ditto Trousers ..</td> <td style="text-align: right;">7/3</td> </tr> <tr> <td>8 oz. Khaki Drill (Super-Cloth) Warehouse Coats ..</td> <td style="text-align: right;">12/9</td> </tr> <tr> <td>8 oz. Blue ditto ditto ditto (or Butchers') Coats ..</td> <td style="text-align: right;">12/9</td> </tr> <tr> <td>8 oz. White Drill (Super-Cloth) Warehouse Coats ..</td> <td style="text-align: right;">12/9</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Khaki Drill Warehouse Coats (Qual. 650) ..</td> <td style="text-align: right;">10/3</td> </tr> </table> <p style="text-align: center;">Send Cheque or Postal Order crossed "Westminster Bank" with note of requirements and with height and chest measurement to :—</p> <p style="text-align: center;">JOSEPH HUGHES, 53 ST. JOHN'S WOOD TERRACE, LONDON, N.W. :: :: :: Agent for the famous</p>	8 oz. Blue or Brown Drill (Super-Cloth) Boiler Suits ..	12/9	Ditto ditto ditto Bibs & Braces ..	7/6	Ditto ditto ditto Jackets ..	7/6	Ditto ditto ditto Trousers ..	7/3	8 oz. Khaki Drill (Super-Cloth) Warehouse Coats ..	12/9	8 oz. Blue ditto ditto ditto (or Butchers') Coats ..	12/9	8 oz. White Drill (Super-Cloth) Warehouse Coats ..	12/9	Khaki Drill Warehouse Coats (Qual. 650) ..	10/3	<p>25% less than Shop Prices!</p>
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Being in touch with the Sheffield Manufacturers I can supply the Real and best Sheffield made table cutlery of any description at the minimum cost. I can supply readers of "THE REVIEW" with **Presentation Cabinets of 105 pieces of Cutlery** down to the small order of half a dozen **Stainless Dinner, Desert or Tea Knives**, with forks or without.

Write for particulars and prices, which will be sent post free and thus get the present lowest prices of the articles you may want.

W. BURGIN, Huthwaite Bank, Thurgoland, Sheffield

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NAPHILL, NR. HIGH WYCOMBE, BUCKS.

Offer of Furniture to the readers of "St. Dunstan's Review."

BEDSTEADS, solid oak, full size, carved panels, 55/- each; in solid mahogany, 70/- each. Photo free.
DINING ROOM CHAIRS, drop-in seats, solid oak, £7 5s. per set of 6 chairs.
SOLID OAK DINING TABLES, from 57/6 each.
SOLID OAK TYPEWRITING TABLES, turned legs and recess for paper, 25/- each.
TEA TRAYS—Oak, 16 × 12, 6/3 each; to 24 × 16, at 9/3 each.
Mahogany, 16 × 12, 8/- each; to 24 × 16, at 12/- each.

Trays are polished any colour desired. Postage 1/- extra. Full description of any of the articles above sent on application.

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