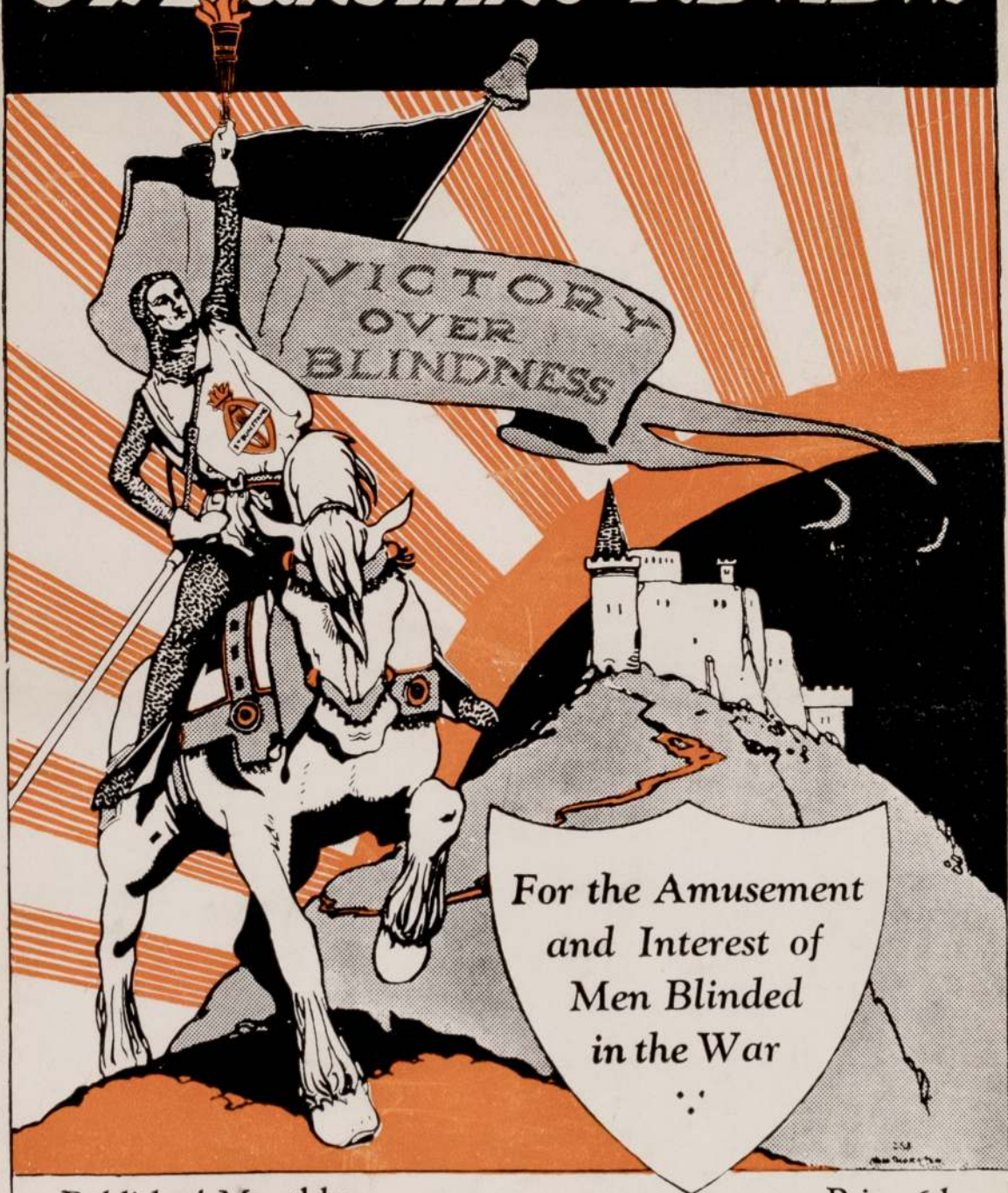


ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW



Published Monthly

Price 6d.

ST. DUNSTAN'S FOR BLINDED SOLDIERS, SAILORS AND AIRMEN (IN ASSOCIATION WITH THE BRITISH LEGION)
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St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

EDITED BY PERRY BARRINGER

No. 143.—VOLUME XIV. [NEW SERIES]

JUNE 1929.

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EDITORIAL NOTES

Honour for Mr. Kessell

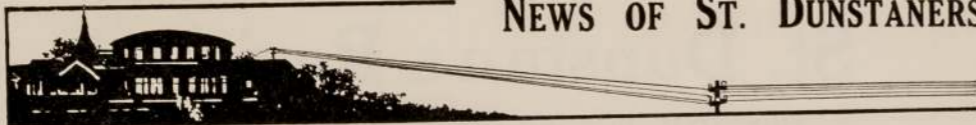
EVERYONE who has been associated in any capacity with St. Dunstan's will join with us in offering most sincere congratulations to Mr. Ernest Kessell, our Treasurer, upon the honour conferred upon him by His Majesty the King of Commander of the Most Noble Order of the British Empire. Although the award was primarily given in respect of his splendidly unselfish work in connection with the Fresh Air Fund ever since its foundation, there can be no doubt that the important and loyal services he has rendered to St. Dunstan's through all the years since it was first started have played a part in securing for him this signal distinction. As all of our readers will know, Mr. Kessell was on the closest terms of friendship with our late Chief, Sir Arthur Pearson, from the very commencement of his business career until Sir Arthur's death in 1921. He was Sir Arthur's confidant and helper in all his great enterprises. He has held the purely honorary and very onerous position of Secretary and Treasurer of the Fresh Air Fund from its commencement thirty-eight years ago, and has been mainly responsible for the wonderfully efficient organisation which has brought so much joy into the drab lives of nearly six million children from the slum areas of London and our great cities. He was Secretary of the *Daily Express* until the early days of the Great War, when, as we all know, he resigned to join Sir Arthur Pearson in establishing St. Dunstan's. Since then he has taken an important part in the work of our own great Organisation, and to-day with undiminished vigour acts as Treasurer and Appeals Organiser. With real sincerity we wish Mr. Kessell many more years of life to enjoy the honour and regard which his sterling services to humanity have brought him.

The General Election

PART altogether from politics, there will be general regret among our readers that no one of St. Dunstan's three candidates, who individually represented all parties, was successful in securing election. Captain Fraser, who won North St. Pancras in the last General Election in 1924, and who has gained the respect of all his fellow-Members in Parliament for his work on behalf of the blind and in many other directions, was defeated in a three-cornered contest. Mr. Fred Martin, a former Member of Parliament for East Aberdeen, who stood in the Liberal interest, was also unsuccessful, while Mr. T. Ap Rhys failed in his plucky fight against Mr. Lloyd George in the Carnarvon borough.

It is not the province of this Journal to comment on the "whys and wherefores" of party politics or the wisdom or unwisdom of Governments, but we may perhaps be permitted to express the opinion that it is certain that the present Parliament has no Member so eminently suited to represent the interests of the blind community in our Legislature as was Captain Fraser, regret at whose absence from the House, we might add, has been expressed by the press of all shades of opinion. We are sure our readers will wish all three candidates "better luck next time."

NEWS OF ST. DUNSTANERS



"VERY fit" and as busy as always, is the news from A. Urry, of Dunswell. There are few charitable activities in the neighbourhood in which both Urry and his wife do not play some part—with the loyal help of their St. Dunstaner neighbours. Such work as these do is of very real importance in making the world realise the capacity of the war-blinded.

E. Clarke, of Edwinstowe, has become a most efficient wood-sawer, and takes a pride in the number of trunks he can reduce to reasonable proportions in a given time. He is as fit and cheery as usual.

Another who looks fine and is putting on weight is H. Knopp, of Worksop. His poultry are doing well and Knopp now has nearly 1,000 chicks.

Men who have gardens are reaping the benefit of them now. Among these is A. Allen, of Alton, Stoke-on-Trent. His orchard is a picture and he has enough work to keep him a busy man.

Quite a number of baskets, trays and tea-pot stands have been sold locally by J. Hastings, of Smethwick. His house looks remarkably well, we hear, being freshly decorated and equipped with some new furniture.

A reasonable amount of repairs have been coming to H. Lea, of Hulland Ward, Derby, but the most important person in the household at present is the new and popular baby—the centre of a cheery and contented family.

The last (we hope) of our cold weather dealt a blow in many households, laying members low with "flu" and pneumonia. All the family of J. Williams, of Hampton, were attacked and one daughter contrived to have two attacks of 'flu and also

pneumonia! We are glad to say that she has now recovered, but both Mr. and Mrs. Williams have had an anxious time.

Another household where 'flu has been rampant is that of G. Hurst, of Great Longstone, Derbyshire. The eight members of the family all had it at once.

Politics has been doing service to some St. Dunstaners. G. Perry, of Wolverhampton, let his front room as a committee room to Sir Robert Baird. It is fairly certain that such a "let" should lead to business in the future, for Perry should come into touch with a number of fresh people.

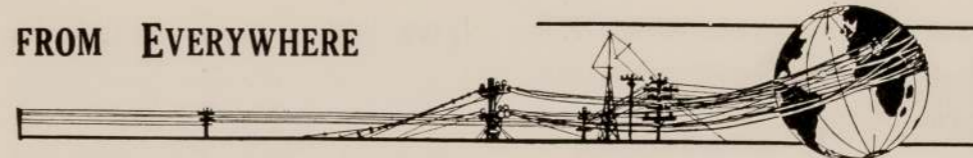
A. Law, of Cheltenham, Glos., is another to whose mill the election brought grist. He acted as sub-agent for the Conservative cause and his young son was pressed into the service as "sub-sub-agent." He lends general help and is his father's escort to all the meetings. Who knows, perhaps he is an embryo candidate himself!

Business continues to improve with F. Marshall, of Hull, and it is a question whether Marshall or Mrs. Marshall is the more interested in the progress made. Both are in splendid spirits.

Pigs are time-absorbing animals, according to P. Featherstone, of Ferriby, Yorks. What with these and various sidelines Featherstone never has time to snatch a holiday, but he finds life brimful of interest and looks remarkably fit, so that is all that matters. Like many another St. Dunstaner he has been meditating much as to the name of the Derby winner—a problem that will be solved before these lines appear in print.

A. E. Parsons, of Sutton Courtney, is well settled into his new home and likes it immensely. The house is very nice

FROM EVERYWHERE



indeed and Parsons is getting the garden into order as rapidly as possible. He is much better in health now that the move is accomplished, and he has his poultry as an added interest.

In spite of the severe winter E. W. Hall, of Chilton, Steventon, has done remarkably well with his birds.

Those wishing a holiday in Cleethorpes, Linc., should remember A. Welton, who has a new and attractive house, ideal for "visitors." The season has commenced, and we hope will be a good one. Judging from the improvement in Welton's health since he went there the air must be good.

All good wishes to H. B. Read, of Brighton, in his projects for working up a connection.

Do many St. Dunstaners go in for dahlias? J. Levett has a fine show of young plants ready for planting out. The greenhouse he built for himself has proved a great pleasure and enables him to grow practically everything he wants from seed.

Am "houldin' up foine" says W. Dacey, of Waterford, and indeed he is wonderfully well.

Another cheery individual is D. McCarthy of Kinsale, who is much interested in his hatchings of chickens and keen to do repair work. The only thing that stumps him is Braille, which he says is about as easy to read "as easily as hairs on a donkey's back."

A very popular St. Dunstaner is D. Lewis, of Gwaun-Cae-Gurwen. Half a dozen friends will often drop into his workshop when they come up from their underground shift and Lewis always has a joke to crack with them as he pegs away at his mat-making.

W. Last, of Neath (Glam.) is most comfortably settled at last with a nice house, in a convenient situation with a good garden and a possibility of getting more ground should he go in for poultry.

In the same district is E. T. Hughes, who reports a very busy winter. Indeed, at the week-ends almost more repair jobs come in that he can tackle.

Poultry farmers have not often steady customers as near home as has A. Smith, of Elwick, near Hartlepool who sells his eggs to his wife for use in her tea room!

"Everything O.K." says R. Metcalf, of Spennymoor, succinctly. He is finding fresh interests in a few head of poultry.

J. A. Garbutt, of Stockton-on-Tees, is making his name known as a speaker at public meetings, and thanks to the efforts of Mrs. Garbutt, added to his own, is keeping himself well abreast of the world's affairs.

The testing of loud-speakers as well as of head-phones has been added to the work entrusted to J. Griffiths, of Coventry, who finds it most interesting.

The new house into which J. Spencer, of Leicester has moved is a fine affair with a large lawn both in front and at the back. It should be a joy to him in every way.

Brief Notes

F. Warin, of Rainton, near Fencehouses, is working away at mats; G. C. Stacey, of Marks Tey and E. Gregory, of Aldham, Essex, are making progress with their poultry.

Mats take up much of the time of R. Popple, but in leisure hours he devotes himself to his garden in which he has

News of St. Dunstaners—continued.

planted seeds most lavishly we hear. May he have a veritable glory of flowers this summer.

Poultry men doing fairly well are W. Lingard, of Osney Green; F. J. Harriss, of Ramsden Bellhouse, and J. W. Whitham of Dunswell.

G. H. Orrow, of Chingford, is continuing with wool rugs. J. Kenny, of Walthamstow, is doing well with mats and the same may be said of G. Chapman, of Northampton.

Joinery is keeping G. Price, of Clacton-on-Sea as busy as usual, while a steady supply of boot work continues to come into the capable hands of G. H. Barrett, of Old Kent Road. J. W. March, of Millfield, Sunderland, is another in the same line and one who has a talent for keep turning casual customers into "regulars."

Trade is improving with C. Gill, of Teddington, who has a most excellent new show window.

T. Gidney is happy and contented in his home and has a fairly spacious shed; T. Thomas, of Cowbridge, South Wales, is taking a very real interest in his netting, and W. J. Wood, of Putney, is doing steady work in basketry.

What with mat making and poultry, A. Coman, of Dunswell, finds himself busy from morning till night.

Quite a new line has been thought out by T. Beattie, of Crouch End Hill; he hires out baskets in which animals can be taken to the "vet." He covers a large range of basket work and makes some excellent hooded dog-beds.

No matter what tough kind of repair job is brought to W. Holmes, of Witton Park, Co. Durham, he tackles it without complaint. His baskets and his poultry keep him busy and happy.

Friends of G. Thomas, of Erdington, Birmingham, will be glad to know that he has secured a nice house and is looking forward to strenuous days in his workshop.

B. Inman, of Sheffield, is making good progress in his business. He has added to the fittings of the shop, increased his stock, and now sells cooked meats, patent medicines and bread. Mrs. Inman takes almost as much interest in the venture as does her husband, and lends him valuable help. Good luck to them both.

Seven years old is young to make one's debut at public concerts but F. Tomlinson, of Carolgate, Retford, has a small daughter of this age who is by way of being a musical genius; her performances at various Salvation Army Concerts have brought her much applause.

"Busy enough to keep me at it from early morning until late at night," says A. Wernham, of Bracknell.

A golden rule has been made by A. Stevens, of Winnersh, near Wokingham, it is "Never turn an order down," however difficult or unpromising it may seem. Perhaps this is why he has been securing some good local orders of late.

The Newcastle Exhibition should bring visitors into the neighbourhood. J. R. Harkness, of Forrest Hall, Newcastle, is making preparations to secure some of these, and other far-sighted St. Dunstaners in the locality are preparing suitable wares in anticipation. May the exhibition be a great success.

News from our Irish group is satisfactory. S. Holmes is satisfied that he has secured an excellent house and has had his garden well planted with both vegetables and flowers; T. McCann is in fine form, as those who were present at the Belfast Social Meeting will remember. He was elected to the chair, and with A. Gribben was the first to enjoy the free passes that the variety theatres in Belfast are now issuing to St. Dunstaners. As for J. Boyce

The Youngest St. Dunstaner

Further letters have been received in justification of the claim of being the youngest St. Dunstaner. It would appear to be a subject which arouses the humorous element in most of our claimants, as witness the following letter from W. Christian, of Douglas:—

Dear Editor,

I have put down my rattle to write to you regarding the youth of St. Dunstan's. Here is my confession. I was born on 12th June 1899; laid aside my humming top and nine pins for the weapons of war on 14th December 1914 at the age of fifteen and six months, and received the necessary qualifications from old Fritz (and some that were *not* necessary) on 3rd September 1916 to enter St. Dunstan's. At the end of this month I received my first visitor from St. Dunstan's, so I take it that owing to this visit I had already been enrolled as a probable starter. Two days, later I was in possession of the V.C., but was made to put it back. I entered St. Dunstan's for the first time in November of the same year, but did not commence training till the following February. I was actually enrolled in St. Dunstan's in September 1916 at the age of seventeen years and three months. My thirtieth birthday will take place in June of the present year."

Further claims are as follows:—

From W. Stuart, of London:

"I was born on the 25th January 1900. I attested in 1915, giving my age as 20, but they sent me back. I went again in April 1916, and they took me this time. I spent my first night in the Army in the Fish Market at Blackpool. I have been to France and India, and I will not be 30 until next January."

From J. J. Hiscock, of Ross-on-Wye:

"I was born on 9th February 1900, thus making me 29 years of age at present. I was 16 years of age when I enlisted."

From J. R. Treby, of Colchester:

"I joined the Army before I was 17, and came to St. Dunstan's just before I was 19. I left St. Dunstan's just after I had celebrated my 21st birthday."

From A. W. Back, of Shaldon:

"I was born on 2nd May 1899, and entered St. Dunstan's in August 1915, which made my age 16 years and 3 months. I have just passed my thirtieth birthday."

he has been as busy as he could wish to be during the last couple of months at least and has a most satisfactory increase in the number of his patients.

Gardening is keeping G. E. Bishop of Cliff Park Estate (near Newhaven) very busy. He has a fine large piece of ground and has it full of vegetables; now he is planning for poultry and his landlord is so interested in Bishop's projects that he has offered a convenient piece of ground opposite the house.

First prize at a local baby show has been carried off in triumph by the infant daughter of W. Stamp, of Keelby, much to the pride of her parents.

If the delightful little daughter of R. Edwards, of Hereford, could have been entered we feel sure that the first prize would have had to be duplicated. We hear she is quite fascinating.

Cooking recipes heard "over the wireless" are interesting men as well as women, we learn. W. H. Foxon, of Acton Vale, was so impressed by the directions for making a junket for an invalid that he was led to try the recipe, with excellent success!

Another energetic man is T. Anderson, of Cardiff. In interludes of regular work, such as wool-rug making, he turns a hand to polishing and shines up everything shine-able in the house with a lavish use of brass polish and glowing effect.

R. Dodds, too, has plenty of vigour. He has been making a path in his garden and broken the stones for it himself.

An interesting order for a mat with red fibre has come the way of R. Finch, of Dudley.

Between "walks" W. Street, of Evesham, is working hard and cheerily. He is looking forward to starting in rowing again soon.

Births—Marriages—Deaths

Births

BATES.—To the wife of H. Bates, of Oakengates, a daughter on the 15th of May.

COLE.—To the wife of A. J. Cole, of Southampton, a daughter on the 5th of May.

DAVIES.—On the 29th of April, to the wife of J. Davies, of Wrexham, N. Wales, a son (Charles).

EXALL.—To the wife of H. Exall, of Peckham, a son on the 19th of April.

FRAMPTON.—On the 25th of April, to the wife of H. Frampton, of Clapton, a daughter (Margaret Joyce).

GLENDENNAN.—On the 7th of May, to the wife of H. Glendennan, of Coalisland, Co. Tyrone, a son.

GRANSBY.—On the 13th of May, a daughter (Sheila May) to the wife of H. Gransby, of Willesden.

JOYCE.—On the 12th of May, to the wife of J. Joyce, of Swords, Co. Dublin, a son.

LEA.—To the wife of H. Lea, of Hulland Ward, Derbyshire, a daughter (Lilly Maude) on the 12th of April.

Marriage

HORAN-FLYNN.—On 24th April E. P. Horan, of Sandymount, Dublin, to Miss J. Flynn, of 4 Havelock Terrace, Sandymount, Dublin, at St. Mary's Star-of-the-Sea Church, Sandymount, Dublin.

Deaths

This month we have to offer our sympathy to the following:—

ALDRIDGE.—Mrs. A. R. Aldridge, of Ealing, who has recently lost her mother.

DIMOND.—W. Dimond, of Witney, Oxon., whose mother died at East Grinstead on Saturday 20th April at the age of 72 years.

FRANCIS.—Mrs. Francis, of Battle, Sussex, who also lost her mother recently.

KELLY.—A. Kelly, of Liverpool, who lost his wife on 1st May following on the birth of their son, David, on the 18th of April.

KNOTWELL.—Mrs. A. Knotwell, of Portsmouth, who has just lost her elder sister.

MCKEE.—J. McKee, of Lisburn, whose wife died on 29th April.

MCMAHON.—Mr. and Mrs. F. McMahon, of Salford, Manchester, whose little daughter, Matilda (born in July), 1928, died, on the 11th of May from pneumonia.

OXENHAM.—W. Oxenham, of Hove, who lost his mother on Saturday, the 20th of April. The funeral took place on the 25th, she being interred at Abney Park Cemetery after a service held at St. Mary's Church, Stoke Newington.

PEEL.—To Mrs. Peel, of Bradford, whose mother died very suddenly in London on 13th May. It was a great shock to Mrs. Peel, as she was at the time expecting her mother to visit her shortly for a holiday.

TEMPERTON.—To C. Temperton, of Dunsell, near Hull, whose sister died recently. The loss is the more severe as she lived close to Temperton and has been almost a mother to him all her life, bringing him up after the loss of their parent.

Mr. Paul Fairclough

A number of St. Dunstaners in the Liverpool and Manchester areas have written to me asking why Mr. Fairclough has not been to see them this year, and when may they expect to see him again.

The explanation is that Mr. Fairclough was taken seriously ill soon after Christmas and has not yet recovered. At present he is in a nursing home, and eager though he is to resume the work he so much loves, he must remain under medical treatment for some uncertain—thought not, it is hoped, long—period yet.

The kind inquiries about him by his many friends have been, of course, communicated by me to him, and he returns his grateful thanks. T. E. S.

FOR SALE

Tandem Bicycle, with complete set of tools, pump, two lamps, and in perfect running order and in good condition. Price £10.—Address: W. Agate, 5 Alverstone Terrace, White Hart Lane, Portchester.

"In Memory"

Petty Officer James Keegan

Australian Navy

WITH the greatest regret we have to announce the death of this St. Dunstaner. Keegan served on many of His Majesty's Ships, and at the commencement of the Great War he took part in the operations in German New Guinea. It was not until May 1925 that Keegan became a St. Dunstaner, but he was unable to take any course of training on account of his poor health. He bore his illness with great fortitude and in spite of his sufferings a smile was never far from his lips. He died on 23rd May.

The funeral took place at St. Peter's Cemetery and many old comrades who had served with him during the war were present to pay their last tribute to a gallant man. Among the numerous wreaths was one in the form of our Badge from Captain Fraser and his other comrades at St. Dunstan's.

Our sincere sympathy goes out to Mrs. Keegan and her little daughter.

Private William John Brown

11th Manchester Regiment

The death occurred on 17th May of Private Brown, another who, although a member of St. Dunstan's "family," was prevented by ill-health from learning any trade. Brown received his discharge from the Army in September 1918 and was actually with us for ten months, but unfortunately his health did not improve, although everything possible was done for him.

The interment took place on 21st May at Bradford Catholic Cemetery, and there were many wreaths including one "From Captain Fraser and his other comrades at St. Dunstan's."

Brown leaves a widow and two children to mourn his memory, to whom we send our deepest sympathy.

Mrs. Boyce

We regret to have to announce the death of Mrs. Boyce, of Belfast, which took place very suddenly on the morning of 7th June. Mrs. Boyce, who is the mother of J. Boyce, of Belfast, has been a great and successful worker for St. Dunstan's for over twelve years and was engaged in a gracious little act for our men when the last call came for her.

We desire to express to Boyce and the members of his family our very deepest sympathy with them in their sad bereavement.

The funeral took place on the 9th of June at Donaghadee, St. Dunstan's being represented by Mr. Norman Macauley. Among many beautiful wreaths was one from St. Dunstan's in the form of the badge of the Organisation which has held such a deep place in her thoughts and sympathies.



SPORTS CLUB NOTES

SPORTS

SO far the weather has not been very kind to us on Tuesday evenings, but in spite of it we have had good attendances and perhaps the cold has made everyone feel all the more energetic!

F. Winter has surpassed his record by throwing the cricket ball 77 yds., and we are hoping that he will be able to repeat the same splendid performance on the sports day.

POINTS		4th May	
Bawden	.. 30	McFarlane	.. 6
Birchall	.. 26	Martin	.. 6
McSteel	.. 20	Scott	.. 5
Webster	.. 19	Fleetwood	.. 4
Roden	.. 18	Craigie	.. 3
Winter	.. 16	Taylor	.. 3
Prior	.. 16	Ingram	.. 1
Meighan	.. 8	Edwards	.. 1

General Sports Day

Please don't forget that the General Sports Day is being held in Regent's Park on Saturday, 29th June, starting very punctually at 2.15 p.m.

PROGRAMME

- Children's Race. Girls and Boys under 5 yrs. Distance 35 yds. Handicap 5 yds. for each year.
- Girls and Boys' Handicap Race between 5 and 7 yrs. Distance 40 yds. Handicap 5 yds. for each year.
- Girls' Handicap Race, between 7 and 14 yrs. Distance 60 yds. Handicap 2 yds. for each year.
- Boys' Handicap Race, between 7 and 14 yrs. Distance 60 yds. Handicap 2 yds. for each year.
- Wives' Race.
- Relay Race. One lady and one gentleman.
- Open Sprint of 75 yds.
- Shield Events.
- Open Events:
 - Single Jump
 - Treble Jump
 - Throwing Cricket Ball
 - Putting the Weight

The Sports Office reserve the right to alter any of the above programme should it be found necessary. L. WOOLRYCH.

Regatta

The Regatta is being held at Putney on Wednesday, 17th July, starting at 1.30 sharp.

Please will all those who have not yet entered send in their names by 30th June, as no entries can be taken after that date.

We will adhere to last year's rules that men may enter for two events only and there must be sufficient entries for each event to warrant a race.

PROGRAMME

- Single Sculls Present Care (T.B.)
- " " " (S.S.)
- " " " Old Boys" (T.B.)
- " " " " (S.S.)
- " " " Veterans, over 45.
- Double Sculls Open (at least one T.B. in a boat).
- Pair Oars (at least one T.B. in a boat).
- " " " One Armed.
- Open Fours (at least 2 T.B.'s in a boat).
- Shield Event, Pair Oar.
- " " " Double Sculls.

Manchester St. Dunstan's Sports Club

The Sports with the Shield Running events were held on 25th May on the M.A.C. Ground at Fallowfield. The weather was perfect. The visiting teams seemed rather taken aback when they found that the sun did shine in Manchester (rumour has it that they had all been training on heavily watered tracks so as to be prepared for Manchester conditions!) The chief events of the afternoon were the running events for the Shield. Birmingham carried off the honours by winning three events and London one. The results were as follows:—

INTER CLUB SHIELD COMPETITION

440 YARDS	
Cashmore Birmingham
Prior London
Marsden Manchester
Quigley Brighton
Time 65½ seconds	
880 YARDS	
Trott Birmingham
Steel London
Yarwood Manchester
Milward Brighton
Time, 2 minutes 26 seconds	
THREE QUARTER MILE	
Riley London
Benning Birmingham
Worthington Manchester
Dickinson Brighton
Time, 4 minutes 12½ seconds	

St. Dunstan's Dramatic Society

We willingly give space for the publication of the following letter, and shall be glad to hear from any of our readers interested in this matter:—

The Editor, 24th May 1929.
St. Dunstan's Review.

Dear Sir,

Late last winter an endeavour was made to get together a sufficient number of men, interested in dramatic art, to form a dramatic society. Only seven out of a large number asked to join seemed to show any real keen desire, and with this number considerable progress was made, thanks to the very able assistance of Miss Crowdy who has very kindly consented to be our guide and philosopher.

There are, no doubt, many of our men in London who are unaware that any effort has been made in this direction. Will those men who have not heard of this, and are willing to join, write a note to the Editor expressing that wish?

There will be no rehearsals taking place during the summer months and it is hoped that they will commence again, in real earnest, in the autumn—about the second or third week in September to be exact.

Yours, &c.,
J. HUGHES.

St. Dunstan's Colours

Some further interesting letters have been received with regard to the suggestion made in the letter published in last month's issue from J. Sheehy. We are taking the matter up in the proper quarter, and may have a further announcement to make shortly.

A Tribute

At the close of a lecture on St. Dunstan's given by Staff Sergt.-Major Porter at Harmondsworth, Middlesex, we are informed that a vote of thanks was proposed by Miss Maud Bateman, who desired Staff Sergt.-Major Porter to express to all his blinded comrades of St. Dunstan's the admiration in which they are held by the members of the Harmondsworth Women's Institute on account of their victory over blindness and the great sacrifice they have made on behalf of the women and children of the Empire.

The vote was carried unanimously amid great applause.

Nottingham Red Cross Outing

Mrs. Carlin has most kindly invited men and their wives from the Nottingham District to tea on 18th July.

ONE MILE

Castle Birmingham
Lenderyou London
Salt Manchester
McLeod Brighton
Time, 6 minutes 1½ seconds	

EVENTS OPEN TO ALL ST. DUNSTANERS

TREBLE JUMP	
1st Bray	Manchester 22 ft. 10 ins.
2nd Castle	Birmingham
3rd Cashmore	"

THROWING THE FOOTBALL	
Steel	.. London 30¼ ft.
Cooke	.. Manchester
Cashmore	.. Birmingham

PUTTING THE WEIGHT	
Robinson	.. Manchester 27 ft. 10¼ ins.
Dickenson	.. Brighton
Milner	.. Manchester

EVENTS CONFINED TO MANCHESTER & DISTRICT CLUB ONLY

THROWING CRICKET BALL	
S.S.	T.B.
1. Cooke	1. Cauldwell
2. Milner	2. Robinson

THROWING FOOTBALL	
S.S.	T.B.
1. Yarwood	1. Robinson
2. Marsden	2. Worthington

SINGLE JUMP	
S.S.	T.B.
1. Cooke	1. Scott
2. Marsden	2. Worthington

TREBLE JUMP	
S.S.	T.B.
1. Cooke	1. Scott
2. Yarwood	2. Robinson

LADIES' EGG AND SPOON RACE

- | | | |
|-----------------|--------------|----------------|
| 1. Mrs. Gaffney | 2. Mrs. Bray | 3. Mrs. Milner |
|-----------------|--------------|----------------|

CHILDREN'S RACE

Girls	Boys
Miss Marsden	Miss Whittingham
" Pannifer	Master Marsden
" Worthington	" Robinson

Miss Whittingham had to run with the boys as she was so much bigger than the other girls.

After tea, Miss Hensley kindly presented the prizes.

Our grateful thanks are due to all the generous donors to our prize fund, to Miss Coverdale and the members of the Red Cross and St. John Ambulance who arranged the tea, and to Mr. Slack and his fellow officials for all their help, and the M.A.C. for kindly placing their ground at our disposal.

During the afternoon a telegram was received from Captain Fraser wishing us a successful afternoon. K. V. M. I.

Treasury Notes

A Suggestion

With reference to Waldin's recent account of an attempt to defraud him by the passing of a ten-shilling note for a pound note, Mr. H. D. Black sent the following letter to Captain Fraser, which we publish in view of the assistance it will be to our readers:—

DEAR CAPTAIN FRASER,

£1 AND 10S. TREASURY NOTES

In reading in the April number of the REVIEW of Waldin's unfortunate experience in accepting a 10s. note upon a customer's assurance that it was a £1 one, I am reminded of a similar happening in the case of an early St. Dunstaner, and of Sir Arthur sending for me and telling me to devise something to guard the men against such a possibility.

At the moment I improvised a check, upon which I never found the necessity to improve. Sir Arthur tested and approved of it, and spoke of it to the men assembled in the lounge at the time. In case it has been forgotten, I repeat it.

It will be found that the width of a £1 or a 10s. note will be approximately, if not exactly, the length of one particular finger on any adult hand—preferably the left hand. In accepting a note, therefore, if a blind man will place it between two fingers of which the "particular" finger is one, he can instantly tell to which denomination it belongs. He need not, necessarily, have fingers corresponding to both £1 and 10s. notes for, obviously—the notes being of but two widths—if it is not the one it must be the other, if it is a Treasury note at all. With half an hour's practice I have known a blind person correctly assort 26 notes in a minute.

The test can be made in the presence of a customer without his being aware of it, as it is a perfectly natural manner of holding a note, and the passing of some casual remark meanwhile gives the necessary few seconds for the measuring.

One always feels that these kinds of hints get handed on by the old generation of men to the new, but apparently it is unknown to Waldin. Perhaps his visitor would make a note of it for his information or your Editor might think fit to give it publicity in the REVIEW for the benefit of other St. Dunstaners.

Yours sincerely,

H. D. BLACK.

Captain F. Hume Crowe, of Bedford Park, also writes us to much the same effect. He concludes his letter with the humour typical of his cheery self: "I should like to remind your readers that I

was not born in Jerusalem, but in the south-west of Ireland, where one learns pretty early in life to look after one's own property."

St. Dunstan's Silver Weddings

We publish below a further list of St. Dunstaners who have celebrated their silver wedding, and to whom, of course, the Council's gift of £1 1s. has been sent.

A. Knotwell, of Portsmouth, generally known at the Bungalow as "Sailor," gives some interesting notes of no fewer than 41 years of happy wedded life, and wonders if any St. Dunstaner can beat that record. Knotwell was born in 1863, the year of the marriage of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and was married on the 22nd April 1888. He celebrated his silver wedding in 1913. On the occasion of the 37th anniversary, Mrs. Knotwell was presented on behalf of the After-Care by the late Mr. and Mrs. Martin with a large iced cake at the Re-union held in Portsmouth in 1925.

Incidentally, Knotwell thinks he has good grounds for claiming another record—that of being the oldest St. Dunstaner—as from the above it will be seen that he is within a few weeks of sixty-six years of age, and was fifty-four when he joined St. Dunstan's in September 1917.

Other silver weddings are:—P. Brundett, of Pendlebury, Manchester, on 20th February 1928; H. George, of Brighton, on 5th June 1929; E. E. Greenwood, of Enfield, on 20th September, 1928, and R. Barber, of Plumstead, on 1st August 1928, whose daughter was also married on that date, making it a double event.

Holiday Camps

The Camp at Clifford Chambers, Stratford-on-Avon, will be held from Monday 24th June to 2nd July, Tuesday. The fee is 27s. 6d.

It has been decided to hold the Camp at Little Gaddesden House again this year as the required numbers of entries were received. It is hoped, however, that still more men will come along. The date is from 22nd July to 29th—fee 27s. 6d.

St. Dunstaners' Achievements

St. Dunstaner V.C. becomes a Solicitor

The Press throughout the country have, and deservedly, given much attention to a fine achievement of Capt. Angus Buchanan, V.C., M.A., Oxon.

Capt. Buchanan's success adds one more to the long list of wonderful victories over the handicap of blindness which the officers and men of St. Dunstan's have gained.

The following details of Capt. Buchanan's career will, we are sure, be of great interest to our readers.

Capt. Buchanan received his commission on 25th November 1914. He was wounded for the first time on 7th August 1915 at Suvla Bay. He returned and won the Military Cross at Helles on 7th January 1916.

Then he proceeded to Mesopotamia, and at Falaniyah Lines on 5th April 1916, he won the Victoria Cross. The *London Gazette* said:—

"During an attack an officer was lying out in the open, severely wounded, about 150 yards from cover. Two men went to his assistance and one of them was hit at once.

"Capt. Buchanan, on seeing this, immediately went out and with the help of the other man carried the wounded officer to cover under heavy machine-gun fire. He then returned and brought in the wounded man, again under heavy fire."

He was wounded for the second time on the evening of the same day, and was sent to India to recuperate. When he returned he lost his sight.

Capt. Buchanan was born on 11th August 1894, at Coleford, the son of Dr. Peter Buchanan, deputy coroner for the Forest of Dean. He returned to Oxford, after relinquishing his commission, where he had gained a scholarship at Jesus College in 1913, and took his M.A.

To commemorate the bravery of Capt. Buchanan, the townspeople of Coleford

have provided a recreation ground, with provision for all kinds of games, besides a playground for children, and have named it the "Buchanan Recreation Ground."

Tribute to a St. Dunstaner Masseur

A Crewe newspaper has the following interesting article on R. Giffin, of Crewe:

CREWE ORTHOPÆDIC CENTRE

Not a great many people are aware of the worthy work which year after year is done by the Crewe Orthopædic Clinic; in fact, not many people know the whereabouts of the centre. It is situated near the Manchester Bridge, in Earle Street. In the magnificent work done at the clinic, no small part is taken by Mr. R. Giffin, C.S.M.G., in carrying out his duties as masseur. There are a large number of crippled children who have derived material and lasting benefit from his skilful treatment. A chat with Mr. Giffin soon makes one realise the great faith he has in his work.

The Crewe Orthopædic Centre is run on purely voluntary lines, and renders a useful public service. Mr. Giffin is an Ex-Service man. He is one of those 2,000 gallant men who lost their sight while fighting for King and country. He joined the Army in 1914, and served in Gallipoli, Egypt, and France. It was in 1917, in France, that he was blinded during the battle of Arras. He carries on his work as masseur with marked cheerfulness and enthusiasm. Mr. Giffin came to Crewe in 1920. His early work was at the Webb Orphanage, where the Ministry of Pensions has a clinic. He was trained, in the first place, at St. Dunstan's, and he is, indeed, a credit to this great and worthy institution.

Mr. Giffin's training subsequently took him to two of the large London hospitals. The St. Dunstan's Institution has done excellent work in giving a start in life to our blind war heroes. Long may the work prosper! Our blind Ex-Service men are surely well worthy a thankful nation's remembrance.

One of the A.E.F.

We quote the following very interesting account of the work of one of our telephonists, Vernon Mullin, from *The Melbourne Herald*, of Melbourne, Australia:—

Fate in the form of a German broomstick bomb robbed a young Australian soldier, Vernon Mullin, of his sight at Mouquet Farm action nearly twelve years ago—but he has called her bluff.

To-day Mr. Mullin is a skilled telephone exchange operator, an ardent stamp collector, a successful builder of wireless sets, and even a keen gardener.

"He never makes a mistake," is a phrase linked with Mr. Mullin's name at the offices of the Repatriation Department, Market Street, where he operates a telephone switchboard almost as large as that allotted to an attendant at the central exchange.

Braille numerals are fitted on the board, but ten years of practice at the department, following upon a course of instruction at St. Dunstan's, England, has made him independent of this aid. He plugs in with unerring accuracy and remarkable speed. A retentive memory for numbers is another of his assets.

A year ago Mr. Mullin took up stamp collecting, and now has more than 12,000 stamps, 7,300 of which are of different varieties. He has a partiality for air mail stamps, and in a collection of 200 under this heading embraces air mail services all over the world.

With Mrs. Mullin as assistant, he values the stamps, counting the perforations himself, and relying upon his wife's assistance on the points of shades and watermarks. They put them in the albums together.

WIRELESS AND GARDENING

The building of wireless sets has come within the range of his hobbies, too. He has made four sets, from the crystal to the four-valve. Mrs. Mullin assists by reading instructions at any intricate stage, and Mr. Mullin does the assembling.

And, in addition, Mr. Mullin supplies the household with vegetables and flowers from his own garden. With his work and his hobbies this young blinded soldier appears to be quite happy.

We would add our own quota of congratulation and encouragement to this tribute to the way in which this young Australian St. Dunstaner has "made good."

We are well aware that St. Dunstaners do not hesitate to "go all out" at any fresh task which presents itself, but we do not think that previously the occupation of infant welfare has come within their radius. H. Taylor, of Bournemouth, however, appears to have made a somewhat intricate study of the various phases of this "craft" (perhaps we may be allowed to coin a word, and call it "Fathercraft"!). Returning from shopping early one evening recently, Mrs. Taylor was surprised at the lack of noise in the house as she entered. On coming into the kitchen, however, the "mystery" was soon explained—Taylor had bathed all four children, whose ages range from three to nine years, and put them to bed! And Mrs. Taylor had to admit that all had been accomplished with a most professional touch.

Incidentally, we may mention that Taylor has made nets for the children's beds, which obviates the possibility of their falling off (previously a favourite pastime, we understand!). These nets are of 2-in. mesh, width 32 inches, 16 stitches; length just over 6 feet.

We must congratulate Taylor on his enterprise. He has surely earned the title of "Handy-man."

ADVERTISEMENTS

Comfortable Apartments; minute Kingsway Promenade; moderate terms; board optional.—Address: A. Welton, "St. Omer," 65 Bradford Avenue, Cleethorpes.

Book accommodation for your wife or escort with A. A. Hillier, and so get the full benefit of your holiday at Brighton. Well recommended and moderate.—Address: Laurel House, 25 Sutherland Road, Kemp Town, Brighton.

St. Dunstaners Honoured

W. Nelson, of Newcastle, was selected to serve in the Guard of Honour for the Prince of Wales when he visited the tower recently, and A. C. Evans, of Newport (Mon.) who was present when Earl Jellicoe attended to inspect the members of the British Legion, was privileged in that both Lord and Lady Jellicoe talked to him for quite a time. Lady Jellicoe mentioned that she had met another St. Dunstaner when in New Zealand and Lord Jellicoe commented on the jolly way St. Dunstaners invariably faced life, which he thought was very fine.

"The Seeing Soul"

Booth Tarkington, the famous American novelist, has been blind for a year. We quote the following from an American paper:—

"There is often in the blind a serenity that is close to nobility. It rests upon courage and peace. Rarely have these two qualities of the soul been displayed so debonairly as by him."

"It is hard," he said recently, "for anyone who has not been blind to realise what a thrill it is not to have to see everything. It is really marvellous not to look at a lot of things and people that you don't want to see. Some one thanked God who made him blind so that his soul could see. I have come to believe that there is a lot of truth in that." He has been able to work harder since he lost his sight, he says, because he can more fully concentrate. And he eats less, because he is not tempted by the sight of food.

"Here is an almost gay philosophy. No soul which has it can be beaten down even by the calamity of sightlessness. Surgical science, we hope, will restore to Booth Tarkington the use of his eyes. But whether it does or not he has assuredly brought up from his year of darkness something of lasting courage and cheer to mankind."

Freemason St. Dunstaners

One further name is to be added this month to our list of St. Dunstaner Freemasons—that of A. L. Isaac, of Lodge No. 153 Pollokshaws, Glasgow.

Death of Miss E. M. Coast

St. Dunstaners, particularly those in the London area, will be grieved to learn of the death of Miss E. M. Coast on 26th May.

Miss Coast received a severe shock in February of this year when her father, to whom she was greatly devoted, passed on. Since then, she had not seemed to recover her usual health and spirits and therefore fell an easy victim to pneumonia, from which she died last month.

"Coastie" will always be remembered because of her great devotion to St. Dunstan's and all concerned with it. Her energy, when there was work to be done for the "boys," was unbounded, and her high spirits never failed. Her death will be lamented by all those who knew her at The House and later in her capacity of After-Care Visitor. T. E. S.

A General Election is never without many touches of humour, and the following story, sent to us by one of St. Dunstan's Technical Visitors, was awarded a prize of £2 2s. by a local newspaper in a "Best Election Stories" Competition.

At a certain meeting organised on behalf of the Socialist Party, a speaker made the following remark during the course of his speech, "The Conservatives have robbed you, the Liberals have robbed you. *We* have never had a chance—give us one now!"

We are not at liberty to disclose whether the particular candidate concerned was successful in his campaign!

A most interesting letter has recently reached Headquarters from W. Stamp, of Keelby, Lincs., in which he tells us of the success of his little daughter, Joyce Bertha, at a local Baby Show. This bonny kiddie of three years carried off the first prize, which took the form of a portrait of the child, to be taken at a first-class photographer's at the cost of one guinea. We congratulate Joyce's parents, who must be very proud of her.

Concertina v. Banjo

Has any one a good concertina to exchange for a nice banjo (cost £7 7s.) of rosewood and in perfect condition? If so, J. P. Farrell, of 44 Burry Road, St. Leonard's, would be glad to make a deal.

From St. Dunstaner Contributors

As up to the time of going to Press no written protests or personal attacks have been made, we are taking the further risk of publishing the second instalment of this classic contribution. Our office boy has

suggested as a possible reason for no complaints having been received that "perhaps they couldn't wade through it!" We hope that is not the reason, because we *had* to!—ED.

The Collected Correspondence of Private PERCIVAL HODSOX, V.C. [St. Dunstaner, A.D. 1978]

[Edited by W. V. CLAMPETT]

Some House,
Some Place,
St. Dunstan's,
March 1978.

Dear Old Uncle,

I promised in my last to give you Corporal Knutt's essay on Einstein's Theory of Relativity in Time and Space. Well, here it is—get that wet towel round your brow before you start!

"Einstein's theory has to do with relatives, relations and all related persons who have to do *time* in a certain sort of *space*; the said *space* being enclosed by *four dimensions* and a roof.

"*Space* is that which fills up everything except an empty pocket? All light rays are not only bent but they're broke!

"Parallel lines if extended to infinity do eventually meet—if not at the moment, they will in the sweet by and-bye!

"To find the answer to the riddle of existence, add the sum of the total number of light years taken by a star-beam to reach the earth, divide it by the circumference of the earth and the solar system combined, calculate the number of corpuscles in the solar plexus, and shake the lot up together in a thermos flask and there you are! and if you're not you ought to be, so there! And I guess that guinea's mine!"

And it was so! I think he deserved it too, don't you? But I must leave Sister Caroline for the moment and introduce you to one of our social visitors who occasionally pops in to take a boy out to tea. He's a

certain scion of nobility—to wit, the Hon. Aloysius Piffle-Boshe—and he's the limit!

Only last Sunday I myself had the honour of a walk-out and a bun-fight at his house, and he carted me off to the nearest cemetery—there to discuss in solemn tones the Immortality of the Soul, Evolution and, heaven help us—WORMS! You see, he happens to be a naturalist and in the course of our conversation on this delectable subject he picked one of the things up and demonstrated to me just how its little vertebræ or whatever you call it, works. He bent it back and forth over his index finger pretty much as you might a bit of netting string, and I suggested it would be a good idea to try it on a boa-constrictor at the Zoo—but he demurred.

What a mixture and what a place! But although this isn't the kind of stunt that makes you ask for another, I must admit that the Hon. Aloysius in other respects is a real good fellow. And he's really frightfully distinguished.

He enjoys the unique distinction, not shared by any other member of the peerage, of being able to trace his pedigree right back through Adam to the first protoplasm! I know it's a fact, for I've looked him up in Debrett's and Darwin's "Origin of Species."

He's a great poet too, I understand, and is very versatile—I'll show you some of his verses presently—and is considered to be one of the greatest contemporary men of letters.

He it was who, whilst standing under a spreading chestnut tree on a wet and

windy day in April, uttered these immortal words:—

"The quantity of water is not drained,
It droppeth down in shiploads from
above. . . ."

Or something to that effect.

Just one more item of news concerning him and I can pass on to other matters. It concerns his sartorial adornment. One of our S.S. boys described it thus:—

"He blows in here with a hat that's a cross between a helmet and a mortar board and it gleams like polished gold. He wears a sort of filleted lace shirt open at the neck and a sort of shot-silk pleated plus four suit, and he sports, in addition, two monocles and an ear-ring." Modern fashions for men are a bit on the giddy side, aren't they?

By the way, Uncle, the officials here, profiting by the experience gained in looking after you and your associates, enlisted the services of the eminent Italian scientist, Signor B. Rainwaive, in an effort to overcome those bothersome things, the edges of open doors, so that our aristocratic noses shouldn't get spoilt, and he solved the problem rather neatly by installing automatic retreating doors. They work like this:—

Inserted in the floors about five paces away on each side of every door is a large square plate about four feet by two. The doors slide into the wall the moment a man steps on one, and as he comes through the doorway and steps on the other plate, the door automatically closes behind him. Should, however, two men step simultaneously on the plates, the door remains open, thus avoiding any unpleasant consequences.

The same gentleman has invented for our use a walking stick which possesses all the following advantages:—

Gives warning of pillars, posts, pedestrians and pickpockets; intimates the near proximity of one's best girl; reverses engines of all cars when coming too near; and finally warns one of approaching creditors.

What a wonderful age we live in, to be sure!

I feel I cannot close this letter without giving you in advance a couple of interest-

ing extracts in this month's issue of the REVIEW which you will receive in the course of a day or so (perhaps! Ed. 1929). Someone or other collected some details of a few minor mishaps that recently happened to a section of V.A.D.'s here, and he did it in the form of a parody of the ten little nigger boys of nursery fame. Here it is:—

Ten pretty V.A.D.'s standing in a line,
A fag-end burnt one and then there were nine.

Nine charming Sisters, looking so sedate,
Cupid did a back-fire and then there were eight.

The eighth little Sister bought an "Austin
[Seven "
A blind boy drove her successfully to Heaven!

The seventh little Sister—fond of billiard tricks,
Tried strokes with Mills bombs and that left six.

The sixth little Sister off the deep end used to
[dive,
She stayed down hours too long and that left
[five.

Little Sister number five went fishing on the
shore,
Hooked a wealthy plutocrat and then there were
[four.

The fourth little Sister shingled went to be,
The silly ass scalped her and that left three!

The third little Sister some reducing had to do,
To ashes she reduced herself and that left two.

Sister number two went skating for some fun,
She broke her pretty neck and that left one.

One little Sister left—the last one on the spot.
She committed suicide and that's the blessed lot.

Terrible, isn't it, Uncle? And here's the other item, a small one this time.

BRAILLE ROOM NOTES

"It has been noticed lately that men have been in the habit of detaching the dots from Braille books for the purpose of playing marbles. This practice must stop immediately or disciplinary action will follow. BY ORDER."

My word, Uncle, did you ever try that one? Its been the craze here for some time now!

Since writing the foregoing, something has happened here which is entirely without precedent in the annals of St. Dunstan's.

We're all out on Strike! Its a fact, Uncle, and we mean to stop out until we get what we want. Let me explain.

As you will recall, the moon was ceded

to Great Britain by the Martians at the close of the Interplanetary War. Well, it seems that the Government sent an expedition to the surface of the moon to study its flora and fauna and to make a report as to any possible inhabitants. Well, the report has just come through that there is a race of beings on the moon and that they are entirely blind, and, what's more to the point, immeasurably superior to us in intelligence and ability. . . . *To be continued in my next.* (We shall see!—Ed.)

So long, Uncle,
Your affectionate nephew,
PERCIVAL."

Whist Worries

C. Durkin, who incidentally has been the organiser of some very successful whist drives on behalf of St. Dunstan's funds on the Roehampton Estate where he lives, sends the following amusing skit on a real whist booby which was published in the *Roehampton Estate Gazette*. Durkin says that while it may be a little on the exaggerated side, it certainly depicts some of the horrible consequences the organisers of such affairs have to face.

Heard at our Whist Drive

"Is this table number twelve? Thank you so much. Where do I sit? Just here? much obliged, y'know, I don't come to Whist Drives very often and I'm in rather a muddle. In fact this is my first. Awfully nice people here, aren't they? So helpful. Although the room is a little too hot. It would be rather nice if the men didn't smoke."

"Why do we have to wait so long before playing? You're waiting for me to cut the cards? I'm so sorry, this is my first whist drive although we play at home sometimes. Not for money, of course, but for buttons, or peas when they are in."

"It's my lead? Just a moment I haven't sorted the cards. So much easier when they are all together, don't you think? There! I've dropped one. Thank you, thank you. All my hearts, all my diamonds, all my clubs and all . . . no spades! That's funny, isn't it? Now, let me see, what shall I play? The King of Diamonds."

"Tch! Tch! Fancy you beating it with the ace, the first time round. I might have known. However, we can't hope to win all the tricks, can we, partner?"

"I trumped your ace, partner? I'm fearfully sorry, I never dreamt it was yours. Y'know it's my first whist drive and it makes one nervous doing foolish things, doesn't it?"

"I really must apologise, I mean I really wouldn't dream of taking a trick which doesn't belong to me. This is my first whist drive and . . . What are trumps? Diamonds? My goodness! I thought they were Clubs."

"Thirteen tricks! Fancy that, partner, and I was hoping to win the first prize. Its £1 10s. y'know and it would come in very useful. Do I know what the booby prize is? I'm afraid I don't. I soon will? Oh!"

L. ROBINS.

'Ustling

Yet another contribution, and this time in philosophical vein!—ED.

It was a wet Sunday evening and the bus from the Bank to the Bush was half-empty. A jaunty remark from the conductor was the only cheerful note in that dismal vista of streets which looked like some deserted city with the closed shops and untrod pavements. I settled myself in a corner by the door and tried to keep my mind from brooding. The fact was, I was in stormy seas . . .

"Oxford Circus," announced the conductor as the bus lumbered to a standstill. "Coming, Bill," answered a breezy voice with rather more familiarity than distinctness. I wondered idly (as it was not yet ten) why this gentleman had left the foaming tankard before the necessity of "closing-time" compelled him to. Still, you can never trust a fellow when he's in drink . . .

"I've had a couple," he remarked, and to this statement all his hearers tacitly agreed. Then, for half an hour, we were treated to an autobiography which included the most intimate details of a family which appeared to be unlimited. From this mass one gathered that he really had, at times, been in stormy seas himself, and thus was the chord of sympathy touched within me. I began to hope I might pick up some crumb of comfort or, still more optimistically, even a little help. I was not at all disappointed. The nut of philosophy was about to be cracked: one might say, to choose a better metaphor, a vast sea of accumulated experience was about to be distilled into an ounce of essence. To me, thinking so morosely, the sentiment was all-embracing.

"You know," he began, "all through my life—and I've seen some times, I have—I've 'ad one motto. Wherever I've bin, whatever I've done, I've always said to myself, 'Never let nobody 'ustle you'."

"There it is; simple, true and satisfying. When your wife complains, don't be 'ustled. When the policeman looks meaningly at you, don't get 'ustled. When the rates are overdue, all the nippers want new boots and some sanguine ass says 'What about that quid you borrowed last month?' 'ustling won't help."

"It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishment's the scroll;
Don't be 'ustled, or, too late,
You'll find you're 'ustled up the pole."

D. W.

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