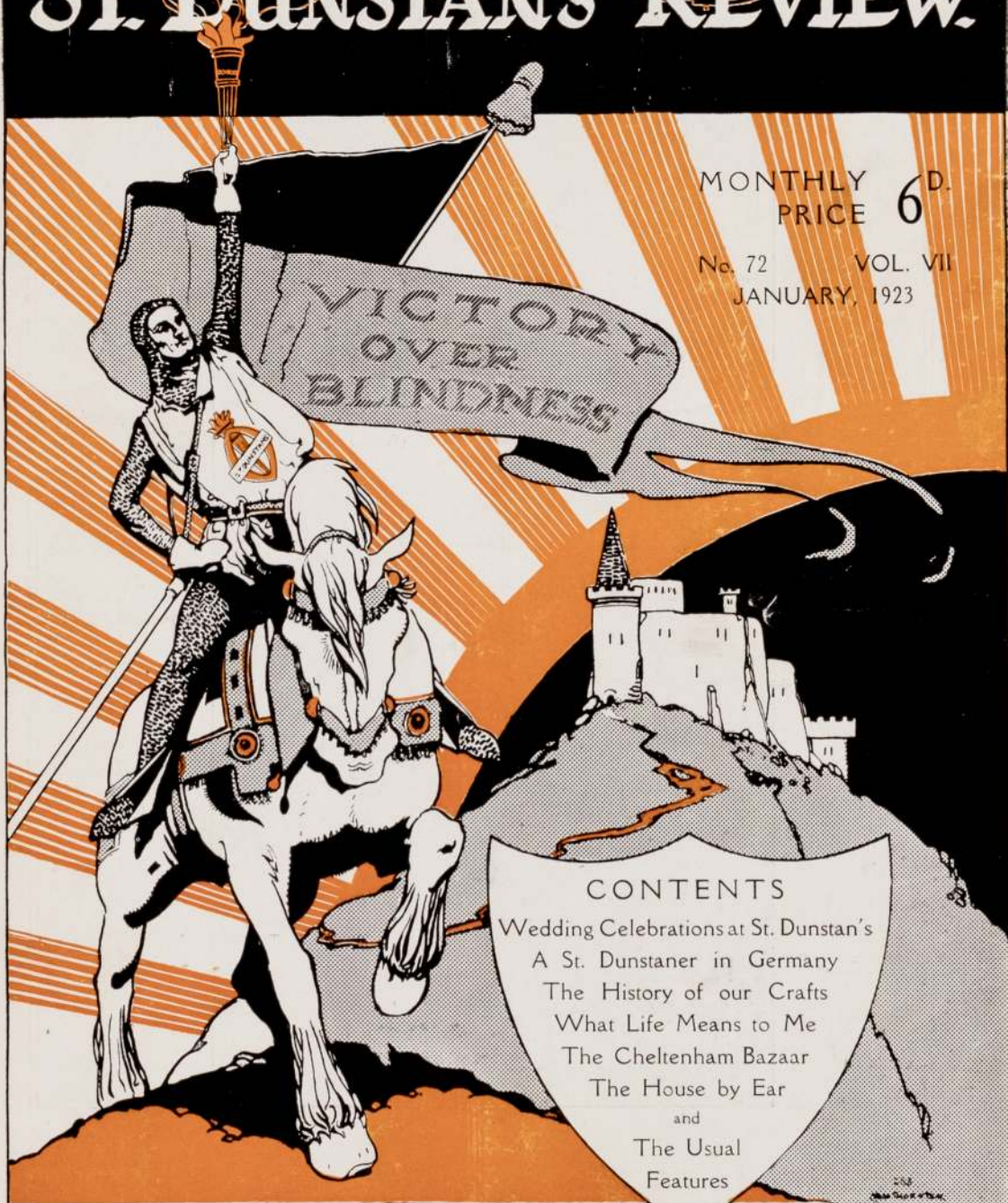


ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

MONTHLY
PRICE 6^{d.}

No. 72 VOL. VII
JANUARY, 1923



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FOR THE AMUSEMENT & INTEREST OF MEN BLINDED IN THE WAR

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

THE BAZAAR AT CHELTENHAM



Performers in the Pantomime "Babes in the Wood," given by St. DUNSTANERS, assisted by four local amateurs. Back row:—Mr. W. H. Jessop (O'George, of U.S.A.), Mr. C. Coxwell-Rogers (Jack of the Beanstalk), T. Martin (Fairy Godmother), Miss Marie Elliott (Morgiana), Miss J. C. Arnold (Cinderella), H. Lincoln (Jack's Mother). Seated:—J. B. Fay (Sleeping Beauty), J. Thomas (Babe), Ramsbotham (Small Robber), T. Morrison (Large Robber), H. Jobe (Ugly Sister), W. White (Ugly Sister), T. Rogers (Aladdin), J. F. Besley (Bluebeard). "Cheltenham Chronicle" Photo

St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

EDITED BY PERRY BARRINGER

No. 72.—VOLUME VII.

JANUARY, 1923.

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

EDITORIAL

THE "In Memory" page of ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW is ever a record of high heroism and gallant sacrifice, and there is much of pride to leaven the sadness with which we must read of the passing of another brave soul. But of late these records have numbered amongst them some which have a special poignancy. We refer to those which tell of such shattered health that the usual routine of life and training at the Hostel and workshops has not been feasible, at least for any continued length of time. But in every instance, in giving to the world and their fellow St. Dunstaners the last record of the life's journey of these men, we have been able to tell how each one has striven to the limit of his physical capacity to seize the opportunities of training which St. Dunstan's give. In our view the epic story of St. Dunstan's contains no finer and more moving chapter than the history of these struggles against the dual handicap of blindness and continued ill-health which gallant service for King and Country has brought in its train. And it is not only in the record of those who have left us that we can find proof of this indomitable spirit. There are numbers of St. Dunstan's men who have completed their training and who are fighting the battle of life successfully to-day, in spite of the loss of one or more limbs as well as sight, and in some cases other severe disablements caused by war-wounds.

In this connection no member of St. Dunstan's staff and no St. Dunstaner will cavil at a special word of praise being given to a Department of our work which has been mainly responsible for the practical solution of this problem of training. That is the Department which is in the charge of Miss Witherby, and which, under her devoted and untiring care, has grown from what was at first regarded as a pleasant spare-time hobby, engaging the attention of but a few men, to a specialised industry providing a wage-earning occupation for over 300 St. Dunstaners. Every possible avenue of extension in the crafts of netting and rug-making has been explored and adapted to the capacities of the blind workers, and it is not too much to say that to-day the nets and rugs made by St. Dunstan's men not only equal the standard of any technical production our Organisation has been responsible for, but that the turnover in the goods themselves has reached a figure which shows forcibly the appeal the work makes to our craftsmen themselves and the public also. But although this success from the purely commercial side is of real value, we venture to say that it is as the splendid and painstaking exploitation of a via media for keeping happily busy our most severely handicapped men that Miss Witherby's work stands in highest regard.

The Cheltenham Annexe

A Splendidly Successful Bazaar

AS the outcome of much preliminary and organising work on the part of Mrs. Arnold, the Commandant, and many members of the Cheltenham and Headquarters Staff, the Bazaar on behalf of the funds of the Annexe was a great success in every way. It took place on December 7th, and was attended by a large company. Her Grace the Duchess of Beaufort performed the opening ceremony, and those present on the platform included the Rev. R. L. Hodson, who presided, the Mayor of Cheltenham, Mrs. Arnold, Miss Arnold, Colonel R. F. Pearson, General R. W. S. Lyons, Mr. E. C. Gardner and Mrs. Gardner, Colonel Anley, Major Scott, Dr. Macfie, Dr. J. Howell, Dr. Kirkland, and others.

The Duchess of Beaufort, before declaring the bazaar open, said she had opened a good many bazaars in her life, but never had it been more pleasure to her to do so than to come there to do what little she might on behalf of the men of St. Dunstan's, some of whom she knew in those long four years of the war, when there were so many hospitals in Cheltenham to which she so often came. She wished the undertaking all possible success.

Dr. Howell moved a vote of thanks to the Duchess of Beaufort for her presence, and Colonel Pearson seconded. Mrs. Arnold also added a word of thanks for the townspeople and private residents who had done so much to help the undertaking.

The bazaar embraced also exhibitions of the work of our men and practical demonstrations of their methods. There was an excellent stock of saleable goods and a fine force of helpers. The greater part of one side of the central hall was occupied by the exhibition of work by our men, sent down from Headquarters, including many varieties of basket work, fibre mats, netting and string work, ham-mocks, woollen rugs, etc. This exhibit

was in charge of Mr. Swain and Miss Witherby, and the netting party was augmented by Mr. and Mrs. Mussell, of Gloucester, who kindly gave their help. Mr. Mussell worked most energetically at fruit netting, which attracted the special interest of Her Grace the Duchess of Beaufort, and Mrs. Mussell was a most successful saleswoman of the St. Dunstan's goods. The display of goods made and presented by the blinded men connected with the local St. Dunstan's was in charge of Miss Wilson, assisted by Mrs. and Miss Bell Haworth, the Misses Allen, and Miss Pearson, some of the men being also at work. The information stall, with literature and information regarding St. Dunstan's work, was under the charge of Mrs. Evers and Miss Ayers; and there were in addition stalls for provisions, advertising and proprietary articles, sweets, art work, refreshments and teas, lucky dip, hoop-la, etc.

Three performances were given during the afternoon and evening of a pantomime, "The Babes in the Wood," organised by Miss J. C. Arnold, Miss Marie Elliot, Mr. C. Coxwell Rogers, and Mr. W. H. Jessop. The "book" was the work of Miss Marie Elliot, and the songs that of a St. Dunstaner, T. Morrison. Parts were cast as follows (all performers except the last four being St. Dunstaners):—The Babes, C. Gray (girl), J. Thomas (boy); the Robbers, T. Morrison (large), Ramsbotham (small); Aladdin, T. Rogers; Fairy Godmother, C. Martin; Sleeping Beauty, J. B. Fay; Bluebeard, J. F. Besley; Jack's Mother, H. Lincoln; Two Ugly Sisters, W. White, H. Jobe; Cinderella, Miss J. C. Arnold; Morgiana, Miss Marie Elliot; Jack of the Beanstalk, Co. Coxwell Rogers; O'George of U.S.A., H. Jessop.

By courtesy of the Editor of the *Cheltenham Echo*, we are enabled to reproduce, as a frontispiece to this issue, a picture of the performers in the pantomime.

My Impressions of the Cheltenham Bazaar

By W. LOWINGS

MASON, Tompkinson and I, in company with Mr. Swain, Mrs. Reid and Miss Witherby, started off for Cheltenham on Wednesday afternoon, and after a three hours' journey arrived at that famous town.

We were driven to the annexe in an ancient "Growler," where we were received by the kindly Matron, who, welcoming us to the annexe, said that we had arrived just as the boys were having a final rehearsal of their pantomime for the bazaar. I may say here that they gave three excellent performances, which were one of the most attractive features of the affair. On entering the Lounge we were greeted by some old friends: Paddy Thompson, Tommy Rogers, "little Tich," and many others whose names I forget, and were bombarded with questions as to "how old somebody or other was" from everybody at once.

After answering these to the best of our ability we settled down to talk till a welcome supper arrived, and so to bed.

Everyone seemed to be awake very early on Thursday morning. I believe that some of the boys were eager to start as early as ten o'clock, notwithstanding the fact that the show did not begin till 2.30! After dinner the boys were escorted by the fair staff to the Town Hall where the bazaar was to be held.

The sale was declared open by Her Grace the Duchess of Beaufort, and after a few well-chosen words from the Matron the business of the day commenced.

An excellent band rendered selections during the whole of the sale, which went on briskly. I believe the results were most satisfactory. Everyone seemed to be doing a roaring trade, especially the lady who raffled bottles of whisky and port. I fear that many a shilling was expended by the boys in the hopes of being the lucky possessor of a bottle. I confess that I had hopes myself. Time passed very quickly; dozens of people asked dozens of questions about the

wonderful baskets that they saw, and modesty forbids me to say anything about the kind things that were said to the basket-maker—all undeserved (?)—the netting also came in for a good bit of attention, and aroused the keen interest of the onlookers.

We carried on our demonstrations till about 7.30, and then the floor was cleared for dancing, and such a dance!—imagine a well-laid floor which I believe is suspended—a good band, and heaps of fair partners ready and willing to dance—a wonderful ending to a wonderful day. The dance lasted till 12.30, and everyone drifted back to the annexe—tired but happy. I should think that the whole show was calculated to arouse the interest of the people of Cheltenham in our Hostel, and I am sure will give the boys a topic of conversation for many a long day.

I must not conclude without paying a tribute to every member of the staff at the annexe for their kindness to us boys who went there from Cornwall Terrace, and to hope that the Matron will soon recover from the effects of her exertions.

o o o

WE note with much interest that a social re-union and conference of the Australian soldiers who were blinded in the war has recently been held in Sydney. We are quite sure that such meetings as these are of very great value, and we know that St. Dunstaners would very much miss the opportunities of meeting each other and discussing with members of Headquarters staff their progress and difficulties, which have been provided for a long time past by our periodical re-unions at various provincial centres.

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THE Editor desires to express his thanks for the copy of ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW, asked for in last month's issue, which has been sent by a correspondent. He is now anxious to secure in addition copies of Nos. 3 and 4. Can any reader spare these issues?



NEWS OF ST. DUNSTANERS

Christmas Greetings

ST. DUNSTAN'S post bag has been heavy. Letters and cards bearing Christmas wishes to those at headquarters have come from all parts of the world. Some have written to Lady Pearson, some to Sir Neville, others to Captain Fraser or Mrs. Bates, some to two or even three of the four. Some have confined themselves to the season's greetings, others have given us welcome news of themselves. Among the last is M. E. CLARK, of Western Australia, who says he is getting on well with his carpentry which he finds very interesting. He seems to have discovered the value of publicity, for after having made a good display at an exhibition he received a number of orders including five for bedsteads. We are glad to hear that Clark's farm is developing well and the fruit trees coming on as they should do. He is looking forward to finding plenty of work with the fruit when the trees once begin to bear.

W. J. GILBERT, of Devon, enclosed with his Christmas wishes a card showing a pyramid of his work arranged for exhibition, with himself standing by. The general effect is excellent and Gilbert looks well.

J. BAILEY, of Ramsgate, sent with his Christmas letter a capital postcard view of his house, a comfortable looking three story building with Mr. and Mrs. Bailey standing smiling on their doorstep.

W. B. KIRKUP, of Durham, enclosed with his good wishes an excellent photograph of his two young sons, George and Billie, both bonny boys with fine sturdy legs of their own and a strong brotherly likeness.

Among the others who have sent the season's greetings are Mr. and Mrs. W. C. DIES, of Toronto, A. TUCKER, D. BARKER, of Hamilton, Ont., J. F. SMITH, of St. John's, New Brunswick, W. SCOTT PEAREY, Mr. and Mrs.

McCLURE, of Bute, Mr. and Mrs. GLASSPOOL, of Canada, W. A. UNDERWOOD, Northwick, W. STRACHAN, Motherwell, A. BAILEY, Lincs., Mr. and Mrs. A. BENNETT, Dover, C. TEMPERTON, Hull, and Mr. and Mrs. HINES, of Birmingham, Mrs. W. HOLMES, of Durham, F. FLANNERY, of Lancs., E. J. RUSHFORTH, of Brighton, A. MANN, of Nottingham, F. CARTER, of Hinckley, R. GIBBONS, of Stockport, W. SELBAGE, of Sussex, GEO. JACKSON, of Ashford, Kent, T. GRAYSON, of Derby, Mr. and Mrs. SPINK and H. HAGUE, both of Ashton-under-Lyne, I. CORNS, of Lancs., R. GRAVES and D. LEONARD, of Broadstairs, J. SPENCE, of Croydon, J. MEALING, of Cheshire, S. PULLON, of Bucks., Mrs. J. BATTEN, of Bucks., and S. COLVILLE, of Manchester.

A Poultry Prize Winner

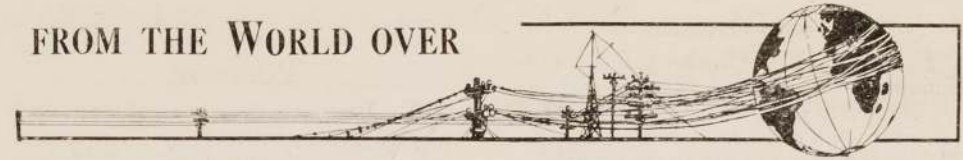
S. WRIGHT, of Yorkshire, again has some news to send us. The most important item will be found in another column (Births), but we are also interested to hear that when exhibiting four of his birds at a local show recently, he secured three prizes. Oddly enough he scored second with an Ancona cockerel, first prize going to a bird which had previously been Wright's own. A cross-bred laying hen of his took fourth in a class of twenty-one.

A very excellent showing for a first attempt. May Wright's prizes all be firsts "next time."

"For St. Dunstan's"

E. GILHOOLY, of Dorset, has found an outlet for his energies in organising a Whist Drive at which he took the opportunity of making a short speech concerning St. Dunstan's. The idea was excellent,

FROM THE WORLD OVER



and, according to report, the evening was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. We congratulate Mrs. Gilhooly on carrying off the second prize.

A Gold Medallist, L.A.M.

R. C. COWLEY, of Regent's Park, who has for some time past been a student at the Incorporated London Academy of Music, has passed his Elocution examination, and become a Gold Medallist. His record is one to be proud of. Bronze Medal, July, 1921; Silver Medal, December, 1921, and now, December, 1922, the Gold Medal. He is the first St. Dunstaner to strike out in this direction, and we shall be glad if he has succeeded in opening a path where others may follow.

Another Musical Success

E. SLAUGHTER, of Highbury Hill, is another St. Dunstaner with a specific talent as well as ambition. He and also his fiancée, have been working very hard as Royal Academy students. Three examinations have been successfully passed by both including a difficult paper on Vocal Anatomy and Physiology, and now the two are settling down to negotiate the last term which will be a specially grinding one. We hope to hear that the difficulties have been surmounted and that these students have won all possible success. Meanwhile, all Slaughter's friends will be glad to hear that he did exceedingly well with the tenor part in a Persian Poem which has been set to music at the request of the Persian Consul.

Massage Successes

W. G. BAWDEN and D. H. LUCK are two more St. Dunstaners who have to

be congratulated on examination successes, both having successfully qualified in the Massage and Swedish Remedial Exercises Examinations of December last.

We wish them further progress and plenty of work.

By the way, T. Till is yet another St. Dunstaner who hopes to make a name for himself in the musical world. We congratulate him on winning two prizes, one in bass solo and also a special prize of a guinea for "the best individual performance."

Of late, we have heard very little from those who are busy with poultry, J. Sutton, tells us, however, that he is doing sufficiently well to want more land and hopes to get hold of an additional piece in the near future.

Meanwhile H. Jubb, of Harrogate, is venturing into fresh fields, having discovered that duck rearing for table purposes is a line of promise. We hope he will succeed in developing this even better than he now hopes.

F. J. S. WESTAWAY, of Yeovil, has been elected a Member of the Council of the local branch of the British Legion, we learn from a recent letter. While congratulating Westaway upon this proof of the regard in which he is held by his comrades of the war, we are sorry to learn also that trade is not quite so brisk as it might be. However, Westaway shares this complaint with the British Empire in general, but we have the assurance of the Governmental "powers that be," that things are on the mend. May it be so.

From Overseas

J. DOWNIE, of British Columbia, is another to report good progress and, we are pleased to learn, has received a special prize for work exhibited a few weeks ago. He also took part in a Vancouver exhibition where he obtained valuable advertisement besides selling a number of things.

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An Enterprising Basket-Maker

J. BUCKLE, of Norfolk, when sending New Year greetings mentioned that he is keeping St. Dunstan's name to the fore in his part of the world by doing a good deal for Bazaars and Sales of Work. We are glad to know that he enjoys his basket making, and hope that he may be busier than ever in the coming year.

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A Hint for Others

R. BOYTER, of Roxburghshire, seems to be having luck with both poultry and baskets. A tip of his in connection with the latter may be taken by other basket-makers. Before despatching his goods to Bazaars and Sales he ties a small card on to each, bearing St. Dunstan's emblem and his own name and address. We hope with Boyter that this little device will bring repeat orders. As for poultry, Boyter's exhibit at Galashiels Show was commended, which he feels, as we do also, was very good considering that there was exhibition stock on view. In addition he gained an unofficial prize of a Rhode Island Red Cockerel, this being given to him by the winner of the 1st and 2nd prizes!

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Official Recognition

To W. LAST, of Carmarthen, has come recognition from the Board of Agriculture. For the second time he has been asked to take over the post of stationholder of eggs and chicks in his district. We congratulate him, and should be interested to hear further of his experiences in this connection.

The Life of Sir Arthur Pearson

WE have already announced that the publishers of "The Life of Sir Arthur Pearson," Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, undertook to produce a special re-print for the benefit of St. Dunstaners, to be supplied to them at the very low cost of 2s. per copy. A large number of St. Dunstaners have sent in their applications for the book in this form, and we are now able to announce that Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have decided that instead of making a re-print, they will supply at 2s. each, 400 copies of the complete and original edition (which sells at 10s. net) to meet the demand from the men of St. Dunstan's. We are sure that our readers will greatly appreciate this very kindly proof of the desire of the publishers that each man should have possession of the life story of their great chief. It is important to note, however, that as the number of books is limited, those men who have not yet sent in their applications should do so at once. Books are now being sent off to those who have already forwarded requests and remittances, but this is, of course, a matter which takes a certain amount of time, and our readers must exercise their patience with regard to deliveries.

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St. Dunstan's Authors

ST. DUNSTAN'S bookshelf is growing. This month we have to record publication of "The Rainbow," a mystical little volume by Miss Gertrude H. Whitherby, "one of the most devoted and capable of the many devoted and capable helpers of St. Dunstan's," to quote from the preface by Sir Arthur Pearson, who, writing in November, 1921, sent "The Rainbow" out saying:—

"There are wounds to the mind and to the spiritual understanding that are very hard to heal. I hope that the readers of this little book may find therein some comfort for their own sorrows, and that a new ray of light on the eternal problem

Water Divining

THE following letter has been received from Mr. John L. Gillington, "The Caravans," Lilliput Hill, Parkerton, Dorset:—

"Dear Sir,—Having taught myself water divining without any previous gift or mechanical means, it has occurred to me that the blind could easily learn this. It would be a pleasure to me if any St. Dunstan's man would care to know how to set about it, and I would gladly give my services by post, so as to enable those interested to become water-diviners.

"Yours faithfully,

"JOHN L. GILLINGTON."

[We thank Mr. Gillington for his kindly thought, and suggest that anyone desirous of making further enquiries should write direct to Dorset.—ED.]

of sacrifice may illumine hours of darkness and pain."

To quote again, this time from dialogue of the characters

Matthew. No, Love does not die, for Love is the Light of life that comes and goes goes but to come again!

Janet. Whence comes that light, and whither does it go?

Matthew. Our Master stands, Himself the Light, shining in the darkness, and the darkness comprehends it not. But He has looked on us, and lo! we see, and the darkness is no more darkness to us, but light. And death is no more death to us, but Life!

The book is published at 3s. 6d. net, and the profits from the sales go to the furtherance of St. Dunstan's work.

A Whist Winning Sequence

The following extract from a letter from Lieut. A. N. Fisher, of Glasgow, should form an incentive to other whist players amongst our readers. We shall be interested to learn if this record can be beaten.

I OFTEN read of successes in the REVIEW of our boys at Public Whist Drives, and I don't quote my own experiences as a record, but just as a little encouragement to those who have not yet faced the ordeal as they would call it.

"This year I have attended five public whist drives, and I have had the pleasure of winning three first prizes, and one second at four of them, and was an 'also-ran' at the fifth, which was incidentally the first of the season. This you will see is four consecutive wins. The first prize that I won was rather interesting in its way. Shortly after I left St. Dunstan's I wished to become a mason, and before proposing me at his Lodge my friend made inquiries as to whether I could become one or not, owing to my loss of sight. It apparently appears that in Scotland a blind man cannot become same, but in England he can. Well, the first whist drive that I won first prize at happened to be at the Masonic Lodge, where

they said that I was not normal—although a man with one arm and only one leg was! With this knowledge I went with the determination of playing for a win, and this I did with a good margin, receiving a great ovation on the announcement being made. The following evening I had to go to a church whist drive, which was being run by one of my late patients (and by the way he is a good advertisement to me), and I had the good fortune to win the first prize again, making two firsts in two evenings! This looked to me rather uncanny, and I did not go to another till a month after, and it was at the same Masonic Lodge, and again I this time won the second prize, being beaten by a count of two. My last drive was last Tuesday, and this was a function which only happened to give one prize, and curiously enough I won it with a lead of fifteen! This prize I might state was the best of the whole bunch, it being a gold-mounted treasury note case, and that is the end of my story."

A St. Dunstaner in Germany

CURIOSLY enough, about a week after Captain Fraser had left for Germany, another St. Dunstaner, Mr. H. McLeod Steel, was also on his way to pay a visit to Germany.

We cull the following extracts from a letter received, detailing some of the interesting experiences Mr. Steel had. He writes:—

"I read with much interest Captain Fraser's article in respect to his recent visit to Germany.

"I thought perhaps it would be of interest to the readers of ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW to hear of my experiences in a recent trip to Berlin.

"Leaving Victoria Station at 2 p.m., on the 22nd of November, and travelling via Dover and Ostende, I arrived in Berlin at 5.30 p.m. the following day. (German time is an hour in advance of Greenwich.)

"Breakfasting on the train after leaving Cologne, I exchanged an English pound note for marks, receiving 25,600! I had the usual English breakfast of bacon and eggs, together with coffee, butter rolls, jam, winding up with a pear. This solid meal came to the meagre sum of sevenpence in English money. I was surprised the dining car was not full of Scotsmen!

"The German territory which I passed through—rich agricultural land, cultivated to a nicety, fine tall trees growing everywhere, large factories all along the line—struck me as in great contrast to the Belgian soil, which seemed poor agricultural land and lifeless.

"It is true that there is little or no unemployment in Germany. If the figures I give are correct, a working man receives from six to ten thousand marks per week. (I write of the latter part of November and early December.) He had a struggle to exist, when milk in Berlin was rationed, and practically unobtainable, except in hotels and restaurants. Retail prices were: Milk, 125 marks a litre; butter, 1,400 marks a pound; coffee, 7,000 marks per pound; working boots, 10,000 marks per

pair; and a cheap overcoat 40,000 marks. These figures I verified from different persons, and I have every reason to believe they are authentic. I do not hesitate to say that Germany is a beaten nation, suffering for her folly. The middle class people are the most affected, and I was told on good authority the workmen in the factories work nine hours a day instead of eight, the wage of the extra hour going to support the middle class people.

"Berlin, which before the war claimed the distinction of being the cleanest city in the world, ranks now amongst the dirtiest. Many of its main thoroughfares are badly in need of repair, and in the Charlotten Strasse I noticed planks of wood were laid down to form part of the permanent way.

"In the war museum, or Arsenal as the Germans call it, I was struck by the absence of up-to-date cannon. Apparently all war captures have been returned to the Allies, the French even going so far as to take back all the cannon the Germans captured in '71. I was shown the mountings where they used to stand.

"The people themselves were quite amiable towards me. Not speaking the language, I gathered this from their attitude, but those who spoke English made very clear their bitter hatred towards the French. I was told by one man that the British fought like the devil when they were fighting, but once their opponent was down they did not kick him as he lay on the ground.

"Travelling back through Northern France, one sees there is still much to remind the French of 1914-18. Perhaps if the war had been fought on English soil our attitude would be rather different.

"As far as I could gather, Germany seems a nation for all work and no play. When I asked if football was played on Saturday afternoons, the reply was, 'Oh! no. It's too cold to play football now.' To me it seemed ideal weather for the game.

"Walking along the Unter-den-Linden, and pointing to a large statue, I enquired of my guide 'Who's the man on the horse?' He replied in solemn tones, 'Frederick the Great.' I thought after that I had better be more tactful in satisfying my curiosity.

"The politeness of the people in the street struck me very forcibly. The elegant manner in which they raised their hats before and after leaving a policeman, and the fact that small boys removed their caps and stood to attention—the only trace of militarism I noticed—was in direct contrast to their table manners, which leave much room for improvement.

"Although I received from 24,000 to 35,780 marks for the pound during my twelve days' stay in Berlin, I believe that for the foreigner living was cheaper during the summer, when the rate stood at 6,000 to the pound, the price of everything varying according to the rate of exchange. On one's hotel bill a tax of 80 per cent. was imposed, which went to the State. A tax also had to be paid on wine, and also at the Stratz Opera House.

"When shopping I had the feeling that my guide told the shop-keepers I was English, which meant that I could afford to pay a big price. I dismissed him, and found I could shop much cheaper by myself, besides the sporting spirit thrown in. It was always a gamble whether I came out of a shop with a cigarette-holder or a grand piano.

"Travelling was extraordinarily cheap. I went to Wittenberg accompanied by a guide for fourpence, third class, a distance of sixty-five miles from Berlin. It was rather uncomfortable travelling, and when my guide suggested a coffee in the dining-car, I readily assented. Arriving in the dining-car, he told me coffee was not being served, and then tactfully suggested a liqueur. I think this was his original plan. Two cherry brandies were served at the enormous cost of threepence. We travelled back to Berlin, second class, for about sixpence.

"On my homeward journey, the fare from Berlin to Brussels came to just under ten shillings, second class.

"I found the American Express Company an untold asset. They tell you the best way to travel to any spot and answer any query which may arise in the course of one's travels. My outward journey was with a Cook's ticket, my homeward journey with an American Express one, which worked out much cheaper, although the fares in Germany were doubled just before my return. Also my homeward journey was broken at Brussels to proceed to Lille, Bethune, and then via Calais and Dover to London.

"I was told of the plight of the German disabled soldiers, and their appalling pensions, and when I saw a legless soldier selling matches in Berlin, I was moved to pay him handsomely for a box. I knew he had suffered and I feel it is only by helping a fallen enemy that the League of Nations will be able to make headway."

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Another St. Dunstan's Masseur

[The following letter written from Halifax tells its own story, and we would only add our wishes for the writer's success in his profession.—ED.]

"DEAR CAPTAIN FRASER,—Now that you have arrived back from Germany I wish to tender my thanks to you as our Chairman for the splendidly-equipped massage outfit, together with my settlement, which I have recently received from St. Dunstan's.

"I know you will be interested to hear that my private practice is gradually on the increase, more so since I have had my own clinic, and I cannot find words to express my gratitude for the unfailing help and advice which you are so ready to give when needed. I should like also to thank Mr. Mace for the advice and help he has always been ready to give me.

"In conclusion, will you and the staff of St. Dunstan's accept my best wishes for Christmas and the coming year?

"Believe me to be, yours very sincerely,

"(Sgd.) REGINALD FITZGERALD."



NEWS FROM THE WORKSHOPS AND STORES

MAT DEPARTMENT

THE Mats made by C. A. Biggs during the latter part of his course showed a decided improvement, and reached a satisfactory level. A. Northcote has also advanced considerably, doing quite sound work with insertion and diamond borders. One with a black diamond centre was made extremely well. A first-class standard has also been maintained by F. W. Brooker who has made several with diamond designs. A Mat with five diamonds made by J. Halloron was good in all respects; in fact, all his work has good style and finish. He has also made good use of his time in the Boot Shop, working steadily and making good progress.

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BASKET DEPARTMENT

A. Urry has been having experience with Poultry Hampers, Square Soiled Linen Baskets, and some Oval work; a Workbasket with a wood base made by him was very good. Some Poultry Hampers made by A. Stevens were distinctly good, and some Square Arm Baskets of his were first class. Another man who did exceptionally well with Poultry Hampers is W. A. Burtenshaw. Dog Baskets, Poultry Hampers, and Oval work, as well as repairs, have also been engaging the attention of W. A. Foolkes, and he has been quite successful with all these. Since our last report W. Birch has been doing very nicely with Square work and Clothes Baskets, as well as making a few small articles in Centre-Cane. A. Sneddon has continued the very sound work referred to previously, and has added to it Poultry Hampers and Square Soiled Linen Baskets, as well as revising small work.

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BOOT DEPARTMENT

C. H. Aldridge made a decided advance

in his work during the last three months, and had very useful experience in all classes of repairs. J. Rendell has also made good progress generally, and gets a good shape and square edges; he has a sound idea of what is required. W. A. Purvis has also put in some good work this term, and would do better still with more experience. J. B. Hart is a hard worker, and continues to make good progress, working very independently, and with a keen desire to get everything correct; he should do well. Our congratulations go to S. Barlow for his steady work in spite of ill-health. He was never afraid to tackle a difficulty, and applied himself absolutely to whatever he had in hand. He is a consistent worker, and will, we are sure, progress well. Our previous good reports on the work of A. E. Sherwood were merited right to the end of the term.

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CLOG DEPARTMENT

A. Kelly has been making Clasp Clogs and Lace-up Clogs, and has improved considerably in his Tackling on and Trimming. This will, we are sure, give him confidence for further advancement. F. McMahon is a good tryer, and has got through a good deal of work. His straight stabbing and ironing have improved, and he recently put on a pair of Toe-plates extremely well.

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JOINERY DEPARTMENT

The Joinery Department closed for the Christmas Holidays with a good record. J. Spink has made steady progress, and completed a small oak table. A. Mason a well constructed meat safe. S. Holmes is making steady progress with a panelled oak cabinet; his work is excellent. T. J. Eaton completed his course, having had good experience in Joinery and Picture-Framing; he should do well if he maintains the same fortitude and perseverance as

shown in the workshop. E. J. Harlow also completed his course of picture-framing in good style. A. Griffiths is showing the spirit of the British Navy in persistently struggling to overcome great difficulties. F. W. Farry is an industrious worker, and promises to do well; he has completed a boot-stool which is a credit to him.

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PROFICIENCY CERTIFICATES

The following were issued at the end of last term:—

S. Barlow (Boots).

J. E. Rendell (Boots and Mats).

W.H.O.

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Athletes and Athletics

UNDER this heading, and the subtitle "Gossip," Joe Binks, Ex-Mile Record Holder, and our recent guest, gives in *The News of the World* an interesting account of the presentation of the prizes for the Brighton Walk. As this has already been described in the REVIEW we will not repeat it, but take up the tale which is new in Joe Binks' own words:—

Then came a pleasant surprise for me, when, with a few kindly words, J. Durkin, on behalf of "the boys," presented me with an engraved fountain pen as a small token of thanks. Needless to say, I shall value nothing more amongst my treasures. They want me to use my influence to get them an invitation in one of the open or club walks. They argue that, if given a reasonable chance, they can put up a fine show against those who have sight. What do clubs think of this for the new year? Had I known earlier, I would have tried the experiment on Boxing Day. Will any club who will invite, say four, for a start in the near future, kindly let me know? "The boys" are also keen for a running race, so I have promised to do my best in this direction. After their surprising abilities in the big walk I see no reason why they should not be given a chance.

We await the result of this paragraph with interest.

Departures

EVERYONE will be sorry to hear of the departure from our midst—occasioned, alas, by the natural course of demobilisation—of Miss Warren. It would be difficult to enumerate the many duties performed by Miss Warren during the four and a half years she has spent at St. Dunstan's. In the old days at the "House," Miss Warren it was who presided in the "office" where with infinite patience and unruffled calm she dispensed parcels and post, received keys and complaints, coped with problems of missed trains, delayed taxis, cryptic wires, unexpected arrivals, visitors' lost jewellery, and with cheerful good humour faced the complications, vexations and aggravations inseparable from life in the "office." Later, she performed similar duties at the Bungalow, and when Miss Toyntee relinquished the cares of arranging accommodation for staff who could not be accommodated at the House, etc., and relatives of St. Dunstaners up for a visit, Miss Warren it was who stepped into the breach, and for many months past has seen to the comfort and general well-being of all who sought shelter beneath her various roofs. Numbers are so rapidly diminishing that soon Headquarters' roof will suffice to shelter us all, and so with infinite regret we bid farewell to Miss Warren. Her devotion and the many unofficial acts of kindness which characterised her work, whether at "House," Bungalow or as Superintendent of staff and relatives' accommodation, will be gratefully remembered, and in bidding her farewell we will ask her to accept our thanks and sincere good wishes that for her the future may hold abundance of happiness in store.

We are sorry also to have to record the departure of Miss Morris who has given such devoted service always. Miss Morris will be missed particularly by the sportsmen amongst St. Dunstaners whose athletic prowess she has helped so much.

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"Yes, the poor chap does look miserable. He's just undergone a serious operation."

"How dreadful! What kind of operation?"

"He's had his allowance cut off."

What Life Means to Me

By A BLINDED EX-SOLDIER

The following interesting article appeared in a recent number of "The Quiver." We wonder how many of those who read it will be able to guess the author's name.—Ed.

WHEN the doctor said, "My good fellow, you must make up your mind that you will never be able to see any more," I thought to myself, "Well, this is a go."

I thought to myself, "This is a go out."

It seemed at that moment as though I, not then one and twenty, had done with life. I pictured myself having to sit in the chimney corner and wait for somebody to take me out and bring me back.

I had joined the Army at nineteen, soon after the war began. On the Ypres salient I got a leg wound, which was soon better, and afterwards, in a battery of the Royal Field Artillery, I took part in the "big push" on the Somme. There it was that our dug-out was blown up with me inside it, and the next thing I knew at all clearly was waking up in the darkness at what I was told was No. 2 London General Hospital at Chelsea. Then they broke it to me that the shrapnel, besides giving me a bad head wound, had destroyed the optic nerve, and that I should never be able to see even my hand in front of my face.

Entering a New Life

It was fairly overwhelming at first, but love of life soon asserted itself. I made up my mind that I would try to walk about. When I started I felt like an infant, uncertain of every step. I had to begin to learn all over again to do the most simple things. Of course, I came in for my share of tumbles and bumps, but I persevered, and gradually I got to know my direction and to "sense" any obstacle in the way. We were a merry crew in the blind block at Chelsea. There is something so funny in a blind man's first experiences. It makes you want to yell.

It was a great day, for me at any rate, when Sir Arthur Pearson came to Chelsea and gave us blind men a lecture. The upshot of it was that I went to St.

Dunstan's, and at St. Dunstan's I got the great idea that I might perhaps be able to earn my own living. St. Dunstan's men are given their choice of training in various occupations—poultry farming, basket or net making, joinery and boot repairing, which last we called "snobbing." I had previously been a butcher, but that was out of the question on account of the knives and choppers. So I chose boot repairing as my future line in life, and at St. Dunstan's I remained for eighteen months. I was taught there, not merely how to do things, but to have confidence in myself. St. Dunstan's was just full of people who seemed to be as much concerned about the way I got on as I was myself.

Thanks to St. Dunstan's

So I was "bucked up" to make a new start. They give you at St. Dunstan's your choice of a place to settle in. I chose a little town in Middlesex, on the bank of the Thames, where my own people lived. There I was able, thanks again to St. Dunstan's, to open, in a very small way at first, a shop where you will find, if you ever come that way, "Ladies' and gents' boots soled and heeled, and all repairs executed promptly on the premises." It wasn't much of a show at first—a few tins of polish back of the counter—but it has grown, and the shelves of good stock have gradually built themselves all round the shop. St. Dunstan's fitted me out with my bench. The only special tools a blind man wants in order to do boot repairing are a set of punchers to make the indents in the leather at the right points, and a plane, instead of a knife, to remove the rough edges. Another thing St. Dunstan's gave me was a typewriter, which is the blind man's pen and pencil. And St. Dunstan's hasn't finished with me even yet. Their after-care department is a wonderful bit of organisa-

tion. They never lose sight of a chap, even though he seems to have got his proper footing. One very good thing they do is to buy leather and other material on our behalf, so that we are sure of getting the right stuff and of not being cheated, either as to price or quality. Though, to be sure, the people in the world who would cheat a blind man are uncommonly few.

Now an Employer of Labour

Now I must "talk shop" if the reader is to understand how it is possible for a blind man to get on in business. To-day, if you please, I am an employer of labour with four men working for me, as well as a young lady shop assistant. I have two shops, a few doors away from each other, in the High Street of our little town. It may seem greedy to have two shops, but the fact is, my business has overgrown its premises, so I have one shop where repairs are taken in and given out, while the other is the workshop, where the public can see, through the window, the repairing in actual progress. We take about 160 repairs a week. I suppose I have something like 400 customers, and my memory is such that I know practically every one of them as soon as they come into the shop and speak. The voice is as good to me as the face to others.

My own responsibility now is to take in and give out. I give out to my men the repairs in the morning which are to be done that day, and each man has his special trade mark, so that should there ever be any complaint from customers, we can investigate it straight away. When I set up shop I took during the first year something like £5 a week. That was not good enough; my friends stared when I told them that I should not be satisfied until I took six or eight times as much. In the second year the weekly takings averaged £11, in the third year £16, in the fourth year £25, and in the fifth year about £40. So I am on my way to be a "bloated capitalist." I have followed the plan of putting all my savings into stock. Every penny of profit I could spare went to fill the shelves, and

I have now something like £500 or £600 worth of stock in my shop. The expansion of business is due simply to the recommendation of customers. I never advertise in the ordinary way. I regard each customer as my advertising agent. Some customers who have left the district still send me their repairs on the understanding that I pay the postage one way.

This growth of a business is not the result of an appeal to pity. That might have brought in quite a heap of copper to start with, but it would not have lasted.

What does it mean to be a blind man? Of course, he has compensations. His other senses become more lively, especially his hearing. When he moves about a house he is alive to a number of sounds—a creaking board, a crackling fire—which other people never notice. He not only depends on sound; he learns to love it. Before I became blind I cared nothing for music; now I could stay up all night to listen and sing. I have bought myself a piano-player so that I can come up into my sitting-room and reel it off for myself. I can enjoy the theatre as well as if I had my sight, if only I have an intelligent companion to tell me of any silent "business" which is essential to the plot. Sometimes I can appreciate the drama better than the sighted person. I went to a play which turned on the fact that one of the characters took a double part—a thing which the audience did not discover until the end. But as soon as the actor appeared and spoke in his second rôle I knew that it was the same man who had appeared in the first, though my sighted companion laughed at me for saying so. I can enjoy the circus, too. When the horses gallop round the ring, I "see" through the ear what is happening. So with a football match; I know by the swelling and dying away of the sound whereabouts in the field the ball is, and the shouting tells me when a goal has been scored and which side has scored it.

The Old and the New "Senses"

Other senses also become more acute, especially the sense of smell. I know where I am in the street by the smell.

Every shop has its own odour; not only assertive shops like the chemist's and the fishmonger's, and the public house, but also the draper's and the hardware dealer's and the stationer's. I know a vehicle passing along the street by its smell—a coal cart, for instance, or a greengrocer's barrow. The sense of touch, again, is increased enormously. The feeling at one's finger-tips I can only describe as a sort of electricity. I know the different kinds of polish tins or cream bottles by the "feel" in an instant, and if leather has a flaw in it I can detect it even before a sighted person could; for many flaws in leather are not easily seen if the leather is worn a little, whereas you can tell them instantly by the touch. We blind depend upon touch for many things. We read and write by touch, and we even tell the time by means of a watch with a Braille dial.

Then we have some new "senses," if they can be called so. Out of doors, for instance, I know when I am coming to a corner; there seems to be some slight difference in the air. I know when I am under an archway or in the neighbourhood of trees. A tree makes you aware of it by a curious stillness; unfortunately, the same is not true of a lamp post. Sometimes funny incidents take place out of doors. One day at the corner of the street a man ran into me or I into him. We collided with an immense bang which made the sparks fly. As we rubbed the places which we had knocked against each other we spoke in the exasperated tone which people use when their corns have been trodden on.

"What do you mean?" I said, "by barging into a fellow like that?"

"And what do you mean," he answered, "running into me like a rhinoceros? Why don't you look where you are going?"

"Look where I am going?" I said, more indignantly than ever. "Can't you see I haven't got my sight?"

"Haven't got your sight?" he said. "Well, that's a rum go. No more have I."

"Well," I said, "if that isn't a 'corker.' You're not St. Dunstan's?"

"St. Dunstan's I am," he said.

"Come along, old pal," said I. "Let's go off for a stroll. So glad to have—er—brushed up against you."

Living in a Strange New World

The blind man lives in a strange new world, where he has to depend for his guidance upon sounds and scents and the feel of things. He has to draw inferences from these, and the result is to make him more alert mentally than he was before he lost his sight. Yet many people seem to think that because a man is blind he is therefore imbecile, not to speak of being deaf and dumb. I have been on a visit with a sighted friend, and the hostess, meaning every kindness, has said to my companion, "Would your friend like to have a stroll in the garden?"—just as though I could not answer for myself. It is not enough for the blind man to be intelligent; he must appear intelligent. When I am in a tramcar, for instance, I picture in my mind the kind of people in the tram, and I don't keep my head poised stiffly, as some blind men do, but I turn it in this direction and that, so as to appear as natural as possible.

Help Rather than Pity

Let me entreat the reader not to pity the blind but to help them to help themselves. If a man who has been through St. Dunstan's begins to beg, he deserves to be in the gutter. For my own part I begin not to miss my sight. Life has opened a new chapter with some wonderful stories in it. The trouble with some of the boys is that when they have lost their sight they think they have lost everything. Given a determined spirit, life is as well worth living as ever it was. Every day brings some fresh discovery, both in the world around you and in yourself. It was Sir Arthur Pearson who inspired me with the idea that blindness was not to be looked upon as a calamity, but as an opportunity. He promised us blind men that as the years went on, although no more light would come back to our eyes, we should become less blind—that is to say, our adjustment to the world about us would become more perfect. The blind man has it in his own hands

whether he will be a good and happy member of society or a useless creak, a burden to everybody and to himself most of all.

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No; that is not quite the whole story. There is one condition which makes all the difference to the blind man's lot. It is that he should have a happy and cheerful home. That is my own good fortune, and the secret of any success I may have had. I have the bravest little wife in the world. We knew each other

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"Toc H." A League of Youth

THOSE of our men who did service in the Ypres Salient will remember the little Church-house in the Flemish town of Poperinghe which, still withinsound of the guns' incessant thunder, was the first place at which officers and men, on their weary way back from the trenches, found touch with the clean and peaceful things of life and were renewed in spirit by the magic of Christian brotherhood and kindly sympathy. They will like to know something of the spread of the movement and of how on December 15th last, the seventh anniversary of the founding of Talbot House, the Prince of Wales presided over a vast birthday party at the Guildhall, and there lighted ceremonially sixty "lamps of maintenance," brought to him by deputations from scattered branches of "Toc H." These are in future to be kept burning during branch meetings in token of the light kindled in many hearts.

We quote the description of the ceremony from *The Daily Telegraph*:—

On Friday night, the seventh anniversary of the founding of Talbot House, the Prince of Wales presided over a vast birthday party at the Guildhall, where hundreds were assembled of those who had learned to hold in grateful remembrance and honour the quaint title bestowed on their haven of rest by the Army signallers.

in our cradles almost, but we did not begin serious courting until this calamity—I mean this opportunity—came to me. We were married from St. Dunstan's, and—well, talk of being eyes to the blind!

To judge from the sounds upstairs at this moment Teddy, aged eighteen months, is having his bath. (The little tinker, he knows already that his father can't see him.) The squalls are getting louder, and it is clearly time for me to stop this type-writing business and lend a hand in something of real importance.

When Lieutenant Gilbert Talbot died at Hooze in 1915, the friends who set up in his memory the first "Toc H," and placed it in charge of the Rev. Philip Clayton, builded far better than they knew. Another "Toc H" came into being in Ypres, and soon the name was known to every man whose duty took him into the inferno of the Salient. "I share," said the Prince, "with hundreds here, and thousands more whom you represent, an affectionate remembrance of the old house in 'Poppey'; and he recalled his Oxford friendship with Gilbert Talbot, whose father, the Bishop of Winchester, stood at his side that evening. By that memory of early youth, and by his own association with "Toc H" during his war service in 1917, the Prince was at one with the great company of young men who had assembled to do honour to what, seven years ago, was a small, though precious, work of Christian goodwill and devotion, and is to-day, as he declared, "a great society, a society which will remain young, when the youngest of us here grows old." For those who most keenly felt what "Toc H" had been to them during three years of strain and suffering, and the "padre" who was the good genius of the place, resolved that the spirit of it should not be allowed to die with the war's end; they founded at home the movement of social service, of brotherly

sympathy that levels all barriers of class, which to-day is known by the name of "the old house in Poppey," and has its centres of companionship and good works all over Great Britain.

In great towns as far apart as Glasgow, Southampton, and Cardiff, in schools and universities, there are branches of "Toc H." The movement is growing in Canada, and will spread farther yet. Its essential character was put in a sentence when the Prince spoke of it as "a League of Youth." Youth and that idealism which works and builds after the pattern of its generous dream—these are the key-notes of a movement as full of noble promise as any that exists among us to-day. Let those take

note of it who, tired and discouraged by the stress of life after the war, are tempted to say that nothing good has come out of it. This movement, the Prince declared, is "a really notable thing, more valuable as a living memorial than monuments of wood and stone." "To conquer hate and teach brotherly love between fellows of every class"—this is the task of the Talbot House movement as conceived by its Patron. None nobler or more useful could be taken up by a "League of Youth" in these days; and the work that lies before "Toc H" is worthy of the courage and self-sacrifice of the 200,000 British soldiers who gave their lives in the fearful warfare of the Ypres Salient.

Wedding Celebrations at St. Dunstan's

ONE of the most delightful functions that have taken place at St. Dunstan's was held on the evening of Thursday, December 14th. We were really part of the guests of a wedding which had been that day celebrated far across the seas in Australia, when Sir Richard Waldie-Griffith, Bart., married Miss Griffith. The bride will be remembered by many St. Dunstaners for the splendid work she did as V.A.D. both at the College and the Bungalow, and it was a charming idea of Sir Richard that his wedding should be celebrated at St. Dunstan's by all those who knew Lady Griffith. Accordingly, all those men known to her as well as the men in residence—all accompanied, of course, by their lady friends, together with Mr. and Mrs. Argyle Robertson, Captain and Mrs. Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. Bates, Major and Mrs. Jeffries, Captain Russell Roberts, Mr. Huskinson, Mr. Kessell, the Matrons and the members of the staff—were gathered together and formed a very jovial party. The arrangements for our enjoyment were in Matron's hands, and of course, therefore, were perfectly done. Everything was splendidly organised, and we could not help but enjoy ourselves. St. Dunstan's orchestra discoursed sweet

music and the dancing at once commenced. It was a very delightful sight to see the Bungalow so well filled, and the colours of the ladies' dresses, combined with the artistic decorations of the room, lent enchantment to the scene. Upon the arrival of Mrs. Argyle Robertson, who is a sister of the bride, the dancing stopped whilst she cut the magnificent wedding cake, and after certain photographs of the party had been taken, we resumed our efforts on the "light fantastic." There was no rest for us during the interval, for delicious cakes, sweets, ices and refreshments were passed round and we were kept very busy. What would you? After the refreshments, wine and cake was passed round and the health of the bride and bridegroom was proposed. This provided us with an opportunity for thanking our host and hostess for their goodness in giving us such a happy time, and also to mention Sir Richard's instruction that each lady present was to put a piece of the cake under her pillow at night. I wonder if each married lady did this, and if so, whether her husband bagged this piece whilst his better half was sleeping?

The toast was given and received with musical honours, and Mr. Argyle Robertson replied eloquently for Sir

Richard and Lady Griffith. He said that it was a truly great pleasure to entertain all those present, how that Lady Griffith looked back with delight upon the happy days she had spent at St. Dunstan's and expressed the hope that she would be able to see some of them when she and her husband returned to England.

Again the dancers resumed, and all went gaily as a marriage bell; indeed, I hear that it was close upon midnight before the guests finally stole away. I trust that Sir Richard and Lady Griffith will accept our grateful appreciation of their thought for us; had they been present they would have seen for themselves how much their generosity was valued. A volume of thanks is rightly due also to Matron for the wonderful way she had thought out every detail of the arrangements, and to all those who assisted her. *G.W.*

Present to Lady Griffith

MANY of the boys who were present at the Wedding Celebration felt that they would like to send to Lady Griffith some practical token of their regard and esteem. Accordingly, J. C. Robbins collected the subscriptions of those who wished to be associated, with the result that a very handsome solid silver

cigarette box has been sent along to Lady Griffith, the inscription reading:—
"With happy memories from St. Dunstan's 14/12/22."

Engagements

WE send our good wishes to J. Woodhouse, of Hulland, near Derby, who on January 24th is to be married to Miss Patience Ellen Green. May the two find "health, wealth and happiness" in the coming years.

W. M. WILLIAMSON, of Denton, Manchester, presented the prizes at a successful Whist Drive in connection with the National Whist Championship held recently, and thanked the company for their attendance, and the organisers for their assistance.

M. ROY, a blind man, was awarded the annual prize of the French Academy of Sciences for the most remarkable series of calculations relating to astronomy. M. Roy, who lost his sight at the second battle of the Marne, was congratulated by the President in 1918, when he won first place for admission to the famous Ecole Polytechnique for his "very remarkable work under most adverse conditions."

DEPARTMENTAL NOTES

Netting Notes

ABOUT this time last year we began to receive inquiries about fruit netting. With the lengthening days, gardeners usually start overhauling their old nets and calculating their new requirements. Will, therefore, our After-Care netters settled in country districts look up their gardening acquaintances and see whether they can book some early orders for us? We have excellent stocks of fruit nets of all sizes, as well as some second-class nets, sound and serviceable, but a bit irregular in outline, which last can be bought very cheaply. Nets ordered

now need not be delivered until they are actually required, nor will the bills go out before the goods. *G.H.W.*

Braille Room

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

Reading: G. H. Wootley.

Writing: F. W. Brooker, E. J. Harlow.

Typewriting

WE sincerely congratulate G. Anderson on having passed his Typewriting Test. *D.A.P.*



"In Memory"

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PRIVATE HENRY WELSBY
(2/7th Royal Warwick Regiment)

ST. DUNSTANERS who were in training between November of 1919 and July of 1921 will learn with regret of the death at Hatton, Warwick, on December 19th, of Henry Welsby, late 2/7th Royal Warwicks.

Welsby's health had long been a source of great anxiety, and the end was not altogether unexpected. Throughout his training he was a great sufferer, but nevertheless managed to pass his typewriting test, and made most plucky attempts to finish his course of Mat-making. His condition had become so acute that no hope was held of his recovery, and his death must be looked upon as a merciful release from great suffering. Welsby was a single man. Our sincere sympathy goes out to his relatives.

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AIR MECHANIC WILLIAM JOHN FARBACK
(Royal Air Force)

Another St. Dunstaner whose continuous ill-health prevented him joining in the usual life of the community at Headquarters, Farback was yet able to prove that his pluck was capable of overcoming to a large extent, not only his loss of sight but the severe handicap which physical weakness must always impose. After discharge from the Forces, Farback was sent to Blackheath, and there passed both his Braille and typing tests, and became an expert netter and rug-maker. He died on December 27th, and leaves a widow and one child to mourn him.

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We also have to record with regret the death of PRIVATE A. DIMOND, of Chew Magna.



CHAPEL NOTES

WE are looking forward to re-commencing our services in our little Chapel, now that the holidays are all over. I am exceedingly sorry to lose the services of Miss Warren, who has given devoted and capable assistance as our organist for the past three years. I trust she will realise how grateful we are to her for her splendid co-operation.

We are fortunate in being able to secure the services of Miss Parkinson, who has kindly consented to take charge of the musical side of our service. Miss Berry will continue to give us her enthusiastic help as Chapel Sister.

We were greatly cheered last term by the support the men and staff gave to these services, and I do trust that although we have lost some of our keenest men this term, the others will see to it that our little House of God is well filled Sunday by Sunday, and that the spiritual side of the work is not neglected.

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Births

On December 22nd, the wife of WM. BONNER, of Sunderland, a daughter.

On December 22nd, the wife of A. J. BURTENSHAW, of Walthamstow, a fine boy. Mother and child both doing well.

On December 23rd, prematurely, the wife of H. A. H. DAKIN, of Peckham, a daughter, and first baby.

On December 17th, the wife of F. T. DANCE, of Bishop's Stortford, a fine son.

On December 1st, the wife of J. DENNICK, of Worcestershire, a baby son. Mother and child both doing well.

On December 8th, the wife of S. H. EDWARDS, of Hackney, a son. Mother and child both doing well.

On November 29th, the wife of J. McANDREW, Christchurch, Hants, a son. Mother and child both doing well.

On October 28th, the wife of H. MILLER, Notting Hill, a daughter.

On Thursday, December 28th, the wife of NORMAN WARREN, of a son.

On December 4th, the wife of C. R. NEWELL, of Bamfurlong, a daughter.

On December 8th, the wife of G. F. PAYNE, of Herts, a daughter. Both doing well.

On December 7th, the wife of D. POTTS, Stockton-on-Tees, a boy. (We note that this is Potts' fifth son and sixth child.)

On December 7th, the wife of T. W. SALTER, temporarily of Pimlico, a son, and first baby.

On December 22nd, the wife of R. SHAW, of Burnley, Lancs., a son (James). Mother and child both doing well.

On December 16th, the wife of E. TATTON, a fine baby boy. Mother and child both doing well.

On December 19th, the wife of R. J. VINE, of Ewhurst, Surrey, a bonny boy. Mother and child both doing well.

On August 21st, the wife of H. VICKERS, of Bolton, a daughter.

On December 6th, the wife of S. WRIGHT, of Hallas Bridge, Yorkshire, a daughter.

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Deaths

We offer our sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. HORRELL, of Treorchy, who on September 1st lost their little son, aged nine years.

And to H. V. THOMPSON, of Finsbury Park, who lost his mother on December 26th after a long illness. The loss is a very great one, for Thompson was a devoted son, and is unmarried.

And to P. HOLMES, of Woburn, Bucks., who lost his wife on December 22nd.

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Marriages

GREEN—BEALE. On December 2nd, at the Parish Church, Milford-on-Sea, HARRY GREEN to MARGARET GERTRUDE BEALE.

On December 9th, SYDNEY R. DYER to EDITH CUTTS.

On Friday, December 29th, at North Berwick, ALBERT JAMES MASON to Miss MARGARET MARION SANDERSON.

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Baptisms

On Friday, December 8th, at St. Dunstan's Chapel, RAYMOND GEOFFREY, son of J. ERNEST and ELSIE MAY WILLIAMS, was baptised by the Rev. Prebendary Sharpe, Vicar and Rural Dean of Paddington, and Hon. Chaplain of St. Dunstan's.

On Sunday, December 10th, PERCY EDWARD, son of ARTHUR FREDERICK and SARAH AMELIA LENDERYOU, was baptised in St. Dunstan's Chapel.

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Keeping Busy

THE following extract from a letter from T. Till, of Lancaster, proves energy and enthusiasm, and its natural corollary brisk business, which I thought would be useful to publish in this month's issue of the REVIEW:—

"I had a very good run of business just before Christmas. You will be able to judge how much I have turned out when you remember I had 300 feet of moulding just at the time you visited me. That all went before the holidays, in about three weeks. I have now perhaps half a dozen orders to turn to. There are three tables on order, one an oak gate legged with two hanging leaves. The other is the ordinary taper-legged oak, and the other poplar."

o o o

CAPTAIN ANGUS BUCHANAN, V.C., of Coleford, Dean Forest, was a successful candidate at the examination of the Law Society held last month, passing the trust accounts and book-keeping portion of the intermediate examination. Captain Buchanan is articled to a well-known firm of Oxford solicitors. Since he left St. Dunstan's he obtained the Master of Arts degree at Oxford University.

A Suggestion

THE Editor has received the following letter from a lady correspondent, and will be glad to receive readers' views on the subject. It may be pointed out, however, that there is already a Braille Correspondence Club in existence which is ready to welcome any St. Dunstan's Members, and from time to time Miss Pain, who directs our own Braille Department, receives letters from Brailleists who express willingness to correspond with any of our men. One of these kindly ladies is Mrs. Phelps, of "Braillecote," Bromley, who will, we know, take infinite trouble to put any St. Dunstaners in touch with interesting correspondents.

"Sir,—I write to make a suggestion—viz., that a Braille Correspondence League should be formed for St. Dunstan's Braille readers and writers, possibly including blind civilians or sighted Braille writers in different parts of the United Kingdom and Empire.

"Many of the boys enjoy immensely getting Braille letters, but alas! their correspondents have dropped off. If one of the St. Dunstan's Braille teachers who has a little leisure—if there be such an individual—could take up the work as League Secretary, she could receive applications for correspondence from all those who would like to join, and link up correspondents in different parts of the world.

"It would be another means of uniting St. Dunstan's boys, workers and friends in a closer bond of fellowship.

"I know by experience that such a scheme is not only workable, but very greatly appreciated by those who benefit thereby, as I am Hon. Secretary of a Colonial Correspondence League.

"Hoping this suggestion will appeal to you sufficiently to introduce the idea to your readers.

"Yours sincerely,

"AN EX-BRAILLE TEACHER
OF ST. DUNSTAN'S."

The History of our Crafts

The "Gentle Craft" of Shoemaking

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

SHOES, in some form or another, have been worn for nearly 4,000 years. The art of shoemaking was known to the Israelites before the Exodus, and certain of the tools used by them are curiously like those employed to-day.

In the beginning, shoes were in the form of rude sandals—mere strips of leather, or even bark, tied round the foot and ankle with thongs or bands of grass in order to protect the sole. Gradually, with the early Britons, these developed into moccasins. They took pieces of soft leather, cut holes round the top and through these thrust a strip of material. This acted like a draw-string, and the foot was slipped into the resulting, purse-like, receptacle.

The Teuton peoples went a step further, and, deciding that the leg needed protection as well as the foot, invented rough coverings for their calves. The Romans joined the two, so constructing the first boot. In the very early days boots were open right down to the toes, but buttoned boots (of a kind) have been found among the ruined cities destroyed by the ruthless hand of Alexander the Great.

Throughout the ages shoes have been made in two main parts (an upper and a sole), and by four main processes (cutting, fitting, lasting and bottoming), though to-day, in a modern factory, a single boot may pass through a hundred hands and something like 150 operations. The Americans boast that they can complete such an article, from the first cut to the last stitch, in sixteen minutes.

To do the simple work on early shoes eight tools were essential: a knife, awl, needle, pincers, last, hammer, lapstone and stirrup. These have changed little in form during the centuries, although now it is possible to employ elaborate machines for

everything, even boot repairing. A marvellous repairing outfit with a guaranteed daily capacity of 400 pairs was attached to one section of the American Army in France.

Many legends are extant concerning shoemakers. One is of St. Hugh, a shoemaker, who became a martyr . . . His skeleton was found hanging in a tree by his companions, who apparently desirous of relics, or keepsakes, constructed a complete set of shoemaker's tools out of his bones! Not only this, but they wrote a ballad on the subject:—

My friends, I pray you listen to me,

And mark what St. Hugh's bones shall be!

First a drawer and a dresser,

Two wedges, a more and a lesser,

In fashion squared like a die . . .

And so through the whole gamut of necessities, even to:—

The Whetstone, the Stopping Stick and the Paring Knife,

All this doth belong to a journeyman's life.

Our Apron is the Shrine to wrap the bones in,

Thus shroud we St. Hugh's bones in a gentle Lamb's Skin!

Another saint specially associated with "the gentle craft" is St. Crispin of whom such different stories are heard in various countries that it is difficult to weave a connected tale. He was the son of Queen Logia of Kent, who fearing the cruelty of the Romans sent her two young sons out into the world to earn their living and conceal their royal birth. The boys, overhearing a group of shoemakers singing at their work, decided themselves to become shoemakers. The master's wife, liking their appearance, told her husband to take

them as apprentices, and this he did. The young princes applied themselves so well that the fame of their master spread throughout the land. Then Crispin became a convert to Christianity and set off on a preaching tour. To keep himself the while, he made shoes by night. These were sold cheaply to the poor because an angel provided the leather (an alternative tale is that "St." Crispin stole it!). Ultimately, he was convicted of heresy, and killed by being flung into boiling oil. In memory of his death, October the 25th is known as St. Crispin's Day, and in some parts is held as a holiday.

At such a time those who are followers of "the gentle craft" should sing the

Shoemaker's Ballad, or part of it—it runs to nine verses!

In praise of the Shoemaker's Trade we'll write,

A merry song to be sung,

On October the Twenty-fifth's Night.

For without the shoemaker

We should go cold at feet;

To praise the Gentle Craft

Therefore it is meet.

Then Sing, boys, and Drink, boys,

And cast care away;

For the honour of Shoemakers,

We'll all keep holiday!

E. T. C.



NOW that all the boys have returned from their Christmas vacation looking very fit, we are looking forward to our first Sports Meeting. Unfortunately we have lost some of our experienced athletes, but I know that we have a very enthusiastic lot of sportsmen left and that we are sure to have a successful time. It simply means pulling together, and each man taking a personal interest in the various sports arranged, with a determination to back things up. I know that all old sportsmen will be sorry to learn that we have lost the services during the holidays of Miss Morris and Instructors Hunt and Gibson. Miss Morris has done splendid work during the past three or four years, she has never spared herself and her keenness has been inspiring. Instructors Hunt and Gibson have also rendered yeoman assistance, and our footballers and rowing men will never forget them. In saying thank you to them for all their helpfulness we wish them the best of luck for the future.

FOOTBALL COMPETITION

This has been one of the best competitions we have had since we have indulged in soccer at St. Dunstan's. Right up

to the last match the interest was maintained, so that this last game was not only the last of the League programme, but it ranked as a cup final, for the leadership of the League depended upon it. The Saints having made a draw in one of their last two matches had to beat the Oddfellows to take top place, whilst the Oddfellows had but to draw to secure the Championship. As so much depended upon this game we were fortunate in getting Mr. E. C. Williamson of the Arsenal F.C. to keep goal. The Match was therefore played on 13th December, but it was hard luck for the Oddfellows that their Captain, A. Stevens, a fine shot, was in hospital and unable to play. I daresay that if a loophole could have been found in the walls or doors of his ward through which Stevens could have disappeared he would have been present! Really he was unfit to play, and there was no more to be said. The day was beautifully fine, and quite a large crowd of men attended to cheer on the respective teams. The Saints won the toss and sent their opponents in, but the Oddfellows did not shoot so well as they have done on former occasions, and only scored two goals through H. Prior and W. Birch; the Saints,

however, managed five through C. Aldridge (2), K. Howes, J. Hart, and W. Burtenshaw, and so won the match and the Championship by 5—2.

Miss Hamar Greenwood very kindly presented the cup to the winning Captain, and so a very sporting game ended with cheers for players, goalkeeper and Miss Greenwood. I heartily congratulate the Saints on their consistent play and the Oddfellows on the splendid way they retrieved a not altogether good start.

RESULTS

December 6th—	Goals
Terrace Ramblers v. Forest of Dean ...	2—2
December 7th—	
Terrace Ramblers v. Brightonians ...	4—4
Lucosites v. Saints ...	3—3
December 12th—	
Forest of Dean v. Brightonians ...	2—1
Brighton Stars v. Terrace Ramblers ...	2—2
Brighton Stars v. Oak Villa ...	2—2
December 13th (Final)—	
Saints v. Oddfellows ...	5—2

FOOTBALL LEAGUE TABLE—FINAL POSITIONS

(Correct to December 14th, 1922)

Teams	Plyd	W.	L.	D.	Goals		Pts.
					F.	A.	
Saints	14	11	2	1	60	44	23
Oddfellows	14	9	2	3	56	37	21
Oak Villa	14	5	4	5	45	50	15
Brightonians	14	5	6	3	53	49	13
Lucosites	14	5	6	3	35	34	13
Terrace Ramblers	14	3	5	6	45	45	12
Forest of Dean	14	3	9	2	29	45	8
Brighton Stars	14	2	9	3	23	42	7

SWIMMING

Our swimming competition, which took place on Friday, December 8th, at St. Marylebone Baths, was in every way successful. Instructor Jones had worked out the handicaps almost to an inch, for each event was as close as could be. In the T.B. Section for the silver cup given by Mr. Garner, P. Nuyens won by one foot from J. Buckley, who was two feet in front of W. Birch. I am told that these competitors steered a wonderfully straight course, and their swimming was in every way to be commended. In the S.S. event W. Bawden won by six inches from R. Watt, with C. F. Thompson one yard behind for third place. This was a particularly keen race, and great credit is due to W. Bawden for pulling up a fourteen seconds handicap.

RESULTS

(a) T.B.—P. Nuyens ...	80 at 12 secs.	1st
J. Buckley ...	" " 14 "	2nd
W. Birch ...	" " 14 "	3rd
(b) S.S.—W. Bawden ...	" " 14 "	1st
R. Watt ...	" " 6 "	2nd
C. F. Thompson ...	" " 6 "	3rd

JERKS COMPETITION

This last term has been one of the most strenuous for our Jerks men. Here we had to face cold and damp mornings, and it is exceedingly good to find that the following men never missed a morning during the term except on account of being away on leave or sickness. I heartily congratulate each man.

CORNWALL TERRACE

W. G. Bawden	T. Eastham
J. Mitchell	R. Watt
J. Jones	H. Prior
J. R. Brown	J. R. Pawley
T. Eaton	W. T. Harris
G. Matthews	F. Glover
E. Turnock	H. Finkle
J. S. Lever	J. Papps
S. Barlow	H. Lowings
J. Halleron	H. Boorman
C. Wilshaw	A. Stevens
G. H. Wootley	J. W. Cookson
J. Davis	J. Griffiths
W. Davis	G. Harris
A. E. Sherwood	

ST. JOHN'S LODGE

C. Aldridge	J. Roylance
H. Chafer	H. F. Goodley
W. Burtenshaw	T. C. Gildea
W. Buckle	K. Howes
J. Mellings	J. Spink
T. Brewer	J. McGee
E. C. Wheeler	C. Brammer
W. A. Foulkes	T. Watmore
D. Purvies	E. Sneddon

E.W.

FOR the convenience of those who wished to purchase cats or kittens at the Crystal Palace Show, St. Dunstan's arranged a display of baskets among the beautiful Siamese cats, which is the most fashionable class this year.

A CHARMING Christmas card received at Headquarters from J. Downie, of Abbotsford, British Columbia, takes the form of a photograph of himself and his wife, and a tiny but sturdy son, on the verandah of their bungalow.

The House By Ear

Leaders and Members as I know them from their Voices

By Mr. F. MARTIN, the Blind M.P. for East Aberdeen

WHEN it is not possible to observe the faces and figures of one's colleagues in the House of Commons, the next best thing is to study their voices and accents. It has been perforce a habit of mine for some years to regard my fellow-men in this manner; and Parliament, where events are ruled by discussion, gives me endless opportunities.

Never before has the Glasgow accent so dominated debate in the national assembly. The dialect made famous in London and elsewhere in England by Sir Harry Lauder is to be heard constantly in the House and the lobbies, and it is probably idle for me to pursue any longer my lifelong crusade against the Sassenach view that this is the authentic Scottish accent! In the north of Scotland we do not like the Lauder tongue; but the Socialists of Clydeside are neither to be ignored nor denied at Westminster. And we poor Northerners must give in and accept our fate. From henceforth for evermore the voice of Glasgow will be accepted as the voice of Scotland: the more's the pity, but there it is!

THE GLASGOW KLAXON

A wonderful tongue it is, capable of infinite modifications. In its lowest keys it can be used as the most appealing and plaintive of instruments. When passion commands it can become as raucous as a klaxon horn, and about as menacing. There is Mr. Kirkwood. I can hardly believe he loves the sound of his own voice; but it is certain he uses it with much frequency, mostly to interrupt opponents.

He has the full equipment of the street-corner orator. No gentleness nor beauty is permitted to qualify the crudeness of his opinions. "Glesca" in its most aggressive pitch is his vocal stock-in-trade. The most reasonable arguments must sound

revolutionary when conveyed by such a medium.

And then there is Mr. Shinwell, who does himself less than justice on the frequent occasions when he adopts the sneering tone. He makes my blood run cold then. It was thus that the serpent spoke to the woman. What a fool she must have been to listen to him.

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD

But, of course, the Labour Party is not all from Clydeside. The leader, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, is pretty much a countryman of my own. He speaks good Scots—which is, of course, excellent English. "Morreoverr," as he would say himself, he has been endowed by nature with a fine voice, musical and resonant, having some very effective bass notes. He has, they say, acquired the perfect front-bench manner. This does not mean—as a cynical old Parliamentary hand vowed the other day—that his speeches are largely inaudible.

As I listen I gain the impression that this is a courteous gentleman prepared to give assistance to the Government so that work may be carried on in the meantime, but that there is to be a very definite period to the "meantime," and when we really get a satisfactory Parliament—that is to say, a Parliament with a Labour Ministry—then we shall be shown how things really ought to be done.

Mr. MacDonald has one oratorical vice. He is apt to mumble the final words of a sentence. This is exasperating to members who do him the honour to think everything he says is interesting. *Verb. sap.*

When he is speaking with deliberation and care he has a fascinating trick of pausing—not at the end of a sentence, but after the first word of a new sentence, and his favourite resting words are the "Morreoverr," aforesaid and "But, Mr. Speaker."

I wish Mr. Lansbury were as clear in his diction as his leader. He is such a persistent heckler of Ministers that one desires to know what he is bothered about. In endowing him with that muffled, deep-toned voice suggestive of a foghorn in mourning, Providence obviously intended that the member for Bow should follow the profession of a funeral undertaker. Since, however, Mr. Lansbury has chosen to be the servant of the quick and not of the dead, I do wish he would be more considerate and let the back benchers and others afar off hear what he is saying.

SWEET REASONABLENESS

Mr. Bonar Law in voice and vocal manner sounds like the incarnation of the spirit of sweet reasonableness and Christian charity. He invariably secures silence when he speaks. Either we must be quiet or we miss the Premier's words, for he does not declaim or shout. His manner is suave as silk, and in addition to being mild he has a pretty turn of humour. He shines at question-time, not with a hard and brilliant light but with a mellow, stained-glass-window radiance; and he evidently believes in the maxim (for he consistently acts upon it) that brevity is the soul of wit.

Of his lieutenants on the front bench it may be said with truth that most of them have the valuable quality of being audible at question-time. Mr. Ronald MacNeill is most impressive of all, as befits the

Real Legs for False

SPORTS FOR LIMBLESS

We reprint the article which follows from *The Englishman*, of Calcutta, which will be read with greater interest by St. Dunstaners by virtue of the fact that they have the proud knowledge that the reference made to Sir Arthur Pearson and the men of St. Dunstan's is statement of fact. Very few indeed are there of our men who, however severe may be their disability, have not overcome it to the extent which has set a new standard in victory over physical disablement as well as victory over blindness.

THE long and sad history of physical infirmity does not lack instances of men and women who, gifted more than their fellows with stubbornness and will to overcome their handicaps, have not been held back for long by the loss of sight or hearing, an arm or a leg. One

spokesman of the Foreign Office in these days of strain and crisis. He has the grand manner, and when he says he wants notice of a supplementary question, or that he will refer the matter to the noble lord who is his chief, you feel that expostulation would be not merely useless, but indecent!

The younger men on the Ministerial benches contrive to convey the idea that nothing pleases them more than to endeavour to the best of their ability to satisfy the curiosity of honourable members in all parts of the House. Sir Montague Barlow, the Minister of Labour, seems to revel in replying to queries. He is invariably merry and bright. Optimism chirrup in his every tone.

SIR JOHN SIMON

The methods of speech of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George are quite different. The Asquithian style, clean cut, incisive, staccato, is a model of logic and diction. And though he no longer dominates the House by reason of his Premiership, Mr. Lloyd George can still cast over it the spell of his oratory.

One of the most attractive speakers in the House is Sir John Simon. If I were asked to choose a word to describe his speaking, I think I should select *debonair*. If ever I were in the unhappy position of being tried for my life, with Sir John Simon leading for the prosecution, I should have little hope of escaping the gallows, but I could not harbour any resentment!



dinner in a public restaurant, the artificial member doing all that could be done by a hand of flesh, bone and sinew.

But though there are such people, they are exceptions. Occasionally one of these exceptions, like the late Sir Arthur Pearson, gathers about him a body of men whom he infects with his own indomitable will; but for the most part the afflicted are left to shift for themselves, and usually they don't. The streets of any city to-day will furnish illustration of the way in which men who lost legs in the war have fallen into a somewhat hopeless acceptance of their lot. A second or third-rate way of using the artificial limb has become a habit. The idea, much commoner immediately after the war than now, that an artificial leg can be utterly subjected by its wearer and made to do just what he wants, is getting dimmer; and the men stump about stiff-jointed, slow, bitterly handicapped.

THE DOCTOR'S METHODS

There is really no need for that at all. At Grangethorpe, the Manchester hospital, which is the centre for limb cases for a large North of England area, including even the Isle of Man, one may see how entirely there is no need for it. At Grangethorpe you will find men who have brought the use of artificial limbs to so sensitive a pitch that with the touch of a wooden foot they will recognise such things as a small ball of paper, a pebble, a pencil, a cigarette. You will find there men who walk so upright and alert that it would be a keen observer who recognised a wooden leg; men who run, jump over a succession of gradually raised obstacles, kick footballs. There are cases enough to prove that no one who is prepared to put time and will power into certain simple exercises need be hampered overmuch by the loss of a limb.

It is interesting to watch the methods of the doctor who is primarily responsible for this work at Grangethorpe. He enters the gymnasium where the men are

assembled and talks to them in a friendly way. He approaches, perhaps, a man who has not been there before. "Can you walk?" Oh, yes; he can walk! Has he not been stumping round for months and months? "Well, let's see you do it." The man moves away, heaving his leg after him with an upward movement of the shoulder, as though it were weightily carved out of a solid block of wood. He is evidently carrying his leg, rather than his leg carrying him. He is rather crestfallen when told that that isn't walking; but, watching a man march steady and straight along a line painted on the floor of the gymnasium, he soon sees the difference.

A ONE-LEGGED JUMPER

Then he begins his course of simple exercises, and chiefly they consist in bending, so that all the joints of the artificial limb come gradually into play. The great thing is to get the man to look upon the matter as though he were dealing with a leg of flesh and blood that has gone stiff and that has to be persuaded back to flexibility. One man was to be seen who, after very little practice indeed, was leaping over forms in an amazing manner. One of his legs had been severed just below the knee.

This sort of work did not begin in Manchester. The doctor who is putting so much enthusiasm into it has already worked to such effect in Sunderland that limbless men who had passed through his hands formed a sports club there, and not long ago gave a public exhibition of their abilities. There was football and leaping and running, and much else.

It is a splendid work, and one hopes it will go on and foster widely the resolute spirit which is overcoming so many obstacles and lightening the weight of a burden that cannot be wholly removed.

Some of the most skilled of St. Dunstan's workers and some of the keenest of St. Dunstan's sportsmen are among the men who have suffered the loss of a limb.