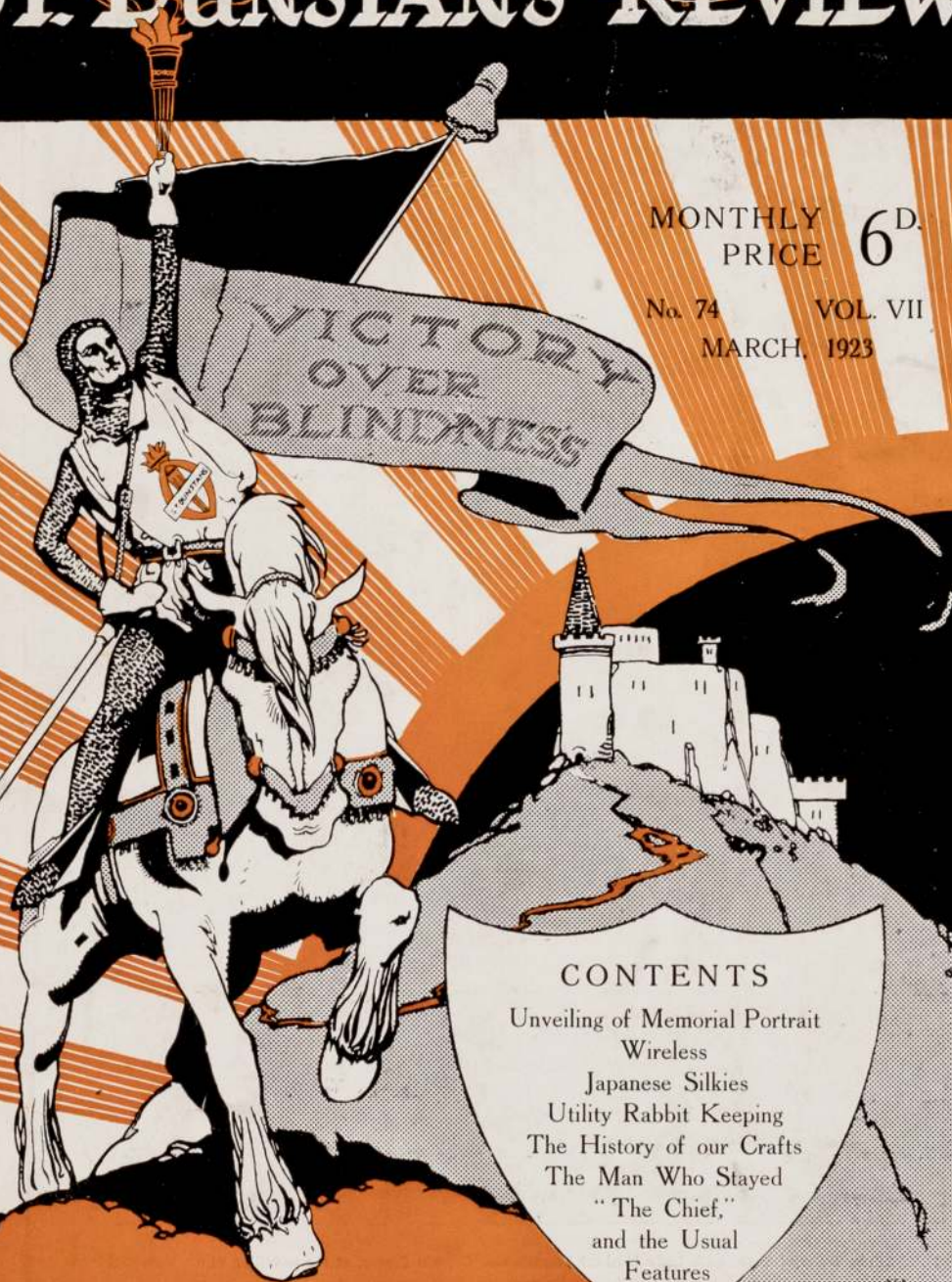


ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

MONTHLY PRICE 6^{D.}

No. 74 VOL. VII
MARCH, 1923



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H.R.H. The Duke of York, with Lady (Arthur) Pearson and Captain Fraser, at the unveiling of the Memorial Portrait of Sir Arthur Pearson, on February 27th, 1923.

St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

EDITED BY PERRY BARRINGER

No. 74.—VOLUME VII.

MARCH, 1923.

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

EDITORIAL

FOLLOWING in the wake of the Duke of York's tour round our workshops on the occasion of his recent visit, we overheard a comment on our Royal visitor which has since lingered in our memory a good deal. "He's a jolly nice young chap!" said a St. Dunstaner to a near-by mate. We doubt if the Duke had hardly passed out of hearing, but whether or no, we believe he would have felt this homely and familiar comment to be greater praise than any polished periods of courts and courtiers. However hard we sought for words we could not find any to express more exactly the closely affectionate regard in which every member of the Royal house of Britain is held by all classes. And to be the son or daughter of the reigning monarch of a great empire is to bear no light responsibility. The duties incidental to exalted rank are many and varied, but their variety cannot in human nature always fit in exactly with the mood of he or she who has to play the leading part. With the knowledge that our Royal visitor of last month would probably have the whole of the rest of his day, after he left us, planned out as to how almost every hour was to be spent, all who were present during the Duke's visit must have felt pride in the very obvious fact that he was taking the most keen personal pleasure in every minute of the time he was with us. "All the world loves a lord," it is said, but whether this is strictly true or not, there is, and always will be, among us all a deep and abiding interest in the personality of royalty. But we have little doubt that, greatly as was the large company present interested in the Duke of York, his Royal Highness was himself far more greatly interested in St. Dunstan's. Very little of the mechanical detail of St. Dunstan's methods of instruction and the results of it displayed in the goods undergoing making, escaped the keen eye of the Duke, whose frequent questions to both instructors and men showed practical knowledge of what constitutes good workmanship. Those of our men who were privileged to have personal conversation with His Royal Highness were much impressed with his quick grasp of the details of work which, to those seeing it done by non-sighted workers for the first time, holds more than a little of mystery.

Every St. Dunstaner working with wood plane or boot rasp, at basket or mat, was to this young son of our King a very wonderful man and a hero to boot. We shall not be charged, we hope, with the unforgiveable sin of preaching if we venture to remind each man of St. Dunstan's that when he feels there are more thorns than rose-leaves in his own particular world, he can remind himself that he is a wonderful man, and his pride in that can be proof against the pricks of many, many thorns.

The Memorial Portrait to Sir Arthur

Its Unveiling at Headquarters by His Royal Highness the Duke of York

AN event which will always rank as one of the most interesting and notable in the annals of St. Dunstan's, took place on Tuesday, February 27th, when His Royal Highness the Duke of York unveiled, in the presence of a large and distinguished company, the memorial portrait of Sir Arthur Pearson.

Every St. Dunstaner has been kept fully advised, by previous articles in the columns of the REVIEW, of the steps which have finally led to perpetuating the memory of St. Dunstan's great chief in this form. It may be briefly recalled however, that the painting of this memorial portrait is the outcome of a universally expressed desire on the part of the officers, N.C.O.'s, and men of St. Dunstan's to provide for posterity a memorial which should express their own deep personal affection for and gratitude to the great leader who, by force of his own noble example and his unflinching energy, led them to "Victory Over Blindness."

It was with the full approval also of Lady (Arthur) Pearson that the decision was come to that the memorial should take the form of a portrait, and as the result of Lady Pearson's personal influence one of the most famous artists of to-day—Sir William Orpen, R.A., undertook the painting of the portrait at a fee, it may be mentioned, far below that which his great reputation usually commands, thus bringing this portrait memorial within reach of the limits of the fund raised for the purpose.

The portrait, which, for the unveiling ceremony, was hung in the main lounge at headquarters, is a most striking and lifelike presentment of Sir Arthur. It bears, on the bottom of the frame, two small tablets, one reading:—

"Sir Arthur Pearson, Bt., G.B.E.
Born 24th February, 1886. Died
9th December, 1921. Founder of St.

Dunstan's Hostel and After-Care Organisation for Soldiers, Sailors, and Airmen blinded in the Great War."

While on the other tablet is the inscription:—

"This portrait by Sir William Orpen, R.A., the gift of nearly 2,000 Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and Men, is presented in affectionate memory of the chief who led them to Victory over Blindness."

An announcement we are now able to make will, we are sure, give the greatest satisfaction to every St. Dunstaner. It is that by the generosity of the V.A.D.'s and lady helpers of St. Dunstan's, a fund has been raised to defray the cost of providing facsimile reproductions in colours of the memorial portrait, one of which will be presented to every past or present man of St. Dunstan's. In view of the fact that it is hoped that the original portrait will eventually find a place in the National Portrait Gallery, it is good to know that every St. Dunstaner will be able to possess in his own home, his own personal memorial to our chief.

On the occasion of the unveiling the Lounge was packed to its uttermost capacity nearly half an hour before eleven o'clock, the time fixed for the ceremony. Past and present St. Dunstaners, many accompanied by their relatives, formed a large proportion of the company, and there were also present most of the leading members of the staff at the headquarters and annexes. In addition there was a distinguished gathering of invited guests, among these being:—Lord Richard Neville, the Hon. Mrs. Lionel Guest, Lady Mond, Lady Hulton, Lord and Lady Invernairn, Mr. and Mrs. Knowles, Col. Stanley Barry, &c.

On arrival at the Hostel, His Royal Highness, who was accompanied by Wing Commander Louis Greig, was received by the President of St. Dunstan's, Lady

(Arthur) Pearson, who presented Captain Ian Fraser (Chairman of St. Dunstan's), Sir Neville Pearson and Sir Washington Ranger (Vice-Presidents), the Mayor of St. Marylebone (Alderman A. E. Hughes, J.P.), Mr. F. R. Anderton (Chairman, L.C.C.), Mr. Howarth, Mr. Kessell, Mrs. Fraser, and Mrs. Chadwick Bates.

The appearance of His Royal Highness in the main lounge, where the unveiling took place, was greeted by the singing of the National Anthem.

Captain Fraser said: "Your Royal Highness, there is probably no country in our great British Empire where there is not a blinded soldier, sailor or airman who has passed through St. Dunstan's. I think there is scarcely one of my comrades, numbering nearly 2,000 officers, non-commissioned officers and men, who is not thinking to-day of your kindly act in coming here to unveil this memorial for us, and thinking, too, of the man, Sir Arthur Pearson, whom it represents.

"It is not the time nor the place for me to speak of Sir Arthur Pearson, for there is no audience to whom it is less necessary, than an audience of blinded soldiers, to make remarks about him.

"This portrait is a very personal memorial from these men, having been subscribed to from all parts of the British Empire. It is our hope that at an appropriate time it may find a place in the National Portrait Gallery, where we think it might fittingly be displayed.

"It may seem strange to you that we should have chosen as our Memorial something which we cannot see. My explanation is that it is our wish that posterity should know what our Chief was like, while for ourselves nothing in the nature of a reminder is necessary. (Applause.) The affectionate regard in which Sir Arthur Pearson held us, and in which we held him, his character, and all of his great personality, are indelibly written upon our hearts, and there is no need for us to see likenesses of him, or read inscriptions about him to remember him.

"On behalf of the men of St. Dunstan's, on behalf of our President, Lady (Arthur) Pearson, and on behalf of our

Committee, I welcome you to St. Dunstan's, I tender our most cordial thanks for your kindness in graciously honouring us by joining in paying the tribute which we are about to pay to our chief, and if I may make a personal observation I tender to you and to Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon our congratulations, and our cordial good wishes for your future happiness."

In reply, His Royal Highness said:—"Lady Pearson, Captain Fraser, Ladies and Gentlemen, we are to-day honouring the memory of a great servant of humanity, whose work for his fellow-men will live for all time as an inspiration and example to us, and to those who come after. During the war Sir Arthur Pearson made the welfare of all the men from the Mother Country and the Dominions, who had been blinded in the war, his special solicitude. He founded St. Dunstan's as an organisation for their training, settlement and after-care, and by his humane and enheartening work in this place, his name throughout the civilised world will be honoured for ever. (Applause.)

"Our hearts go out to those whom he has helped, and I wish them good luck in the professions and handicrafts whereby they are learning to become useful citizens. I trust that an ever-generous public may continue to support this great work which Sir Arthur Pearson began. By so doing they can pay no better tribute to its founder, nor one more worthy of his memory."

His Royal Highness then drew aside the Union Jack veiling the portrait, and after giving opportunities for photographs to be taken by the large number of Press photographers present, presentations were made of the leading members of the staff. These included Mrs. Arnold, Mrs. Bannister, Mrs. Menzies, Miss Love, Miss Pearson, Miss Power, Miss Thellusson, and Mr. Askew.

The Duke then started on an exhaustive tour of the workshops and class-rooms, where he showed the keenest interest in the work of every department. He talked to a number of officers who had attended the unveiling and asked many questions of the men he saw at work.

He was evidently much impressed by the fine spirit and the efficiency of the methods of instruction employed. He examined with particular interest one of the laundry hampers which are being specially made to the order of Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles.

Returning to the main courtyard, His Royal Highness found assembled there a great gathering of St. Dunstaners, their relatives, and members of the staff, who raised hearty cheers as he drove away.

* * *

Lady (Arthur) Pearson received, shortly after the ceremony, the following telegram from Her Majesty Queen Alexandra:—

"Am deeply interested in knowing that the portrait of your dear husband, by Sir William Orpen, was unveiled at St. Dunstan's this morning by my grandson, the Duke of York, and to realise the fact that the picture was subscribed for by over 2,000 blinded officers and men as their loving and grateful tribute to his memory.—ALEXANDRA."

* * *

It is gratifying to know that the smoothly efficient manner in which the whole organisation of the ceremony was carried out has been the subject of a number of congratulatory messages. Commander Greig, the Duke of York's Equerry, was kind enough to say that he thought it was a most admirably conducted function, and among other messages of approval, we may quote the following from the Mayor of St. Marylebone (Alderman A. E. Hughes, J.P.):—

"May I congratulate you on the very well organised ceremony on Tuesday last, which undoubtedly was a delight to your blinded soldiers as it was to all of us present."

"No, Harry, I'm sorry; but I feel sure we could never be happy together. You know I always want my own way in everything."

"But, my dear girl, you could go on wanting it, after we were married."

Wireless

Blinded Soldier Listeners

By CAPTAIN IAN FRASER.

THE lecture on wireless telegraphy and telephony which I gave to a number of St. Dunstaners in November last has led to my receiving many letters asking for advice.

In my talk, which was reported in a recent REVIEW, and has since been quoted in practically all Braille magazines, I advised all blind people who could afford it to take up "wireless" as a hobby. I pointed out that once the apparatus was installed a blind person could work it, and experiment with it without any sighted assistance.

What little help the beginner required in fixing up an aerial, &c., I was generally able to secure for him through a generous concession on the part of the Radio Society of Great Britain and its affiliated societies throughout the country, whereby many members of these organisations offered voluntarily to assist blinded soldiers living in their localities and needing help. All that was required of the blinded soldier was that he should let me know that he was interested, when I would put him in touch with the local society from which he would obtain advice and practical aid. Here and there has been a blinded soldier who, residing far from any society, has been unable to take advantage of the scheme, but on the whole it has worked well.

I have received many letters telling me how individual St. Dunstaners have erected receiving sets and are enjoying the nightly programmes issuing from the Broadcasting stations, two of which appear elsewhere in this issue.

A number of men have asked me to advise them what apparatus they should buy, and where to secure it; generally speaking, I have told those living in the provinces that the best course to follow was to obtain local advice upon the matter because it is impossible for me, in London,

to be aware of all the local conditions which affect the success of reception.

In a number of cases, however, particularly amongst London men who have been able to have a word with me upon the subject, I have been able to advise them what to get, and in some cases have been able to supply them at a cut price with suitable apparatus of a type which I had personally tested and found satisfactory.

If any St. Dunstaners who have not hitherto done so want to take up this hobby I shall be only too happy to give them a few suggestions if they desire it, and will write to me. A most important point which I would like those who write to bear in mind is to mention the amount of money that they are prepared to spend, for without this information it is impossible for me to suggest what they should do.

I should think that by now there are some scores of enthusiasts who are obtaining an immense amount of delight and interest from this new form of entertainment, while there are a few who have become so expert that they have qualified as members of wireless societies and are able without any help to conduct experiments with different circuits and even construct additional apparatus.

I think it would add to the interest of the REVIEW if those who have already taken up this new hobby would write to the Editor about their experiences.

Netting Notes

Owing to the continued fall in the price of certain hemp twines, we are now able to make excellent cricket nets at competitive rates. It is not always understood that hand netting necessitates the use of superior quality twines of very smooth finish. These are, of course, more costly than the rough twines suitable for machine-made nets that are tarred after making. Now, however, we have secured suitable materials at a price which permits our cricket nets to be placed on the market in competition with machine-made nets. We want our readers to note that we can supply all the usual sizes, with or without posts, guy ropes, runners and pegs.

G. H. W.

"When First an M.P. Speaks"

So many St. Dunstaners are now concerned with one or another phase of public or civic life that we make no apology for printing another article by Mr. Frederick Martin, the St. Dunstan M.P., which appeared in the "Sunday Express" under the above heading.—Ed.

I CAN honestly say that it was not nearly so trying as I had been led to anticipate. Indeed, so far from finding my maiden speech a terrible ordeal, it proved to be a pleasant experience.

By common consent the House of Commons is acknowledged to be the most critical debating assembly in the world, but it is also most wonderfully kind to the young member. The cheers which greet one when at last one's name is called by the Speaker are eloquent of the general feeling that all members are anxious that one should make a success.

It is an unwritten but scrupulously observed rule that a member should not be interrupted at his first attempt to speak in the House, and this was particularly advantageous in my case as, through peculiar circumstances, it is not possible for me to enlist the aid of written notes to keep me on the track. There is nothing more upsetting than, in the course of a reasoned argument, to be suddenly brought up all standing by an interpolation, whether friendly or hostile.

One gets accustomed to it, of course, especially at election meetings where feeling is running high, and if one is to be any real use in the House of Commons debates, one must learn to take interruptions in one's stride, and, if possible, to turn them to good account.

There is only one regret about the experience of making a maiden speech. It is that it can never be repeated. Later on there may be thrills of one kind or another in the rough and tumble of debate, but never again the glow emanating from the kindly interest of all members.



NEWS OF ST. DUNSTANERS

Another Pioneer

OUR list of those St. Dunstaners who have set out to conquer fresh fields grows monthly. This time A. Pink, of Somerset, is the pioneer. He has purchased a couple of horses and set up as a coal dealer. With a boy to help him, when necessary, he drives all round the country. May Pink find prosperity, as well as happiness, in his new venture.

* * *

Promising Poultry

An interesting letter has been received from W. Last, of Wales, who writes:—

"Now that I have got my poultry farm into something like a poultry farm, I feel it my duty to give you some idea of how I am getting along with my work. To start off, perhaps you know that I am now a county station-holder under the County of Carmarthenshire for the distribution of day-old chicks and sittings of eggs? I have already hatched seventy strong chicks (Anconas), which have all been sold, have another incubator due to hatch this week, and yet another in early March, so you see I am getting to business with the county work. Also I have sold six dozen eggs to-day for sitting purposes.

I have two pens of R.I.R.'s under the county, and one of Anconas. The R.I.R.'s have been laying exceedingly well since October, and have not slackened in the least, while the Anconas are not far behind.

I have been rather busy of late putting up the runs for the young chicks, and have also dug up four large pieces of ground so as to get a decent supply of green food for the poultry and house. . ."

Has any other poultry farmer tried a dog to keep hawks and other pests away from the young chicks? Last says that he has a smart little fellow, and finds him exceedingly useful. He is very

careful, and will not hurt the birds in any way.

* * *

Musical St. Dunstaners

Influenced, perhaps, by the spell of wet weather we have all been enduring a number of new men have turned to music for relaxation, among them A. E. Taylor, of Grantham, Lincs., and W. Cubitt, of Norwich, both of whom are finding enjoyment in overcoming the difficulties incidental to violin playing. The latter is in luck's way, as he has been offered weekly lessons by a fellow enthusiast.

Another St. Dunstaner, J. Burley, of Norwich, together with some kindred spirits, has succeeded in getting together a jazz band, while A. Abram, of Rock, S.O. (who by the way can hardly be classed as a novice), is a clarinet player. He recently performed at a dance whereat there were 300 guests. When opportunity occurs Abram never fails to make a little speech about St. Dunstan's and its activities.

* * *

More New Ventures

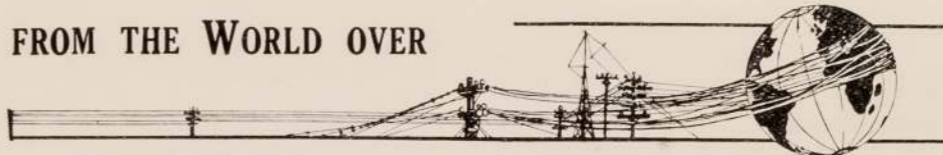
With thought of the future W. Miller, of Surbiton, is putting in hard work on his farm and has lately planted a number of fruit trees. May they bear as well as he hopes.

Another who is not forgetting that good weather comes after bad is J. T. Walch, of Bolton, who has invested in a small cart and a new ice-cream freezer. He intends going out with the cart during the summer and we join with him in hoping that in his district there will be many parties to make good trade.

We send good wishes to R. Smith, of St. Helens, who is opening up a drapery business—

To J. Restall, of Manchester, who is just starting out in courageous hopeful spirit to make a success of a small lock-up shop opposite his house—

FROM THE WORLD OVER



Also to C. Lucker, of Wandsworth, who is determined to spare no effort to build up trade with his boots, and A. F. Lander-you, justly proud of his new shop, and J. Avery, of Birmingham, now beginning on clogs.

Another St. Dunstaner, who is looking forward to good business in the future, is W. Nelson, of Northumberland, who has now got his workshop (boots and rugs) erected on an excellent site immediately on the road. A good position plus good work should certainly spell success and we hope to hear that Nelson finds it.

* * *

From a Masseur

A pleasant proof that painstaking effort really is appreciated comes from H. A. H. Brown, of Bath, who has just welcomed back a patient (Brown is a masseur) who came at once to him upon his return to the district after a year's absence. We share Brown's pleasure in the compliment.

* * *

"Every Picture—"

It is always pleasant to receive portraits of our friends, and we wish it were possible to insert a page or so of these in the REVIEW. Could we do so, space should certainly be given to the photograph of T. Botelot (London), taken in his workshop. As we cannot reproduce this we must at least say that he looks both busy and happy.

* * *

A Lecturer

Another, who is facing life as a St. Dunstaner should, is W. J. Gilbert, of Barnstaple, who is finding scope for his talents by giving informal little lectures in Devon villages.

(Can't Gilbert send us an article for the REVIEW, detailing his experiences?)

Tomatoes

Searching for an outlet for brawn, as well as brain, F. Marsden, of Blackburn, has set about building a greenhouse, in which he intends to grow tomatoes. Yet another new development amongst us! May the plants prove exceedingly fruitful. Anent this news a horticulture expert suggests that if Marsden lays away between straw any tomatoes that are produced too late to ripen naturally, these will colour up slowly, and provide him with a late and excellent supply of edibles.

* * *

The Helping Hand

One who has been casting backward glances over his past year's work as a whole is E. J. Thompson, of Herts. There have been slack times for him as for others, and there is always room for improvement, but the record is a good one, and we congratulate Thompson on having kept busy, also on having found time and energy to lend a helping hand to one similarly handicapped who had not the luck to be a St. Dunstaner.

* * *

Our Mat Makers

Princess Mary, as everyone knows, is an admirer of St. Dunstan's rugs. The luck of making one ordered by the Princess fell to R. Barber, of Plumstead Common, and those who know the good work he put into it, will add their congratulations to ours, in that he has now secured a local order for another on similar lines.

A good order has been secured for mats by L. Thomas, Rawden, near Leeds; he knows his luck, and is industriously at work. As the best advertisement is good production and delivery to time, we hope that repeat orders will speedily follow.

Repeat Orders

Speaking of repetition orders, as a result of pleasing customers, we must, in this connection, send special congratulations to G. Brewer, of Cornwall, who having successfully surmounted the difficulties encountered during the execution of an order for "French Log Baskets," secured a duplicate commission almost at once.

Good work is also telling where A. Jenkinson, of Sheffield, is concerned, and his circle of friends and customers is gradually widening. He will, doubtless, say that he has room for more of both!

* * *

Not Downhearted!

May a stroke of luck soon come the way of G. G. Madres, of Brighton, who reports trade in baskets as somewhat slack. He is wisely using his spare time in taking exercise, and his friends will be glad to hear that he is looking much better as the natural result. There is nothing like dancing and physical jerks for driving away dull Care, who sits in wait for most of us at times.

* * *

The Effect of Enterprise

From Bristol comes word of A. E. Tucker, who is finding trade fair in both boots and mats, as he is still benefiting from a special effort made during a Rotary Club Exhibition, when he and a friend shared a stall. This took place in August, and Tucker not only sold all his mats, but has been kept busy on orders practically ever since.

* * *

Prize Winners

Our list of prize-winners is somewhat limited this month but congratulations must go to R. E. Hill, now of Tideswell, near Buxton, who, it will be remembered, married Miss Dora Walton on Boxing Day. Poultry is keeping him busy, and he recently took third prize with the two entries he sent to a local show.

A. Knopp, of Worksop, has every reason to be justly proud of his poultry farm, which was awarded the prize for the best

kept farm in the county by the Notts Poultry Association. We believe that Mrs. Knopp has also been no small factor in this success.

* * *

In Poultry Land

According to H. Jubb, of Harrogate, his incubators are running in full swing and everything points to a favourable season. That his prognostications may be fulfilled is the hope, we are sure, of his fellow poultry farmers.

Others for whom a good time should be coming are C. F. Perrett, of Devignes, who has at length gained possession of his land, and A. S. Emerson, who has just moved his family and his fowls to Copford in Essex. Both, we know, are setting to work with energy to make up lost time. May good luck attend them!

* * *

Contract for Carpentry

So much for the poultry people. In the carpentry line we must mention H. Randall of Brighton, who has been fortunate enough to secure a piece of contract work for some of the theatres, so has been busy making large frames to act as poster holders. Perhaps Randall will find a subject to interest him in our craft article this month.

* * *

Birmingham-Sheffield

London St. Dunstaners must look to their laurels. Inspired by the graphic account of the London-Brighton walk, the members of the Birmingham St. Dunstan's Club spent an enthusiastic hour recently discussing the possibility of a race from Birmingham to Sheffield. Full particulars are not yet to hand, but we cull the following details of the meeting from *The Birmingham Post*:-

A meeting was held at the Queen's College, Paradise Street, last evening, with Captain Williams, of St. Dunstan's, in the chair, when it was arranged to hold a walk from Stratford-on-Avon on Wednesday, April 18th, for soldiers blinded in the war, the finish to be at the Farcroft Hotel, Handsworth. A large number of ex-service men blinded in the war attended.

The Leisure Hour

By HOROS.

WE have had several suggestions recently that an interesting feature for the *Review* would be a column dealing with interesting phases of indoor pastimes.

As a start we publish below an exercise in mental gymnastics, which may serve to amuse our readers, and if the interest shown in this new feature justifies it, we may arrange some form of prize competition in our next number.

Meanwhile, all St. Dunstaners will be interested in the reference to chess included in "Sports Club Notes" this month. That the President of the Imperial Chess Club should offer to act as instructor to our men is news which should ensure a ready response from all our readers.

A CHESS PROBLEM

White to play and checkmate in two moves. White to win.

(To set out the pieces. Number the squares mentally beginning at the bottom left-hand corner and counting up to the opposite square, viz. the corner square on the opponent's right, this being counted as 8. The first 8 letters of the alphabet are used to distinguish the squares on the base lines. Therefore the bottom left corner (white's side) is known as 1.A that at the top of the column being 8.A.)

Black Queen on 2.E.	White Queen on 3.C.
Black castle (or rook) on 4.A.	White pawn 3.F.
Black King on 5.D.	White knight on 5.E.
Black pawn on 6.D.	White King 5.F.
	White castle on 8.C.

Solution to Problem:

White Queen from C3 to C5 giving check.
Black pawn from D6 to C5 (taking Queen.)
White castle C8 to D8 Checkmate.

(Note.—White's moves alone being counted, this is reckoned as a two move problem.)

HOROS will be glad to receive from readers contributions of problems, acrostics, anagrams and the like, for publication in this column. Solutions should be sent at the same time.

Miss A. Hodgson, Clopton, Stratford, is the hon. secretary, and entries close on March 28th. It is hoped to get the members of the Birmingham Walking Club and harrier clubs in the city to assist in the walk. It will be remembered that the St. Dunstan's men held a walk from London to Brighton last October, and those in Birmingham are anxious to hold a walk on the lines of that of last year.

* * *

The Wireless World

The latest recruit to our wireless list is R. T. Oliver, of Leukner, who is at work with a crystal set. He has had excellent luck as he got good results almost at once on connecting up, clearly hearing 2 L.O. although he is something like forty miles distant.

W. C. Smith, of Derby, and F. Channing, of Berks, are yet others who have caught the enthusiasm.

* * *

Around the Tea-pot

From Mr. and Mrs. Edward Brownfoot, of Leeds, comes a pretty letter of thanks to St. Dunstan's, as they have just received the usual wedding gift. We know that all their friends will join with us in wishing them health, wealth and happiness, to say nothing of many a merry gathering around the table graced by the symbolic silver tea-pot.

* * *

A Suggestion from Ramsgate

From J. B. Bailey, of Ramsgate, comes the suggestion that a reunion meeting of St. Dunstaners should be arranged, as quite a number seem to have settled in Kent. As it happened such a gathering was being planned when Bailey's letter was received, and we take this opportunity of letting Kent St. Dunstaners know that they will soon have an opportunity of talking over old times and present experiences.

Just as we go to press we learn with regret of the sudden death on the 8th inst. of George Green, of Sheffield, a St. Dunstaner who was in the Hawke Battalion of the Royal Naval Division.

"Japanese Silkies"

[We thank our contributor for the letter extracts, from which we print below, and are sure it will be read with interest by all our poultry farmers.—ED.]

To the Editor of ST. DUNSTAN'S
REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—

It was with much interest that I read in the last issue of our ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW the inquiry with regard to the breed of poultry referred to as "Japanese Silkies." I hope in this short article to be able to furnish anyone wishing to learn something of this breed with what little information I can gather regarding it, together with a few observations of my own, which please take for what they are worth, as they are written by an amateur. The information I have to hand is as follows:—

The breed known as the "Silkie" was introduced into this country about 1860 by a naval officer, who gave these birds to a lady friend. There is evidently diversity of opinion as to whether these little birds came from Japan or China, or even from a place vaguely referred to as Southern Asia, or was it South Eastern Asia? However, this does not affect what we are anxious to learn.

Now for a short description of the bird. I think the best point to start at is the head. The outstanding head points are these. The comb is described as a mulberry, though I should think a near enough description for our purpose is a variety of rose comb like the White Wyandotte. Its colour is that of the mulberry (a deepish purple), also the wattles. The earlobes are a turquoise blue. The beak and legs are slatey blue. The whole of the body of the bird is covered with a very fine silky plumage, from which the breed derives its name. Unlike the plumage of the birds, which we are used to handling, the feathers of the Silkie do not knit together tightly, but stand out well from the body, and give the bird the appearance of being

twice the size it really is. The usual colour kept by poultrymen is the white variety, but there are also blacks, pencilled, brownies, etc. The male bird should have a groove running from front to back on his comb if he is to be a good bird for show. Silkies should have feathers slightly covering the legs and five toes. Owing to the quantity of silky down-like plumage, the tail is apt to be concealed, but this should not be so, as it should stand out quite distinctly.

The flesh, or, perhaps, I ought to say the skin of the Silkie, is very dark all over, and is not a pretty sight when plucked for the table. This breed has been referred to often as the "Negro of Fowls," and fanciers sometimes refer to them as "Little Niggers." The colour of the bird's skin is no doubt due to its Eastern origin, and the blood is also exceedingly dark throughout the breed.

To sum up:—

Point 1.—The Silkie is probably the most broody of all fowls, and although it has been known to lay upwards of twenty eggs in the winter, it has also kept up its reputation by wanting to sit upon them even in the coldest weather. The best mother to be had is one of these little birds. Her care of chicks is of the tenderest kind, and she is positively ferocious when approached by a stranger whilst brooding her young hopefuls. The most effective cross for good sitters is the Silkie-Wyandotte, as by this means one obtains larger birds capable of sitting upon a larger number of eggs than the little Silkie can possibly be expected to do. The fluffy plumage makes an excellent covering for the eggs. I mention Wyandottes more especially because I presume we will cross a White Silkie with a White Wyandotte, and thus keep the true colour.

Point 2.—Until someone has the time and money to breed the broodiness out of the Silkie, I do not think she would prove profitable from a prolific point of view.

Point 3.—Her skin is the wrong colour for a table bird.

Point 4.—Feathered legs and loose silky plumage need constant care and attention if they are to be kept clean and free from insect pests, and upon a bird of this variety these are very difficult to detect till too late.

Point 5.—I am informed that the breed, as a whole, is very prone to the filthy annoyance known as "Scaley leg."

Yours very sincerely,

GORDON R. SMITH.

* * *

Australian Blinded Soldiers

A VERY interesting article in *The Mail*, of Adelaide, deals with a reunion meeting of the war-blinded soldiers living in and around that city, and we are glad to learn that these reunions, which have been a feature of St. Dunstan's work in this country for some considerable time past, are proving successful in other parts of the world, too. The social arrangements of the Adelaide meetings are under the supervision of Misses Mary Stirling, Guerny, and L. Wendt, three ladies who have all had practical experience at St. Dunstan's during the war. Some very appreciative comments on St. Dunstan's work are contained in the article under review, from which we regret we have only space to make a short quotation.

"One has only to meet the ex-inmates of St. Dunstan's, however, to realise how they recovered their self-confidence, and face the world with such wonderful courage and cheerfulness. This influence has permeated throughout the world, as other blinded men, who have come in contact with them, have learnt the same lessons, and are now facing the world of darkness with firmness and self-reliance."

It will be of interest to other St. Dunstaners to know that there are five St. Dunstan's men in Adelaide, among them being George Barr, a one-armed blinded

soldier, who only recently returned to Australia from a course of training at our hostel. Barr, it will be remembered, made the basket presented by St. Dunstan's to Princess Mary on the occasion of her marriage.

We send, on behalf of home readers, the best of good wishes to their comrades in Adelaide.

* * *

O, Baby Boy!

O baby boy, with eyes so bright,
Wherein we see that wondrous light,
Which shining like a jewel rare,
Brings thoughts of visions sweet and fair.

O baby boy, with hands so soft,
Which up to us are held aloft,
Their touch so warm shows us the way
To joys unknown, until to-day.

O baby boy, with tiny feet,
Whose chubby toes so pink and sweet
Will lead us to the store you've brought,
Of brighter days, and deeper thought.

But baby boy, ere long you'll know
How happy childhood soon must go,
You'll turn to others eyes and hands,
Your feet will wander distant lands.

Then we shall think of days gone by,
Of how we wakened to your cry,
And memories of your face in rest,
Will make our lives for ever blest.

HARRY GREEN.

* * *

SOME day, we suppose, everyone will realise that the men of St. Dunstan's can do "most everything but see," but meanwhile the local Press often announces as marvellous what St. Dunstaners themselves regard as part and parcel of their everyday life. Thus we are told in a provincial paper that "a blinded soldier from St. Dunstan's took part in a whist drive and dance, and with a pack of cards in Braille he is able to play whist quickly and skilfully. He is also a fine dancer." We are quite sure that the subject of that little paragraph chuckled quietly to himself when he heard.



I AM afraid that, as regards Saturday sports, this term has been the worst we have experienced. Our ground, unfortunately, is not well drained, and consequently, after the heavy rains of late, it has not recovered sufficiently to be used with any degree of comfort or safety. It has been suggested that it should be used for rowing or water polo, and I think we would be more successful in these sports than we would be in attempting the sprint, for instance! Still, they say "hope springs eternal in the human breast," and so we are hopeful some day of being able to resume.

The Hepworth Film Company are also waiting to get a "close up" of us at our games, but even their anxiety to help has not "produced" the right effects in drying up the ground for us.

FOOTBALL COMPETITION

Luckily, our football pitch is on higher ground, and consequently drier; this has enabled us to keep our matches going with fairly complete regularity. Our new goalies, Mr. Finch and G. Zipfel, have played splendidly, and the games have always been well contested. The goal-keepers can testify as to the accuracy of our shooting powers, and already three goals in one match have been scored on nine occasions by the following players:—H. Smy (twice), G. Anderson, F. McMahon, J. Halloran, A. Dean, H. Prior, E. Turnock and T. Annis. At the present moment there is a great struggle for the lead in the competition between the Terrace Ramblers, Oak Villa and Oddfellows. The interest, therefore, will be kept up to the last match.

RESULTS FROM 6TH FEB. 1923.

	Goals.
February 6th:—	
Terrace Ramblers v. The Saints ..	4-3
Oak Villa v. Oddfellows ..	3-2
February 16th:—	
Oddfellows v. Saints ..	6-4
Terrace Ramblers v. Oak Villa ..	6-3

February 20th:—	
Kellydonians v. Lodgers ..	5-4
Oak Villa v. Saints ..	5-4
February 22nd:—	
Terrace Ramblers v. Lodgers ..	3-2
Oddfellows v. Kellydonians ..	4-1
March 1st:—	
Oddfellows v. Terrace Ramblers ..	4-3
Lodgers v. Oak Villa ..	4-4
March 2nd:—	
Oddfellows v. Lodgers ..	7-3
Kellydonians v. Saints ..	7-1
March 6th:—	
Oak Villa v. Kellydonians ..	7-4
Oak Villa v. Kellydonians ..	6-0

LEAGUE TABLE CORRECT TO 6TH MARCH INCLUSIVE.

Name.	Goals.						
	P.	W.	L.	D.	For	Ag't	Pts.
1. Oak Villa ..	8	4	1	3	33	25	11
2. Oddfellows ..	7	4	1	2	26	17	10
3. T. Ramblers ..	6	4	1	1	25	18	9
4. Kellydonians ..	7	2	3	2	20	25	6
5. Lodgers ..	6	—	4	2	19	28	2
6. Saints ..	6	—	4	2	17	27	2

ROWING

In spite of the bad weather, many of the men have taken advantage of rowing exercise on the lake. Mr. Finch has done excellent work in coaching our boys in the approved 'Varsity style, and with the hope of giving us something to work for, he has arranged for a four from "Toc. H." to race our four at Putney on Saturday, March 17th, at 1.30. This early hour has been fixed so that the training of the rival 'Varsity crews will not interfere with our racing, but I know that quite a large amount of interest will be taken in the form of our boys. The Oxford and Cambridge crews have a wonderful attraction for the flapper, so that I hope our boys will not be unduly embarrassed! It is possible that our four will be selected from D. Petitt (stroke), J. S. Spink, H. Wood, F. R. Pawley, and E. Turnock, with Miss Paterson as cox, and I know they will carry with them the best of good wishes for a good win from all our old

rowing men. Needless to say, we will not attempt the University course of 4½ miles, but will probably row to the mile post.

CHESS

There are quite a large number of St. Dunstaners who are interested in the game of chess. I know from experience, too, how capable some of these chess experts are and remember, being young and innocent, how that I was induced early on at St. Dunstan's to tackle one of these players. In a few minutes I found myself checkmated, and that is not the only time I have been beaten either. Chess is a wonderful game for the mind, it makes a man think (of course, it makes a woman think too, but as she is always "thinking" it would be superfluous to mention it), and it passes away the time delightfully. Some people object to the game because they cannot find suitable opponents, but I think that is obviated by the fact that there are wonderful selections of chess problems which the individual player can try to solve. I heartily commend the game to any of our boys who are out for some game of an intellectual nature, and I think that they will find that instead of tiring the mind it rather refreshes the brain. I believe that our Prime Minister often makes chess his recreation.

Not long ago I had an offer from Mrs. Rawson, the President of the well-known Imperial Chess Club, to do all she could to help us in the game. Accordingly, ten of our boys gave in their names for tuition, and each week Mrs. Rawson personally looks after her pupils whilst the club captain and one or two of the members have also come up and taught our fellows the rudiments of the game. Although it is rather difficult at first, yet I am told that the boys have been extraordinarily quick in picking up the moves and rules, and are getting along quite well. I hope it will be possible some time to run a small chess tournament.

[At the moment of printing this issue we learn that, owing to the break up of our crew through illness, the race with a four from "Toc. H." has had to be postponed indefinitely.—ED.]

Chapel Notes

IT was a real pleasure to present Albert Urry and Henry George Boorman to the Lord Bishop of London for Confirmation on 17th Feb. The service, which took place at St. Paul's Cathedral, was delightful and the Bishop's address to the candidates was very much enjoyed. It was most encouraging to have the presence of so many of the Sisters at the service. Our boys made their first Communion at the chapel on the following day.

Baptisms

On Sunday, February 25th, at St. Dunstan's Chapel, Hugh de Broe, son of Frederick Norman Reno and Gladys Warren.

Births

On January 23rd, to Mr. and Mrs. J. BANNISTER, of Skelmersdale, a daughter.

On January 24th, to Mr. and Mrs. C. A. BUTLER, of Bury St. Edmunds, a daughter.

On January 4th, to Mrs. GALLOWAY, posthumously, a son.

On December 20th, to Mr. and Mrs. W. NEWLANDS, of Hever, a son.

On January 20th, to Mr. and Mrs. G. ROSE, of Peckham, S.E., a daughter.

On February 6th, to Mr. and Mrs. T. WALL, of Portsmouth, a daughter.

Marriages

LE BAS—JONES.—On February 3rd, at St. Stephen's Church, Avenue Road, N.W., Lieut. C. O. LE BAS, to Miss CLARA HACKFORTH JONES, of Arkley.

HILL—WALTON.—On December 26th, R. E. HILL, of Tideswell, to Miss DORA WALTON.

MEREDITH—NASH.—On February 3rd, at St. Simon's Church, Maida Hill, W., THOMAS MEREDITH, to Miss IVY NASH (for many years telephone operator at headquarters).

WOODHOUSE—GREEN.—On January 24th, at the Parish Church, Hulland, JAMES WOODHOUSE, to Miss NELLIE GREEN. (See another page for further details.)

Utility Rabbit Keeping

BY HARRY BOORMAN.

[The author of the article which follows is an acknowledged expert on the subject on which he writes, and we desire to express our appreciation of his kindness in giving the benefit of his experience to other St. Dunstaners. We may mention also he is a brother of F. W. Boorman, one of St. Dunstan's poultry farmers, who is now settled at Ropley, Hampshire.—ED.]

MY object in this article is to create, if possible, a wider interest among St. Dunstan's poultry farmers in the breeding of rabbits as a profitable sideline. I assume that a general knowledge is possessed by all. As my experience covers a long period, my remarks concerning the animal may be of interest to intending rabbit-keepers.

The Best Breed

This question, as with poultry, is always raised by the novice. My answer is:—"There is no 'best' breed, inasmuch as all have their uses. I would further argue that the "best" breed is the one specialised in. (Have we not heard recently of the Orpington fowl, kept precisely for COMMERCIAL eggs? There is little doubt, however, that the most profitable breed is what I would term the "General Purpose" rabbit. This will meet both fur and flesh requirements, and from experience I have found that the Black or Blue TANS, and the Blue Beveren, are hard to beat. The pelts from these rabbits are in great demand. Any information desired concerning the skins may be had upon application to "The Fur Board, Ltd.," 3 Arundel Street, Strand, W.C. 2. Recently, attention has been called to the value of the Dutch rabbit. Although the skins are not of great value, they have many virtues, three of which are:—(1) Early maturity. (2) Speedy Fattening. (3) Being small, they require less room than the larger breeds.

Housing

In the southern and western districts rabbits flourish and do well when kept in open-fronted wire-bottom hutches. This system, invented by Major Morant,

and named after him, is well recommended, although it is not advisable during the winter months, when the stock should be housed "indoors." Any shed or outdoor building will be found suitable, but where this is not available, the hutches may be stacked in tiers against the wall of the garden and made weatherproof by fixing corrugated iron or boards covered with felt. As a rule, most excellent hutches can be made from bacon boxes, match cases, etc. Inside complicated fittings are not usually a success, and in this connection breeding compartments and nesting boxes are unnecessary.

Feeding

Opinions differ very widely on the feeding of stock. The following system has been found to generally meet all requirements. Nursing does, young stock and does in kindle, require two meals a day of concentrated food, in addition to the bulk ration, which is best given at night. Under this category, water should also be given. Stock bucks and pregnant does require only one meal a day of the former and the bulk ration increased. In this case, owing to the large percentage of water contained in green food, it is not necessary to give water separately. Mashers are particularly valuable for young stock, and one that is found useful is composed as follows:—Barley meal, three parts; middlings, one part; broad bran, two parts, mixed crumbly moist. Tea leaves, boiled potatoe peelings, and the parings of garden roots are here given to advantage. Milk in any form is excellent for the rearing of stock, but in its absence a small quantity of white fish meal can be used in the mash. Bulk food may include the leaves and stalks of broccoli, cabbage,

cauliflower, chicory, beetroot, celery, radish and carrot tops, pea and bean pods and haulm. Among the wild foods which may be gathered are:—Comfrey, shepherd's

purse, clover, dandelion. When these are scarce, sliced garden roots, such as carrots, swedes, and mangolds, will be found to give excellent results.



NEWS FROM THE WORKSHOPS AND STORES



MAT DEPARTMENT

B. INMAN is profiting well by instruction, and working on quite the right lines. G. Wilshaw is improving in every part of the work. He places his thrums well, and cuts evenly. There is every prospect that G. Harris will make a decent workman, his thrumming and cutting being quite good. T. Eastham is also doing well with his part of the work, and will now, we expect, advance rapidly. A mat, with red insertion border, made by W. A. H. Farmery, was quite nice throughout; he places his thrums and cuts extremely well, and should ultimately reach a high standard. A. Northcote has been making a large number of mats during the last two months, gaining experience with letters and insertion borders. A lettered mat, "USE ME," made by A. J. Baker, was a good mat throughout, both with regard to general workmanship, shape, and also the lettering.

BASKET DEPARTMENT

J. Thornton has commenced a course on Willow baskets, and has already shown steady advance on small round work. W. Ellinson is revising his centre-cane work, and has made good progress. A. Urry is completing his course, and in addition to doing stock work, has made some poultry hampers. He is now gaining a knowledge of general methods of repairing.

BOOT DEPARTMENT

A new man here, G. H. Gilpin, has tackled well the elementary instruction, gaining a good knowledge of marking and rivetting, and progressing favourably. H. D. S. Wood has got going again after his illness; the edges of his soles, and

shapes of heels, are much better, and he is getting a good idea of finishing. J. Hallaron has completed his mat course in good style, and is now doing consistent work on boots, putting in good time, and tackling every class of work in a very promising manner. K. J. Howes is making a steady advance with every part of the work, he is most persistent and painstaking, and thoroughly earns the improvement he achieves.

JOINERY DEPARTMENT

Our sincere congratulations are offered to S. Holmes upon the completion of an excellent oak panel cabinet, with a lifting top, for a wireless installation. In every respect this is really an excellent production, and bears a real craftsman's touch. A. Herriot is doing very careful and satisfactory work. He has completed his tool chest, and a boot stool, and the work has been very clean, neat and well finished.

PROFICIENCY CERTIFICATES

The following has been issued:—Lever, J. S. (Mats and Clogs).

BOOT SUNDRIES STORE

A price list in detail has been issued of all the articles now in stock in the store. If any man has not received a copy, will he kindly send a postcard, and one will be sent to him by return.

W. H. O.

* * *

To be popular at home is a great achievement. The man who is loved by the cat, by the dog, by his neighbours' children, and by his own wife is a great man, even if he has never had his name in "Who's Who."

The History of our Crafts Carpentry and Joinery

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.

TO the man in St. Dunstan's workshops, learning to use a hammer and saw there may not seem much connection with his work and the recent amazing discoveries in the Valley of the Kings, but the craft of the carpenter was first invented for the manufacture of coffins! The ancient Egyptians mummified the bodies of their pharaohs, and laid them in royally furnished tombs, believing that by so doing they were assuring them of immortality. Many of the articles of furniture found in King Tutankhamen's sepulchre are very little different in form from those made by us to-day. Any St. Dunstaner, holding a joinery certificate, could turn out a camp stool such as that found among the treasures of Luxor, and intended for the use of Tutankhamen when he went hunting in the Elysian Fields.

In England the annals of the craft date back to 1239, when one known as William le Joyner, on account of his trade, was elected Mayor of London. In those early days joiners and carpenters were separate and distinct bodies; there was no amalgamation until about 1700. As a result there was much quarrelling, and the old records are full of amusingly human notes. One tells, for instance, how a party of daring and conscienceless saddler-joiners, away back in 1309, resorted at night to the forests near London, cut wood, and used this unseasoned material to make saddle-bows, which, when painted, they sold to saddlers, thus bringing discredit on the craft.

It was because some held ideals as to the maintenance of a certain standard of work that a worshipful company was formed among the leading craftsmen.

Two from them were elected wardens, given authority to prevent corrupt practices, and to search kindred trades for bad work, in order that members of the company should not be imposed upon.

These wardens had no easy time, and had to lodge many complaints before their committee. For instance, "certain contentious parties" refused to make "their masterpieces," and had to be threatened with expulsion, as it had been agreed that all "masters" should execute some specific piece of work by which their compeers should judge whether they were worthy of the honour of membership. Others had to be brought before the court for non-payment of fines. One of these obtained pardon by offering "six chairs" in lieu of the cash payment he could not make; the fine of a second was remitted as an act of sympathy in that he "had been bitten by a mad dog," while a third recalcitrant member was forgiven the then huge sum of £5 17s. 6d. because "he rescued the company's plate during the Great Fire—burning a hole in his gown at the same time."

Even in those early days worshipful companies accepted a certain responsibility for their poorer brethren, and the joiners distributed alms on the annual occasion of the election of their wardens. One year the amount they had to deal with was six shillings and eightpence; so the munificent sum of 4d. was given out "to each of the twenty poorest people in the city"!

Later, as the guild grew more powerful, it dealt with larger sums, and there comes an entry of no less than 40s. given to the widow of a joiner "to enable her to keep a chandlers shop towards the maintenance

of herself and her six children." Another widow was authorised to "have her blind son taught music at the company's charge."

Some of the troubles of the company, as noted 300 years ago, might be written in the journal of a modern trade-union. People who had not served full apprenticeship are complained of as making "insufficient bedsteads." Others did not attend the meetings of the guild and the clerk has to be instructed to notify them that unless more regularity is shown "unpleasant methods" will be adopted towards recalcitrants.

Foreign enterprise was another thorn in the side of the carpenters as it is with us to-day. In the sixteenth century they submitted a petition "against the importation of manufactured cabinet ware from the East Indies" pointing out that "Whereas the great number of artificers, members of the said company of joiners, have been bred up in the said art or mystery of making cabinets, tables and chairs, in England, they have of late years arrived at so great a perfection as to exceed all Europe, but base merchants trading with the Indies, having sent across models of English goods, these are now being made overseas and dumped on England's shores, with a result that the trade is in danger of utter ruin . . . and, if the process be not stopped, the joiners, cabinet makers and thousands of other poor artificers will perish for want of work or *must be maintained by their parishes.*" So we see that the dole is not a Lloyd Georgian device despite popular clamour.

Sometimes the foreign competitor, instead of manufacturing goods overseas and sending them across the Channel, ventured into the midst of the fraternity. According to the annals of the company a master-man once had to be arrested for "employing a foreign sawyer." The sentence of the court was that he should be compelled to dismiss this alien and take the contract to a freeman-sawyer who had three English apprentices. Alas! further reading tells us that after this master-sawyer had taken the work in hand he was

glad to leave it and had to "send a messenger to fetch the foreigner to perform the task for him at his loss"!

But there are notices of feasts and pageants as well as troubles in these old annals. When one of their number was elected Lord Mayor the others went in a body to the Mansion House and tipped his servants, and on this great occasion each of the liverymen's servants was allowed sixpence from the guild funds "for carrying his master's gown." Then, too, they gave a great dinner "at a cost not to exceed three pounds."

As the company grew in strength, so too grew its responsibilities. In the time of Charles II each member was poll-taxed 20s. for the master, 15s. for wardens and 10s. for every liveryman for "paying off the army and navy."

In those brave days the company had a fellowship of young men yeomanry and these were the ancestral brothers-in-arms of St. Dunstaners, for they too went in defence of their country against foreign invasion, "camping on Blackheath for a whole week in hourly expectation of the arrival of the Spaniards." Other times, other enemies, but human effort was the same.

E. T. C.

* * *

DEPARTMENTAL NOTES

Braille Room

The following has passed his Braille reading test:—

W. H. Hill.

Typewriting

The following men have passed their tests:—

H. F. Goodley; A. E. Coman.

D. A. P.

What you learn to your cost you remember longest.

Always pay debts and compliments, and you will succeed.

Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes it.

Things don't turn up in this world unless somebody turns them up.

The Whisper of Angels' Wings

We are glad to receive another contribution from our old friend "Third Reserve," who imports into this new sketch not only humour, but an interesting study of conditions of life lived by this Overseas St. Dunstaner.—Ed.

That's what our policeman called it. McSplutter called it breaking the Sabbath Day, but he doesn't know as much as our policeman. Our policeman has a beat eighty miles long. It is not very wide in some parts. Where we live it is only eight miles between the two seas, but further up it broadens out to thirty miles or so. A policeman that can manage a beat like that must know more than an ordinary gumdigger. The missus started the ball rolling, as she always does. She had been at the top of the hill for some fresh air one morning. When she came down she said that she had seen old Mrs. Gibson out on the swamp gathering firewood. "You ought to do something for her," says the missus. "She is too old to be at that game, and Gibson has been so long ill, and not yet pension age either." "They must have a hard struggle," I agreed, "but how am I to get them firewood when I can hardly get our own." "You and Wingie might try," she says. "Wingie can't carry much now, and he has lost the wrong arm for leading me with a load. I can't carry much on my right shoulder."

When I spoke to Wingie, he said, "You're helping them already, aren't you." "Yes, with vegetables," I said. "You will have a walk over at the show with the heavy onions, as my three biggest went to them last Monday. "I haven't Buckley's chance, now," said Wingie; "my six biggest went on Wednesday." Then we laughed. "It's just like those women," says Wingie; "that's thirty bob we may call lost." "Yes," said I, "and Gibson would have been as well pleased with smaller onions, and more of them."

Wingie saw Barney Doyle and Bill Henderson, and one or two of the others, and the upshot was that we were to put

the big saw through a trunk, and the boys would split and carry the lengths out on Sunday. Jack Salt, the storekeeper, promised to cart it, and Wingie and I were to get enough light stuff out before Sunday to make the first load.

We managed fairly well, and got pieces from four to six feet long, that I could carry on my right shoulder, and Wingie led me past the stumps and pot-holes. Sunday arrived and both Jack and his team were early at it, and so were Barney and his mates. The boys weren't long in splitting up the trunk and carrying it out. The only accident was that Barney ripped his pants rather badly on a stump. When Wingie's missus and mine arrived, with the lunch, Barney kept behind the tea-tree.

"What's up with Barney," asked the missus. "Have you your purse," says I. "Yes," says she; "what has it to do with Barney?" "Give me the needles and thread you carry in it," says I, Barney's tore his pants.

Wingie took a white thread and a black one to Barney. The missus carries them in case she gets her dress caught on the track when she takes me to the post office on pension day. Presently, Barney appeared, and the missus says "Homeward bound stitches, Barney." "Yes," says Barney, "I was afraid you and Mrs. Blythe would both be homeward bound before I finished, and I wanted my share of the lunch."

"Plenty for everybody" says the missus, and so there was. Wingie and I were following up the last load when we heard the policeman and McSplutter at it. Jack surely was not very like the angels one sees in church. Blue shirt open at the neck, blue dungarees split across the knees. No boots or socks and a cabbage-tree hat. I got the description from

Wingie, so it is genuine. The four-wheeler needed grease badly and made more than a "whisper." The policeman pointed out to Mac that Jack's ordinary occupation was carting out goods and carting in gum. That Jack would give the horses their Sunday on Wednesday when the mail boat came in there could be no doubt, as Jack was always in the store as well as the storeman then. As we were passing we heard Jack sing out "Stand clear of the back door, mother, here's six sacks of small stuff to keep you going till next Sunday." Then he added "If it's a good day, they will manufacture the rest for you then."

Next Sunday was fine, so the missus gave me the big billy for Mrs. Gibson to make tea for us in and some cakes. Two of the boys took our big saw and the saw-horse, so Wingie and I had an easy time with a hand-saw between us. We put our log on a box and one sat on it while the other sawed away. There were three big saws for the knotty pieces and several men with axes for the smooth-splitting ones. Some of the boys had been in the bush and one of their chips would boil

Gibson's little kettle. It was not a long job with so many helpers. Bill Henderson was the first to finish and he sings out to Barney, "Where's the parcel, Barney?" "Under my jacket," says Barney. "I'll have a yarn with Gibson," says Bill and off he goes. The boys took the saw-horses and saws home where they got them and Wingie and I waited for the billy. "They're good girls, those wives of yours," says Mrs. Gibson. Then she added, "fancy these boys bringing Gibson whole two pounds of tobacco. It's so dear too, since Mr. Massey put the duty on, I haven't been able to give him much, but this will last a long time." We agreed they were good boys and left. I felt sore at having been left out of the tobacco gift, and evidently Wingie felt the same as he stopped me while he kicked a beef tin out of my way. It soared over the tea tree at the roadside and as it did so Wingie said, "May the Lord look sideways on Barney Doyle, we might have had a bob each on in that tobacco stunt if he had given us a chance." I agreed.

THIRD RESERVE.

Trade Advertisements and Notices.

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

J. SPENCER, Hatter and Hosier

253 CHARNWOOD STREET, LEICESTER.

GENTS' REAL VELOURS, sizes 6½, 6¾, 6⅞, 7, 7¼, 7½, in Dark Grey, Champagne, Natural, Light Grey, Fawn, Brown. Price 16.6. Better qualities 18.6.

MEN'S SOCKS, in Champagne, Grey, Fawn, Black, Tan, Fancy Embroidery, and Checks. Price 3.6.

FANCY TUNIC SHIRTS, Variety of Stripes. Price 5.11, 6.11, 8.11, 10.11.

In Plain Black and Navy, MEN'S SOCKS. Our Own Make. Very Heavy. Price 3.6.

LADIES' HOSE, in Black only. With seams at back, 3.11; without seams, 3.6.

WE STOCK NOTHING BUT BEST BOTANY WOOL IN HOSIERY.

When ordering Hats state size and shade.

When ordering Socks state size of boot worn.

When ordering Shirts state size of collar worn.

Ladies' ordering Hose state with or without seams and size of boot.

Largest range of Knitted Silk Ties in Leicester, from 2.6.

Any garment not in stock can be obtained within 24 hours. All our goods are of the highest quality and prices are confined to St. Dunstaners only. Send P.O. with order. All goods carriage paid. Everything for Ladies' and Gents' wear.

The Man Who Stayed

By L. PATRICK GREENE

OUTSIDE the rude shack the blizzard raged with a fury known only to the desolate lands of the Canadian North-West. At times it seemed as if the storm would lift the hut from its foundations.

The two men shivered and drew themselves up closer to the red-hot stove. They sat for a while without speaking, one—the elder—calmly smoking and the other restlessly fingering the paper he held in his hands.

"How long did you say the provisions would hold out?" he asked at length.

"Say twenty days—twenty-five at the most," replied the other. "But that 'ud mean mighty short rations—a biscuit or two a day—that's all."

The other read the rude scrawl on the paper he held in his hands.

Strangers, make yourself at home. There ain't much grub, but you're welcome to what there is. I'll be back with more inside a couple of months.

PETE.

"He's been gone about three weeks?"

"Yes."

"Can't we possibly reach the settlement?"

"It's a fortnight's hard packing at the best of times. But now"—the elder man shrugged his shoulders—"it's impossible."

"And Pete won't be back for another five weeks."

"That's how I reckon it," assented the other.

"Damn! We should have been safe at the post by now if you hadn't insisted on coming round by Pete's."

The elder man shrugged his shoulders.

"I calculated it would be easier going for you this way. I didn't figure on Pete being away, sonny," he said gently.

"Well, now you've got to figure on us being dead a month before he gets back. Yes, dead of starvation! Do you hear me?"

His voice rose to a breaking pitch, and pushing back his chair, he rose to his feet and walked restlessly about the room.

On the table lay a pack of greasy cards. They arrested his attention. Picking them up he began to shuffle them absent-mindedly.

"There's no need for us both to die," he said suddenly.

The other looked up.

"No?"

"No. . . . There's enough food for one, isn't there?"

"There is."

"Then let's cut the cards. The high man stays with all the food; the other goes out. Are you game?"

"I was about to suggest something like that myself."

Well, come on, then," said the other impatiently.

"What shall it be? Best out of three?"

"No. Why prolong the agony? One cut, and ace counts low."

The elder man rose from his chair and walked to the table.

"The two of spades," he said as he cut the cards. "I go. I'd like to get warm first though," and he walked back to the stove.

"Wait. See what I get. Ace counts low, you know."

With shaking hands he cut the cards; then, as if by accident, allowed them to drop from his hands.

"Yes, you go!" he cried excitedly.

"It was the king of hearts. It's up to you, old-timer. I'm sorry—"

He seemed anxious for the other to depart.

The elder man rose to his feet.

"Good-bye, sonny, and good luck. I hope Pete's on time. As for me, I was always unlucky at cards."

He walked slowly towards the door, but paused at the sound of the other's voice.

"Have you any tobacco, old-timer? You won't want any, and I—"

He stopped in confusion.

"No, I shan't want it," and taking a bag of tobacco and a package of cigarette-papers from his pocket, he threw them on the table.

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

The door opened, and a wild flurry of snow entered as if threatening to turn the hut into a space of desolation.

The door closed, and for a while all was still.

Then came a report like a revolver-shot or perhaps the snapping off of a tree-limb. And again all was still, save for the wailing of the storm.

The man who was left rolled a cigarette clumsily, for the middle-finger of his right hand was missing.

He picked up the card he had dropped from his cut. It was the ace of spades.

With a bitter smile on his face he lit his cigarette and waited for the return of Pete—and life.

* * *

ONCE AGAIN.

The atmosphere was overpowering. It seemed as if the heat of the long tropical day was concentrated in the tiny thatched hut. Winged, evil-smelling insects flew around the flickering candle; red, hairy spiders ran up and down the wall, and in the grass roof a stealthy rustle betokened the presence of a snake.

The monotonous drone of myriads of mosquitoes filled the air, while ever and anon could be heard a deeper note—the beating of the war-drums. Mingled with the sonorous note of the drums were the lustful shouts of bloodthirsty natives.

The two white men looked at each other appraisingly.

"Well, what do you think, Simpson? Do they mean business?"

"Of course they do! The Barotse nigger doesn't play the war-drum for fun. They're out for blood—your's and mine—and they'll get it. I haven't been trading up here all these years to know nothing about the wily nigger. They let you come through to-day to add to the fun."

"But what have they got against us?"

"That's a silly question! Nothing. There doesn't have to be a reason for the Barotse to go on the war-path."

"Well, we can hold 'em off. They haven't got guns; that's one consolation."

"No, but they've got spears and know how to use 'em. And how long, Jones, do you think it would be before they set the place on fire? Not long. Then it would be a case of staying to be burnt like rats in a trap or running out to get stuck like a pig."

"You're a cheerful sort of cuss."

"There's nothing particularly cheerful about it, is there? In another couple of hours, more or less, the sun will be up. Then they'll rush us. They like to do their work in the daylight."

"Well, can't we make a bolt for it?"

"How far do you think we should get before they were on our trail? Make up your mind that they're guarding us pretty closely, as you'd soon find out if you ventured far from the hut."

"But no one's been near here since I arrived."

"That's no odds. You can bet your life that not all of the niggers are down at the big *indaba*. Some are doing sentry-go in this neighbourhood. Little darlings, aren't they?" he added ironically as the cheering sounded louder. "It's a pity you don't speak the lingo. They're singing about the tender way they're going to treat us later on."

A horse neighed outside the hut.

"What's to hinder us getting away on my horse?" asked Jones. "They haven't touched him yet. Let's double up—it's a chance."

"A pretty slim one! Here you weigh nearly twelve stone and I a little more. Your nag would founder before he started."

The other thought for a moment, his brow furrowed with thought.

"Well, Simpson," he said at length, "you take my horse and try to get away. There's no sense in both of us being killed."

"That's true enough, but it's your horse. Go on—I won't."

"But—"

"No, I won't. That's final!"

Again they were silent, and again Jones was the first to speak.

"Look here, Simpson," he said angrily, "I haven't got the nerve to sit here and wait for those black devils to come and stick me, especially when I know that one of us could get safely away. On the other hand, I'm hanged if I'm going to ride off coolly and leave you to face the music alone. Have you any cards?"

Simpson produced a pack of greasy cards.

"I often play solitaire when I'm lonely. Want to play?"

Jones shook his head impatiently.

"No. I've an idea; we'll draw cards—ace counts high—to see who'll take a chance on my nag. High goes; low stays. You draw first."

"All right," grunted Simpson. "But you might as well go now. I'm always unlucky at cards."

"Go on, draw, man. You're wasting time."

"Ten of diamonds," said Simpson, showing his card.

Jones drew a card, looked at it, and, crumpling it up in disgust, threw it on the floor.

"The eight of spades," he said. "Good-bye, Simpson, and good luck."

"Good-bye, Jones. Don't let 'em take you alive. Keep a shot for yourself, but I hate to leave you like this!"

"Oh, get out! Don't waste any more time. So-long!"

"So-long!"

The door of the hut opened and the shouts of the warriors sounded piercingly on the night air. The heavy reek of jungle sweat stung Jones's nostrils.

The door closed and all was still, save for the threatening roar of the war-drums.

Then Jones, the man who was left, rolled a cigarette clumsily, for the middle finger of his right hand was missing.

He picked up the card he had thrown on the ground and straightened it. It was the ace of spades.

Then, with a calm smile on his face, he lighted his cigarette at the flickering candle and waited composedly for dawn—and death.

St. Dunstaners' Presentation to Miss Pearson.

On the 2nd of this month a deputation consisting of Corporal J. Boyd, Gunner C. Molloy and Private W. G. Sewell—the two latter being convalescents at the Brighton annexe—accompanied by Mrs. Bates, waited upon Miss Pearson at the Bungalow she has built just outside Brighton.

After a very charming little speech in which he expressed his own and his comrades deep regard for Miss Pearson, Corporal Boyd handed her a cheque for £71 1s. 1d., a presentation from all St. Dunstaners at home and abroad to whom she had endeared herself during her reign at West House.

Miss Pearson was visibly touched at this expression of gratitude and appreciation from her St. Dunstaners. The members of the deputation remained to tea with her, and on their leaving she asked that the following letter should be published in the REVIEW:—

I would love to thank you Boys—each one in person—this, however, I cannot do, so must be content to write and tell you how touched and grateful I am, both for the magnificent present you gave me last week, and also for all the kind things you have said about me. Parting is usually bitter, and this is no exception, but we all—you and I—have memories of Happy Days to look back upon that nothing can efface. I have spent the money, as I hope you all would wish, upon furniture for my new little home: a lovely old oak side-board for the dining room, an attractive bedroom suite, and an old-fashioned dresser for the sitting room. So you see I have the evidence of your affection with me all the time. It is a great sorrow for me to have to leave you, and give up my work, and, in saying "good-bye," I want to thank you all for the spirit of goodwill and comradeship that made it possible for my Staff and me to carry on my Brother's great work successfully.

Yours ever,

MARION PEARSON.

[The following poem has been received from Miss Nina Brown, who many of our readers will remember as one of St. Dunstan's most popular V.A.D.'s, and who is doing splendid work in other directions for us.—ED.]

The "Chief!"

O pictured face serene! We feel thy power Sweep round us, in this hour of memories, Here, as we meet to give our meed of praise To thee, our Chief, in this momentous hour.

For when amid the din and flame of war, Sudden and swift fell darkness wrapped us round,

Thy voice of cheer dispelled the gloom profound,

Thy friendly clasp scattered the shadows far.

Splendid, serene, and steadfast, thou didst stand,

Our guide and comrade in our new-found strife;

Led us the way to higher, nobler life, Showed to our inmost souls the vision grand.

For thou didst teach our inward minds to see

The glories that are hid from earthly eyes, Taught us to find anew, with glad surprise The hidden wonders of the years to be.

Up towards those heights, which thou thyself hadst scaled,

Thou ledst our faltering footsteps towards the light

Of high achievement, ever burning bright Behind the darkness which our dim eyes veiled.

O chief, beloved, revered; still do we pray That as the years come towards us, we may give

Our best, our noblest, in the life we live, And tread with firmer step the upward way.

Until that day, when with a glad surprise We see again the gates of dawn unfold On splendours, earthly speech could ne'er have told

The glory, spread before our seeing eyes.

NINA STEPHENSON BROWNE.

How the After-Care Helps

A St. Dunstaner's Tribute

WE have pleasure in printing below some interesting extracts from a letter we have recently received from L. Johns, of Exeter, who is building up, by virtue of hard work and determination to please every customer, a very good business in this cathedral city.

"I must say," writes Johns, "that I was more than satisfied with the manner in which I have been supplied.

"All goods arrived safely, and everything was received just as it was sent thanks to the very expert way in which it was packed. I think it is such a splendid idea for headquarters to undertake the grindery. The goods supplied to us from you are decidedly of better quality than those obtained at local warehouses. The printed price list of grindery which was sent to me some little time ago is very handy, and affords us many advantages. We can always reckon just how much money we are spending.

"I am pleased to say that I am getting along alright here, and we always have plenty of boots in for repair. We never seem to be able to get the shop clear of all of them, and before we get the last job out something else comes in, so that we are always busy."

Referring to the help of our visiting instructor, Johns says, "We are always glad to see him come in. It is strange, but we get a lot of rotten jobs in when he is about, so we are very lucky, for he quickly shows us how it is to be done. Once when he came I had a pair of surgical boots in, belonging to a general, and we learnt a great deal from that job. We always have something new to be taught, it is surprising how much one can know about this trade. I have orders in for six mats, but as I have always got something to do in the boot trade, I have not a great deal of time to put in on them.

"I forgot to say that the leather sent me is just the thing, and I think it is beautiful stuff. An old boot-maker lives just across the road from me, he is now

85 years of age and retired, of course. He comes in to see me, and is greatly interested with the work and various new devices.

"I showed him my leather, and asked him what he thought of it, and he replied that it was too good to do repairs with, if he had it, he said, he would make new boots with it. He looked about the place to see if he could find any inferior stuff, I suppose he thought I was pulling his leg! That is one of the best recommendations for the leather supplied by headquarters."

In a letter later Johns says:—

"I have no hesitation in saying that I have received more satisfaction in my order to headquarters than I have received in local warehouses for the last 16 months. People around this way are always out to pack one off with anything, so long as they get the money for it."

* * *

The New Hobby.

SOME READERS' EXPERIENCES.

The following are extracts from two letters received by Captain Fraser from St. Dunstaners who have recently taken up wireless. As suggested by Captain Fraser in the article he contributes on another page, we shall be very glad to have from others of our readers on this subject.—ED.

Winchmore Hill.

DEAR CAPT. FRASER,

Just a line regarding the wireless.

Have now had this going for about a month and am pleased to let you know that I find it most interesting and absorbing.

We had a little trouble in the first case, as in order to get it running quickly an old car battery was used, one cell of which we eventually found was practically gone, but since that time have had no real trouble and have found the apparatus a constant source of pleasure.

The apparatus is quite easy to handle and I get a great deal of enjoyment from listening in, also the handling and general adjustment.

As a matter of fact there is one real trouble in connection with it, and that is that no time is left for anything else, everything goes overboard for the wireless.

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

R. F. WRIGHT.

Brook Green.

DEAR CAPTAIN FRASER,

I am quite sure that after your interesting articles on wireless, or rather shall I say radio telephony, you will be pleased to hear whether some of the old boys have taken it up and with what success.

It is with this idea I am writing you on the subject. Last Friday I was chatting with some friends, and one of them offered to pay for a set provided I put it up myself, with the further condition that it should be in working order within three days. Naturally I took up the idea, and going off at once with one of the friends I got a small set, and arrived home at a quarter past four. Then followed a climbing out of windows, on to leads, twistings and contortions of the body, and so on, but at a quarter to eight I was listening in with a reasonable amount of success. I went after my friend, and brought him round, and of course he handed me a cheque for five pounds. Since then I have greatly improved it, and it is wonderfully clear and distinct, in fact last night I could distinctly hear the speaker turning over the pages as he was reading the late bulletin. At about half-past eleven I picked up some call, but could not read it, but in any case the interesting thing to me was that it was on a 1050m. wave length. Trusting this may interest you,

I remain yours respectfully,

WILLIAM P. J. PHELAN.

The man who does what he pleases is seldom pleased with what he does.

The more of others' burdens we bear, the greater our strength to carry our own.

Thinking about what you are doing is better than thinking about what you have done.

