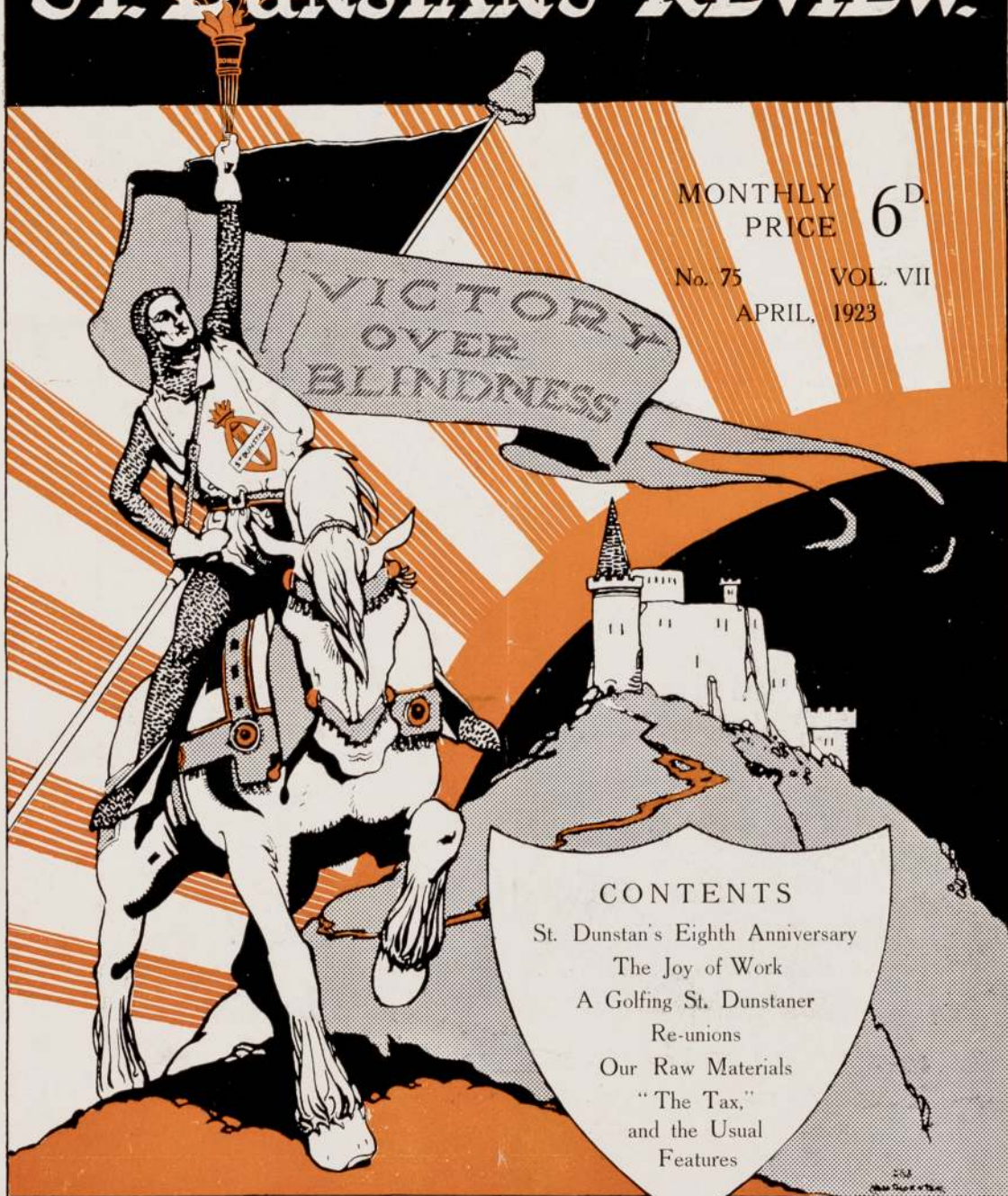


ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

MONTHLY PRICE 6^{D.}

No. 75 VOL. VII
APRIL, 1923



CONTENTS

St. Dunstan's Eighth Anniversary
The Joy of Work
A Golfing St. Dunstaner
Re-unions
Our Raw Materials
"The Tax,"
and the Usual
Features

FOR THE AMUSEMENT & INTEREST OF MEN BLINDED IN THE WAR



New Pictures of St. Dunstons.

- | | | |
|-------------------|-----------------|---------------------|
| 1. BASKET MAKING. | 2. MAT MAKING. | 3. BOOT REPAIRING. |
| 4. JOINERY. | 5. CLOG MAKING. | 6. "OFF TO DINNER." |

St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

EDITED BY PERRY BARRINGER

No. 75.—VOLUME VII.

APRIL, 1923.

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

EDITORIAL

FOR so long as the events of the Great War remain in the memories of our peoples—and that must be for many generations yet to come—St. Dunstan's will be recalled as a name which stood for a wonderful triumph of human victory over perhaps the greatest handicap which the ravages of the war brought in its train. Fathers will tell their sons, and those sons will tell their children, how the vision and genius of a great man, himself blind, led back to happy and useful citizenship again practically every man of the Empire's forces who had lost his sight in the war. For many years yet there will, we hope, be the living example of St. Dunstan's men themselves to prove to the world that the victory they gained was not merely a temporary triumph, an impermanent enthusiasm aroused by the personality and example of a great leader, but an ingrained and lasting determination to live their life of darkness through as though that darkness had never fallen.

But the work St. Dunstan's has done, the victory St. Dunstan's men have gained, has had, and will have for all time, an effect on the social life of the world which will leave an impress as deep as it must be beneficial. That is the wonderful way in which the ideals and achievements of St. Dunstan's men have lighted a fire of inspiration throughout the whole world of the sightless. The success of our methods of training, the breaking down of barriers previously thought insurmountable by the blind, has given hope to blind folk throughout the world.

Recent striking proof of the truth of this broad view of St. Dunstan's influence on the work of the blind community in general has been provided by a visitor St. Dunstan's welcomed at Headquarters not long since in the person of Mr. Swenerton, who is in charge of the After-Care Organisation of the Canadian National Institute for the Blind.

Sir Arthur Pearson was always in close and friendly touch with the Canadian Organisation and his work and memory will always be held in the highest regard, while St. Dunstan's has, of course, trained nearly all the Canadians who were blinded in the war. Thus it was that our Headquarters regarded it as a privilege to provide Mr. Swenerton with every opportunity for becoming fully acquainted with the work and problems of St. Dunstan's. It was of the greatest interest also, to those responsible for the direction of St. Dunstan's, to learn of the methods and progress of our friends in Canada, and the interchange of views and experiences which such visits as this afford must obviously be of the greatest value to all concerned. We have before us as we write a charming letter from Capt. E. A. Baker, M.C., the General Secretary of the Canadian National Institute, addressed to Captain Fraser, from which we might effectively append an extract. Capt. Baker writes:—"I have had several conferences with Mr. Swenerton since his return and he is unstinted in his appreciation of the opportunities afforded him by you for becoming better acquainted with the

work and problems of St. Dunstan's. He was particularly gratified with the information supplied him by the heads of your various departments and yourself. I sincerely trust that as a result we may be able to work in closer co-operation, certainly to our benefit. We are anxious to progress, and while we have moved forward I feel that much can yet be learned from the experience of others and particularly such a progressive organisation as yours, with its concentrated scope and experimental facilities.

"Assuring you of our desire to co-operate and to furnish you with any information concerning our work that you feel might be of service to you and with sincere thanks for the kindly courtesy shown Mr. Swenerton."

St. Dunstan's Eighth Anniversary

A GALA anniversary dance to commemorate the opening of St. Dunstan's eight years ago was held on Tuesday night, 27th March, at the Bungalow, which presented a particularly festive appearance, due partly to the crowd of guests, partly to the decorations.

All the St. Dunstaners now in residence attended, together with a hundred or more after-care men from the London districts, and each brought a wife, a fiancée, a sister or a friend. One small girl proudly steered her father through the intricacies of a military two-step, and it would be difficult to say which of the oddly-paired dancers looked the happier.

The matrons, Miss Power and Mrs. Bannister, welcomed the guests on arrival, and saw to it that each was provided with a "smoke."

Later, while musicians and dancers alike rested for twenty minutes or so, all enjoyed the dainty supper, sandwiches, cakes of all kinds, trifle, fruit salad, ice-cream, cider cup, lemonade and coffee, passed round by the busy "sisters."

Just before supper was served, dancing stopped for a few minutes while Captain Fraser made a brief speech addressed to both the ladies present and his fellow St. Dunstaners. He began by saying that he hoped the happiness apparent on every side was not displayed for that evening only, but had become an actual feature of the lives of all St. Dunstaners. He then went on to point out that in comradeship they all had one of the greatest of solaces. Reunions such as these were difficult

things to arrange, but Captain Fraser said he was sure he was at one with his companions in hoping that this at least could be made an annual event.

Lastly, Captain Fraser dealt with the present position of affairs, and told those present how, ever since 1919, all voluntary organisations had suffered financially, partly on account of the severe trade depression, partly because people were forgetting not only the horror of the Great War, which was a good thing, but also the suffering the war had caused to many, which was a bad thing. But such things were inevitable, and must be faced. They were being faced, certain changes had been made, administrative expenses had been cut down, and though certain luxuries had been curtailed, nothing that materially affected the welfare of St. Dunstaners had been touched. Unless something very exceptional happened, some catastrophe that could not be foreseen, Captain Fraser thought he could safely assure everyone that the pledge that had been given could be kept, and that pledge was a wide one—it meant that the interests of nearly 2,000 men would be watched over and safeguarded so long as they should live.

Three hearty cheers were given for Captain and Mrs. Fraser and then the crowd that had pressed close to listen, broke up into groups to laugh and talk until the music started again, when all took the floor at once, for in these gatherings at the Bungalow "wallflowers" are rare indeed.

The Joy of Work

Our Chairman, Captain Fraser, was the speaker at Kentish Town men's meeting on Sunday afternoon. His subject was "Work," which, he said, was an essential factor in the progress and happiness of humanity. Since the creation, man had realised that only by the use of his physical and intellectual powers could he obtain the necessities of life and make that life worth living. In the institution with which he was so closely connected (St. Dunstan's), the great object had always been to impress those who came back from the war apparently helpless to themselves and their fellow men, that they still possessed the power of self-support, and could be of some use to the community. Each of those thus afflicted wanted to work, so as to be independent of charity, or even of reward for their service to the State. The St. Dunstan system had therefore been to train each man in that occupation which best suited his ability, that he might return to his own home and carry on that employment in the natural way, and not be a permanent resident in any institution. Nearly 2,000 men had been thus trained, and their courage in facing and overcoming their difficulties was an example to their more fortunate fellows, who so easily became discouraged and depressed. This great work could only have been accomplished by the self-sacrifice and devotion of a vast number of sympathisers, who were thus carrying out the teachings and practice of the Nazarene, by doing good amongst their fellows, and thus bringing happiness into the lives of the afflicted as well as into their own. The ultimate destiny of mankind was to reach a level in which there would be a general state of brotherhood between man and man. During the past century much progress had been made in this direction, but there was still a long way to go, and it would only be attained by unselfish devotion to the good of others, as taught by the Man of Nazareth.

Country Life Notes

Laying Contest

IT has been decided to hold a laying contest at King's Langley this autumn, and as every effort will be made to get the Poultry and general Press to give the matter publicity, it is hoped that it will turn out a fine advertisement for all St. Dunstan's poultry farmers.

Owing to limited accommodation, I can only make room for 200 birds, that is, 50 pens of four birds each, so if there are more than 50 entries, places will require to be balloted for.

The competition will run for six months from the beginning of October this year to the end of March 1924, and I suggest it be controlled by a committee of four—one of the officers, one of the men, myself, and one of my staff.

It is proposed to feed the birds on dry mash, and I reserve the right to reject any birds suffering from severe colds or infectious diseases.

Will all the poultry farmers who wish to enter pens kindly let me have their names before the end of this month, so that the necessary steps may be taken to have the committee appointed, and please note that in future all correspondence relating to country life matters should be addressed to me at St. Dunstan's Poultry Farm, King's Langley, Herts.

All other conditions to be decided on by the committee appointed. J. T. B.

An extract from a letter from A. Abram, of Worcester, reads:—"I was present at a concert where I played the clarinet, and during the evening was asked to make a few remarks concerning St. Dunstan's. This I did after some hesitation, and a full account appeared in the local press. A week later I was present at a dance organised to aid St. Dunstan's, and while I was giving a few selections on the clarinet a collection was made, and amounted to £2 14s. There were nearly three hundred present at the dance."

We congratulate Abram both upon the evident demand for his musical services and his address on behalf of the "Family Organisation."

A Golfing St. Dunstaner

[We reproduce the following very interesting article from the "American Golfer." The writer is Harris Turner, who was trained at St. Dunstan's and afterwards went to Canada. He is now a member of the Legislative Assembly of Saskatchewan. It is possible there may be other St. Dunstaners who play the Royal and Ancient game, but whether or no, we are sure our readers will be interested in this breezy account of how the author overcame his own difficulties. We should add that considerations of space have made it necessary for us to condense the article very considerably.—Ed.]

I CANNOT see; no, not so much as a ton of radium if it were balanced on my nose. Yet I must play golf.

Keep your eye on the ball!

That's what they all tell you. It is supposed to be the primary rule of golf. The rejection of that rule as non-essential enables me to play golf.

To play the game under conditions which do not permit the player a sight of the ball, all that is necessary apart from the usual assortment of clubs, balls and supplementary balls, is a caddie. The caddie is important; he must have better eyesight than any other caddie, and he must be bonded against theft, desertion and damage.

The player steps aboard the driving mat with his driver in his left hand, a little swig of damp sand compressed in the palm of his right hand and his ball clutched between the thumb and forefinger of the same hand. With the head of his club he searches the boundaries of the mat. Fortunate it is for him that the mat is set four-square to the course. When he discovers the lie of the forward edge of the mat, he can locate the proper position for his tee: he can build his tee and place the head of his club directly behind it. He must recover his standing position without moving the head of his club; he must take his stance without moving the head of his club. All the man has to do is to hit the ball. He cannot see it. Can he hit it? Of course he can hit it!

He can hit it because the descent of the club-head through its arc is not governed by sight so much as it is controlled by the position of the body and the arms of the player.

Smack! Sight is not necessary to gauge the effect of one's stroke. A bad shot is quite as audible as it is visible.

Smack! One hundred and fifty yards clear up the fairway! Not much of a drive you say, but we are playing against average men, and average men leave most records unbroken after a day on the links. The ball has direction; the caddie can find it; it is enough.

Let us now presume that the sightless player has reached the point from which he must make his approach on to the green. It is the most terrible task of all.

Player: "How far is it to the hole?"

Caddie: "About fifty yards."

Opponent: "Seventy-five yards."

Spectator: "One hundred yards."

This happens every time. All three are honest, but two are badly mistaken. The player has no means of knowing which is the expert surveyor and which are the unconscious liars. He must do some lightning calculation. He must add one hundred, seventy-five and fifty together and divide by three. This process gives the impression that an approach of about seventy-five yards should land him in about the right spot. He takes his position again. He points his hand to where he thinks the flag should be. The caddie corrects him. He knows the direction; he knows the distance approximately. He strikes. Click!

Does the ball land on the green? Alas, very seldom. The gauging of distance by process of a mental construction of the ground is a difficult matter. Error creeps in. Generally, speaking only, of course, from personal experience, it takes a sightless player about two strokes more to get on the green than it takes the average sighted player.

We are now about to putt. Putting under the best of conditions is a delicate task. Here is where the player's ears must altogether take the place of his eyes.

If he is deaf, he is damned. The caddie rattles the flag-rod against the iron lining of the hole. Wind is confusing. See the player lend his ear to the task. His left ear almost visibly expands with the intensity of prodigious listening, as the putter stands at right-angle to his objective. He putts. He sinks the ball. Yes, he does; perhaps not the first time nor the second, but sooner or later, and not so much later that it destroys the enjoyment of the game, the indicating ear guides the fretful ball to the place destined for it by the course expert. He has finished the hole.

"What is bogey?"

"Five."

"What did he do it in?"

"More than five."

If I am asked if it is possible to play golf without seeing the ball, I reply that it is. If I am asked if it is possible to enjoy the game, I reply that it is. If I am asked if it is possible to make a good score, I reply that it is, but in the last reply I am making a reservation in regard to the application of the word "good." I have done holes at par, but it must be confessed that it is only with extraordinary luck that a player who is blind can expect to accomplish a round which would compare with the ordinary score of the rough-and-ready player.

Perhaps I have not made it quite clear that all the joys of golf are open to the person who cannot see. He goes through the whole gamut of gruelling sensation experienced by the man who treads the links with clear, determined eyes. He feels the same dire craving to get out and at it again. The same grim determination to beat his own score gets possession of him. When he finds his ball in a secluded dell, he is torn with the same gnawing temptation to cheat himself.

The same urges to profanity get hold upon him. In vain efforts to keep his pipe alight, he wastes the orthodox number of matches. The same savage disgust engulfs him as his strokes multiply and his former best score is approached and passed. He goes through the same bitter loathing for the course. He bites through his pipe-stem with the same ferocity that

seizes the regular golfer when it is finally impressed upon him that he has been outraged by fate.

And so, my friends, it is golf; golf in the dark; golf by ear—but golf. No one but a paralytic need drag through life with his golf appetite unappeased.

Reunions

SCOTLAND

The periodical reunions of Scots St. Dunstaners took place during March, one in Edinburgh and one in Glasgow, for over 100 Scotsmen look to St. Dunstan's as their headquarters. There was the usual pleasant afternoon of social intercourse, an earnest discussion of business matters and an address by Captain Fraser on the present position of affairs. Mr. Kessel was also present, and Mr. Frederick Martin, once a St. Dunstaner, now M.P. for East Aberdeenshire, sent greetings to his late comrades.

Captain Fraser expressed the wishes of all when he said that he hoped such gatherings would become annual functions.

SHEFFIELD

Stephenson's Exchange Café was the scene of the reunion of those St. Dunstaners who have set up for themselves in Sheffield, Doncaster, Barnsley, Chesterfield and Worksop. The meeting was a very jolly one and it would be hard to say which part of it was most enjoyed, Captain Fraser's address, the programme provided by Mr. William Parker, or the very excellent tea.

HULL

A third reunion took place at Hull in order that the St. Dunstan's men settled near (some 70 or more) might have an opportunity of meeting their old comrades and discussing any difficulties with Captain Fraser and Mr. Swain. Here, again, a most interesting and helpful gathering resulted and the men were highly pleased with the chairman's visit and the competitions, &c., provided for their entertainment after business matters had been dealt with.



NEWS OF ST. DUNSTANERS

A Grandson of St. Dunstan's

Among the photographs that have reached us this month comes one from J. Swales, of Middlesbrough, which shows a bonny baby boy, said "to take after his mother." We always wish it were possible to publish these, but expense forbids. Besides, even were the Editor deputed to select only the best-looking, a complete number of the REVIEW would speedily be filled, so many of St. Dunstan's babies being accredited beauties, as is proved by their record at baby shows!

Under Big Ben

An evening at the House of Commons has lately become quite a popular amusement, if one to be shared only by those near town, as a rule. A. C. Evans, of Newport, happening to be in London recently, strolled in, found the way made smooth for a St. Dunstaner, and was lucky enough to be actually in the gallery when Mr. Martin made his maiden speech. We are glad to know that Evans is finding plenty to do, his basket work keeping him busy.

Help in Selling

From J. R. Green, of Holbeach, one of our netters, comes one of the kind of letters it is a pleasure to receive; nothing helps those at headquarters like an expression of appreciation of our efforts to keep home workers regularly employed. Oddly enough, although Green lives where farms are all around him, there is not a fruit net on any one of them. "Hence," he ends, "were it not for the selling department established at St. Dunstan's, I should be badly off for orders indeed."

A Useful Order

The congratulations of mat-makers in general will go to R. Pidcock, Nottingham, who has just been lucky enough to secure

a repair order from the Council Schools. Such things, even when comparatively small in themselves, often lead to further work. We hope it may be so in Pidcock's case.

A Year's Contract

Not many of our basket-makers have the good fortune to secure contracts lasting for twelve months, but this was the piece of prosperity that came the way of A. H. Rodgers, of Barrow-on-Furness a year ago. The work was unusual, too—the re-casting of spirit jars. Suppose other manipulators of cane try what their local brewers can offer?

Pigs for Profit

Some little time ago M. Brown, of Co. Durham, came to the conclusion that there was money to be made out of pigs, and now he has made a start in this line with four pedigree animals. As he is going into the business in a thoroughly practical manner, with every intention of keeping himself abreast of his subject, we are confident that his hopes and ambitions will be realised, and shall hope to receive a practical article from him on the subject in due course. No doubt others will wish to follow now that Brown has blazed a trail.

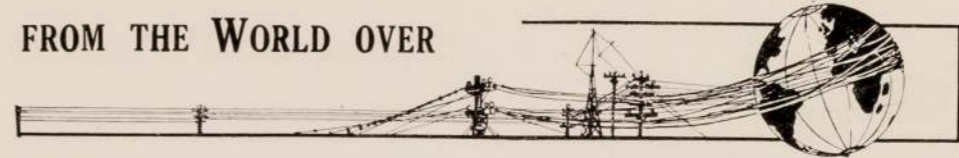
C.C. Orders

Another Durham man with ambition is H. Nelson, whose poultry are proving a great success. He has worked up a nice little connection and has, we are glad to note, secured some good orders from the Durham County Council.

Exercise for Health

Now that the prospect of good weather is before us, it behoves scattered St. Dunstaners to bethink themselves as to how they can increase their prospects of getting exercise, for there is nothing else that better banishes dull care. J.

FROM THE WORLD OVER



Lever, of Pendleton, one of those busy on clogs, has been considering this point. Having a Harrier Club near by offers him fine opportunity. We hope to hear that he has seized it, and is on the way to become a record-breaker.

More Land

Among the busiest of our men at present is A. Smith, of West Hartlepool, who has just had the luck to get hold of an additional piece of land in a convenient locality and is now turning his attention to improving that as he has improved his farm. We are glad to hear his poultry are rewarding him for the close attention he has given.

Good Workshops

If a competition could be organised for "the best-kept workshop," W. Holmes, we think, would enter for the prize. His little hut gives evidence of the pride he takes in it, and now he is seeking fresh fields to conquer. If he succeeds in his ambition to start selling in the open market at Bishop Auckland, we have no doubt that his stall will look as attractive as does his hut.

Neck-and-neck in the race with Holmes is J. Spencer, of Leicester, who has just had the outside of his shop painted. The little place looks first-rate, we hear. "It is always beautifully kept and a credit to St. Dunstan's," says our informant. Congratulations!

From Ireland

By the way, all friends of P. Dunn, of Kilkenny, will be glad to hear that he sent over a St. Patrick's Day letter, together with a photograph of himself in a bath-chair with a remarkably pretty sister standing beside him. He says that he is getting on well.

Tomatoes

Our list of tomato-growers is increasing. F. Marsden, of Lincs, has just completed a fine greenhouse over 40 feet in length and fitted with heating apparatus.

Advertising Help

A firm believer in the power of advertisement is E. J. Thompson, of Letchworth, and, perhaps in consequence, he finds himself going on well with his mats. Others might adopt his methods. Thompson has had some large cards framed and exhibits these in the windows of various obliging shopkeepers. May the notices continue to bring as much trade in the future as they have done in the past.

Smart Stallholders

Speaking of the power of advertisement reminds us of the joint venture of C. Negus and A. Billingham. The two have joined forces and are taking a very active part in an exhibition being held in Northampton. Perhaps one of the stallholders will let us have a little account of any adventures or interesting happenings? The best part of such exhibitions is that, on account of the advertisement they give, orders often come in long afterwards.

[As we go to press comes word that the effort has been a decided success. Negus says that he could have sold three times the number of baskets he had prepared.—ED.]

Well Started

The good wishes of all poultry-farmers will go to W. Barnes, of Bradford, who, after long waiting and much effort, has at length succeeded in getting the necessary land to enable him to make a start.

The housing problem is acute everywhere, but particularly bad in Bradford, where, according to Barnes, there were no less than 600 applicants for a single place! Barnes should do well with poultry, for he

is very keen, and has the luck to have a fourteen-year old son to help him.

More Poultry Farmers

A. Urry, of Hull, is another who is setting up as a poultry farmer, but he intends to keep to netting as a side-line, and A. Sneddon, of Lanark, is facing the coming months with a new interest, having at last been able to secure a couple of acres near his home, so that he too will add to the egg-productiveness of the nation.

"A Nice Little Place"

Speaking of the housing shortage brings us to H. Porter, of Southampton, for he, after two years of effort, has at last succeeded in getting a nice little place. He tells us that it really is "suitable for a St. Dunstan's man." We hope that he will be very happy in the new home.

A Partnership

Another St. Dunstaner who has made a move is J. Palmer, once of St. Johns Wood, now of Glasgow. We send him best wishes for success in a new venture, as he is arranging to take up a green-grocery round with a friend.

Laying Records

How many of our poultry-farmers keep individual records of the laying of each hen? W. H. Wright, of Chesterfield, says it is well worth while. He has some fine chickens and his hens are laying extraordinarily well. The success, we know, is well-deserved, for Wright puts his best effort into all he does.

A Universal Provider!

Another who is always busy is A. Turrell, of Yorkshire, but then he has three strings to his bow—poultry, mats and netting—to say nothing of a very capable and energetic wife!

A New Job

The good wishes of all St. Dunstaners will go to D. Griffie, of Bristol, who, after a spell of unemployment, has at length started work again as a telephonist on a very promising job with a firm that has an excellent reputation for the way it treats

its employees. We are sure that Griffie will spare no pains to be worthy of his good fortune.

Exhibiting

One who deserves luck is J. Buckle of Grimston, who is sending some baskets to an exhibition that is to be held in Lynn in May. We are sure he will have success and shall hope to be able to record a veritable list of prizes and "highly commendeds" in our June number.

A Solus Site.

Another mat-maker, but one who is about to sell baskets in addition to making mats, is A. J. Radford, who has just moved to Malmesbury. He ought to have a fine chance, for there is not a basket worker in the district, and the neighbourhood is a good one. Radford is starting off with energy, and we should not be at all surprised to hear very shortly that he has taken a prize for the excellence of his window display—if luck sends a competition of that kind his way.

"A Sister to Assist Him"

A St. Dunstaner who has discovered the necessity for order in all things is H. E. Robinson, of Pontefract, who, as a result of his excellent method of arranging his stock, is able to serve his customers in a very deft and capable manner. In his starting he has had most valuable assistance from a sister. While we wish her all luck and happiness in the marriage we hear she is about to make, we realise that the loss of her will be serious to Robinson. May it be that she will be able to live near him!

Doing Well

A recent letter tells us that J. T. Waldin, of Winchester, is getting along very well and has plenty of boot repairing work. A visitor came to his shop the other day and said to Waldin, "I have brought two gentlemen to see the cleverest little monkey in Winchester work" (meaning Waldin). The visitors, we learn, were very much impressed with Waldin's quickness and accuracy. No wonder boot repairs are plentiful for this St. Dunstaner.

The Leisure Hour

BY HOROS

THE starting of this column has received already a ready welcome from my readers, and it seems, to judge from the correspondence the Editor has received, that many St. Dunstaners were only waiting for a helpful lead to take up chess seriously.

The following query has been received and being of general interest is printed with the answer. I shall be happy at all times to deal in this column with any difficulties that may beset the road to acquiring skill in the most fascinating of all table games.

The White Queen checked the Black King. A Black Bishop immediately slipped between the two pieces, so covering. Incidentally, this Bishop also gave check to the White King. The question asked was whether (since the Bishop could not move from his place, as if he did he would uncover check on his own King) check was really given by him.

The answer is "Yes," and White King was, therefore, compelled to move.

Position:—

White King. A.H. (on castle or rook's square).
 White pawn on 2G.
 White pawn on 3H.
 White pawn on 5D.
 Black Bishop 5E.
 White pawn 6C.
 White castle (or rook) 7D.
 White Queen 7F.
 Black King 8C.
 Black castle 8F.
 Black castle 8H.

White to play, giving check-mate in 2 moves.

Solution:—

1. White castle from D.7 to D.8 (check to King.)
 Black King from C.8 to D.8 (taking Wh. castle).

2. White Queen from F.7 to D.7 Check-mate.

(Note.—Instructions as to the setting out of the problems were given in our March number.)

Carry On

IF you make a mess of things,
 Carry on.
 Birds must learn to use their wings,
 Carry on.

Just at first they cannot fly,
 Later on they have to try—
 If they do not, they will die.
 Carry on.

Are you up against it bad?
 Carry on.

What's the use of looking sad?
 Carry on.

Sweep away all doubt and gloom,
 Use on them your newest broom,
 At the top there's plenty room.
 Carry on.

If your work be any good,
 Carry on.
 Though it's only chopping wood,
 Carry on.
 It will be well worth the hire,
 Someone's got to light the fire,
 And, anon, you may aspire.
 Carry on.

When your work is getting light,
 Carry on.
 Soon will come the dark'ning night,
 Carry on.
 Then, when twilight shadows fall,
 You will hear the gracious call,
 "Brother, there is room for all."
 Carry on.

THIRD RESERVE.

"What a boy you are for asking questions," said the exasperated father. "I'd like to know what would have happened if I'd asked as many questions when I was a boy."

"Perhaps," suggested the young hopeful, "you'd have been able to answer some of mine."



SPORTS CLUB NOTES

OUR luck has been out completely as regards Saturday sports this term. The few fine days we have had have not succeeded in drying our ground sufficiently, and so our games have had to be postponed. I hope to report better progress next term.

FOOTBALL COMPETITION

We have managed to keep our footballers in active service, and the competition has been played through, with the exceptions of the Saints and Lodgers match, and that between the Saints and Terrace Ramblers. In the latter case, two points have been awarded to the Ramblers, who turned up twice to play off their game, but the Saints evidently found it impossible to play. The final results leave the Oddfellows as champions, and they have succeeded in bringing the cup from St. John's Lodge to Cornwall Terrace after a long stay at the Lodge. We heartily congratulate the Oddfellows upon their success. They have played consistently all through, and their record is an excellent one, for our competitions are quite strenuous, and it is no small thing to lead the table. I hope that Mr. Finch and G. Zipfel will accept our best thanks for their splendid play in goal. They have contributed largely to the success of our competition, and have not been afraid of the wet and mud which frequently accompanied the ball on its journey from the kicker's boot to the net! Shower-baths of mud are not exactly pleasant!

RESULTS FROM 12TH MARCH.

Date	Match	Goals
March 12th	Kellydonians v. Terrace Ramblers	5-1
March 20th	Saints v. Lodgers	3-1
March 20th	Oddfellows v. Terrace Ramblers	7-4
March 20th	Lodgers v. Oak Villa	5-3
March 22nd	Oddfellows v. Lodgers	3-3
March 22nd	Kellydonians v. Saints	2-2
March 26th	Oddfellows v. Oak Villa	5-4
March 27th	Terrace Ramblers v. Kellydonians	4-3

FINAL LEAGUE TABLE.

Name.	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals		
					For	Agt.	Pts.
1. Oddfellows	10	6	1	3	41	28	15
2. Terrace Rambls.	10	6	3	1	34	33	13
3. Oak Villa	10	4	3	3	40	35	11
4. Kellydonians	10	3	4	3	30	32	9
5. Lodgers	9	1	5	3	28	37	5
6. Saints	9	1	5	3	22	30	5

LEADING GOAL SCORERS.

T.B.	Goals.	S.S.	Goals
E. Dawes	10	H. Prior	18
W. Boorman	8	H. Smy	15
E. Turnock	7	H. Baker	12
A. Kelly	6	J. Halloran	11
P. McGloin	5	F. McMahon	10
T. Ashe	5	A. Coman	9
H. Northgreaves	3	T. Annis	9
A. Mason	3	E. Pearson	7
J. Griffiths	3	C. Aldridge	6
W. Lowings	3	G. Anderson	6
H. Chafer	3	G. Wootley	5
A. Lillie	2	A. Dean	5
A. Chiverton	2	E. Ling	5
F. Pawley	2	B. Inman	2
K. Howes	2	W. Muir	2
		J. Cookson	2

ROWING

The Editor was most kind in mentioning the fact in last month's issue that unfortunately our match with Toc H. had to be postponed indefinitely at the last moment. Our crew were doing quite well until the last week before the match, when stroke and bow had to leave the boat, bow being through illness. It was impossible at such a late hour to replace these men with trained oarsmen, and we were compelled reluctantly to postpone the race until next term.

We do thank Mr. Finch for all the joyous work he has put in. He has taken a real interest in our rowing and I know our boys have richly profited by his coaching.

JERKS

The cold and wet mornings are not too attractive for early rising, but quite a number of our boys have managed to put in maximum attendances during the term.

The following have not missed except in the cases of sickness or leave:—

W. Chafer, C. Aldridge, J. Jerrard, T. Ashe, K. Howes, W. Hill, A. Coman, J. Roylance, W. Ellinson, B. Inman, G. Wootley, G. Gilpin, H. Boorman, H. Prior, J. Wittingham, W. Farmery, J. Papps, J. Halloran, J. Davis, E. Dawes, W. Lowings, A. Chiverton, H. Mann, J. Griffiths, F. Pawley, G. Matthews, G. Wilshaw, G. Chappell, H. Wood.

BOAT RACE

The Cambridge president and the Constitutional Club, Putney, were most kind in granting us tickets for the following launches and the clubhouse respectively. The men who were fortunate enough to attend had a thoroughly good time and quite an exciting experience. The day was beautifully fine, the only thing that spoilt it being that Oxford won! Had Cambridge only realised that there were a number of St. Dunstan's enthusiasts in the following launch sporting light-blue favours—well! they might have bucked up! Next year we must let them know we are there!

E.W.

The splendid example of Sergeant Bowen, who, it will be remembered, was admitted to the Bar last year, is being followed by another St. Dunstanian in the person of G. R. Tregent, an Australian, who was trained at St. Dunstan's after being blinded in France. He has now just succeeded in passing his second year in law, and this has been achieved in spite of many difficulties overcome which are described in detail in an article in the HERALD of Melbourne, which we regret we have not space to quote in full, but from which we append the concluding paragraph:

"Whether the name of Tregent will become prominent in the legal world is a matter for the Fates to decide. But if determination and ability count for anything, the blind digger will go far. His is a well-developed mind; his conversation betokens the thinker and student."

Crowing Cocks and Flying Hens

DOUBTLESS our trained poultry-farmers need no hints on how to overcome worries connected with crowing cocks or flying hens, but those who are simply keeping a few fowls as a hobby, may find the following notes of use.

It is astonishing how crusty people can get over a crowing cock, and, unreasonable as it may seem to some of us, they have the law on their side. We are not allowed to permit our birds to become a public nuisance. Further, if our hens fly over into a neighbouring garden, pull up plants, scratch out seeds, we are responsible for the damage.

Those of us who keep heavy breeds escape most of the trespassing hen trouble. It is the Leghorns, the Anconas, and the Minorcas that are at times too flighty.

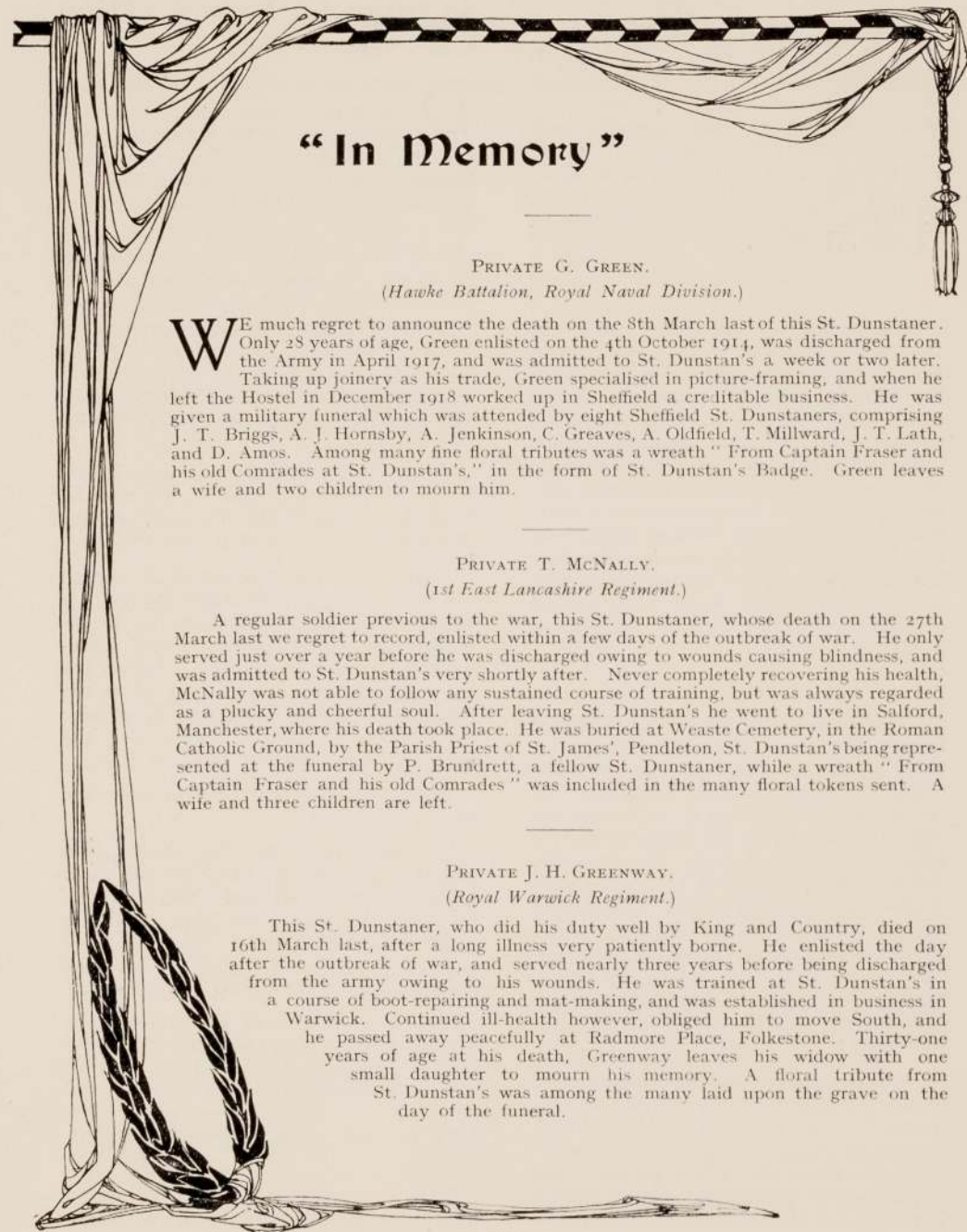
Well, there is a cure for that. Catch the flyers, and, spreading out the feathers of one wing, cut with scissors five or six of the long flight feathers, about three-quarters of the way down. Leave the three end feathers uncut and when the bird folds its wing, after you have done the cutting you won't notice that the wing has been tampered with at all.

There is a cure for the cock-crowing worry, too.

You know, of course, that when a cock prepares to crow, he stretches his neck to its fullest extent and then, and not till then, he hurls his glad challenge to the world in general and any other cockerel in particular. Stop him stretching his neck and you stop him crowing!

Suspend a board, or a piece of wire netting, a foot above the perch where the rooster spends his nights, and as soon as he goes to stretch his neck to crow, his comb will hit the board or netting and down he will duck his head without crowing.

Thus you and your unneighbourly neighbours get peace, at nights at least.



"In Memory"

PRIVATE G. GREEN.
(Hawke Battalion, Royal Naval Division.)

WE much regret to announce the death on the 8th March last of this St. Dunstan. Only 28 years of age, Green enlisted on the 4th October 1914, was discharged from the Army in April 1917, and was admitted to St. Dunstan's a week or two later. Taking up joinery as his trade, Green specialised in picture-framing, and when he left the Hostel in December 1918 worked up in Sheffield a creditable business. He was given a military funeral which was attended by eight Sheffield St. Dunstaners, comprising J. T. Briggs, A. J. Hornsby, A. Jenkinson, C. Greaves, A. Oldfield, T. Millward, J. T. Lath, and D. Amos. Among many fine floral tributes was a wreath "From Captain Fraser and his old Comrades at St. Dunstan's," in the form of St. Dunstan's Badge. Green leaves a wife and two children to mourn him.

PRIVATE T. McNALLY.
(1st East Lancashire Regiment.)

A regular soldier previous to the war, this St. Dunstan, whose death on the 27th March last we regret to record, enlisted within a few days of the outbreak of war. He only served just over a year before he was discharged owing to wounds causing blindness, and was admitted to St. Dunstan's very shortly after. Never completely recovering his health, McNally was not able to follow any sustained course of training, but was always regarded as a plucky and cheerful soul. After leaving St. Dunstan's he went to live in Salford, Manchester, where his death took place. He was buried at Weaste Cemetery, in the Roman Catholic Ground, by the Parish Priest of St. James', Pendleton, St. Dunstan's being represented at the funeral by P. Brundrett, a fellow St. Dunstan, while a wreath "From Captain Fraser and his old Comrades" was included in the many floral tokens sent. A wife and three children are left.

PRIVATE J. H. GREENWAY.
(Royal Warwick Regiment.)

This St. Dunstan, who did his duty well by King and Country, died on 16th March last, after a long illness very patiently borne. He enlisted the day after the outbreak of war, and served nearly three years before being discharged from the army owing to his wounds. He was trained at St. Dunstan's in a course of boot-repairing and mat-making, and was established in business in Warwick. Continued ill-health however, obliged him to move South, and he passed away peacefully at Radmore Place, Folkestone. Thirty-one years of age at his death, Greenway leaves his widow with one small daughter to mourn his memory. A floral tribute from St. Dunstan's was among the many laid upon the grave on the day of the funeral.

Our Raw Materials

This article forms the first of a series which we shall publish dealing with the sources of supply, methods of preparation, and the varieties of the raw materials used in the industries followed by St. Dunstaners.

Cane and Willow

THOSE of us who make baskets, or re-seat chairs, have learnt that all we have to do when a new supply of material is required is to write to headquarters. When the bundle comes back by return delivery we accept its appearance as a natural result and our interest in the cane begins only when we handle it. If we knew a little more about its origin perhaps the arrival of a bundle of cane would not be merely a routine happening, but an event which would send the thoughts flying at least to the country, if not across the world.

Soon after basket making was firmly established as a St. Dunstan's industry the difficulties of obtaining the necessary supplies of willows, of a good uniform quality, and properly sorted, became insurmountable. To solve the problem it was decided to grow our own. Accordingly, a farm was purchased in Oxfordshire and 14 acres of this were immediately planted with Black Mauls, Long Bud and Dicky Meadows, these being the varieties of willows best suited to the needs of St. Dunstan's men. As 20,000 plants are required for each acre of land, and each has to be set by hand in perfectly straight rows, even this is no light task to undertake. Another sixteen acres are now being prepared and yet more land will be taken in until all our requirements are met. After the willows have been cut, they have to be prepared for use, and this too is a process requiring skill as well as time. They have to be pitted, peeled, dried and sorted into various sizes. Those who pass from workshop to workshop at St. Dunstan's may see a little of the process on their way.

A young plantation of "willows" needs a good deal of attention for the first year or so, as good crops cannot be obtained unless the ground is kept clean.

This necessitates frequent hoeing in spring and summer, and good hard digging in the winter. Then, every 20 or 25 years, the old roots have to be grubbed out and new planted.

In some parts of England certain families have held and planted their willow farms for 200 years and more.

When cut from heads in the "bed," as the plantation is called, rods are known as "green," when they have been sorted, cured and dried, they are called "brown," and after peeling, "white." If the rods are boiled before being peeled the tannin in the bark colours them and these are the rods we know as "buff."

Oddly enough, each part of the country has its own system of bunching rods. In some districts the willows are sold by the bolt, which means a bundle measuring 40 inches round about nine inches from the base. In the North and Midlands they prefer to sell their oisiers by weight.

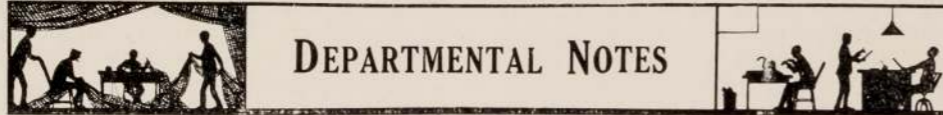
In tropical countries various other materials are used in place of willow, rattan, for instance, which grows luxuriantly in India, Ceylon, China, Australia, and Africa, where, in dense forests, it creeps or trails to an enormous length; growths five or six hundred feet in length being nothing unusual. The natives prepare these canes for the market in a most primitive manner; they pull the cut plant through a notch in a tree, so stripping off the leaves. This rattan can be split into fine strips, so is used for many purposes in addition to basket work. The Chinese even make whole houses of it! Sometimes rattan is used for the ribs of cheap umbrellas, sometimes, too, harness makers accept it as a substitute for whalebone. In the country districts of Spain ox-wains of basket work can still be seen.

Bamboo is yet another substance used

in basket work, particularly by the Eastern peoples. It grows to a height of 120 feet, with stems four to eight inches in diameter, and can be easily split into fine threads of even thickness. In fact there is no end to the variety of materials used by different nationalities. Some people make baskets from grass, others from the leaves of plants, while in the far north the roots

of such trees as the spruce and larch are called in when a shortage of other things is apparent.

Chair-cane, as we know it, is the flinty skin of whole cane made into skeins. Pulp cane is obtained by drawing the central pith (after the chair cane has been removed) through cylinders and so shaping it into rods of different sizes.



DEPARTMENTAL NOTES

Netting Notes

String containers, made of coloured macrame, and fitted with half-pound balls of twine, have found such a ready sale during the last two years, that we have now developed this notion in another direction. Garden raffia is in constant demand, not only by everybody who has a garden, but also by town dwellers who are fond of growing potted plants indoors, or who possess a greenhouse. We have observed that the usual raffia sold for tying up plants and flowers is supplied only in twists of irregular length that get very tangled. Our string container is fitted with a neat ball of green raffia, which has been so prepared that all knots and irregularities are eliminated, thus making the material much more handy and economical. Each ball yields two hundred and fifty yards of raffia, and is sold complete in a pretty coloured container for 2s. As the containers are made by our severely disabled fellows, including the one-handed workers, we hope that this pretty and useful article will soon be in keen demand.

G. H. W.

Braille Room

Our heartiest congratulations to the following men on having passed their Braille reading and writing tests:—

Reading: W. H. Hill, H. R. Prior and H. Smy.

Writing: G. H. Wootley and F. Glover.

Although Braille books are so bulky it is sometimes easy to mislay them and

even to forget that one has ever had them. Will our Braille readers do a bit of excavating such as is going on in Egypt at the present time, and there is no knowing what ancient and valuable books may be found. Recently we had returned to us two volumes dating from the first era of St. Dunstan's; this should be a great encouragement to others in their excavations. All finds to be sent to Miss Pain, Braille Room, Headquarters of St. Dunstan's Work, Regent's Park, London, N.W.

D. A. P.

Typewriting, Shorthand and Telephony

We sincerely congratulate the following men on having passed their typewriting test:—

E. V. Dawes, C. Wilshaw and G. H. Gilpin.

W. Robinson has obtained a post as telephonist to the Journal of Commerce, Liverpool. We wish him every success in his new work.

D. A. P.

It has been suggested to us that a column in the REVIEW should be reserved for small advertisements of the Exchange and Mart type, which would form a medium for our readers to effect exchanges and sales of articles for which they have no further use. We shall be glad to devote such space as we can afford in the REVIEW for this purpose if our readers evidence a desire for the inclusion of this new feature.

NEWS FROM THE WORKSHOPS AND STORES



BOOT SHOP

H. R. PRIOR is making very steady progress, and turns out quite a good job for the time he has been under instruction. We anticipate that he will make a good workman. A pair of children's boots, soled and heeled, by J. J. Jerrard show a very marked advance in all parts of the work. The edges particularly are nice and square, and the whole job was very solid. J. Melling is still working well, and has improved considerably in marking and riveting. He has also been successful in overcoming some of his difficulties. Since his return J. E. Parnell has profited considerably by instruction, and is making satisfactory progress with his work generally. C. H. Aldridge gets a good finish and square edges, but has not yet reached the standard we expected.

CLOG SHOP

A. Lillie to be commended for the considerable improvement he is making all round. He has made very good use of his time during the last three months.

MAT SHOP

A. E. Coman made a mat with five-diamonds which was quite on the right lines, his thrumming, cutting and bordering being good. W. A. H. Farmery's test mat was a good piece of work. It was made well throughout, and was of good appearance. K. J. Howes is getting a much better idea of thrumming and cutting, and is doing his very best to reach a good standard.

BASKET SHOP

On centre-cane work, McGloin has been having experience with work baskets, teapot stands, barrels, and waste-papers, and has made some improvement all round.

Since his return W. Buckle has made a square hamper, dog bed and several oval baskets, and has shown very satis-

factory improvement in his work. J. W. Roylance has also done square and oval clothes baskets, and some round oiled linens. His last oval basket showing a very marked improvement. J. Papps has had experience with hampers, several picnic baskets, and also square arms, and a plate basket, the siding of which was very good. We have been pleased to see J. A. Dunlop for a month. He did remarkably well with some oval work, and took the opportunity of adding to his knowledge in the way of making centre-cane tea trays, and teapot stands. J. Cope returned to us for a month, and he is to be thoroughly congratulated on the excellent use he made of his time. During this period he made round arms, barrels, square arms, cycle baskets, oval arms and picnic baskets, reaching a high standard of work.

JOINERS' SHOP

W. Hunt has commenced his elementary experience, and shows great progress—his work being neat and carefully carried out. H. Jacklin has had poultry farmers' experience, and is now continuing with a course of joinery. He shows great promise. J. Lovell is making very steady progress with his early experience with joinery, and we anticipate that he will develop quite well. C. E. Bolton has returned for a further course of instruction in advanced joinery. He is making a very good sample of step ladder.

PROFICIENCY CERTIFICATES

The following have been issued during last month:—

Dean, A. (boots).

Urry, A. (baskets).

Northcote, A. (mats).

W. H. O.

We direct the attention of all St. Dunstan's poultry farmers to the announcement by the Country Life Superintendent, which appears on another page of this issue.



CHAPEL NOTES

It is always a sad experience to reach the end of term, because it means frequently that we are going to lose some of our boys, who are leaving for settling purposes. This term quite a number have gone. Many were such faithful attenders at the chapel that they will be greatly missed. However, they know that they carry away with them our best wishes for their success, and a realisation that they are regularly remembered at the Throne of Grace.

Our last service of term was splendidly attended, and it was nice to have one or two of the old boys present, with their wives.

May I thank the chapel sisters and our organist for their enthusiastic help throughout the term, it is exceedingly helpful to have such wholehearted co-operation.

E. W.

Births

On December 23rd, 1922, to the wife of H. A. DAKIN, of Peckham, a daughter.

On February 11th, to the wife of H. GRAHAM, of Holloway, a daughter.

On February 16th, to Mr. and Mrs. COOPER, of Hull, a daughter (Margaret Elsie).

On February 18th, to the wife of J. MARTIN, of Cornwall, a daughter.

On February 24th, to the wife of H. JACKLIN, of Nottingham, a son.

On March 3rd, to the wife of P. SHERIDAN, of Glasgow, a son.

On March 7th, to the wife of T. SPEED, of Wimbledon, a son.

On March 10th, to the wife of J. McFARLANE, of Camberwell, a daughter.

On March 11th, to the wife of C. H. WHEELER, of St. Albans, a daughter.

On March 14th, to the wife of H. IRVINE, of Glasgow, a son.

On March 19th, to the wife of S. N. KEMP, of Cornwall, a son.

On March 21st, to the wife of P. MAYNARD, of Henfield, a daughter.

On March 23rd, to the wife of A. GRIBBEN, of Belfast, a son.

On March 23rd, to the wife of F. SESSMAN, of Oldham, a son.

On March 24th, to the wife of W. G. HERITAGE, of Banbury, a daughter.

On March 23rd, to the wife of J. T. LATH, of Sheffield, a son.

On March 25th, to the wife of W. GIRLING, of Northampton, a daughter.

On March 25th, to the wife of E. TOFTS, of London, a son.

On March 28th, to the wife of R. NOBLE, of Middlesbrough, a son.

On March 30th, to the wife of P. C. SPURGEON, of Essex, a son.

Baptism

On Sunday, April 8th, at St. Dunstan's Chapel, John Alfred, son of Alfred Henry and Grace Esther James.

Marriages

LEA—BASHFORD.—On March 10th, at Bournemouth, H. LEA to Miss BASHFORD.

HAWLOW—THORNE.—On Easter Monday at Christ Church, Forest Hill, EDWARD JAMES HAWLOW to Miss ALICE MAUD THORNE.

Deaths

We send our deep sympathy this month to Michael McFarlane, of Montreal, who lost his wife on February 3rd after an illness of fifteen months' duration. Those of St. Dunstan's men who were at the Blackheath Annexe will doubtless remember Mrs. McFarlane, and join with us in offering sympathy to McFarlane in his bereavement.

Another who is in sorrow is T. Milner, of Liverpool, who finds it difficult to take up life again after the loss of a much-loved sister, who died very suddenly upon her return from a dance. We realise that in

More about Rabbits

FEELING sure that a number of St. Dunstaners will wish to go in for utility rabbit keeping after reading H. Boorman's interesting article in our last issue we give some further notes on the subject, taken from "The Small Holder."

Have Your Rabbits Tame

In rabbit keeping, tameness of stock is a very important point. Young rabbits that are destined for stock purposes, whether to sell young or for your own rearing, you will handle well right from the time that they leave the nest. When rabbits are to be sold young, the purchaser always likes an animal that can be handled readily and he invariably chooses these before the others.

Handle your youngsters as tenderly as possible and when you have occasion to lift them, do it *properly*. If once you hurt a youngster, whether through carelessness or accident, the confidence of the youngster is to a certain extent lost. Regular handling does not mean that you need devote a *lot* of time to that business. It simply means that once a day you should stroke every rabbit—fattening animals excepted—that you possess. Two or three seconds per animal will suffice capably. Remember that a scare of any kind tells directly against tameness, so do be always on guard against rats, mice and mischievous cats and dogs.

If one of your young rabbits does get a scare your best plan, if you can manage it, is to place it with others that are quite docile. The youngster will generally calm down. Always feed regularly, too, if you want your animals to be tame.

Never allow interference by strangers who know little or nothing about rabbits.

The Right Sort of Rabbit Skin

Pelt production or, to put it more plainly, the rearing of rabbits for their fur pelts, is one of the numerous branches of rabbit-keeping that many people are taking up. It is a sound, money-making proposition, too, and worthy of more followers than it has at present.

addition to his loss Milner also suffered shock and wish we had words to give that would ease his sorrow.

To Mr. and Mrs. McDonald, of Glasgow, all who know them will offer sincere condolence, for on Friday, 2nd March, they lost their little boy, who wandered off and fell into the river. His body could not be found. The blow occasioned by such a loss can only be realised fully by those who have themselves been bereaved of a child, but the sudden tragedy of this happening must be felt by all.

Just as we are going to press comes word that yet another name must be added to the list of those to whom we send sympathy. F. Mowtell, of Cramlington, has just lost his father, to whom he was a most devoted son. We know that this will leave a terrible blank in Mowtell's life, and that the next few months particularly will make a great demand upon his courage.

Wireless Enthusiasts

THE list of wireless enthusiasts is ever-growing and to it can now be added the names C. H. E. Ellis, W. H. J. Oxenham, G. D. Warden, J. Doubler, H. C. Ollington, W. C. Smith (of Melbourne) and M. A. Hutchinson, who has been helped through the initial difficulties by the East London Radio Company, a member of which has told Hutchinson to communicate with him at once should anything go wrong.

This enthusiast started out with a crystal set, found it not entirely satisfactory, and changed to a valve set, with which he is getting excellent results.

We hope that none among the foregoing are "wanted by the wireless police" (!), but several amateurs seem to be in trouble according to the press. There have been a couple of appealing notices in the "agony column" of *The Times*, concerning a villain supposed to be near Hyde Park, who interferes with other people's receptions; while another criminal, referred to as the "wireless forger," has been misusing the call sign of a well-known amateur transmitter of Liverpool.

With pelt production there is something else that goes with it to help swell the profits and that is flesh production—for where there is a pelt there is also flesh. The flesh alone practically pays for the expenses of the business and the pelts give a clear profit.

Now, we are going to imagine that you are going to take up pelt production and we will try to show you how to make good at it.

First of all, you want to get your quarters ready for the animals that you buy. And, of course, you should be well provided with rabbit food and feeding implements.

Always stick to the one breed you have selected until you thoroughly understand it; then see what you can do with others.

Having secured good stock, be prepared to feed them well and regularly, for proper feeding is necessary if the fur is to grow to perfection.

You will generally find that preference is given to pelts from animals six months or so old.

Do not count on selling them sooner because, up to this age, moulting is going on and the pelt that shows even the slightest sign of moult is not wanted by the furrier. It is just as well, then, before you kill any animal, to examine the fur most carefully for moulting signs.

Now for the killing. Starve your animals for 12 hours before killing them, and when you do kill them stun them first with a blow on the back of the neck and bleed them, but keep the blood off the coat.

When you skin, first slit the skin down the centre of the animal's belly, then from this cut up the inner side of each leg. When the skin is loose upon the rear of the carcass you will find it handy to hang up the carcass by one hind leg and then draw off the skin, pulling towards the head.

Always skin while the carcass is still warm. Cleanse the skin of adhering fat, flesh or blood and then tack it out carefully on a door to dry well.

From the Chairman's Postbag

Appended are extracts from two interesting letters received by Captain Fraser recently:—

King's Langley.

Having had read with interest in this month's REVIEW the record of a fellow St. Dunstaner's Rhode Island Red hen, I thought that I should like you to know the record of one of my own Reds, which is 102 eggs in 105 days, the bird having missed laying on the 43rd, 79th and 105th days.

The record of a pen of twenty-four Rhode Island Reds for twelve months' laying was 5,377 eggs, these birds I have now divided into my breeding pens. Other records that I should like to quote are 607 eggs from 24 White Wyandotte pullets in one month. The total number of eggs from my birds for one year ending 31st December 1922 was 23,560. Having been started poultry two years, I have now 200 laying birds, after having disposed of 90 pullets between November and January. My housing accommodation now is for 450 laying birds. My incubator capacity is for 380 eggs, hatches coming off weekly until end of season. Already this season I have nearly 300 chicks; I hope to rear from 250 to 300 pullets for myself and others for sale. All my produce is sold to private customers, therefore I get the best retail prices. This is due to the energy of my wife, who delivers all my produce. Many thanks for the book on the life of our late Chief, which I have had read to me, and I think is very interesting.

I look forward to having the REVIEW each month, as it keeps one in touch with what others are doing. In this month's issue a book called "Kitchener's Shakespeare" was mentioned, and could be obtained by men who had not already had one, so I should be glad if I could have one. Trusting that many letters will be received about the records of men's birds, as they can be compared, and I think that it makes poultry-farming interesting.

(Signed) E. H. CARPENTER.

From Australia J. Lloyd writes:—

"... I have much pleasure in acknowledging receipt of your letter conveying best wishes for the New Year. In fact, I have intended writing to you for a long time, and must apologise for not having done so before.

"Well, to begin with, we had a very pleasant trip from Melbourne back to Australia, where we were met by one of the members of the After-Care of Western Australia. After a brief holiday spent in renewing acquaintance with friends and relatives, we settled down to work on our little poultry farm. We have succeeded in raising nearly 200 head of poultry, and are expecting to get some return from

them very shortly. We hope to increase this number considerably next season.

"I went down to Fremantle to see G. Barr go through on his way to Adelaide, and spent a few hours with him on the ship, when he told me of all the latest news at St. Dunstan's. He had had a pleasant trip across and was looking forward to getting back home.

(Signed) J. LLOYD."

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.]

A. M. NICHOLS, *Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hairdresser,*
Beauty Specialist

Chiropodist and Tobacconist,

5 STATION PARADE, SEVENOAKS, KENT.

Telephone: 402 Sevenoaks.

Telegrams: Nichols, Station Parade, Sevenoaks.

All Toilet Requisites for Ladies and Gentlemen supplied at Special Rates to Readers of this Journal.
Do not pay fabulous prices for Hair Treatment and useless Lotions.

Write and explain your case and you will receive advice FREE, by return of post.
Clients within a radius of twenty miles may be waited upon at home, and treated for:—

ELECTROLYSIS **MANICURE and CHIROPODY.**

All Orders of 5/- and upwards sent carriage paid to any part of the U.K.
All my preparations are made by one of the oldest established firms in the World, and subjected to the strictest tests before leaving the laboratories.

Post your weekly Tobacco, Cigar and Cigarette order, and have your smokes delivered. I have a large variety of Pipes, Pouches, Cigar and Cigarette Cases and Holders.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

J. SPENCER, *Hatter and Hosier*

253 CHARNWOOD STREET, LEICESTER.

GENTS' REAL VELOURS, sizes 6½, 6¾, 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 Shirts state size of collar worn.

When ordering Socks state size of boot 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 Tax

By MARION DELCOMYN

THE headquarters of the General in Command, in the small mining town of northern Mexico, was a crude, rough shack. War time seldom gives much more. In the early morning sunlight that streamed in through the two small windows the single room, which was used as an office, looked particularly uninviting with its unpainted tables and chairs.

At the side of one of the two closed doors sat an orderly, a Mexican soldier, dozing in a chair, his rifle beside him. As the door on the opposite side opened and closed, he woke with a start and looked up. Seeing but another soldier entering, he growled and would have dozed again.

"El General! La Señora!" called the one who had entered.

"Si, si!" mumbled the first, picking up his rifle and slowly going out.

The second orderly opened the other door wide. "Entre, Señora," begged he, and stood aside.

A young and strikingly good-looking woman entered. She was dressed in a white linen riding habit, her crop held firmly in her right hand.

The orderly retreated, closing the door after him. The young woman stood waiting, leaning against one of the tables and swinging her crop with an impatient, angry motion.

Again the door was held open for someone to enter. An officer in the uniform of a Mexican General advanced. The orderly followed, closed the door, and, half dozing, stood leaning against it.

The General came forward, bowing low and smiling, his large sombrero in his hand. He was a tall man, heavily built, typical Mexican in features. Dark, with a thick, black moustache that, however, did not hide his cruel mouth.

"Ah, Señorita, O Señora?" he questioned ingratiatingly.

"Speak English, if you please, General Zarbacco," the young woman answered curtly. "I am in a hurry, and I want to be sure that we understand each other."

"With pleasure, Señorita." The General bowed, making a gesture with his hand towards a chair.

"I prefer to stand, thanks. Don't you really know who I am?"

"I regret," apologetically.

"I am Mrs. Boulton," and repeating with more emphasis, "Mrs. Howard Boulton."

"Ah? The name, Señora, is not familiar," with another bow.

"Mr. Boulton is the manager of the Allied Mines Company. He is in sole charge of the property here."

"And the Señora is the wife of Mr. Boulton? Charming!"

"My husband was arrested last night by your men." Mrs. Boulton looked steadily at the General.

"Señora! But not by my orders! How could I?" With horrified surprise in his voice.

"Of course not! But that isn't the point. With the country in its present condition mistakes and irregularities are naturally unavoidable. No one understands that better than I. But this—this arrest is too much!"

"I agree with you, Señora."

"I have come here this morning to get your assurance that such an impudent outrage will not occur again. Really, an apology, either by the officer in charge of the squad or by you, is due to Mr. Boulton."

"Mr. Boulton does not ask it himself?"

"Mr. Boulton is still in the custody of those pirates, I suppose," she replied angrily. Just send for him, and you'll have a good chance to hear his own opinion of the affair. Atrocious!" Mrs. Boulton turned away with an impatient toss of her

head. The General stood wringing his hands.

"Well?" she turned to face him again. "I'm certain that any delay in making amends will not make his opinion more pleasant to listen to."

"Very true, of course."

"Then, don't delay!"

"But I would beg to first make explanation of the—the offence—unpardonable—my own difficulties—" the General shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes, very well, I'll listen to you while Mr. Boulton is on his way over. Get your messenger off first."

General Zarbacco glanced at Mrs. Boulton, his eyes half closed; then he turned to the orderly who stood leaning against the door and gave him an order.

"Now, I'll hear what you have to say," Mrs. Boulton looked at the General.

Humbly General Zarbacco inclined his head. "Gracias, Señora!" She nodded curtly. "Señora, the soldiers are not good. There is no discipline. What can I say?"

"No one knows, of course, if you do not. You are in command are you not?"

"But they will not obey me; they do as they please."

"Yes, because you all do as you please, officers as well as soldiers. Discipline must begin at the top. With you it has not even begun, and see what the lack of it has done to your country. Ruin of life, ruin of property! Murder, pillage, burning, looting! It is hideous! And now you have turned upon us, Americans and English alike! What do you expect us to think of you? Bandits you are and bandits we call you. Why, as I came here a little while ago your soldiers were digging a grave at the very door-step. I suppose it will shelter some hapless victim of your lack of discipline."

"The Señora is cruel; she does not understand."

"Humph!"

"Both the Americans and the English are my friends. I know them for my great friends here, and I wish them no harm. It is not much time that I am in this town, but I have seen the Señor and the Señora riding down to the mines, the Señora on

her little brown horse, all dressed in white, riding in the sunlight. And I have—"

"Then you did know me?"

"Not the name, Señora."

"I see," she turned impatiently. "Your man is slow. The commanding officer might do well to reprimand him."

"The prison is crowded. It is difficult, perhaps, to find the pris—the Señor Boulton."

"Indeed! I see the grave is finished."

"The officer commanding the squad? Will the Señora describe him?"

Mrs. Boulton turned away from the window and faced the General. "You mean the man who arrested Mr. Boulton?"

"Si, Señora."

"He was tall—about your height," she answered thoughtfully.

"Ah!"

"And about your build. His face I did not notice especially, except—yes, he had a black moustache, something like yours."

"Ah!"

"I really cannot describe him accurately. You Mexicans are all dark. It is hard for me to tell one from another, at times. He had black eyes, of course." She laughed a little. "You see, I am hopeless. This description could fit you as well as that pirate."

"And the arrest? What happened?"

"It was about midnight. They broke in the door and seized Mr. Boulton before he could get his revolver. There were six of them; this officer seemed to be in command. They claimed that Mr. Boulton had not paid taxes to the new town government, which is perfectly absurd, of course. They seized him just as he was and dragged him, literally dragged him away."

"The Señora was afraid?" asked the General curiously.

"I was angry. There was nothing to be afraid of."

"The Señora is a brave woman."

"That has nothing to do with it. There is no necessity for bravery or cause for fear except, perhaps, on the part of the commanding officer who allowed such an outrage to be committed."

"Ah! Señora!" The General's tone was helpless.

"Really, you know it makes me furious. The whole affair is so impudent, so quite absurd, so unnecessary. You treat us as though we were a lot of your low peons to be dragged about and clapped into prison. I have half a mind to leave you now and at once send word of this affair to Washington." Mrs. Boulton started towards the door as she finished.

"Señora! Stay! I beg you! Only hear me!"

"No! I have heard enough!"

"All I ask is justice."

"Justice! Do you know it?" She half turned and began tapping the floor with her boot.

"First I ask your pardon, Señora; I beg you to forgive this—this crime. For the past, I can do no more. For the future, I make great effort, believe me. You speak of the condition of the country. It is true our people are downtrodden, they are barbarous, ignorant, and poor. Then comes to them the vision of liberty. They rise up but they are ignorant. They are mad with the dream of liberty and the taste of power. They will not be controlled. They are just free after so long and they seek only vengeance."

Mrs. Boulton, who had come forward to the table again, interrupted. "Yes, but they will accomplish nothing that way. The movement must be properly organised and directed to a certain point. They must have a leader."

"They have a leader, but he is not obeyed." The leader who has lived always hoping to bring his people out from the dark of slavery into great freedom and light is called a bandit. The great revolution must fail. Señora, it is hard!"

"Of course it is. But you have not gone about it in the right way, that's all, you know. Why don't you educate the people? Then discipline will follow."

"Señora, I have already begun to try the discipline on them," the General answered confidentially.

Mrs. Boulton, becoming interested, sat down. "Good! Good! How did it work?" she asked.

"Alas! The first man refused to obey. He must die this morning."

"Oh!"

"Well, it is the first time."

"Yes, I quite see, it is the first time you have tried. You can't expect them to understand at once. It is a pity, but a few examples are necessary in the beginning," she finished earnestly.

"It is for this man that the soldiers have dug the grave."

"Oh, I see."

"He was very independent, this man. He did always as he pleased. I am the officer in command here. Have I not the right to demand obedience, Señora?"

"Certainly, from every one under your authority."

"But I am supreme!"

"Then, you should accomplish great things."

"I ordered certain taxes to be paid. It was a necessity. This man refused to pay."

"Perhaps he had no money."

"He has much, very much. He came to me here in this room. He swore that he would never pay. I was not hard. I offered that he give me something else instead of money. Something he had that I wanted. He was wild, that man. He insulted me—me, the commanding officer. He would have killed me. I ordered him to be shot."

"It is a pity for the man, but you will find it easy to collect the tax now."

"And I have all the money, instead of just a small part."

Mrs. Boulton nodded understandingly. "Confiscated, of course."

"And something else that I wanted, more than all his money."

"The example for discipline?"

"Oh, so very much more than that, Señora!"

"I hope it may improve the rioting disposition of the rest." She looked at the watch on her left wrist. "Your men are slow about bringing Mr. Boulton. I am sorry—for them," she finished, with a smile.

"There are few men on guard at the prison. All are busy now with this unfortunate—" A loud crack of rifles was heard from without. "Ah!"

"What was that? The execution?"

"Yes, they have finished. And they will bring Mr. Boulton up here."

"I hate to think of it—life going out like that, but—"

The General turned sharply to the orderly by the door, "Parato!"

The soldier opened the door and called: "Jeh! Parato!"

The General stood by the table waiting, his head bent, one finger tapping the table. The second orderly entered and remained standing just inside the door. Mrs. Boulton rose, smilingly, and turned to the General swinging her riding crop against the chair.

"Well, I came here in a very angry and vindictive mood. But, after all, I shall not even let Mr. Boulton give you his whole opinion of this outrage. You know, he has been under arrest since midnight, and will not be in a forgiving frame of mind. We can't blame him, for it was rather—unusual—shall we say? When you don't see the other side, that is."

The two soldiers by the door were watching the General; his head was still bent, as he listened and tapped the table. They looked at Mrs. Boulton, who stood smiling and idly swinging her crop. They looked at each other and, simultaneously, they turned, went out, closing the door.

"How uncharitable we are sometimes before we quite understand," began Mrs. Boulton, laughing a little. She became conscious of the closing of the door and glanced about.

The General raised his eyes—just his eyes. The tapping ceased. The riding-crop stopped swinging.

Mrs. Boulton understood.

The hero of a book, "Just a Darling," recently published in South Africa, and written by Mr. F. Horace Rose, of Maritzburg, is a Captain Cevern, who is blinded in France, and is afterwards trained at St. Dunstan's. The story is abundantly enriched with genial humour, and provides a fine literary picture of South African life, marked throughout by simple realism and admirable characterisation.

Tea-pot Recipients

From B. E. Varley, of Essex, comes a letter of thanks:—

"... I am writing to let you know that I received the silver teapot safely. My wife and I are both very pleased indeed to receive it and shall always treasure it. We send our sincere thanks to the Committee of St. Dunstan's. . . ."

Another who received the gift recently was H. Lea, notice of whose marriage will be found in another column, while one will shortly be despatched to J. Harlow, of Pluckley, Kent, to whom we send good wishes in advance, as he will be married before these lines appear. His future promises well in another direction also, as he is about to join a relative who has an established business.

Yet another recipient is C. E. Beck, of Bishop's Stortford, Herts.

A St. Dunstan's Orator

We learn that not long since R. Eggleton was asked to give an address and to distribute the prizes at one of St. Dunstan's whist drives held in Llanybyther. From outside sources we hear that Eggleton made a really fine speech which was listened to with the greatest interest by the audience and enthusiastically applauded at its end. The speaker dealt with the whole history of St. Dunstan's as well as his own training and the future responsibilities with which St. Dunstan's are charged. We heartily congratulate this St. Dunstaner upon what was evidently a most successful and creditable effort on behalf of the organisation, and would have liked, had a report been available, to have given some extracts from Eggleton's speech.

Guy Envin, a French soldier, who was blinded in the war, is giving a series of lectures in New York.

When a collection was made at Stamford Congregational Church on Easter Sunday on behalf of the funds of St. Dunstan's Hostel for blinded soldiers and sailors, new laid eggs, as well as coins, were placed on the plates by the worshippers.

Wit and Wisdom

One way to be happy is to set a limit to your wants and keep them there.

The most undeserved as well as the most dangerous flattery is that which we bestow upon ourselves.

Anyone can point out difficulties; it calls for brains and courage to look beyond difficulties to successful accomplishment.

Perfectly well-meaning old lady: "Thank you so much for your song, my dear. It took me back to my childhood days on my father's farm. When I shut my eyes and listened to your singing I seemed to hear the dear old gate creaking in the wind."

It is all right to spend money to make character; it is all wrong to spend character to make money.

Doctor: "Well, Thomas, how are you?"

Thomas: "I be better than I was, sir, but I bain't as well as I was before I was as bad as I be now."

Think twice before you speak. Even then, nine times out of ten, the world will not lose anything if you keep quiet.

WHAT'S AMISS?

"I'm positive I hit that bird," said the sportsman. "I saw its feathers flying."

"Yes, sir," said the keeper, "and they're flying still."

A pessimist is a man who in every opportunity sees a difficulty; an optimist, one who in every difficulty sees an opportunity.

One morning a lad went into the factory at a quarter past seven, and the manager saw him, and said:—

"Well, Johnny, why are you so late?"

The boy began to cry, and said:—

"Well, sir, it's a case of this. Our knocker-up has a knocker-up to knock him up at four o'clock, and our knocker-up's knocker-up didn't knock our knocker-up up, so our knocker-up didn't come to knock us up."

Death of Famous Blind French General

One of the foremost soldiers of France has recently died in the person of General Maunoury. He was responsible for the victory which probably turned the tide of the German advance in the critical days of 1914. Not long after, and, in the words of Marshal Joffre, "as if to avenge the defeat which he had inflicted on the enemy," a bullet struck him on the head at the moment when he had placed his eye to the loophole, wounding him in the jaw and destroying his sight. In 1915 the King conferred upon General Maunoury the Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George.

A Good Beginning

We wonder which of the occupations followed by St. Dunstan's men holds the record for the number of prizes won in open competition. At any rate, our poultry farmers cannot be far from the top of the list, to judge by the frequent reports we get as to successes in this direction. The news has just reached us, for example, that S. Oxborough, of Nelson, Lancs, has taken two prizes at a local show for his Rhode Island Red hens. This success is the more meritorious when it is remembered that Oxborough has only been running his farm for a few months.

Italy's Blinded Soldiers

Signor Mussolini, the Italian Premier, recently visited the workshops established for the employment of soldiers blinded in the war. Referring in a speech to those blinded soldiers who had given their all to the State and were still working, although there was no need for them to do so, the Premier said that they were giving an example which all should imitate, and were proving that the salvation of the country lay in that labour which would lead Italy out of her post-war difficulties and in that discipline which would co-ordinate all efforts in the common aim.

Printed by
Gee & Co. (Publishers) Ltd.,
6, Kirby Street London, E.C. 1.