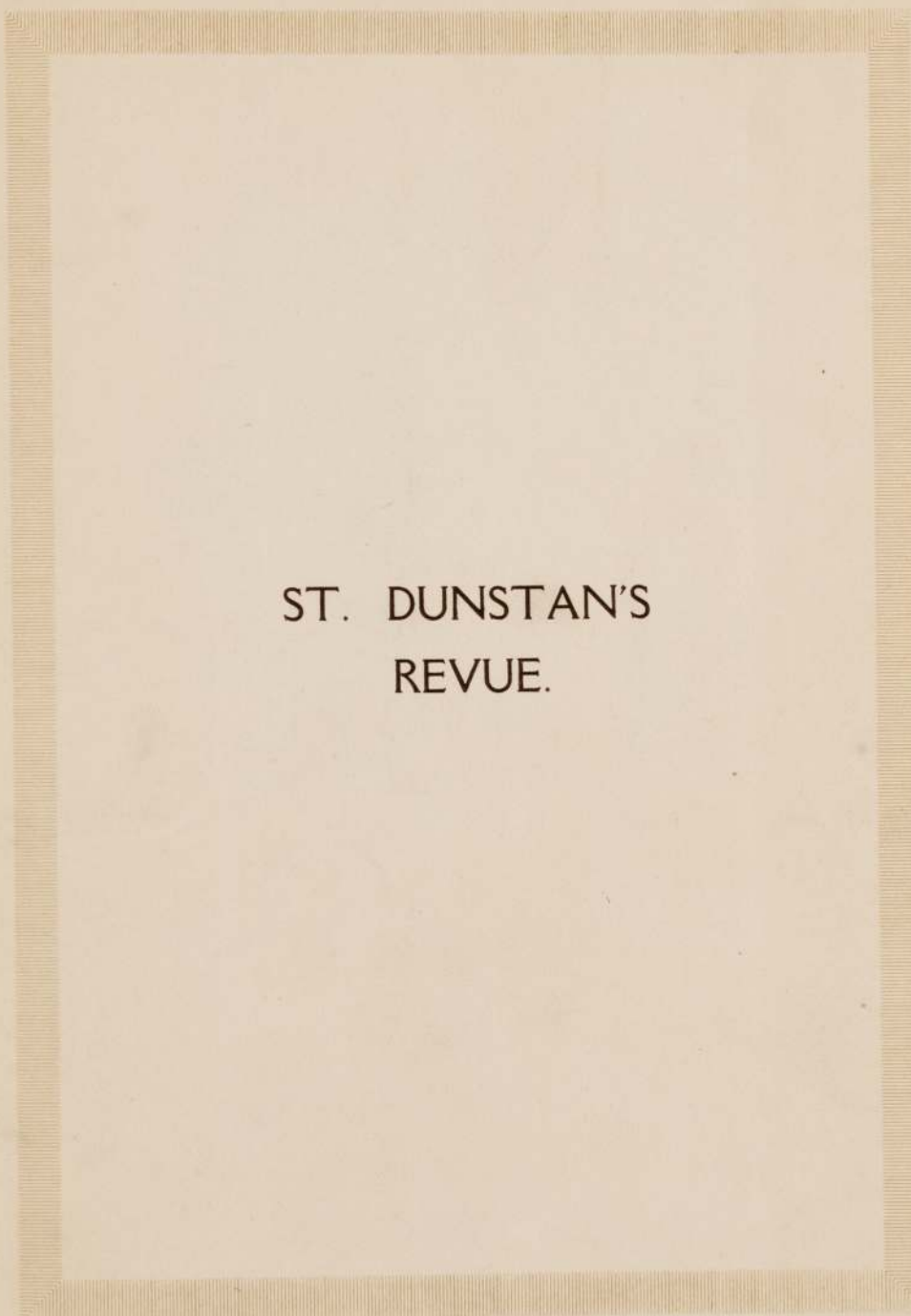




A. Read





ST. DUNSTAN'S  
REVUE.

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# ST. DUNSTAN'S ... REVUE. ...

No. 1.

JULY 1915.

1S. NET.

## Editorial.

**S**T. DUNSTAN'S as you all know is a hostel for blinded soldiers and sailors. What then could be more desirable than a magazine for their benefit which is useless to them? Nobody wants it, and so I consider it my duty to bring one out.

It is not an advertisement of cheap wit, nor is it meant to make you laugh at the expense of others. It merely chronicles a few of the actual happenings at St. Dunstan's. You will, I am sure, agree with me in saying that when one sees such a large number and such a quaint assortment of people as one does here, their doings and sayings should not be allowed to sink unrecorded into utter oblivion.

It is hoped that none of our articles will be considered impertinent or personal, but everyone here is so jolly and full of fun that they cannot help being amused by all who come and go, and even those who stay.

It will probably be remarked "Why do they not bring out their magazine in Braille, so that the officers and men can read it?" That is what we also say, and so, dear reader, if you happen to know Braille we shall be more than grateful to you if you will carry out your own suggestion.

We should also much appreciate any articles for our next issue, and we hope—there being no tax on the hope—to answer all letters and inquiries, which may be addressed to "The Editor, 12, Kensington Gate, W."



## Rowing on the Lake.

THE one thing that has popularised rowing on the lake in the afternoon is the lady coxswain. She is mostly pretty (there are, of course, exceptions), and she is not opposed to a little mild flirtation. She has even been known, when the weather is hot to seclude her oarsman and boat under the leafy boughs that overhang the water, and not to emerge until the time for returning to the quay arrives. At such moments she is lucky if she escapes a growl from the cross-grained individual who makes it his task to spoil the innocent pleasures of the boaters as much as is in his power. Some lady coxswains have been suspected of smoking cigarettes when on duty; but this is the rule rather than the exception.

The male coxswain has not proved a success. He wants a man to scul when he desires to slack, and he is unreasonably keen on style, feathering, etc., when the operator prefers the windmill stroke and a pleasant chat upon his own prowess. Rowing would have died out long ago at St. Dunstan's if it had not been for the feminine element. On occasions there has been an unfortunate shortage of the lady cox, and it has then become the painful duty of the before-mentioned C.G.I. to accost likely-looking young females and solicit their help. This has sometimes proved

successful, but he has more than once been pertly requested to "mind his business."

On the other hand, certain persevering ladies have had to be repulsed, not always with the success which is so continuous in the official reports from the trenches. One charming lady who confesses to seventeen stone is most pertinacious, and as she insists upon a light oarsman to balance matters, much adverse criticism—not always coherent—is bestowed upon her. A few ladies are a trifle too energetic with the ropes, pulling either or both of them with a suddenness and determination that brings the boat's nose into undesirable places. Others indulge in a fire of questions upon the unlucky youths they are steering, which it is to be feared are not always answered with that veracity which usually distinguishes the wounded soldier.

Elderly ladies are the kindest in spirit, but the most unpopular with the boating men, and it becomes the unpleasant task of the C.G.I. to shelve them with a determination which, however, often pales before their superior firmness and grit. Some of the rowers take to their beds in order to escape these benevolent persecutions. Efforts to upset the boats when these ladies succeed in boarding them have hitherto been frustrated; but hope is not yet dead.

The C.G.I. in one of his more uninspired moments, hit upon the uncomfortable idea of rowing at six o'clock in the morning. This was much discouraged by men of St. Dunstan's at first, and it was only kept going by the institution of an early cup of tea, and by one or two beauteous damsels who attached themselves to certain rowers with what results it yet remains to be seen. Competition for the notice of these charmers brings many men from their beds and much, but unvaried comment is indulged in by the unsuccessful. There are several keen sportsmen who turn up in the morning, no matter the weather; but there are few who are only persuaded into regularity by what is not far removed from brute force.

Coxswains (female) are in much demand in the morning. They should be young, good-looking, easily pleased and above all early risers. Without the latter quality, the other points are useless. There is no restriction as to weight, nor is too much self-restraint expected of them, and knowledge of steering may be dispensed with altogether. Indeed, the lady-cox who bothers herself about the technicalities of the tiller is—bless her heart!—a very rare bird.

The sliding seat is much affected by the more adventurous scullers, but they are used independently of the sculls, and it is the boast of some that they can slip up and down twice to one stroke. At present everyone is keen on the coming races, and each is so good

that it is difficult to select. Indeed, it is suspected that the so-far non-selected are of the opinion that the worst have been chosen. If any races are lost, Heaven help the C.G.I. for he will find short shrift at St. Dunstan's.

In conclusion, it is only necessary to add that there is nothing more to be said; and many an essay ends on a less decided note. A word by way of post-script may be devoted to Mr. Johnson, Bob and Jack, who lend and prepare the boats. All honour is due to them for their ability in furnishing sculls and oars that are neither too long or too short for their boats. They have raised this to a fine art; they do it with a cheerfulness that cannot be too highly commended.

Motto for St. Dunstan's Rowing Men: Keep Fit, Get Fitter, and Row without Rows.

○ ○ ○

You never win unless you risk; and the more you risk the more you win.

○ ○ ○

Love is blind and unwise—or it wouldn't be love.

○ ○ ○

When you cannot do your own job, interfere with somebody else's.

○ ○ ○

Scandal comes out with tea as sure as rash with measles.



## To those with Secretarial Aspirations.

With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.

(AFTER "IF.")

If you can turn up early and open letters by the score,  
And take from each a cheque or note for twenty pounds or more,  
If you can enter every penny in a book,  
And never on the money ever dare to cast a look  
Of avarice or desire—

If you can only argue with a man about his pension,  
Then persuade him black is white, and so relieve the tension  
Of his mind about his pay—

If you can deal with people who indulge in workshop wit,  
And never by the sarcasm of such be badly hit,  
And oft be called a "liar"—

If you can mix with Royalty, nor lose the common touch,  
Yet fix up freaks from functions at Muswell Hill and such,  
About the opening of a Show—

If you can keep your temper when everybody raves  
About your room for "boodle," and you wish them in their graves,  
If you can pay out money from early morn till dewy eve,  
Then strike a happy balance without a shilling up your sleeve,

If you can fill each unforgiving sovereign  
With five-and-twenty "bobs," and find them in  
The cash box—

Yours is the Job, and everything that's in it,  
And what is more, my son—You'll be a "Bally Marvel."

"PETTY-CASH."

○ ○ ○

## Selina Sings to the Soldiers.

SOME people, when they are asked to sing, have never brought their music. But that was not Selina's way. She was not that kind of young woman. She left to others the excuse that their music had been left at home and that all the songs their hostess

proffers them in exchange are in the wrong key. When somebody or other suggested a "little music," Selina, metaphorically speaking, took a header for the piano. It was never necessary to ask her twice. As a matter of fact, nobody had ever been known to

ask her to sing twice who had ever heard her sing once. By the time the war broke out those of Selina's friends who openly said they loved singing were few and far between.

Then an epidemic of ultimatums broke out in central Europe. England caught the infection and Selina at last got her chance. She began singing to soldiers—anywhere, everywhere—in Y.M.C.A. huts, in hospitals, at tea-parties, wherever a poor wounded Tommy had the chance of getting better. She called it "doing her bit"—though, as one Tommy asserted, after she had sung, that it was the hardest bit to bear which he had ever done—and that was seven days without the option of a fine, to be exact.

St. Dunstan's was her first victim. Not only did she burn to do all she could to help this splendid work, but she was DETERMINED to do it. Nothing would put her off—not even the boy scouts at the door. So one evening towards supper-time she fell upon her prey. Tom, who can see a little, described her to Billy, and Billy, when he heard it, felt for the first time thankful that he could not see. James informed Charlie that, by the look of Selina, he thought she must be "a comic." That is the reason why Charlie, for the first time within living memory, thought music might possibly be more amusing than making mats. So he picked out the one sofa which hasn't a hard surprise in the middle of it, and lit his pipe.

Thus by small acts is history sometimes made. When Miss Hodge, who sat beside him, had sufficiently recovered consciousness after having swallowed one whiff, she began to think of inventing a respirator. Charlie's pipe is supposed by military authorities to be the direct cause of the Hun's accusation that the British were using asphyxiating gases.

Then Selina began to be pleasing. She called Freddie "her dear brave boy"; she suggested that Billy should row her about for hours and hours on the Serpentine; she invited Charlie to tea and cakes at the Express Dairy Company; and she patted Jack's hand and asked him so many questions that "auld Ireland" put her name down on the list of female visitors whom he is convinced are German spies. But Selina had no idea of this. She belonged to that large army of ladies who feel they are being very understanding and sympathetic when they speak in a funereal whisper and ask innumerable questions.

Then she began to sing, and, being determined to cheer everybody up, had selected Tosti's "Good-bye."

At the end of the first verse, Jerry suddenly remembered having seen "wee nut" in the corner of his locker. So HE went away. Then Jack decided that he could best express his inner feelings by going to hammer a heel on a boot. So he, too, departed. Before the end of the second verse, Alec,



who, since he has learnt massage, won't look at a word of less than fourteen syllables, whispered to Archie in a stage whisper that he thought her "Levati Seepuli anguli" must be out of order. He would have elaborated this idea further only the classical word for windpipe dislocated his jaw. Archie giggled so that he upset the equilibrium of Majuba, who counter attacked with his elbow. They finished their battle outside. Under cover of Selina's struggle with the final high notes lots of others were seen to leave the lounge.

However, when the song did at last come to an end there was some ecstatic clapping on the part of the sisters and nurses and the "walkers" who, being there, could not very well get out. Everybody pretended to love Selina's singing, except those for whom she sang. They—poor fellows!—thought they had already been through enough out in Flanders. Consequently, when Selina insisted upon "obliging again,"—this time choosing that fearsome ballad of ten years ago, "If Thou Wert Blind"—there were only a few of the new nurses who hav'nt been at St. Dunstan's long enough to remain unmoved and critical before a perfect galaxy of expensive talent—Billy, who is accustomed to the noise of a dockyard—Mr. Christian, but a man who thinks one hair looks like two dozen is never faint-hearted—Charlie and Charlie's pipe. But Selina did not observe this. She

was no Margaret Cooper. She could not play her own accompaniments, sing and show her teeth all at the same time. Her eyes were glued to the page. But she took the silence of the lounge for appreciation and she doubly underlined the song's bathos. Now nobody in the whole of Balham can make "Thee" and "Me" rhyme with a more heart-rending effect than Selina. She literally wallows in it. That evening at St. Dunstan's she made them sound like the long lane which has no turning. She had got about half a mile along "Thee-e-e-e-e"—when, suddenly, a voice from the sofa cried: "What I should like now would be a sup of BEER!"

The words fell upon Selina's passionate outburst like a cold poultice upon a fevered brow. She never got to the end of her song. The last chord was never struck. From the slippery piano stool she arose like the matron about to say prayers. Her hat was awry, but her dignity was quite straight, thank you.

Miss Morris became suddenly inspired. "We have SO ENJOYED IT," she cried with her most charming Tuesday-afternoon-visitor-smile. Then, suddenly, the emptiness of the lounge seemed to chill even her amiability. "Don't be surprised at the men having disappeared," she murmured, "I—I—"—then in desperation—"I think they must have heard Miss Coke tell someone to—to— 'come and have his eyes done.'

It's extraordinary how deaf they are to that appeal, and how easily they manage to hear the dinner bell."

Yet, even then, Selina was not

quite calm. She is now wallowing in that tearful, but happy state, known as "feeling hurt." It makes her complexion even muddier than ever.

o o o

## "Ships that Pass in the Night."

(With apologies to the Officers.)

**A**FTER having attended a séance in the West-end, I headed for Regent's Park, as being one of the coolest places I could think of, the time being 8.30 on a hot summer's evening.

Drifting idly across the roofs of Bedford College, I suddenly realised that near at hand was St. Dunstan's, one of the few sensations of London that I had not yet experienced. The force of this idea carried me straight and with great violence against a certain spike somewhere on the roof of that building (really I think they ought to be more careful, and at St. Dunstan's, of all places).

I entered the hall from the garden side, and came straight upon an excited group of mortals gesticulating round the front door to something that was half hidden in a purring taxi-cab.

They seemed rather unstrung, but after the heat and burden of their day, as I afterwards heard of it, I was not surprised.

"Goodbye—goodbye, don't forget about Thursday," shouted one.

"Oh, shut up!" said another, "it's my turn now."

"Look here, Araminta, do you really mean it about to-morrow night? Oh, well, if you don't want to answer, don't!"

At this juncture, a taller mortal elbowed his way to the window of the taxi and said politely, "Where shall I tell the man to go to?" A small and fluffy head appeared, and the owner told her destination to him. He promptly passed it on to the chauffeur, and as the cab started, he backed into yet another of the crowd, who remarked, without anger, "That was my foot, and I haven't said good-bye yet; however——"

Turning round to find some explanation of this strange scene, I found at my elbow the guardian spirit of the house, who remarked genially—"You here! Well, I never! We've never met since—All right then, we won't mention that! Shall I show you round? I never thought in the old days that I should come to this! But there, I'm getting rather fond



of them all. Come along into the sitting-room, and I'll introduce you. Don't knock, it's not done here, except on guest-nights. Now that's Marmaduke in the best chair," pointing to the gentleman with the appointment for Thursday—"And the one dispensing drinks is the Ambassador. He takes these little duties on his shoulders and really overworks himself; Why, only last week we had to pack him off to Scarborough, as he got into such a state. He ran half the house himself!"

"That's the man of truth on the sofa! He's a bit depressed just now—as the lady has departed—but he'll be sending for reinforcements shortly, you'll see."

Just then the telephone bell went—"That's for Solomon," said my guide; "He's been on the fidget all the evening." Solomon took up the receiver.

"Is that you, Copeaux? No, it's all right—yes, she has! No good at all! No, of course not, how can you? Yes—they're all here—all right, to-morrow morning, then. Goodbye!"

With a vicious jerk, Marmaduke shifted his foot from the mantle-piece on to the back of a small dog, who protested loudly.

"That poor little wretch might be taken out for a walk, he gets a thin time of it here" said the Ambassador. "Right, let's send for one of the C.F.'s," said the Man of Truth, promptly.

"C.F." I muttered to my companion.—"Chosen Few," he explained—"very few—and

carefully chosen. Come on, we'll go and help fetch them."

The Man at the Door was quickly despatched to the abode of the C.F.'s.

We arrived at the portal, and while the man knocked, my companion entered. I hesitated, still having a remembrance of my earthly days, and being a modest man I preferred to wait until somebody answered.

There was a scuffle inside, and a despairing cry of "Don't come in! What do you want?"—"The Elite demand the presence of some person or persons sufficiently disinterested to sacrifice themselves upon the Altars of Patriotism, and that quickly." Having dropped this bomb, the Man returned to his place of waiting. Taking my courage in both hands, I entered the room. Ah, me! There are some compensations for being a spirit—but I digress.

My friend and I comfortably ensconced ourselves behind a huge pile of freshly washed male attire, which was awaiting the advent of new buttons, and waited for the worst. It came!

"There are the Elite at it again!" said one C.F. "Well I suppose someone must go down, though I'm sure I don't want to!" Cries of "We don't think!"—"And in your off-duty time, too!" "Well, anyway, we had better decide. Who was it last night, 'cause you needn't go again." "You're always amusing at this time of night, Chloe, so up you get, and don't stop to argue."

"Someone else must go, too, then!" said Chloe: "we always hunt in couples. Come on, Phyllis, you look half dead."

"Bags I the Man of Truth, then!" cries Phyllis. "I want to finish a dispute I'm having with him about the right way to run this establishment. He's got such an inadequate point of view."

"All right, then, I'll take on the other two," agreed Chloe. "I know the Ambassador is going to put in an hour of work before he turns in."

"Well, good-night, everybody, take a good night's rest while

you've got the chance," and the two C.F.'s left the room together.

"Well, thank goodness, I'm going on my holidays soon," said Phyllis, as they went downstairs, "though I should simply hate it if I thought I wasn't coming back again."

"Yes," said Phyllis, "they're rather dears, here we are! Now for it!" And the two C.F.'s opened the sitting-room door, which closed behind them.

"Shall we follow them?" I asked. "No, I think not," said the guardian spirit. "It's all right now, and I'll take you down to the gate."

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## Visitors' Day.

WALKING into the hall at St. Dunstan's on a Tuesday afternoon about half past two, one finds four or five V.A.D.'s waiting to receive instructions from the Matron as to the procedure for the afternoon. The attack is commencing; a corpulent old lady is assisted from her car by the porter and two boy scouts, whilst two cars, a motor-bus, and four taxis, full of visitors, are waiting.

The Matron advances. After saying the usual thing, she turns to hand the visitor on to one of the V.A.D.'s, all of whom have vanished into thin air. Meanwhile, three equally corpulent, and equally old, ladies are shown in,

and the Matron, having finally collected a V.A.D., sends the party off.

Corpulent Old Ladies 1, 2, 3 and 4 (afterwards known as the C.O.L.'s), chorusing: "What a charming garden," immediately rush for the terrace, but are promptly pulled back by their guide, who asks them to come into the dining room first.

C.O.L. 2 breaks loose, and diving into the lower ward, is horrified at the language hurled at her by a man who is changing his clothes there. She is re-collected, and the party once more proceeds. The V.A.D. points out the mystery of the carpet pathways, and the following conversation ensues—



ST. DUNSTAN'S REVUE.

V.A.D.: "This is the men's dining room."

C.O.L. (4): "Do the men have their meals here?"

V.A.D. (in weary voice) "Yes. It is rather darkened by the new building outside, but we have been obliged to enlarge the room, as the tables are full up already."

C.O.L. (1): "Hav'nt you been building on the outside?"

V.A.D. (snappily): "That is the building I am referring to."

C.O.L. (1): "Do the officers have their meals here?"

V.A.D.: "No. This is the men's dining room. Shall we go through to the lounge now? By the way, I hope you won't mind not talking to the men (it interrupts their work so.)"

Chorus: "Oh, of course not!"  
The cortège proceeds.

C.O.L. (1) sees a Braille lesson proceeding on her immediate left, and the temptation is too great. In spite of a large notice requesting visitors not to talk to the workers, she goes up to the table and says: "Do you find it very difficult?" The only reply she can get is, "Who's tha'?" and promptly inquires if the speaker is a Belgian, and on being told that he is Scotch, replies, "Of course, I should have known by your accent," and the poor man goes through the following cross-examination.

C.O.L.: "You have got a lovely place here, hav'nt you?"

"Its all right, but who's tha'?"

C.O.L.: "My poor fellow, where were you hit?"

"Who's poor?"

C.O.L.: "Are you quite blind?"  
"Not much! I'm deaf the noo!"  
and proceeds with his lessons.

The guide collects the wanderer, and shepherds her flock out on to the terrace.

On catching sight of two men sitting at a green baize table, doing Braille, says "I wonder if that is one of the officers," and dashes up to him, asking, "Were you wounded at the front?" "No, in the eyes."

Complete silence, broken only by a curious noise from the other man, she tries again, and says, "Would you like to come out to tea with us? My daughter would so like to meet you. You will find her so interested in all your work." "Thanks awfully, I should love to come, but I am absolutely full up at present. Will you ask me later on?"

C.O.L.: "Well, we must be going, I hope we hav'nt disturbed your work?" "Oh, not all."

The V.A.D. then proceeds with her covey to the workshops.

The first exhibit is a man making a chicken coop.

C.O.L. (2) at once asks if the men are allowed to keep dogs, but learns that the article is destined for the poultry farm.

They then cross over to the boot repairers' bench, where two or three men are hard at work.

Here they are told that the men do most of the repairs of the household, and they offer to send a consignment of old boots collected from their friends, for the men to experiment on. The Honorary Superintendent mean-

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVUE.

while says to the V.A.D., in a distinctly audible whisper, "For goodness sake, sell some of these photos if you can. We are only charging 6d. now, to get rid of them"; but the old ladies decline to be enticed, saying that it would remind them too much, and they could not (sniff).

The bargain having failed, they are led by the H.S. to the basket makers' table.

C.O.L. (gazing at one of the workers), "Isn't it tragic?"

H.S.: "Oh, no, he doesn't always work as badly as that."

C.O.L. (Who is something of a sportswoman, follows the lead). "Can I buy a basket?" "Oh certainly, may I have your address? Mrs. who? Oh, yes, two ff's. That will be 5s. Thank you very much.

No, I am afraid you can't take the basket, but I will send you a copy as soon as it is made. Here is your 1s. change. You gave me 6s. Oh, all right, thank you, you keep that for yourself." (Confusion of H.S.) The V.A.D. skilfully steers them outside on to the terrace, and breathes once more. She then takes them round to the front of the house, and after politely telling them the nearest way to Baker Street, leaves them, and returns to the hall to collect another party.

You have only been introduced to four of our visitors, but imagine to yourself half London, and most of the suburbs, all doing the same thing on the same afternoon, and you will have some idea of the amusement to be had out of Visiting day at St. Dunstan's.

o o o

She arrives at the door, and is met by a scout.  
"Mr. Pearson? No, I'm afraid he is out,"  
She mutters, and stamping with vigour and force  
Says "the secretary, I'll see him, he's in, of course,"  
"He's engaged at the moment, madam, I fear,"  
And stamping again, she mutters, "Oh dear!  
Well, if you can't find them, the Matron I'll see."  
She is told that the matron is having her tea.  
She turns very red, and utters a curse,  
Saying "Boy run away, and fetch me a nurse."  
"No mam, I fear that *she* is not free."  
"Well, who on earth is there that I can see?  
You won't admit me to C.A.P.,  
I can't see the secretaries, though there are three,  
I am told the matron is having her tea,  
And you won't even fetch me a V.A.D.  
This is very annoying, you must agree."  
But the scout, neither smiling, nor looking away,  
Says, "Madam, next Tuesday is Visiting Day."



## An Interview.

"HULLO! Yes, this is 1475 Mayfair. The Secretary? Well, I'm the Secretary. What's that, you want to interview me?"

"Oh! well, aw, say 11.30 at St. Dunstan's."

"No, no, St. Dunstan's, St. Dunstan's. I said S-A-I-N-T Dunstan's, Regent's Park. Yes, that's it."

"Ask for Mr. Fishe—Fishe with the final E."

"Ah, here we are, Mr. Fishe with the final E. I just want to ask you about—"

"Well, aw—as a matter of fact,—I mean, aw—"

"Just so, just so. But I was about to say that I wish to ask you to tell me—"

[Oh!! my word, money again. How can I keep my petty cash straight if you will keep asking for 2½d. every day? There you are, but don't ask again to-morrow, because if you do I—].

"Really Mr. Fishe—with the final E—I am so sorry to occupy the time of a busy man to this extent, but I merely wish to ask you to inform me—"

[Hullo, hullo! No, no, I'm not. I'm the Secretary of St.— Oh, drat that telephone boy, he'll drive me mad].

"Now, Mr. Typesetter, if I can get a minute's peace I am at your service. I was saying that, aw, that I mean, you see, aw, as a matter of fact—"

[Now, look here, Mr. Doorum, if you will continue to interrupt me twice a week for 6d. each time, how in the world do you expect the petty ca—].

[Oh, dear, oh, dear, how much did you say Miss V. A. D.? Oh, this is awful. I shall go mad. The strain is too great. I really think I shall have to resign my position].

"Again, sir, I turn to you. You see how busy I am. I was just telling you, aw—"

[Oh, hang that girl. She's taken away that beastly book again, and I wanted to see what was the total of 3½d. and 1¼d.]

"I really am sorry, Mr. Fishe with the final E, to be here, when I see that every moment of your valuable time is given up to unimportant matters, but I only want you to inform me—"

"Pardon me, one moment, Mr. Typesetter."

[What's that, Miss V. A. D.? Shall I be in to dinner, did you say? Well, aw, as a matter of fact I was going—you see—aw, what I mean is—aw—]

Thank you, Mr. Fishe, I quite understand].

"These interruptions, Mr. Typesetter, are most annoying. I was telling you that, aw—"

[Oh, lor, here's Miss Jacobs now. I'm fed up with the whole thing. I shall put a bullet through my—].

[Now, Scout, what do you want? No, I can't, but I will give you a stamp, if you like].

"Don't you agree with me, Mr. Typesetter, that these interruptions are—aw—overpowering? 2½d., 3½d., 6d., 1¼d., and 1d. stamp. How in the world am I to keep things straight? You see I don't even get an opportunity—aw—to answer your first question."

"Quite so, Mr. Fishe with the final E, but do you realize that I

have not yet finished my question? I said on the 'phone that I wanted to interview the Secretary of Pearson's Fresh Air Fund, and I was trying to ask you where he is to be found."

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A prize of £1 1s. will be given for the best article on "Friendship" received on or before the 14th August.

The article should not be more than 1,000 words in length and should be sent in under a pseudonym.

All communications should be addressed to The Editor, "St. Dunstan's Magazine," 12, Kensington Gate, W., whose decision in all cases will be considered as final.

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## The V.A.D.'s.

I SHOULD explain, in case you happen to have seen the ladies in question, that V.A.D. stands neither for "Vicious And Demented," nor for "Vain And Deceitful," but for "Voluntary Aid Detachment."

Their work seems to be somewhat varied, but the term "On Duty" covers everything. Sometimes, however, there are differences of opinion even about this. When you fondly imagine that Miss Claire Voyante is off duty, and talking to

her long lost brother in the hall, you hear that she is merely interviewing "Walkers." Then on the other hand Miss Jolly Polly, seemingly on duty taking round particularly tiresome visitors, is really entertaining her nearest and dearest.

A very large percentage of their day's work is laughing. If by some misfortune they have not got a highly developed sense of humour, they must at once cultivate one. Miss Fortune, on seeing an officer coming into the house on a wet



## ST. DUNSTAN'S REVUE.

afternoon without an overcoat, said to him, "You never wear an overcoat, Mr. Jones!" He replied: "No, I never was." The same lady was going out herself in the evening, also without a coat, and on being asked if she would not take one, said, "No, I never was."

One of the duties of the V.A.D. is to open the men's letters and parcels, when requested to do so. One of the soldiers was sent a pair of very smart men's silk undergarments. Miss Field Roberts opened the parcel, and gave the contents to their owner. The latter, after feeling them carefully, exclaimed, "Well, I never! Have you ever seen anything like that before?" The lady getting up, turned very red, and said in her most crushing manner, "You will kindly mind your own business, young man."

The greater part of the "On-Duty" time is spent with the men.

There is a story of one lady who simply refused to come near the house, in spite of her having been asked to come as a V.A.D. She

said she had been talking to a friend of her's about the five senses, and how the loss of one increased the other four. Her friend had said, "Look at the poor blind, how they smell." This had had the effect of making her avoid every blind man ever since.

Do not imagine that the dear ladies have no frolics of their own. On the contrary, they gave a Ball only the other evening. It started after the men had gone to bed, and was a great success. It is true that only one of the orderlies could steer his partner, but the rest of the ladies were quite happy awaiting their turn. Another of their little amusements is looking after the house watch-dogs. One or two of these famous animals are of rather obscure parentage. These dogs, let me tell you, are a real joy in the life of every V.A.D. at St. Dunstan's.

I have only given you a few small incidents in V.A.D. life, but there is no reason why, after your next visit to the Zoo, you should not come on here and see them for yourself.



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# ST. DUNSTAN'S ... REVUE ...

No. 2.

OCTOBER 1915.

1S. NET.

## Editorial.

**A** GREAT number of questions have been asked as to when the "ST. DUNSTAN'S REVUE" is again to be brought out. The answer to this is "When we have enough articles." We are deeply grateful for the very few compositions that we have received, but at the same time they were VERY FEW, and we shall find it quite impossible to continue the publication of the Magazine unless we receive better support from the pens of our readers. Out of the four contributions sent, two were from the same Private.

The £5 5s. obtained from the sale of our last number will be given in prizes in the competition announced at the end of this issue.

We hope that all our articles will be read in the spirit in which they were written and in no way be thought impertinent or offensive.

As before, we hope to answer all enquiries, and we shall be more than grateful for any articles sent to "The Editor, ST. DUNSTAN'S REVUE, 16, Dighton Road, East Hill, Wandsworth, London, S.W."



## Roll-Call.

THE day was nearly o'er, and night was coming on. The moon rose from behind the wooded hill as I turned the car sharply to the right down a shady green lane. I heard the sounds of a bell tolling in the distance, and looking across the brown stretches of marsh all that I could see well enough to distinguish were the spires of two churches half hidden by a fir grove, the wall of a ruined chapel, some old Saxon barns, and a mill. When I had passed the mill I gained the lee of a thick wood from which the scent of lilies of the valley and several flowery shrubs hung heavily in the still air.

In the awful stillness, the crunk, crunk of the engine seemed out of place, so knowing my car would not hold enough petrol to go much further, I stopped it and got out.

A thick haze was gradually stealing over the moor, coming up from the sea. My thoughts flew at once in that direction, and I wondered what the fleet would be doing on such a night as this. As the eeriness increased, I could even imagine the small crabs would creep out of the water and waddle along the shore to seek comfort under the white sides of the large boulders on the beach.

Suddenly a shrill cry pierced the air, and shivering violently, I drew my woollen scarf more

tightly round my neck. But the sound died quickly in the heavy mist, and though I lingered a moment longer, I heard no more. After all, I thought, I had only fostered a delusion, and I would not labour under it; the creepiness of the night had got into my blood. Hardly had I made this resolve when I heard the cry again, this time unmistakably, and following the direction of the sound, I squeezed through the broken laths of the paling, and pressed on through the wood.

Though not usually a nervous man, a cold, creepy feeling kept running up and down my back, and the least sound made me jump. A robin twittered, and a squirrel alighted with a thud so near my feet that I started violently. Where would this lead me? And was I, a lonely male, to die to-night unwept, without even a friend or relation to mourn my loss, the fate of an unloved bachelor?

A rustle at my feet drew my attention from my morbid thoughts, and looking down I saw a fox on its back, with one paw lying in a trap. I wondered what the keeper baits his traps with to catch foxes in this cruel manner. Was this the author of the cry? Scarcely, I thought, for when locked in its grim embrace the creature was stunned, and as, with the strength of a blacksmith, I loosed a bolt on

the trap, it rolled over apparently dead. I must seek further for the cause of this strange sound.

As I crossed a brook, the trees grew thinner and the ground was intercepted with dykes. Again the weird cry reached my ears, this time close at hand; and by my feet, in a bigger dyke than any I had yet seen, I saw the form of a man. He was hiding in the ditch, an awful grimace on his face, gesticulating violently with his hands, and seemed to be keeping at bay something which to me was invisible. His form, though massive, was weak with want of food, his face was haggard and sunken, and his eyes seemed to pierce the darkness of the night like burning coals. I determined now to bury all my fears, and asked him softly, "Who are you, and what is the matter?" He starts violently, his lips come apart slowly. Then he shrieks, "Look! look!" I looked in the direction in which he pointed, but could only see a piece of a tree trunk which lightning had turned into the faint semblance of a woman's form.

Then he cowered from me, evidently mistaking me for some form of enemy that was prying on his solitude. As he spoke, his voice was husky, and so nervous that it was with difficulty that I could catch what he said. He anxiously searched my face, and drew something from his pocket which, as far as I could read in the dim light, appeared to be a summons.

"Oh, sir! don't give me up to the law; Lord save us, I didn't mean to do nothing wrong. I only murdered her, I only murdered her. I didn't mean no wrong. You don't know how 'ard it was, sir, living in a loft, houses costing too much for the likes of us, and me out of work, and I can't even go back to the old place, or the worst row'd lie at my door as you ever saw." I asked him his name, and he murmured "Oliver Cromwell, but they always calls me John, so never mind about the rest." I noticed a huge scar across his face, and he evidently saw me looking at it, for he vouchsafed the information, "Yus, sir, they gave me that with a shambok in German East Africa, you know, them things they uses on the niggers."

"My poor fellow," I murmured, "you look half starved. Come back with me and have a good meal."

"God bless you, sir, my appetite is all right, but I dursn't come to the town for fear they might lynch me."

I was pained by his story, but my heart was touched, the aftermath usually being the bitterest part of life; but all the same I made up my mind to help him. "Come along to my car, and I will see that no harm comes to you," I said, in a brisker voice than before.

"Ho, well, if you put it like that, I will consent to come."

"Mind you," I said, "there must be no nonsense in the future."



"All right, sir, I'll keep straight, and when I says I will, I will; I am so now and have been all my life, except for that one day, when I owns that I did sommat wrong."

By this time dawn was nearly breaking, and we faintly heard a cock sounding the hoarse knell of departing night. It was time to move, and I knew that with the return of day, visions of ghosts and evil spirits would leave my companion's overwrought mind. I took him by the arm, and we now endeavoured to find our way out of the wood. I had no map of the country, and had very little idea of the way to go, but we managed at last to reach the car, and as we came out of the wood, I was very thankful to leave its dreary gloom behind.

John talked little on the way back, but smacked his hand on his knee continually, which in my present state of nerves irritated me considerably. He smacked on all down the road, at the same time telling me that he had been to sea, but whether in a fishing smack or the navy, I did not gather.

I opened the throttle and the car is accelerated with such violence that I nearly ran into my own baker coming along the road with a damsel beside him, which irritated me still more. My baker,

I should explain, is the son of a bank clerk, and very conceited about his position in life. He bakes seldom, and so nearly always gives us stale bread. I passed the baker by, and was rejoiced to see that he did not recognise me. But even this had its small annoyance for me. I thought he might bow at least to his own customers. At this moment we passed a large furniture van, at the sight of which John got very excited, and waved his arms wildly in the air. The scared furniture-van driver turned a sickly green, and evidently a friend of his, who stood on a van behind the first, saw John as well, for his hue seemed to be even greener than the first. He was evidently inquisitive to know more about my friend, but I had to leave his ardour unquenched, and hasten on. John was just murmuring "Don't stop at Stone house," when I heard a shuffling sound, accompanied by the words "And now to . . ." and awoke to find myself in a large hall, a mass of people all round me, and suddenly realised that I was in my school chapel, and that I had slept all through the sermon, and I vaguely wondered if my form-master had seen me or not, and so my story will never assume a clear ending.

NOTE.—The foregoing article contains the names of 102 members of St. Dunstan's, which the following key will explain.

The DAY was nearly o'er, and KNIGHT was coming on. The MOON ROSE from behind the wooded HILL, as I turned the

KERR sharply to the WRIGHT down a shady GREEN LANE. I heard the sounds of a BELL tolling in the distance, and looking

across the BROWN stretches of MARSH,—ALL that I could SEWELL enough to distinguish, were the SPIERS of two churches half hidden by a fir GROVE, the WALL of a ruined CHAPPLE, some old SAXON BARNES, and a mill. When I had passed the MILL—I GANed the LEE of a thick WOOD from which the scent of LILLEYS of the valley and several FLOWRY shrubs hung heavily in the still air.

In the awful stillness, the CRONK, cronk of the engine seemed out of place, so knowing my car would not HOLD—ENough petrol to go much further, I stopped it and got out.

A thick HAYES was gradually STEELing over the MOORE, coming up from the sea. And I wondered what the FLEET—WOOD be doing on such a night as this. As the eeriness increased, I could even imagine the small CRABBEs would creep out of the water and WADDELL along the SHAW to seek comfort under the WHITE—SIDES of the large boulders on the beach.

Suddenly a shrill cry pierced the air and, shivering violently, I drew my WOOLLEN scarf more tightly round my neck. But the sound died quickly in the heavy mist, and though I LINGARD a moment longer, I heard no more. After all I thought I had only FOSTERed a delusion, and I would not laBR—UNDR—ITT; the creepiness of the night had got into my blood. HADLEY had I made this resolve when I heard the cry again, this time unmistakably, and following

the direction of the sound, I squeezed through the broken LATHs of the paling and PREST—ON through the wood.

Though not usually a nervous man, a cold creepy feeling kept running up and down my back, and the least sound made me jump. A ROBIN twittered, and a squirrel alighted with a THUD—SO—Near my feet that I started violently. Where would this lead me? And was I, a lonely MAYELL, to die to-night unwept, without even a friend OR—RELation to mourn my loss, the fate of an unloved BACH—ELOR?

A rustle at my feet drew my attention from morbid thoughts, and looking down, I saw a FOX—ON its back, with one PAW—LEYing in a trap. I wondered what the keeper BATES his traps with to catch foxes in this cruel manner. Was this the author of the cry? Scarcely, I thought, for WEN—LOCKed in its grim embrace, the creature was stunned, and as, with the strength of a black—SMITH, I loosed a BOLT—ON the trap, it rolled over apparently dead. I must seek further for the cause of this strange sound.

As I crossed a BROOKE, the trees grew thinner and the ground was intercepted with dykes. Again the weird cry reached my ears, this time close at hand; and by my feet, in a BIGGER—DIKE than any I had yet seen I saw the form of a man. He was hiding in the ditch, an awful griMACE on his face, gesticulating violently with



his hands, and seemed to be keeping at bay something which to me was invisible. His form, THOMASSIVE was weak with want of food, his face was haggard and sunken, and his eyes seemed to pierce the darkness of the night like burning COLES. I determined now to BERRY all my fears, and asked him softly, "Who are you, and what is the matter?" He starts violently, his LIPS-COMBE apart slowly. Then he shrieks, "Look! look!" I looked in the direction in which he pointed but could only C. A. Piece of a tree trunk which lightning had turned into the faint semblance of a woman's form.

Then he cowered from me, evidently mistaking me for some form of enemy that was PRYING on his solitude. As he spoke his voice was HUSKI-N-SO-Nervous, that it was with difficulty that I could catch what he said. He anxiously searched my face, AND-DREW-Something from his pocket, which as far as I could REID in the dim light, appeared to be a summons.

"Oh sir! Don't give me up to the LAW;-LORD save us, I didn't mean to do nothing wrong. I only murdered her, I only murdered her. I didn't mean no wrong. You don't know HOW-ARD it was sir, living in a LOFT,-HOUSEs costing too much for the likes of us, and me out of work, and I can't even go back to the old place, or the worst-ROU'D-LY at my door as you EVER-Saw." I asked him his name, and he murmured "Oliver CROMWELL,

but they always calls me JOHN,-SO-Never mind about the rest." I noticed a huge scar across his face, and he evidently saw me looking at it for he vouchsafed the information, "Yus sir, they gave me that with a shamBOCK-IN-German East Africa, you know, them things they uses on the niggers."

"My poor fellow," I murmured, "You look half starved. Come back with me and have a good meal."

"God bless you, sir, my appETTITE is all right, but I dursn't come to the town for fear they might LYNCH me."

I was PAINED by his story but my HART was touched, the after-MATH-EWSually being the bitterest part of life; but all the same I made up my mind to help him. "Come along to my car, and I will see that no harm comes to you," I said, in a brisker voice than before. "HO-WELL! If you put it like that, I WIL-KIN-Sent to come."

"Mind you," I said, "There must be no nonsense in the future."

"All right, sir, I'll keep straight, and when I says I will, I WILL;-I-AM-SO-Now, and have been all my life except for that one day, when I owns I did somMAT-RONG."

By this time dawn was nearly breaking, and we faintly heard a cock sounding the HORS-NELL of departing night. It was time to move, and I knew that with the return of DA-VISIONs of ghosts

and evil spirits would leave my companion's overwrought mind.

I took him by the arm, and we nOW-ENDeavoured to find our way out of the wood. I had no MAPP of the country, and had very little idea of the way to go, but we managed at last to reach the car, and as we came out of the wood, I was thankful to leaVE-ITS dreary gloom behind.

John talked little on the way back, but smacked his hand on his knee continually, which in my present state of nerves, irritated me considerably. He sMACD-ON-AL-Down the road, at the same time telling me that he had been to sea, but whether in a fishing-sMAC-AR-THY navy, I did not gather.

I opened the throttle and the car IS-AACSellerated with such violence that I nearly ran into my own baker coming along the road with A-DAMSEL beside him, which irritated me still more. My baker, I should explain, is the son of a bank CLARKE and very conceited about his position in life. He baKES-SELLdom, and so nearly always gives us stale bread. I passed the baKIR-BY, and was reJOYCED to see that he did not recognise me. But even this had its small annoyances for me. I thought he might boW-HAT-LEYst to his own customers. At this moment we passed a large furniture van, at the sight of which John got very excited, and waved his arms wildly in the air. The scaRED-FERNiture van driver turned a sickly green, and evidently a friend of his who stood-ON-O-

VAN behind the first, saw John as well, for his HUGHE-Seemed to be greener than the first. He was evidently inquisitive to know more about my friend, but I had to leaV-IZ-ARDour unquenched, and hasten on. John was just murmuring "don't stoP-AT-STONE house," when . . . . I heard a shuffling sound, accompanied by the words "And now to . . . .," and awoke to find myself in a large HALL,-A-Mass of people all around me, and suddenly realised that I was in my school chapel, and that I had slept all through the sermon, and I vaguely wondered if my form-master had seen me or not, and so my story will never assuM-A-CLAR-ENDING.

o o o

On the occasion of the last air raid over the Eastern Counties, some bombs were dropped in a cemetery. On the wall of the cemetery was the recruiting poster, "Your King and Country need you," on the top of which someone had written "wake up."

o o o

SHIPS are spoken of in the feminine gender because they always keep men on the look-out.

o o o

On perceiving an empty seat at a concert, a man said to a young lady who was occupying the next chair, "Is this seat engaged, Miss?" To which query he got the quick reply, "Yes, Sir, so am I, thank you."



"Oh Would—!"

(Inspired by an article entitled, "Rowing on the Lake," in No. I. of ST. DUNSTAN'S REVUE.)

Oh would that I wore celestial frocks,  
That I might be a lady cox  
Upon the lake designed to float,  
Yet not obliged to steer the boat.  
A lady cox demands and gets  
Uncounted spoil of cigarettes,  
And spills the ash adown her blouse  
(I quote) "Beneath the leafy boughs,"  
Not as might happen, perched beneath  
Bare, blighted boughs that have no leaf.  
These are the girls men love to row,  
For these the giddy leaflets grow,  
The very gaspers that they burn  
Scrap in the case to get first turn,  
And I am old and very tired,  
And should so love to be admired  
And simper while my pale hand gropes  
Effetely for the tiller ropes.  
Alas! 'Tis but an aged man,  
A white-haired, toothless, "also-ran"  
Who tears in vain his few frayed locks  
And wants to be a lady cox.

o o o

The Workshop.

THE last thing required of the Head of the Workshop is head. Feet are far more important—feet and the collecting qualities of an old hen. First and foremost he must be an athlete. His wind must be of so sound a quality as to be spoken of as "a gift from Heaven." It is estimated that during his average working day he must cover twenty miles at a hard run. For the rest he goes around

the lounge collecting his workers, depositing them at the workshop door, only to return immediately to the house for the oddments who remain. He it is who works least and is by far the most utterly tired out at the end of the day. Lots of people's occupations are like that, aren't they? Metaphorically speaking, they are always rushing panting up to others to ask them if they have seen the dog?

Moreover, many of his occupations come under the tragic destiny of the V.A.D.s. With them he shares the same sudden impulse to commit murder on a mean-well. Alone in the workshop it is he to whom the visitors are requested not to talk. But by the time the visiting ladies have reached his secluded domain they have also arrived at that moment when they are saying to themselves, "Oh, yes, these V.A.D. girls are all very well—BUT WHO'S THAT MAN OVER THERE?" At such a moment the Head of the Workshops mingles his tears and sympathy with that fearsome blue and pink creature who lives at the entrance of the monkey house at the Zoo. He is eyed furtively. The visiting ladies are uncertain if he be blind or simply one of those dreadful persons who expect a tip if they are spoken to. Having satisfied themselves, after many furtive glances, that he is probably neither, they drag him into their conversation. After all, *he* hasn't yet heard about the iniquity of their cooks or what a lot of good work their sister Emily is doing among the wounded soldiers down at Clapham. The V.A.D.s have already heard all about her, and it is to air their domestic joys and woes that half the visitors seem to come to St. Dunstan's. Also, it is part of the duties of those who worry the workers in the workshop to bring hope to the Pessimist, and share in the Optimist's Hymn of Praise. For example, he mingles his tears

with the maiden lady who wept for the future of Englishwomen because, when she went there the previous Sunday, she alone was knitting socks for soldiers at the Zoo. And immediately afterwards he takes an enthusiastic second in the song of the chattering lady who finds everything, from the man at the gate to the farthest end of the chicken run, "*Simply too wonderful for words!*"

No wonder the only heads who have ever sat in state there have been grey-haired or bald.

Still there is something about the workshop which weaves a spell of affectionate sentiment around everybody who has ever entered it. Once having rested there awhile it is very difficult to tear oneself away. From the visitor who talks for twenty minutes on the doorstep, to the soapbox which was ordered and paid for last June, everything seems loath to go away. The Sales Book is full of things which hate to take a fond farewell. Nothing goes quickly except the Petty Cash. No frantic call—at least through the post—will ever persuade a Collett basket to go to its rightful owner in a hurry. A personal appeal will sometimes abduct a picture frame, but it is never the picture frame which the abductor ought to have. A person who orders a knife box may just as easily receive a mat. Their apologetic demand for a kind explanation is usually a lesson in geniality under distinct disadvantages. After all, it *is* extremely difficult to "raise the wind" when



you have paid for something and haven't got a receipt.

Yet the workshop is a place where firm friendships are made as well as firm old friendships broken. No angry word has ever been heard there. The woman who ordered a flower basket and is recorded in the books as having brought old boots, usually ends her visit of complaint by giving a wholesale order for frames, pays for them on the nail, and leaves with a general invitation for everybody to come to her house for tea. There is something mysterious about the air of the place. This may be because it is hard to say the angry thoughts which yearn for expression when your entrance is greeted with the whistled refrain of "You made me love you," or "The Sunshine of your Smile"; or, again, it may be the influence of that strangely intricate piece of carpentry which some people have thought to be a wooden Temple to Diana, and others a hen coop, but which nobody has ever dared to demand the truth, although its manufacture takes up nearly half the room. At any rate, it is a workshop of smiles, and he who has successfully "Headed" it for a week, could take up the post of chief of the complaint department at any big emporium for the rest of his life. The days would teach him the art of pacifying even an infuriated dowager-duchess—and I can imagine no more impressive symbol of all that is terrifying in eyes seen through a lorgnon and shaking paradise feathers than such a one.

No, the days of the workshop pass happily away. Only the telephone plays the serpent in its Garden of Eden. But then a telephone is always a "serpent" in any office. It lures you towards it by a tinkling bell, and, by the time you have finished speaking into it, you have mostly lost a friend in your desperate struggle to understand what he had *not* said.

At the St. Dunstan's workshop, the Boot Department aids the telephone in its torture. With bangs to the right of you, bangs to the left of you, it is a little hard to grasp along a poor thin wire the demand of something whose name you don't catch for something whose name you don't hear. But the bangs, however, drown what you *do* really say—and let us hope that our Recording Angel is also a little deaf. I'm certain she is tired.

○ ○ ○

LOVE is like a duck's foot because it often lies hidden in the breast.

○ ○ ○

WHEN a poor fellow had narrowly escaped being burnt by savages, he stated that at one time he considered his existence was at stake.

○ ○ ○

THE following sentence, although containing only 34 letters, contains all the letters of the alphabet: "John quickly extemporized five tow bags."

## "As busy as Bees—and then some."

"As busy as bees" is the usual remark  
Applied to all hardworking folk,  
But come to "St. Dunstan's" in Regent's Park,  
And listen, and learn, and note, and mark,  
And you'll find your old simile old as the ark  
And quite out of date in these days.  
No longer you'll say in your old-fashioned way  
"As busy as bees," Oh! No! Not much!  
But as busy as V.A.D.'s.

They rise with the dawn, when the dew's on the ground  
And most honest folk are abed,  
And with dusters and brushes they hustle around,  
'Midst plenty of laughter and cheery sound—  
With the rattle of tea-cups the echoes resound  
As the parlourmaid gets to her post.  
For some are "The Pantry," and "housemaids" are some,  
And ONE is Dispensary—see you obey!  
She's a terror to all who "won't come."

You should stand at the foot of the grand stairway  
When the "housemaid's parade" has begun,  
As with dustpans and brooms they trip off to the fray,  
"Lawn-mowers" and buckets, pails, swabs, mops and "Jeye"  
All the things that denote the real char-lady's sway,  
And the Microbe-fiend's war with the Hun.  
And many a jest you'll o'erhear in the room,  
With perchance now a wail from an housemaid forlorn—  
"Oh Mollie, You've pinched my pet broom!"

I think you'll agree that it's excellent sport  
When you've seen them awhile at their work,  
Some days there are troubles and worries unsought,  
For instance it may be neat beds are your forte,  
You survey them with pride, but despair wings the thought,  
"I forgot it was clean sheet day!"  
And so, my good friend, if you're wanting some sprees  
Just come right along and join the good throng  
Of the "busier than bees"—the gay V.A.D.'s.



## "The Rag-time Dispensary."

IN London there is an institution for soldiers who have had their sight damaged in the present war, and this institution is becoming very widely known owing to the manner in which the soldiers are settling down to business, and proving that when people lose their sight, they do not become insignificant creatures, they should still be able to carry on nearly all their previous habits.

Now at this fine institution there is a dispensary, as the soldiers are still in need of a certain amount of medical treatment, and it is to this department I wish to draw the reader's attention. This is no common or garden dispensary, but a real up-to-date rag-time dispensary. It is a rag-time dispensary in a good many ways. The glass eyes are taken out in rag-time; the medicines are given to the men in rag-time, and so on, and the men are ragged by the nurse if they do not come punctually to have their eyes dressed. In fact the assistant nurse has to be very argumentative with the men before they will visit this department. Many sisters take a turn as assistant to the nurse, and the atmospheric conditions change accordingly. Sometimes the persons there seem to be awe-stricken, yet at other times great frivolity prevails, and the noise of a female's hysterical laughing may be heard a considerable distance away, say St. Paul's or Whitechapel. Of course, like other institutions,

this dispensary has some rules that must be complied with. For instance, if a man should forget himself and light up a cigarette whilst awaiting his turn, he would gravely risk his life. Again he should never think of singing or shuffling his feet, as the delicate ears of the nurse compel her to at once silence the offender, however exuberant that person might be feeling. The dispensary is very conveniently situated, and is very compact. Perhaps it might be said that it is too compact, as a soldier who takes a boot beyond the size of ten finds it rather difficult to manipulate his feet when nurse and assistant are there. This statement is not intended to imply that these good ladies have feet of unusual proportions, but simply to indicate the limits of the room. The temperature of the nurse fluctuates very considerably, and so it behoves one to be quiet until her particular humour has been ascertained. If the lady is in a good mood all is well; if she is in a severe mood, all is certainly not well. She was one day very carefully replacing a patient's glass eye, and things were awfully quiet, silence reigning supreme. As the lower lid was allowed to slip outside the artificial eye the patient made a clucking noise, with the result that the nurse jumped into the air. It was a very risky thing to do, and might have had serious consequences—for the patient. However,

the matter passed over as a huge joke. All joking apart, there can be no doubts as to the abilities of the dispensers, who guarantee to be able to cure anything from a wooden leg to a blistered finger, the latter being generally caused

by rowing. The nurse is of a very generous nature, especially with her rhubarb pills. It is therefore with confidence that any person suffering from any complaint can be recommended to attend St. Dunstan's Rag-time Dispensary.

o o o

## Visitors.

[Visitors to institutions make silly remarks. This nonsensical article is based on some of them.]

"That is a lovely band, isn't it? Whatever band is it?" said the dear old lady.

"It is a recruiting band," replied the charming V.A.D. who had undertaken to conduct the D.O.L. "You are quite right, it is a nice band. Let us pass to the workshop."

"Oh, what a charming workshop," exclaimed the D.O.L. as they entered. "How happy the men must feel as they look around while they are at work. And aren't those just dear little stalls for each man to stand in? It is so convenient for visitors to pass from one to the other and prod each one with an umbrella in order to call attention to the fact that they want to speak to them. How thoughtful to arrange the place in this way."

"You are wrong, madam. The men are not here on show. These are work-benches, and they are arranged for the convenience of the men, not that of the visitors. All these

men are repairing boots, and most of them are quite expert at their job. I think we will move along."

"Basket-making, well, I never! what pretty ones, too. And such pretty coloured strips worked into them. And those flat boards on the floor, they, of course, are for the men to sleep on when they feel tired. But don't you think it would be a bit more comfortable if mattresses were placed on them?"

Miss V.A.D. explained that the boards were for men to squat on when making "heavy" baskets, and she was about to turn to the mat-making when to her amazement a horrified scream broke from the D.O.L. who stood glued to the spot with both hands in the air.

"Oh, how terrible of your management to have a torture-rack in this place," she cried. "Surely you don't put the poor men on that when they won't work?" With much persuasion V.A.D. managed to get the D.O.L. away and having calmed her nerves mentioned that the cause of her fright was merely a fibre-winder which had recently been installed for the purpose of saving time.



"Now that does look interesting," remarked the D.O.L. as she caught sight of the mat-makers. "I didn't know that you taught people how to play the harp in that way. But I quite see the idea. You first of all get their fingers accustomed to the strings before trusting them with a real harp. But why do they keep tying on little bits of whiskers to the strings and then cutting them short? Making mats, are they? How ingenious. And they make them of different colours, too, I see. When the mat is finished what a pleasure it must be for them to see how well they can blend the colours.

"By the way, who is the little man perched up there on the platform behind the table? I suppose he is a blind officer or he wouldn't be kept apart like that. He is the superintendent, did you say? Oh! Then I suppose he presides at tea. That is the round tea table over there, isn't it? What a beauty. What is that you say? It's for holding the shoe-makers' tools? I think that is a pity. It would make a delightful afternoon tea table.

"Must I really get on? Very well, Miss V.A.D.; but may I speak to one of the men first? That's a nice-looking fellow over there. I will go to him. Young man, I'm so sorry to see you here in this company. You really don't know how sorry I am, for I cannot express myself."

"Well, madam, I don't know why you should be so sorry. I am

not. As you can see, I am in full possession of my faculties and I am doing what I can to teach these fellows something that will be of use to them. Perhaps you would like to have a few words with one of my pupils here."

"Oh, yes, how silly of me. You were wounded, weren't you. Yes, I can see that. Tell me, were you ever in the trenches?"

"I think, madam," interposed Miss V.A.D., "that the carpentry department will interest you. No, the things you speak of as clothes-props are the legs of tables. Shall we go out through this door?"

"Ah! this is the garden, I suppose. It's exquisite. Of course, the men walk about here, don't they.

"That looks like a see-saw. One end is up in the air when the other is down. Isn't that so? And a swing, too. That goes to and fro when it is pushed, doesn't it.

"Oh, do look, there is one of the men in a boat on the lake. He is pulling it along with the sculls, isn't he? Is that what the others do?"

"We will go inside now," said Miss V.A.D. "This is where tuition in reading and other things is given. Here is a man writing Braille."

"Oh! What nice little dots he is making. I suppose when he has quite covered a sheet the molten metal is poured over it so as to make pin-heads? How clever of him, and what a lot of money he will be able to save his wife.

"And this is the room in which the men sleep, is it? I thought so because of the beds. Very nice." Miss V.A.D. had gone through

sufficient torture and after expressing pleasure at the extraordinary intelligence displayed, bade the D.O.L. good-day.

o o o

## An Imaginary Interview with an Imaginary Hall-Porter.

Yer wants me to tell yer me story,  
What I sees out 'ere in the 'all;  
Well it may serve yer purpose as copy,  
But I won't guarantee it to thrall.

I've never been asked to relate, sir,  
What I thinks of the people up 'ere,  
But I'll give yer me candid opinion  
About the 'ole lot—never fear.

First of all then, just look at the Guv'nor,  
'E's reely a wonderful gent;  
If he's well 'e's that cheery and genial,  
If 'e's not 'e don't 'arf give it vent.

If you'd come up a little bit sooner  
You'd 'ave seen 'im come out of that door,  
A'showing a lady and gent round the place,  
With 'is walking stick sweeping the floor.

What's that remark you've just made, sir?  
You suppose 'e don't do any work?  
If you 'eard them bells ringin' like I do  
It would give you an 'orrible jerk.

There's bells all over the 'ouse, sir,  
What 'e's ringin' the 'ole blessed time,  
And when we're all runnin' our legs off  
'E feels that he's just in 'is prime.

Then look at the letters 'e writes, sir,  
There's three typists a workin' all day;  
Each works on a ten minute shift, sir,  
Then she looks like a chewed bit o' hay.



What's that door over there? That's the Office,  
Where they deals with the cash and the like,  
And I've many times 'eard 'em all say, sir,  
As they're jolly well goin' on strike.

That lady's the Matron, what looks like a nun  
With a serviette wrapped round 'er 'ead,  
And she's all on the go with 'er pencils and book  
From the time she gets up till she rolls off to bed.

Then there's the Treasurer; they calls 'im the Bantam;  
'E comes up for lunch, and 'e stays 'ere for tea,  
'E strolls round the grounds, and 'e sits at 'is desk,  
But 'e don't do no work—least, so far as I see.

Now I'll give yer a tip, Don't go to the shops  
If the boss of the works is about,  
For 'e'll ask yer to buy what you'll never receive,  
Or else tell yer to clear and get out.

There's lots more I could say, but I ain't got the time;  
There's the telephone buzzing away,  
So I'll finish with this—They're a jolly good lot,  
And I thanks yer—Good 'elf and Good-day.

"PETTY CASH."

o o o

## Bob's Left Thumb.

BOB JONES arrived at St. Dunstan's with a strong determination to do no work at all of any kind. He had thought it well over and decided that he could easily fill up the gaps between meals with Woodbines, mouth-organs, a stroll round the grounds, or an occasional trip to the post office if the weather were hot.

He had also made inquiries about headaches and found that they were not often questioned. All one had to do was to lie on a sofa and look congested.

"Of course Auntie might give you a dose of something," said his informant.

"Down the sink, I suppose?" said Bob.

"Not half a chance," replied his friend; "she watches you as if you owed her something."

"Is it, as a rule, very nasty?" asked Bob.

"Worse than any mixture of trench water and French wine," replied the other.

"Headaches are off," declared Bob. He paused in thought.

"I suppose a chap can feel a bit off colour?" he observed presently.

"Bed and water is what she gives you for that," was the answer.

"I call it jolly rotten nonsense," said Bob Jones, somewhat angrily. "Can't a man be ill without being interfered with?"

"They're all too soft-hearted," said his friend gloomily. "The place would be all right, if they'd let you get better in your own way."

"Like anything?" asked Bob, after a suitable pause.

The other fellow looked round the lounge, thoughtfully listened to a quantity of fluttering petticoats and ministering angels and clicked his tongue.

"You bet," said he. But there the matter ended.

"Now, then, my boy," burst in somebody with a slightly over-generous air, "and what's your name?" Bob supplied the information. "And what are *you* going to do?"

"I suppose it *is* your business?" inquired Bob, with a touch of sorrow.

"I'm afraid so. Well, there's boots, mats, baskets, chickens, bones, bags, hammers, planes, picture frames and potato patches. What will you have?"

"A glass of ——" Bob stopped in time. "Would you mind saying them over again?"

"Not at all." The list was repeated.

"Who *are* you?" inquired Bob, more to delay matters than anything.

"My name is Flower."

"Mr. Flower?"

"Anything like that. But come along. I'm always in a bustle. What is it to be?"

Bob had a lapse.

"I've got a bit of a head ——" He stopped short.

"You'd better see nurse, then," said Flower.

"No," said Bob, hastily; "I was going to say that I have a bit of a head for carpentry."

"Come on, then," said Flower, and Bob found himself collared by the arm and hurried over steps, paths, hand-rails, and other confusing obstacles, into a building where noises of all kinds, from hammering to tin whistles, were in full blast.

"Here is a joiner for you," ejaculated Flower hastily, and Bob was pawed over by somebody whom he could not see, but who also could not see him. They had a feeling match and formed their impressions of each other.

In rapid time Bob was supplied with a plane and a board, and after a few trials he brought the tool slowly and painfully down one side of his left thumb, and laid a slice of it on the bench.

Interruption and first aid followed.

"I think I'd be better at hammering," observed Bob, when he was bandaged up.



A hammer and nails were supplied, but he didn't want the nails at all, as he brought down the hammer at the first whack full on top of the damaged thumb. He said one or two things that sounded like German, and second aid was administered.

"I'll try mats," said Bob, as soon as he could speak plainly again. Flower marched him over to another part of the building, and Bob was stuck up against a sort of rope entanglement and shown how to wind yarn in and out of a kind of fishing net.

He was given a sharp knife to sever the thrums, and in due course he brought this precisely and successfully across the end of his left thumb, bandage and all, and dropped it into the mat.

Bob uttered his thoughts aloud, and Flower listened sympathetically.

"Have a go at boots," suggested Flower when the remarks were

finished, and within ten minutes Bob had firmly nailed what remained of his thumb on to a V.A.D.'s sole.

Third and fourth aid were supplied, and it was found that the shoe was not seriously damaged.

"I think," said Bob, "that I'll give this thumb a rest. There's not much left of it, but what there is I would like to keep."

"Try baskets," said Flower.

"Blank!" said Bob.

"Poultry farming?"

"Blank!" said Bob again.

"Gardening? Frames? Massage?" said Flower rapidly.

Bob blanked each in turn.

"I'm going back to hospital," said he, "and you can blankety, blank, blank your joinery, your boots, your mats, and all the rest of the show, and hang them round your blankety neck."

Flower sighed sadly, and Bob Jones went away to grow a new thumb.

### o o o "Friendship."

[The following essay gained the prize of £1 ls. offered in our last number.]

IT has been said that "whoever delights in solitude is either a wild beast or a god." We may put the latter part of this proposition out of consideration as being, in the form of an abstract proposition, most untrue. But it must be admitted that aversion in any man to Society does partake somewhat of the nature of a wild beast. It is true that a Crowd is not Company, and Society, without

Love, is a vain and empty thing, and certainly does not constitute Friendship, but without true friends the World is nothing better than a wilderness, and he whose nature and affections unfit him for friendship "takes it of the Beast, and not from Humanity," and he who lacks a friend to whom he can unbosom himself is a "cannibal of his own heart."

Friendship is the most sacred of all moral bonds. It is stronger than kindred, and is not be bought at a fair. It doubles joys, and cuts griefs in halves, and its use and noble end is to bear a part in every storm of fate, and, by dividing it, to make the weight of it less heavy. The older it grows the stronger it is. It will thus be seen that it is a possession of exceeding worth. It is a possession to be clung to very closely, for "friends may meet, though mountains never greet," and they are not so soon got or recovered as lost.

Friendship implies "goodwill" and "true love." The one is above gold, and the other is joy, and without them both true friendship cannot exist. Between real friends it may well be said that

"Times change in many ways,  
And we with time,  
But not in ways of friendship,"

and the feeling of mutual sympathy between them "makes glorious summer of the winter of their discontent," for it brings back to them the "memory of old words, old kindly deeds." What can be more beautiful, or more helpful, to two such friends, than for each one to be able to say to the other, truthfully and without reserve,

"Thy friend am I, and so will die,"

for constancy is the essence of true friendship.

A true friend, to whom you may impart your griefs, joys, fears, and hopes, and of whom you may take faithful counsel, opens the heart, and is such an one as kings, owing to their position, can seldom have.

The counsel which one receives from such a friend is purer and more disinterested, and therefore more to be trusted, than that which comes from one's own understanding. Moreover, true friendship implies "faith," and, as Epictetus says, "where else is friendship than where faith is?" The liberty, too, of a real friend, is the best remedy against the flattery of a man's self, and his faithful admonition keeps the mind healthy, and tends to save one from errors and absurdities which, in the absence of such a friend to tell them to, one might otherwise commit.

Friendship is healthful, also, for the understanding, by making daylight out of darkness and confusion of thought, for intercourse with a friend enables one to arrange one's thoughts in a more orderly way, and to see how they look when translated into words. And mutual affection increases our intellectual and active powers.

Friendships which are real are the most solid things we know. With a friend, one may be sincere and truthful. In his society, one can think aloud, and eschew all dissimulation and hypocritical restraint, and it has been well said by Emerson that "friendship is an aid and comfort throughout all the relations and passages of life and death," and again, "the essence of friendship is entireness, a total magnanimity and trust."

The whole matter may be summed up in the words,

"Friendship is the perfection of love."

AMICITIA.



ST. DUNSTAN'S REVUE.

Competition.

PRIZES of £2 2s., £1 10s., £1, 10s. and 5s. will be given for the best "Last Lines" in the following Limerick :—

This hostel's a kind of Noah's Ark  
Built close to the Zoo in the Park.  
If you doubt what I say  
Go and prove it one day,

.....

All answers should be sent to the Editor, on or before October 31st, 1915, at 16, Dighton Road, East Hill, Wandsworth, London, S.W.

A SPENDTHRIFT'S purse is like a thunder cloud because it is continually light'ning.

○ ○ ○

THE bride is always cheaper than the bridegroom because she is always given away, whilst the bridegroom is often sold.

○ ○ ○

LIFE is the best conundrum because we must all give it up.

○ ○ ○

"O" is the noisiest of the vowels because all the rest are inaudible.

BIRDS agree in their little nests because if they didn't, they would fall out.

○ ○ ○

A LAWYER, who was pleading the cause of an infant plaintiff, took the child up in his arms, and presented it to the jury, suffused with tears. This had a great effect, until the opposite lawyer asked the child what made him cry. "He pinched me," answered the little innocent.

○ ○ ○

WHOEVER would "mend the age," must "take a stitch in time."

St. Dunstan's Review.

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT.

Editor - - - William Girling

Contributors - The Staff and the Boys

ST. DUNSTAN'S Motto:

"What the eye doesn't see, the heart doesn't grieve about."

No. 1.

JUNE, 1916.



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# St. Dunstan's Review.

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK & SPORT.

NO. 1.—NEW SERIES.

JUNE 1916.

PRICE 6D.



THIS magazine is simply an effort to try and gather together all items of interest connected with St. Dunstan's which may be looked upon as both interesting and useful both to those who are at present enjoying the benefits which this splendid place offers, and to the old boys who we feel sure are making such great efforts to test the various trades or professions which they were taught here. Our object is to ascertain as far as possible how these old boys are progressing and to enlighten the present boys as to how the special work is being carried on by those who have left. It will, we also hope, be of equal interest to the old boys themselves, and will prove a successful and appropriate means of keeping all the present and past members of St. Dunstan's in immediate touch with each other.



## An Appeal to the Old Boys.

It is in the hope of adding something of interest to the boys at present at St. Dunstan's that we are making this appeal to you.

Send us an occasional letter telling us how you are progressing with your work and how you find things in general since leaving St. Dunstan's. Any of these letters, we feel sure, will be very much appreciated for one very great reason; if the present boys hear of the excellent progress which is being made by those who have left and who are putting to practical use the things they were taught at St. Dunstan's, it will hearten them to fresh efforts here.

We firmly believe that should you be able to help us in this matter it will have the desired effect, and will certainly add to the value of the *St. Dunstan's Review*.

THE EDITOR.

## Some Notes by the Chief.

HERE are some particulars about men who have left St. Dunstan's, which will probably be interesting to those who are still there.

Peter Brundrett, 2nd Border Regiment, performed a very gallant action recently. A child in the house next door set its clothes alight. Brundrett went into the house, and with no assistance from anyone succeeded in extinguishing the flames. The child was, unfortunately, so badly burnt that it died, but this did not make Brundrett's gallant attempt to save its life any less praiseworthy. Brundrett burned his own hands severely, and was unable to work for some weeks. St. Dunstan's, however, made up for him the earnings which he would have made.

John Brown, 2nd Scottish Rifles, has settled in a quiet little Kentish village. Those who were here with Brown will remember that he speaks with the broadest of broad Scotch accents. He said that when he and his wife first arrived the villagers could make nothing of his talk, and took them for Belgians. Belgian refugees who had been in the neighbourhood had not made themselves very popular, and the Browns were quite unable at first to understand why people did not take to

them, but as soon as the mistake as to nationality was discovered, all went well, and the Brown family are now quite happily settled.

Thomas Eaton, 11th King's Liverpool, is getting on well with his poultry farming, and busies himself with drilling the local troop of Boy Scouts. He apparently has succeeded in gaining the confidence of the boys, and we hear that his influence with them is most excellent.

The name of St. Dunstan's is likely to be perpetuated in various directions. W. W. Clarke, 24th City of London, called his baby boy, born not long ago, St. Dunstan, and Hallam has given this name to the pretty little cottage in Derbyshire in which he and his wife have settled down to poultry farming.

Paddy Goodison sent a very amusing account of his experiences during the Dublin Rebellion. He said that for ten days he had to lie flat on the floor while the bullets whistled over his head. Goodison probably mistook hours or even minutes for days, but no doubt his sudden return to the firing line upset his mental equilibrium a bit. He escaped unhurt, but was evidently in the thick of the very hot time which they had in Dublin.



The first letter came from Heliopolis, written by Charles H. Hills, Australian I.E.F. He and Pte. Harry Hudson had a very pleasant trip to Alexandria, and were then taken by hospital train to Cairo, thence to Heliopolis; he expected to sail from Port Suez within two days on the "Karoola."

Lingard, 2nd Essex, is doing very well with his poultry-keeping; he finds his way about so well that local folk are disinclined to believe he is blind. He appears to have a wonderful way with the birds, who follow him about and eat out of his hand. He does not say whether he has trained them yet to lay their eggs ready boiled.

A. H. Patston, of the K.O.S.B., seems to have discovered a patent of his own for increasing egg production. He wrote and said that on taking a newly-laid egg from under a bird one day, the bird promptly showed its disapproval of the proceedings by laying another, and when this was abstracted, followed at a short interval by a third. Whether Patston has succeeded in inducing other hens to emulate this system of rapid egg production we have not yet heard!

David Makin, of the 10th Durham L.I., provided himself with a watch dog, which proved to be a little too good at its job. The first thing it did after being installed was to go for its

master, who had to climb up on an out-house roof, from whence he made loud appeals to the neighbours for help. It was some time before the dog could be persuaded to let its master descend. Eventually, however, he apparently got to recognise the fact that his job was to chase off other people. As Makin remarks, "This is *some* watch-dog!"

Moon seems to be showing the good people of Cork how to make a first-rate mat, for he recently won the first prize for mats at an Exhibition in Cork. Moon seems also to have become quite an expert performer on the concertina, and says that the neighbours won't in future have to complain of his being too quiet! There is no news as to what the neighbours feel about this!

A few weeks ago George Robey was performing in Manchester; he looked up James Saxon, whom he had got to know at St. Dunstan's, and took him to the show. He told the audience that he had asked Saxon how he liked married life, and amused them with quoting Saxon's reply, which was to the effect that it had not been much of an eye-opener to him.

C.A.P.



## St. Dunstan's Gossip.

THE dances, which have lately been only once a fortnight, are proving such a success that Sir Arthur Pearson has inquired into the advisability of having them once a week. The question was put to the vote, and the majority in favour of the weekly dance instead of the fortnightly was just three to one. So they will be held every week, unless the weather really gets too hot.

The boys who are learning to dance may be reminded that the ladies prefer them to tread on the floor rather than on their feet. Curious notions these ladies have.

Rowing is in full swing. The first race meeting was held at Putney on May 27th, and full particulars of the events will be found elsewhere. On Regent's Park Lake there is a gay scene every morning and evening. The lady coxswains turn up like bricks—all honour to them—at 6 o'clock in the morning. But whether they would sink like bricks has not yet been put to the test.

It is interesting to note that the V.A.D. ladies are taking an active interest in the boating this season, and two of them come down to cox every evening. This is very good of them, as we all know how very busy they are with their many duties. We welcome their help very heartily.

There was a race on the lake the other morning between Millar and Green over the half-mile course. Millar conceded three lengths and won, but Green put up a plucky fight and rowed very well.

By the way, Bob, the boatman, has now taken on the job of coaching the boating men, and very well he is doing it. He has already turned out some excellent scullers, and before the summer is over we hope to see all the boys rowing in good style and with perfect action. Why not? There is nothing that the St. Dunstan's men cannot do.

Swimming has been a good deal in favour owing to the spell of hot weather, which, however, did not last nearly long enough for most of us. We have some very good swimmers, particularly Jock Waddell, Albert Woollen and Millar. These men are all ardent boaters as well.

Swimming at the Baths commenced on May 1st, the swimming days being Mondays and Fridays each week. Some of the boys dive remarkably well. There will be a little later on a display of various sports and games, with money prizes to the winners. It is hoped that the boys will take a keen interest in these, and it is suggested that they practice for the following events: Tug-of-war, three-legged



race, driving race (driver and sighted person), musical instrument race, walking race, skipping, club swinging, running sack race. A lot of amusement can be had from these, besides being good exercise.

By the way, Sir Arthur Pearson has arranged for a four-oared boat to be used on the Serpentine. This is a great concession from the authorities, and probably very few people could have done the trick. However, C.A.P. is not easily beaten. The four-oar is sure to be a popular sight on the Serpentine, and the public will be able to enjoy the spectacle of some really good rowing.

The tug-of-war is increasingly popular, and even the hot weather does not damp the ardour of the team, although it damps everything else about them. The idea is to select a good team and then issue challenges to outside tuggers, and see what they can do. We of St. Dunstan's are prepared to back our own side, judging by the way that they plough up the ground. "Its very nearly

trench digging," as an onlooker remarked.

The boys who go in for the sports are suggesting that a canteen in the grounds would be an advantage. Why not? We might as well buy our cakes and chocolate on the premises as go outside for them.

A contingent of Boy Scouts comes both morning and evening to help with the boating. The youngsters are both useful and obliging. In fact, now that we have them it is difficult to think how it was we ever did without them.

A prominent dweller in St. Dunstan's has lately disappeared from amongst us, and is greatly missed. This is "Dan," the West Highland terrier, who knew everybody, was friendly with all, and was a keen participant in the Sunday walks. He is very much missed; he occasionally barked when the newspaper was being read, but that was only when there was very bad news. He was especially opposed to any increase in the dog licence.

o o o

## Workshop Gossip.

**D**EPARTURES from the workshop have removed one or two familiar figures within the last few weeks. Joseph Rutter is starting in

boots and mats at Salford, Matthew Hutchinson will set up as a mat-maker in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, and Neil Macdonald has gone to Edinburgh to make

munition boxes. We shall miss Macdonald's songs at our *al fresco* concerts. Another regretted departure is that of Lance-Corporal Bocking.

The level of work in every department is better than it has ever been. Slacking is practically unknown, each man clearly realising that it is entirely to his own interest to put in as much and as keen work as possible. Where all are so good it would be unfair to make comparisons so far as intention goes. The keenness and excellent spirit displayed make all the instructors and everybody concerned in the direction and supervision rejoice.

"Uncle" Cross has now been added to the pupil teachers; he makes an excellent mat himself, and is a hard and steady worker, and will doubtless prove a very efficient helper to others in the beginning stage.

Sessman has made very rapid progress in boot repairing; the first pair of soles that he put on had scarcely a fault. He was at once promoted from the beginners' benches to the advanced section.

Sergeant Shields is proving a very good successor to Corporal Pettitt in the making of oak trays. He has turned out some really beautiful work, and his trays are much admired and find a ready sale. He ought to do very well in this line.

Everybody was glad to welcome George Adams back again.

His cheery presence and lusty singing add to the enjoyment of the boys in the shop. The reason for his visit was to perfect himself in mat-making. We are always glad for the old boys to come back to put on the finishing touches, as it is difficult to know just where the shoe pinches sometimes.

The irrepressible "Sambo" also paid us a fleeting visit. He was a very lively addition to the shop, but his appearances in the Lounge were not always appreciated very highly. "Sambo's" love for music occasionally outruns the desires of the listeners, but he could never play too much for Matron and the sisters. Well—perhaps not.

Rufus Shaw is back again, full of good spirits and hard work. Rufus is a good all-round boy—equally good at work and at play. He wants to perfect himself in his boot repairing, and we have no doubt he will do it. By the way, he and Tommy Devlin are thinking of going into partnership. Tommy is very good at both boots and mats, and the association ought to work well.

We are glad to note a revival in basket-making. This is a good industry, and should receive even more attention than it does. There is plenty of money to be made at baskets. Martin Lane is earning from 30s. to £2 per week at cane work, and Lawlor is doing as well with



the willows. The latter is turning out some splendid work. Half-a-dozen dog baskets he recently sent us earned the high appreciation of every expert. They were practically without a fault.

Mat-making is progressing merrily. All we want in this department is a few more orders

from outside. The stock is getting up rapidly, and the orders come in but slowly. Everybody must wipe his boots at least once a day, and he had better do it on a St. Dunstan's mat than on any other, if he really wants to get the mud off. The worst of our mats is that they last a lifetime.

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### A Tribute from Camille.

En reconnaissance je me trouve très obligé d'écrire quelques mots pour faire savoir que j'ai passé un temps tout à fait heureux et confortable à St. Dunstan's pour lequel je donne mes meilleurs remerciements à l'honneur de la direction de l'Institut.

De la part de  
CAMILLE VERBUGGHE.

*Translation.*

Out of gratitude I must write a few words to tell you what a happy and comfortable time I have had at St. Dunstan's, for which I must heartily thank those who direct the Hostel.

From  
CAMILLE VERBUGGHE.

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### Incidents of Humour.

A LITTLE tale is told of how one of our men surprised a gentleman in the type-writing room. The man was working very hard at the machine when, unknown to him, a visitor was standing with a good deal of interest watching the man, when unfortunately a mistake was made by the man, and under great provocation he expressed his feelings in true military

language, much to the displeasure of the said visitor, who happened to be a clergyman.

Another similar tale is told of how another man amused rather than displeased a clergyman under similar circumstances. This gentleman made his presence known by enquiring as to the progress of the pupil. The pupil at once answered in a joking tone that the fascination

of his teacher distracted his attention and rather impeded his progress. The clergyman smiled, and with a wink to the teacher made some appropriate reply.

A few days ago a blind gentleman from Brighton, that most of our men know who have been to Brighton, visited St. Dunstan's,

and sitting with one of our men in the Hall, was kindly asked by one of our very kind walker-outs whether he needed anyone to go for a walk with. The St. Dunstan's man at once answered that he did not, although the offer was meant for the visitor.

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### St. Dunstan's Annexe.

THE increasing number of men at St. Dunstan's has made it necessary to take over another house, and on May 8th the annexe at 12, Sussex Place, was opened for the use of the men specialising in massage.

The house is only seven minutes from St. Dunstan's, and once learnt, the cross road presents no difficulty in getting to and from lessons.

There are 15 men in residence at present, but there is room for more, and we hope soon to have the pleasure of welcoming some of the new-comers from St. Dunstan's to the annexe.

There is a public garden at the back of the house where the men sit after dinner in the evenings,

and of course all functions at St. Dunstan's are well attended—especially on Fridays, when the dances take place.

The men go rowing on the lake every morning and evening, and the daily programme of work and play is arranged on exactly the same lines as at St. Dunstan's.

Needless to say, these residents of the annexe will be delighted to see any of their old friends to tea at any time, and to show them over the new house. So we hope that visitors will sometimes patronise our super-excellent sofas and home-made cakes, and they may be sure of a warm welcome whenever they can come in.

K.M.



## Notes of the Braille Room.

**W**E (and "we" in this case not only means that a teacher is shaking hands with herself, but a pupil is, as the French say, throwing his bonnet over the windmill and shouting "Thank Heaven, THAT'S over!"), WE congratulate the following men on having passed their test:—

Sgt.-Major Middlemiss, Emile, Scott, Tarry and Spry on passing the Reading Test.

Sumner and Emile have passed the Writing Test of the N.I.B.; and Girling, Tarry, Scott, and Speaight have sent in their papers but have not yet heard the result—so the teachers are still outwardly calm and collected (which all Braille teachers like to LOOK and very rarely feel—especially when the pupil has finished the dictation successfully and has arrived at the money market part), and the above mentioned men's bonnets are still, well—do hats sit, or lie, or stand?—anyway, they are still ON the above mentioned gentlemen's heads!

Both Lieut. Scott and Lieut. McLaren have passed the Typewriting Test, and so have Messrs. Colville, Tarry, Westwick, Miller, Cooper, Boswell, Barley, Gray, Bowers, Carnell, Speaight, Moore, Alcock, Flett, Walden, Melling, Allen, Sergt.

Jones, Capt. Strong, Turnock, and Dennison.

For these the whereabouts of the "@"," "%," and "¾" signs are no longer a mystery. They look years and years younger for it!

And now "we," having congratulated (or sympathised, as the case may be) with those who have passed their tests and those who haven't, let us pass on to their immediate rewards.

Several new books have recently been presented to St. Dunstan's for the use of those men who love reading. Eight volumes of "Lorna Doone" were received last month, and the staff and boys of Lordship Lane School, Wood Green, have given two copies of "The Ship of Stars," one of the best books which Quiller-Couch ever wrote. The Oxford Readers, too, are a great asset, and are not really to be used in cases of insomnia, although they do sound rather dull. The Braille is excellent. They are fully contracted and interlined, while the dots are very fine and firm. Of course, for those who cannot sleep, and dislike counting imaginary sheep, there is nothing to compare with that cheerful masterpiece, "The Little Boy who Died," of the old Royal Reader. But that is another, and a much duller story.

However, I can thoroughly recommend some old copies of "The Hampstead and Santa

Lucia Magazine," published in the days when these "thrilling" publications were interlined.

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## The After Care Department.

## A MODEST TRIBUTE.

**T**HE After Care Department demands a very special talent. Memory is a great asset to it. You have to remember anything from nails, required near John o' Groats, to rods near Lands End. You must bear upon your shoulders the faults, not only of fowls which refuse to lay, but also railway companies which fail to deliver. House agents are familiar friends. Very soon—say in a year or two—they will hate to see the After Care Department waiting in the vestibule. The After Care Department wants so many things, and wants them all in a tremendous hurry. House agents hate to hurry. They like to put people's names down in their books and leave them there—preferably for centuries. But the After Care Department wants what it wants immediately. It wants anything from a farm to an ideal home, and from thence to an ideal wife—supposing that that soldier has not found one for himself already.

Sometimes the After Care Department begins to feel that the ideal wife is the easier to

find. Sometimes, especially on a hot day, it hopes that there will be an After Care Department for the After Care Department. It feels that it will need it. The After Care Department must also have special likes and dislikes. It must like tea above all things. It is computed that any of its members drinks thirty different cups in thirty different houses per week on the average. It must also have a perfect memory. It must remember the number of innumerable busses and the names of innumerable dogs. Failing this memory, the After Care Department may wander aimlessly about London looking for a house discovered, later on, to be situated in the next street; also he may be bitten by the dog when he gets there. A talent for remembering babies' names is also an advantage, as in this way awkward mistakes may be avoided. Mothers hate to have their offsprings called Willie when their real name is Sarah Anne. But until Willie is put into knickers, or Sarah Anne gets her hair done in a plat, it is very difficult for the After Care Department to know.



The After Care Department is the firm, strong link between the men who have been to St. Dunstan's and the place where they may settle down. It is a link which will never be broken. It takes from the shoulders of the men who have left so many of the worries and troubles which beset other people starting in life. It takes from them the burden, and, at the same time, it keeps alight the memory of happy days. It dispatches such things as hen coops, eggs, mat-making frames, basket rods, etc., etc.—and that "etc." covers anything from—well, only the After Care Department knows what that "etc." may mean.

And yet it is this "etc." which is the joy of its life. If happiness is a question of the unexpected, then the After Care Department ought to be always

smiling. Its daily post-bag is as varied as the herbaceous border at Hampton Court. Whatever may be said of other things, the life of the After Care Department is never dull. Sometimes it wishes that it were.

But all this sounds like frivolity, though it isn't really. It is only a way of looking at a serious thing with a smile—which, after all, is the only way to treat serious things if you are to get a proper proportion. However, let us haste to more serious things, and let all those present and past inmates of St. Dunstan's ever remember that the chief of St. Dunstan's is determined that the After Care Department shall see to it that the good work done at St. Dunstan's is maintained by them in the homes of the men all over the country.

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## Our Home Races.

ON Saturday, May 27th, the first Race Meeting of the St. Dunstan's Rowing Club took place on the river at Putney.

There were 20 entries in the singles, and these were divided into four heats of five men each.

**First Heat.**—Shaw, Sebbage, Turnock, Vaughan, and White-side.

Shaw won this by  $2\frac{1}{2}$  lengths.

**Second Heat.**—Collins, Devlin, Emile, McFarlane, and Stanners.

Collins won this by 3 lengths.

**Third Heat.**—Boswell, Pell, Shields, Woollen, and Braithwaite.

Woollen won this by 6 lengths.

**Fourth Heat.**—Mr. Baker, Mears, Spinks, Thorpe, and Waddell.

Mr. Baker won this by 12 lengths.

The final heat was rowed by the four winners, namely, Shaw, Collins, Woollen and Mr. Baker. Mr. Baker won a good race by four lengths, Woollen being second. Mr. Baker, therefore, won the first prize of £1, Woollen the second prize of 10s., while each of the winners of the heats received 5s.

The double sculling race was an exceedingly good one. There were three entries, namely:—Street and Orvis, Matheson and Millar, Kitchen and Hall. Street

and Orvis won an exceedingly good race by threequarters of a length, Millar and Matheson being a close second all the time. The winners received £2, and the seconds £1.

Luncheon followed the end of the races at the Vesta Rowing Club, where the party spent a happy time. The winners were toasted and replied, and everybody showed a good sporting spirit.

It is understood that the next meeting will be held about the end of June.

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## Another Account of the Races.

BY AN ABSENT EYE-WITNESS.

THE competitors came down by motor, and presented a fine appearance when they turned out in their shorts and singlets. Many a sigh was heaved by fair onlookers as the scullers, with their noble proportions generously displayed, marched down to the boats.

The first heat, coxed by small boys, was started in a somewhat scattered fashion, due to evident differences of opinion as to the right direction to take. Ernest Turnock would certainly have won this heat but for the fact that he sculled his boat in a completely reverse way to the others,

and so finished a mile from the winning post. It is understood that beyond braining his cox he bore his disappointment like a man. The actual winner was Rufus Shaw, who helped his boat along considerably by the force of his language.

The second heat started off with a clash of contending oars, due to the youthful coxon's error in supposing that it was a bumping match. Three of the boats emerged from the scrum in gallant style, and the scullers, hitting out all round them with their oars, frightened the coxons into jumping under their seats,



and so stirred up the water around them that a passing steam barge hoisted signals of distress. Of the three surviving boats only one managed to reach the winning post first, the lucky oarsman being Collins. The other two explained loudly that they would each have won easily but for the blunders of the man with the megaphone, and the fact that they had had to make their beds at St. Dunstan's before starting.

When the boats for the third heat were prepared, the small boy coxons could not be found, and as it was presumed that they had either been drowned or otherwise made away with, the head boatman obligingly produced some fat and heavy old men, who were carefully wedged into the sterns and made fast to the steering ropes. Considerable interest attached to this heat, as it was Bozzy's first appearance on the River Thames, and the waves of the famous old river washed up angrily as he took his place in the boat.

At the word "Go!" through the megaphone, they went like arrows from the bow, the hoary coxons vainly pulling first one rope and then the other in the mistaken notion that they were ringing for help. Bozzy rather spoiled his chances of reaching the winning post by rowing with a high and rapid stroke round and round the steam-launch, where stood the man with the megaphone. The old coxon's excuse

for steering this course was that he was afraid to say anything for fear of getting a thick ear, but Bozzy's own explanation was that he so loved the sound of the megaphone that he did not wish to row away from it. Albert Woollen, an old St. Dunstan's blue, made a bee-line for the winning post, and reached it some 20 minutes before the others, who were pressing as close on his heels as the water would let them. If only a lucky accident had disabled Woollen, both Pell and Stanners would have won easily.

The fourth heat was a splendid affair. This was, of course, Jock Waddell's race, and his confidence in winning so disheartened the others, that they kept a respectful distance behind. With a magnificent spurt that nearly threw the coxon out backwards, Jock went 15 lengths ahead, and then lay on his oars.

"Any fellow who tries to pass me," he shouted, "I'll—" and he explained what he would do. This was fatal, for Mr. Baker, who had sneaked along under the bank where Jock couldn't see him, suddenly dashed out and won a close race by a dozen lengths.

The Doubles were rowed off next, and the winners were Street and Orvis, Millar and Matheson being a close second. This decision was challenged by Kitchen and Hall, who had kept within hailing distance for most of the race, and who explained

that if they had only had a different boat, different sculls, a different cox, and a different river, there would have been a very different result.

For the final heat of the Singles, the four winners of the previous heats came swanking down to the boats. Shaw had saved a small boy cox from the early contingent, and had him placed in the stern of his boat. With such a cox he had made up his mind to win, but Mr. Baker had made up his mind also, and he adopted offensive tactics from the rear. His unique method, briefly stated, was to crash into his more dangerous opponents from behind, sink them one by one, and thus clear the course for himself. He had a hard job to catch Shaw, but he did it, and when Shaw came up and got the mud out of his mouth, and the water out of his nose and ears,

some of his remarks were only too distinctly heard.

"Where's your little cox?" cried a soft-hearted onlooker. "Where?" shouted Shaw. "I've swallowed all the mud and water about here for miles, so I s'pose I've swallowed him. I shouldn't be likely to notice a little thing like that."

So the matter was dropped.

Mr. Baker was loudly cheered for his brilliant ramming tactics. He won, and Woollen was a good second.

However, it was a good morning's racing, all things considered, and a very pleasant dinner at the Vesta Rowing Club brought everything to a happy close.

The St. Dunstan's boys are good sportsmen, and they all cheered each other in the heartiest manner, and wished each other better luck next time.

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## A Paying Hobby.

ONE of the changes not to be regretted that the war has brought about is certainly that of the substitution of useful work for useless pastimes. Who now cares to waste time and thought and money in ways which benefit nobody? But we cannot always be strenuous, and so much of our work is difficult

and exhausting that it is pleasant to find a hobby that is neither frivolous nor costly. Some of us at St. Dunstan's have found an occupation which is at one and the same time both work and recreation, and one which not only puts money in empty pockets but also fills empty hours. If this sounds too much



like a fairy story, a visit to the Netting Room will prove it to be true. Here can be made useful and marketable articles under conditions which do not exclude the comfort and cheer of smoke, song and chat. Here those who are tired from mental or physical effort in other work can spend an hour for profit and pleasure without any uneasy feeling of waste of time.

Several of the men have become very clever netters, and a

number of those who have left St. Dunstan's are carrying on this pleasant occupation in conjunction with their other more serious employments.

Summer is coming, and orders for hammocks, nets and bags are being freely given. Work will be carried on out of doors when the weather is good, but the Netting Room is always open, and there is a welcome for everyone who cares to take up this most satisfactory paying hobby.

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## Bumps and Bruises at St. Dunstan's.

**A**MONG the many things which we all have to put up with at St. Dunstan's, both all the men and sisters, is the innumerable and indescribable collisions. I might say that although these are frequently attended with nasty shocks and often some pain, after using a little, or rather a few naughty words they are borne with all good spirits, and usually bring out the very keen sense of humour which we men are reputed to possess.

I will try to recount a few instances which have happened at our home of endless corridors and turnings. In going from the Lounge to the Rabbit Warren many things are to be encountered. The first, and as we all

know, the most essential thing to do is to find the carpet, and then a few yards and WHACK! "Sorry, old chap, still alive!" he exclaims to a bunch of our lads who are discussing the latest war news or giving each other tips on how to go round the island in one of the boats in record time. And then the wanderer continues his journey, and, perfectly confident, he sails along until—BANG! No apology is forthcoming, for it is only the door of the dining room, and then, after politely straffing this cause of his stoppage, he once more sets forth on his journey, and once more a delay. A slight jarr, and then a pretty lady's voice says, "I am so sorry. Have you hurt yourself?" The

man with a smile says very bravely, "That's alright, sister. Is the coast clear?" Then with careful manœuvring he manages to steer clear through the next door and safely across the hall, which we find usually frequented with all kinds of good-hearted people, who immediately act as a pilot across this dangerous crossing. Then comes the tricky bit of all, to get through the ward without taking the enamel off the beds or knocking the wind out of some unfortunate pal, with whom you chaff about looking where you are going. By this time you have about covered three-parts of your perilous trip to the haven of refuge; the rest you simply glide over until BANG! A man's voice, belonging to one of our old soldier orderlies, "Mark time, old dear," and with an enquiry about whether you are in need of tooth paste or other toilet necessities, our gallant soldier continues his way, and the wanderer once more trudges on his journey, and eventually arrives at his bedside puffing and blowing, and thanking his lucky stars that he has arrived without being put out of action completely, and then one sprawl, and he has the rest and comfort which he fully deserves.

A little tale was told me the other day by two of our most adventurous pals of how a few steps were the cause of their downfall. They ventured rather wide afield, and everything ran

smoothly until they arrived at what they thought was a kerb, and at once, after making sure that all was clear of traffic, they stepped off and went on, and found themselves flying through air at a good speed which would fill our aviators with envy, and for a minute both of these unfortunate men wondered where they were destined to end after this splendid attempt at taking a short cut. Fortunately for them a trustful servant of the LAW was waiting for them, and a burly London copper with outstretched arms caught them in his fatherly embrace, and at once asked, "Where are yer goin' ter?" Our men, although pretty near winded, in their usual manner saw the funny side of this fall, and retorted, "We'll tell yer when we arrive, guv'nor."

Another little tale is told of one of the men who live at Sussex Place. On going from St. Dunstan's to Sussex Place one day he safely crossed the road, and at once found the landmark in the shape of a pillar box. He somehow lost his bearings and walked all round it, and started on again, and eventually found himself going in the same direction from whence he had just come. Whether he had some of our strong brew of lemonade I cannot say.

One more little tale is told of another member of this annexe, who, walking along Sussex



Place, fell down an area and is believed to have been after the cook. Whether his little plan made him friends with her or

not, he, hailing somewhere from the north, is too wary to inform us.

W.G.

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## Bulldog.

BY SERGEANT NOLAN.

I WAS born very young. I was quite an infant at the time of this particular occurrence. It was the custom in our village folk at that period to be born young. Of course some people are born younger than others.

It is very difficult and, as you know, mum, to break down such a conservative and biological law as birth in a country village. This law I believe has existed since the world began. I was pulled into the world without so much as a "by your leave." The consideration paid to me upon my entry was of the ordinary degree. I cannot swear to it as a fact, but according to conversation relating to that famous event, mum, I believe I was kissed on making my debut.

As years rolled on I grew up, as all boys have a habit of doing. I developed so quickly "sphere by sphere" that my parents were quite proud of me. Time went by, and I grew wild and hot-tempered, so much so that mother was frightened, as of

trouble I never was free, for I was always discontented and wanted to go out into the world.

My ambition was soon realised, as in the year 1899 the Boers declared war on England, so I became a soldier, as I thought it my duty to fight for my country and Queen. I spent two years in South Africa, and a very hard time it was; I was often foot-sore, hungry and thirsty, and thought I would never come home. I fought under Lord Roberts and Buller, and against Botha, Kraitsinger, and De Wet, and the Boers were as gallant foemen as they are loyal friends to-day. I stayed there till peace was proclaimed, when off to India I sailed, glad to leave the country where I thought I should leave my bones. I spent eleven years in India and roamed all over the place, but to me it was quite a pleasure, the best time of my life I am sure. At last I began to feel homesick, and left there in 1913. I looked forward to seeing old England, and wondered if it would be the same. I

thought now my life of adventure was ended and I would settle down quietly at home. But I soon received notification that I was required again, as the German lust for power made them declare war on France.

The Huns broke Belgian neutrality, thus forcing Great Britain to fight; so once again I took the field to help sweep back the German hosts.

Our first engagement took place at Mons, but from there we were forced to retire, almost to the gates of Paris, fighting every inch of the way.

On the morning of the 5th November a sudden change came over the scene, as we forced the Germans to retire until we arrived at the Aisne. It took us two days to cross it, as the Germans were entrenched in the hills. I received my first wound there, and a bad one. To England I came once again, and visitors came to see me as I lay in bed in hospital. They asked me some silly questions which I answered as well as I could, as I did not wish to offend them. Seven weeks after I was discharged from hospital I went to France again, where I took up my work as before, until at last I was blinded by a shot clean through my head.

Once again I returned to England to lie in a hospital bed, and as I rolled over I wondered if life would be ruined for me.

As time went by I grew better,

and to St. Dunstan's I came, which as you know is the blind soldiers' home, where they teach us all sorts of trades.

Now, though I'm blind I am still hopeful, my health and spirits are just the same, and I hope to be as successful in the future as I have been in the past.

Now my life of adventure is ended, I must draw this short tale to a close, and I am proud of the fact that I am a soldier, as a slacker they can never call me.

When you read our casualty list of a morning, give them the due that is theirs, as they laid down their lives or lost their sight to defend our women and children at home. If we had not checked the Germans, in old England they would have been, and done the same to our women and children as they did to the French over there.

I will speak of my children to finish. I've a fine little boy coming on, who will tell all his chums of his father who lost his sight in the war, and those other little boys will wonder why their fathers did not go too, for they will learn at their schools that England required every man, and if their father is a conscript soldier, a slacker that boy will call him.

In conclusion, I feel deeply sorry for those lines in English history, which express the glaring fact that there were those among us who were too cowardly to raise a hand in defence of honour, virtue, and that glorious



freedom of which the Britons have always been proud. As the conscript shame will have to be

eradicated by the future generations.

A SOLDIER.

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## A Dog's Tail.

BY DENNISON.

S HALL I tell yer the tail of my life, mum? How I fought for my country and fed, On biled beef, and carrots, and onions, And nigh busting I went off to bed. I remember one night when on duty, I was thinking of asking for leave, When I gets a big shock to my nerves, mum, From something which crawled up my sleeve. I didn't cry out in my fear, mum, Nor shake like a cowardly Hun, I stood just as cool as a Briton, apicking my teeth with my gun. When I first got my orders for France, mum, My glory weighed deep on me chest, And while I was waiting to sail, mum, You couldn't have held me for zest. We soon got to work in the field, mum, They were ploughing a way through our ranks; I got ten of them stuck on my bayonet, And not one of them offered me thanks. I went on for years all alone, mum; I knew the advance had begun, When I spotted a form in the shadows, He was poluting the water with rum. I followed that figure for years, mum, 'Till his whiskers were touching his boots, I knew

that it had to be done, mum, And my duty had taken to roots. I was spotted! he saw me acoming, And with fury my manly form filled; The answer to that is in blood, mum, The blood of a chicken I killed. I was always a hero in battle, It was me that should deal with the Hun; I was late and my Captain was anxious, And wished that Bill Slogem would come. I rushed to that there field of glory, Then I sat down and loaded my gun, Then I charged at the foe like a hero, And I soon made the bally crowd run. But they couldn't catch up to Bill Slogem, As swift as an eagle I sped, But nothing was left on that field, mum, But what was all living or dead. I don't want no praise for my conduct, I'm as bashful a man as could be, But when folks here at home talk of heroes, Well! one of them heroes is me. This tale I must now stop relating, But some other time if you prefer, I'll go on; but look you, now here comes the Matron, To cut off my tail as it were.

BULL-DOG.

## A Mistaken Individual.

I AM writing this article in reference to one class of wounded soldier, the blind. Altogether a wrong impression is conceived of him; and as I am in daily contact with him I will give you my impressions of this gentleman of misfortune.

Assuredly, there are many types of this individual, from the labourer to the bank clerk, but one and all are of a cheerful temperament, and have a bright outlook on life, and are *NOT*, as people imagine, inclined to be sad and mournful.

He is to be pitied, of course, but do not tell him so; he does not like it. He likes to be petted, but not pitied. It is like offering a red rag to a bull to ask him where, or how, he was wounded. He has repeated the same story so often that he is heartily sick of it, and repeats it in parrot-like fashion. I remember one incident of this sort happening. A certain garrulous old lady made a regular visit to our hospital daily, and had the unfortunate habit of asking the aforesaid question. A friend of mine thought he would put a stop to it, so was quite prepared when the usual thing occurred. "Oh," he said in answer to her question, "A German aeroplane was making a reconnaissance over our positions, when one of its mudguards fell off, and I happened

to meet it when it reached the ground." We heard her murmur something about an unusual occurrence, and then she wandered away to find another victim.

A blind soldier is entirely different in this respect to the chap who has lost an arm or a leg and usually waxes eloquent on his misfortune, and perhaps thinks the Huns have treated him badly; but the blind soldier very seldom alludes to it.

At the King's invitation party this incident emphasises the point. One of my chums (who has two glass eyes, which look very natural) was sitting on my right, and on his right sat a chap from another hospital. We had just sat down to tea, and, before it commenced, a conversation ensued between the two. After making much of his accident (he seemed very proud to have lost a leg), he asked my chum what he had got left after the scrap. "Oh," he quietly remarked, "I have come out of it fairly well; I have only lost my two eyes and right hand, but they left me two fingers on my left hand."

Joy riding has a fascination for him, and many a joke is recorded against him. One chap told me he was invited for a motor ride, and in due course was manoeuvred to the Park. He was asked to step in by the owner, who



turned away to look after some other chaps. After two attempts he gave it up, and waiting until the return of the lady, was piloted safely inside. He had

been trying to get in by way of the tail-lamps!

Bear these few facts in mind, and you will find him a good fellow.

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### The Braille Chasers.

**I**S this the way to the Braille Room?" Did I hear some man reply, "It's the way to get dotty, Miss; right you are! This way to the lunatic asylum!" And off goes the man with his hand on the rail; sharp turn to the left, down the hill, up the four steps and through the doors—and there he is in the torture chamber. The torturers stand waiting, ready to pounce on the victim as soon as he appears. If they are quick enough they may just manage to catch him before he sneaks off to the string-room, his courage having failed at the last minute. He dashes through the string-room and out by the doors on the other side of the building, and the teacher in pursuit will spend the next three-quarters of an hour looking for him, and with luck will come across him in some distant and unlikely spot and will be able to wreak her vengeance on him for the remaining quarter of an hour by continuing the process of making him dotty. (For Braille is dots, and therefore to be Brailly you must be dotty.) Sometimes the method of catching your man is just this one of

lying in wait in the Braille Room ready to spring the moment the rash quarry appears through the doors; the other method is to stalk him from the lounge, to mark him carefully from the moment he shows signs of moving off when the whistle is blown which summons all workers from the lounge—that busy, bustling little whistle which seems to say, "Now then, you fellows, bustle up! Get a move on!" just when you are settling down into a really sound sleep; but then it also puts a stop to Albert, that remarkable but over-obliging musician at the piano, so there is something to be said for the whistle after all. But while we are busy about the whistle the Braille man has escaped—vanished from the face of the earth! So off you go to the workshop. "Has Hurst been down here?" No—indeed, they never heard of such a man down there—are you quite sure you have his name right? You get no help from anyone there, they are all past, present, or future victims, and will not go back on a pal—not when it's a case of dots. You fly off then to the poultry yards; he's never been there either. So you

try the Braille Room again—madness to think you will find him there, but still you think you may as well look. There you may see perhaps three men with their teachers, the latter flushed with the excitement of the chase, but triumphant. Just as you think you see a flying shadow in the far corner of the string-room you hear a motor-horn behind you, and you jump quickly to one side—but it is only Hurst coming down the carpet—and you take to your heels again, and as you pant up the little hill you meet many teachers. You will collide with them as they rush down, you will barge into them as you turn the corner, you will exchange hurried question and answer: "Have you seen Hicks anywhere about?" "No, but I've lost Danny! Have you by any chance seen ——?" But you don't wait for the end of the sentence. Sometimes, only sometimes, you will hear the cry of "I've found mine at last; yours has just gone in the direction of the house." You try again in the lounge, you peer into a ward—but use what method you will, chance—fate alone will deliver

the victim into your hands. I was told (by Cooper) that one man, having been missing for several weeks, was found in the lake eventually, when the boating began. He had escaped all those hours of Braille by swimming under water all day, coming up at night, feeding on the tadpoles and drinking Worcester cider (not caring for the lake water) from the refreshment house near by.

Nevertheless, in spite of all difficulties, most men "stick to it" till they have passed the test, and sometimes a man will take to it at once, and before many weeks have passed may be seen with a copy of "The Scarlet Pimpernel" or some other book across his knees, sitting under the trees in a deck chair on the lawn. Then does the Braille teacher take heart of grace, to think that all her hunting, all her "chivvying," and all her keenness for her man to master the tedious little dots has not been in vain, and she lifts her head higher again to think that her man has "stuck to it," and once more won the game.

(Contributed by Dots 1, 3 & 4.)

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### Bob's Left Thumb.

(Reproduced from the old St. Dunstan's Magazine.)

**B**OB JONES arrived at St. Dunstan's with a strong determination to do no work at all of any kind. He

had thought it well over, and decided that he could easily fill up the gaps between meals with Woodbines, mouth organs, a



stroll round the grounds, or an occasional trip to the post office if the weather were hot.

He had also made inquiries about headaches, and found that they were not often questioned. All one had to do was to lie on a sofa and look congested.

"Of course Auntie might give you a dose of something," said his informant.

"Down the sink, I suppose?" said Bob.

"Not half a chance," replied his friend; "she watches you as if you owed her something."

"Is it, as a rule, very nasty?" asked Bob.

"Worse than any mixture of trench water and French wine," replied the other.

"Headaches are off," declared Bob. He paused in thought.

"I suppose a chap can feel a bit off colour?" he observed presently.

"Bed and water is what she gives you for that," was the answer.

"I call it jolly rotten nonsense," said Bob Jones, somewhat angrily. "Can't a man be ill without being interfered with?"

"They're all too soft-hearted," said his friend gloomily. "The place would be all right if they would let you get better in your own way."

"Like anything?" asked Bob, after a suitable pause.

The other fellow looked round the lounge, thoughtfully listened

to a quantity of fluttering petticoats and ministering angels, and clicked his tongue.

"You bet," said he. But there the matter ended.

"Now, then, my boy," burst in somebody with a slightly over-genial air, "and what's your name?" Bob supplied the information. "And what are you going to do?"

"I suppose it is your business?" inquired Bob with a touch of sorrow.

"I'm afraid so. Well, there's boots, mats, baskets, chickens, bones, bags, hammers, planes, picture frames, and potato patches. What will you have?"

"A glass of ———." Bob stopped in time. "Would you mind saying them over again?"

"Not at all." The list was repeated.

"Who are you?" inquired Bob, more to delay matters than anything.

"My name is Flower."

"Mr. Flower?"

"Anything like that. But come along. I'm always in a bustle. What is it to be?"

Bob had a lapse.

"I've got a bit of a head—." He stopped short.

"You'd better see nurse, then," said Flower.

"No," said Bob, hastily; "I was going to say that I have a bit of a head for carpentry."

"Come on, then," said Flower, and Bob found himself

collared by the arm and hurried over steps, paths, hand-rails, and other confusing obstacles, into a building where noises of all kinds, from hammering to tin whistles, were in full blast.

"Here is a joiner for you," ejaculated Flower hastily, and Bob was pawed over by some body whom he could not see, but who also could not see him. They had a feeling match, and formed their impressions of each other.

In rapid time Bob was supplied with a plane and a board, and after a few trials he brought the tool slowly and painfully down one side of his left thumb, and laid a slice of it on the bench.

Interruption and first aid followed.

"I think I'd be better at hammering," observed Bob, when he was bandaged up.

A hammer and nails were supplied, but he didn't want the nails at all, as he brought down the hammer at the first whack full on top of the damaged thumb. He said one or two things that sounded like German, and second aid was administered.

"I'll try mats," said Bob, as soon as he could speak plainly again. Flower marched him over to another part of the building, and Bob was stuck up against a sort of rope entanglement and shown how to wind

yarn in and out of a kind of fishing net.

He was given a sharp knife to sever the thrums, and in due course he brought this precisely and successfully across the end of his left thumb, bandage and all, and dropped it into the mat.

Bob uttered his thoughts aloud, and Flower listened sympathetically.

"Have a go at boots," suggested Flower when the remarks were finished, and within ten minutes Bob had firmly nailed what remained of his thumb on to a V.A.D.'s sole.

Third and fourth aid were supplied, and it was found that the shoe was not seriously damaged.

"I think," said Bob, "that I'll give this thumb a rest. There's not much left of it, but what there is I should like to keep."

"Try baskets," said Flower."

"Blank!" said Bob.

"Poultry farming?"

"Blank!" said Bob again.

"Gardening? Frames? Massage?" said Flower rapidly.

Bob blanked each in turn.

"I'm going back to hospital," said he, "and you can blankety, blank, blank your joinery, your boots, your mats, and all the rest of the show, and hang them round your blankety neck."

Flower sighed sadly, and Bob Jones went away to grow a new thumb.



## Colonization of the Blind.

(a) The idea of colonizing the blind has its foundation in an entire misconception of the desires, the capacities, and the ideas of the blind people themselves. It seems to be thought that because a certain handicap is laid upon men and women such as we are, that we need to be specially treated as apart from the rest of society, but all modern education is wrongly directed if that thesis holds good. In fact, the root idea of philanthropy is directed against any policy of segregation.

(b) If it were necessary to prefer this kind of treatment on behalf of sightless people, why not propound the theory for colonization of people who are deaf and dumb, or other folk who only have the use of one leg? More could be said for the latter case in commercialism because they are not able to move as rapidly. The only protective measures that have been introduced bordering on colonization have been instituted because society needed to protect itself either against infectious diseases or against violence. In the former case the leper is treated as a subject for a colony simply because he can transmit his disease to others, and in the latter instance we have founded institutions for the purpose of making provision for lunatics be-

cause society needed to protect itself against them.

(c) The fact of the existence of alms-houses in any given locality constitutes a landmark which, to say the least of it, is inevitably regarded as a taint of pauperism and all that that implies. The consideration that all modern legislature instituted by European countries is directed against a policy of segregation, surely must indicate that the idea of colonization is not in accord with the approved notion of how social life shall be conducted.

(d) The only instance that we have on record of any magnitude is the effort which was made by the late Queen of Roumania Carmen Sylvia. This philanthropist thought to have called into being "a City of the Blind," as she described it, but of course, for a variety of reasons, the idea never gained fruition. On economic grounds it is doubtful if such an experiment would be seriously worth consideration; from the ethical standpoint it is altogether reprehensible.

EDWARD BATES.



## The Newcomer at St. Dunstan's.

What happens when he arrives, what is done for him, and what he has to do.

THE blinded soldier who is intending to come to St. Dunstan's may be interested in a short account of what happens to him on his arrival.

The first thing he may be sure of is a hearty welcome from everyone. He is received at the front door by Boy Scouts, who take care of his luggage, pay his taxi, and pass him on to a V.A.D., who sits in the Hall registering arrivals and departures. He is reported to the Matron, who apportions him his bed and ward, shows him where to put his clothes, hands him a copy of the Rules—which are printed in Braille as well as in ordinary type—and then introduces him to his fellows in the Lounge, where he is made to feel at home at once. Needless to say, a meal is ready for him if he desires it, and any friends who come with him are treated as guests for the day.

He is not worried with too many particulars or instructions. At first he is allowed such time as he chooses to settle down and get used to his surroundings. All the devices for his convenience and comfort are explained to him. The strips of carpet that guide him from the front door to his dormitory, or the Dining Room, or the Lounge, or

wherever else he may want to go are carefully explained so that he can begin at once to find his own way about indoors without assistance.

Out of doors there are hand-rails to guide him to the Workshop, the Poultry Farm, or the Braille Room, thus enabling him to get to each of these places by himself.

He can spend his first day in becoming used to these various aids, which at once make him feel independent and self-resourceful.

In the course of the first morning, a message is brought to him making an appointment with Sir Arthur Pearson, who receives him, usually at 12 o'clock noon, in his private office, and has a long and friendly chat with him, in which he discusses the various trades that are taught, and decides with the newcomer himself which he will choose to take up for his future occupation. Sir Arthur Pearson points out that there is no hard and fast line about this, and that a man may try first one occupation and then another until he hits upon the one that suits him best.

If he requires medical attendance of any kind, he is introduced to the Dispensary under



## ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

the charge of Nurse Read. He will receive all necessary attention from the nurse in charge in a cheerful and kindly way.

At 6.30 a.m. the newcomer will find that there is boating on the lake in the summer months, and physical drill or walking during the winter months. Breakfast is at 8 a.m. The morning paper is read at 8.45 a.m., and a whistle is blown for work to start at 9.30 a.m.

At noon, if he is in the Lounge, he will find a sudden inrush of cheery fellows from the Poultry Farm, the Workshops, and the Braille Room, who cease work of all kinds at this hour, and are then free to do as they like until dinner time, which is at 1 p.m., and which is heralded by a bell. He will find that many of them go for walks with friends or visitors who come to take them out, while others go for walks by themselves, or write letters, or chat or play musical instruments, of which many are on hand for the free use of the men.

It is frequently the case that concerts are provided from 1.30 p.m. to 2.30 p.m. by professional singers and instrumentalists of the very front rank.

At 2.30 p.m. a whistle is blown, which indicates that work begins again, and then the men troop off to their various occupations, requiring nobody to show them the way owing to the numerous facilities provided for

their convenience to which reference has already been made.

At 4.30 p.m. work of all kinds ceases for the day. The men can go out to tea if friends invite them, or stop in if they prefer it. Many of them take walks, go rowing on the lake, or amuse themselves in the several ways that are available.

On Mondays and Thursdays in the winter months, there are concerts from 5.30 p.m. till 6.30 p.m.

Supper is at 8 o'clock, and at 8.30 p.m. the evening newspaper is read to those who like to hear it. For the others, there are willing Sisters to read stories to them, or to write letters for them, or help them to play cards or dominoes, or practice music or anything reasonable that they desire to do. On Monday nights there is a Domino Tournament, with prizes.

In the winter months there are dances on Tuesday and Friday evenings. On Thursday evening there is a Debating Club, at which the men discuss various subjects of interest to them, with the object of encouraging them to speak readily in public.

At 9.30 p.m. the orderlies appear to conduct them to their various dormitories, and by 10 p.m. everyone is expected to be in bed.

It will be seen that the days are full both of work and amusement, and so far as the latter is concerned it is entirely optional,

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so that a man need not take part in any particular thing unless he desires.

At week-ends any men who desire it are allowed leave to be away either with relations or friends.

With regard to a new man, if, as often happens, he wants to go home for a short spell, Sir Arthur Pearson arranges for him to be taken or sent and his fare paid.

On Saturday afternoons, those who do not go away for the week-end can attend concerts or matinees of music halls or theatres, for which free tickets are provided. Or should they so prefer, the men can see their own

friends, and are allowed leave until 9 p.m.

It is advisable for each newcomer to make himself acquainted with the Rules, which are short and simple, and are devised for the comfort of the men themselves, and not with a view to any unnecessary restriction.

It may be added that the wives or other relatives of inmates are invited to pay visits to St. Dunstan's. Their fares are paid, and they are provided with free board and lodging for a week at a time. Everything is done to make them comfortable, and special leave is given to their husbands, sons, or brothers during their stay.





### Boys who have left in May.

Barley	...	...	...	8th Lincolns.
Bocking, Lance-Corporal J. A.	...	...	...	1/10 Manchesters.
Catlow, S.	...	...	...	6th East Lanes.
Inskip	...	...	...	3rd Batt. Rifle Brigade.
Macdonald, N.	...	...	...	2nd Gordon Highlanders.
Rutter, Corporal	...	...	...	9th Lanes Fusiliers.
Wenlock, R.	...	...	...	2nd Scots Guards.
Verbrughe, Camille	...	...	...	Belgian Army.

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### Newcomers in May.

Aldridge, Lance-Corporal A.	...	...	...	Queen's West Surrey Regt.
Caple, Sergeant A.	...	...	...	Royal Welsh Fusiliers.
Collins, W.	...	...	...	Royal Field Artillery.
Collinge, H. A.	...	...	...	Royal Warwickshires.
Cooper, Staff-Sergeant	...	...	...	Army Ordnance Corps.
Johns, P.	...	...	...	1st Grenadier Guards.
Lloyd, L.	...	...	...	Royal Flying Corps.
Molloy, C.	...	...	...	8th Royal Field Artillery.
Marshall, Lance-Corporal F.	...	...	...	4th East Yorks.
Pugh, Sergeant H.	...	...	...	1/6 South Staffs.
Purchase, E.	...	...	...	A.B. Admiralty Transport.
Robinson, W.	...	...	...	7th Lines.
Randall, H.	...	...	...	13th City of London.
Shaw, G. W.	...	...	...	A. & S. Highlanders.
White, W.	...	...	...	Chief Steward.
Leeman, Sergeant	...	...	...	8th Lincolns.
Maddison, G. G.	...	...	...	1/4 Seaforths.

## St. Dunstan's Review.

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT.

Editor - - - William Girling

Contributors - - The Staff and the Boys

ST. DUNSTAN'S Motto :

"What the eye doesn't see, the heart doesn't grieve about."

No. 2.

JULY, 1916.



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# St. Dunstan's Review.

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK & SPORT

NO. 2.—NEW SERIES.

JULY, 1916.

PRICE 6D.

## EDITORIAL NOTE.

It is with much pleasure that we are able to announce that the "St. Dunstan's Review" is now printed for the benefit of those who wish to acquire a copy. It was originally intended to keep the magazine to ourselves, and to make only one typewritten copy, but the outside demand has been too keen for this to be done. The June number, owing to this decision about the printing, was unfortunately rather late in making its appearance, but we

hope in future that each monthly issue will promptly appear.

The number of June copies printed was 500, which sounds rather modest, but we shall be glad to increase this number if we find that the demand requires it.

It is hoped that St. Dunstan's boys will bear in mind how glad we are to receive their notes on any subjects that are mutually interesting.



## An Appeal to the Old Boys.

It is in the hope of adding something of interest to the boys at present at St. Dunstan's that we are making this appeal to you.

Send us an occasional letter telling us how you are progressing with your work and how you find things in general since leaving St. Dunstan's. Any of these letters, we feel sure, will be very much appreciated, for one very great reason; if the present

boys hear of the excellent progress which is being made by those who have left and who are putting to practical use the things they were taught at St. Dunstan's, it will hearten them to fresh efforts here.

We firmly believe that should you be able to help us in this matter it will have the desired effect, and will certainly add to the value of the *St. Dunstan's Review*.  
THE EDITOR.



## Some Notes by the Chief.

The Editor records with sincere regret the departure from St. Dunstan's of Miss Davidson, the lady who since the inception of the Hostel acted as its Matron. Miss Davidson's health did not permit her to continue the strain imposed by the arduous work which continued growth placed upon the Matron's shoulders. The good wishes of every man who is or has been at St. Dunstan's will go with her.

Miss Hughes, the new Matron, had only been at St. Dunstan's for a few days when these notes went to press, but she had already endeared herself to the men and given them a most excellent impression. The combination of the practical and the kindly in her sunny nature cannot, we feel, fail to give real help to all the men under her care.

The little God of the Bow and Arrow is still making very good practice at St. Dunstan's. It is indeed to be hoped that our sharpshooters in France and Flanders are doing as well. Pte. J. R. Brown was married at Nuneaton on the 15th of this month, Gunner G. Rose was married on the 11th in London, and during the month of July Corpl. J. H. Rutter, Pte. Neil McDonald, and Lee-corpl. W. Pettitt are all going to celebrate their weddings.

The men of St. Dunstan's evidently know a good thing when they see it, for the beauty of the girls whom they take for better or worse is quite particularly noticeable, and those who have had the privilege of getting to know something of these ladies, say that their natures are as sweet and charming as their appearance.

One of the fellows who left recently, and whose name must not be printed, made a somewhat hasty exit from St. Dunstan's to escape from a matrimonial entanglement which did not seem very desirable. Congratulations upon his masterly retreat, which was effected in good order and with no casualties.

That cheery Irish lad Moon is still busy winning prizes for his mats. During this month he has won the first prize at an exhibition of work of disabled soldiers in Cork for "the prettiest piece of work there," as stated by him in a letter recently received.

Eaton, who is now very nicely settled as a poultry-farmer and doing particularly well, is going into camp on July 1st with his troop of Boy Scouts. It will be remembered that last month we had something to say about the way in which he is drilling this troop.

Cromwell, who it will be remembered was one of our double sculling pair last year, writes to say that he has not given up rowing, and puts in all the time he can spare at it. Where he lives at Gloucester he is not far from the Severn, and is lucky in being able to keep up his rowing exercises on this, the largest river in England. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that Cromwell is making good money at his trade; he repairs local boots and shoes in a manner which gives satisfaction to all.

Corpl. Pettitt, who learnt joinery at St. Dunstan's, has accomplished a very remarkable feat in the money-making way. His actual earnings for the first three months of his work showed an average weekly profit of rather over £3. Pettitt worked very hard, and had a particular incentive in the fact that he wished to pile up a nice little sum with which to furnish his home for his bride. Another fellow who

has done very well over a lengthy period is Matthews. He is cobbling and mat-making at Maidenhead, and without any assistance from St. Dunstan's, beyond the preliminary step of making him known to the neighbourhood, he made an average weekly profit for the five months from January 1st to May 31st of £1 9s. 9d. a week. Pettitt's large earnings were no doubt helped by the fact that he sent a great many of the things he made to be sold to visitors at St. Dunstan's, and this, of course, is an outlet which is open to all men who leave and make saleable articles.

The first man trained for telephone operating, Pte. R. Spry, is at work at a good situation at one of the offices of the Gas Light and Coke Co. Spry is a thoroughly competent telephone operator, and it is to be hoped that his health will permit him to continue with this work.

C.A.P.



## Field Marshal Lord French.

## VISIT OF INSPECTION TO ST. DUNSTAN'S.

On the 21st June, the men of St. Dunstan's had the honour of a visit from Lord French, the gallant soldier under whom so many of them had served. The Field Marshal, who was accompanied by Major Dawnay, made

a detailed inspection of all that is done at St. Dunstan's; he was greatly interested in the work that was going on, and showed the keenest appreciation of the admirable progress which has been made. Lord French spoke



to many of the men, and made short speeches of encouragement and goodwill in the different departments, as his visits to them ended. The following is a copy of a letter addressed to Lord French by Sir Arthur Pearson on the day su ding his visit:—

Dear Lord French,

The blinded officers and men to whom you paid a visit yesterday wish me to convey to you a sense of their sincere appreciation of your kindness in sparing an afternoon of your busy life to cheer them on their way.

Nothing that has happened since St. Dunstan's was started has given more sincere gratification to its inmates than your visit.

Officers, men and staff alike were deeply touched and gratified by the kind things you said to them and of them.

May I add a line of personal and very sincere thanks for your kindness to me and for the great help which your sympathy has given me in what I am trying to do here.

An interesting feature of Lord French's visit to St. Dunstan's

was his presentation to Sergeant Leeman of the D.C.M. which he has won. This is a brief record of Sergt. Leeman's distinguished military career. He joined the 2nd Lincolns in 1910, and went to the front with the 8th Battalion. He was disabled at Armentières on March 17th of this year, receiving the wound which has resulted in his blindness. During his service in France he had been wounded twice before, once in the right foot and once in the right shoulder, and was mentioned in dispatches four times. The action for which he was awarded the D.C.M. took place on May 9th, 1915. His Company were ordered to bombard the enemy at half-past five on the morning of this day, but only three of the men, Leeman, his corporal, and another private, succeeded in reaching the enemy's trenches. These three then held these trenches, covering a distance of 250 yards, for three and a half hours alone, when they were joined by another Company. The trenches were then held until 8 o'clock in the evening, when only six of the whole Company remained unhurt.



### St. Dunstan's Gossip.

It was on Friday, June 3rd, that H.I.M. the King conferred a baronetcy upon Mr. C. Arthur Pearson. It became known in

the morning that the Chief had been summoned to Buckingham Palace, and everybody knew what that meant. Sir Arthur

himself said not a word to anybody, and after his return to St. Dunstan's modestly kept the news to himself, and departed early in the afternoon to Datchet. Yet, of course, everybody knew it, and in the evening Mr. Rose, after a preliminary blast upon the well-recognised whistle, announced the fact to the crowded dance room.

Never had such cheering been heard within the walls of St. Dunstan's! The boys cheered and cheered again, and for several minutes the hand-clapping was deafening. It was a heartily spontaneous recognition of a well-merited honour, and proved beyond cavil the high appreciation and affection in which the Chief is held by everyone. The only pity was that he was not there to hear it for himself. The event was eagerly discussed by the boys for the rest of the evening, and their hearty approval spoke volumes for the feelings with which they recognise the Head of the Hostel.

On Whit Monday, the few who were left had an enjoyable time. Breakfast was partaken of at 9 o'clock instead of 8.15, there was boating on the lake at 10.30, in spite of the weather, and an impromptu concert was held in the Lounge from noon until dinner-time. In the afternoon everybody went to the Coliseum, supper was taken at 6 o'clock, and the day wound up

with a cheery dance, which was unusually enjoyable because the floor was not overcrowded. There are occasions when the number of participants in the dances make it a difficult matter for steering to be successfully accomplished; but this, of course, is only a proof of their popularity.

The late Matron left us on June 13th. As a mark of friendly appreciation, a dressing case (subscribed for by the staff and the boys) was presented to her, and there was a gathering in the Lounge at noon to bid her farewell. After three hearty cheers had been given, Matron shook hands with everybody, and was evidently feeling the severance very much. The sentiment prevailed among all that she had honestly tried to do her best with a singularly difficult task.

The new Matron — Sister Hughes—arrived on June 15th, and at once proceeded to earn golden opinions. It is generally agreed that she is evidently the right woman in the right place. It is quite evident that she is going to be very popular, and St. Dunstan's offered her a hearty welcome.

There has been much activity among the boaters of St. Dunstan's owing to the approaching great day of the races on July 12th. On that occasion we are to meet Worcester College at Putney and race them in four-oared boats, double sculls, and



## ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW.

single sculls. The selection of the four proved a difficult task, as there is so much good material from which to choose. The men from whom the selection had to be made were:—Shaw, Turnock, Street, Spinks, Orvis, Millar, Collins, Kitchen, and Hall.

Mr. R. J. Calcutt, the president of the Vesta Rowing Club, has the matter in hand, and we are all convinced that he will deal with it in an effective and properly sporting spirit. There is a suggestion that the second four should row against Emmanuel School in the following week, and this will probably be done.

Sandwiched in with the Worcester events will be the St. Dunstan's home races. These will be pair-oars, double-sculls, and single sculls. The racing will start at 11.30 in the morning, and will probably not be over until about four in the afternoon. The full programme has not yet been made out, but it will consist of six events, with possibly several heats in the home races.

There is to be one extra event in the Worcester races at Putney on July 12th. This is a pair-oar race, and the St. Dunstan's crew will be Spinks and Orvis, both of whom are remarkably promising oarsmen, and would certainly have been in the four if only a four-oared boat would hold six.

By the time these lines appear in print, the Putney races will be

over; but just now the rowing men are all keenly training, and Mr. Calcutt, our chief coach, is hard at work with the various crews at Putney. The four chosen are:—Shaw (stroke), Turnock (bow), and Street and Millar respectively two and three. We hope to win, and we know that we shall put up a good race anyhow.

The double scullers will be Matheson and Mr. Baker, and the latter will probably row the single sculling race as well. Mr. Baker is a very fine sculler and full of grit. Canada and Australia combined ought to do the trick between them. The Worcester boys, old and new, are good sportsmen, and we know that we shall have a rattling day. But it will all be over by the time these lines are read.

The most interesting wedding of the month was that of Gunner Edward Bates, who was married to Miss Coales, of the N.I.B., on June 8th at Marylebone Church. There was a luncheon afterwards at Canuto's Restaurant, where the usual facetious speeches and replies were tolerantly received. Teddy Bates was one of the figure-heads of St. Dunstan's, and his departure will be greatly regretted. He distinguished himself in his massage work, he was a keen rowing man, and went in for everything. His genuine comic singing will be greatly missed when the winter afternoons return.

## ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW.

Teddy Bates and his wife paid us a visit at the end of the month, and both of them looked remarkably well. It is evident that married life agrees with both of them. Girls who marry non-sighted men always appear very happy. Somebody whispers that one of the causes that make for their contentment is the knowledge that the young man cannot very well go out by himself to see a dog or anything of the kind. Naturally also he never has eyes for anybody else. But then, as we all know, the blinded soldier never flirts.

St. Dunstan's break up for the summer holidays on July 29th, and everybody goes home for a well-earned rest. We hope that we shall all come back full of energy both for work and play, until Christmas comes along. But a lot of well-known faces will be missing from among us when we resume on August 21st. We shall be sorry to lose every one of them.

The result of the final massage examination was splendid. They all passed with flying colours.



## Workshop Gossip.

Neil Macdonald writes to say that he has got his workshop in Glasgow, and that he will be settling down to his business as a joiner very soon. He has decided to join the married section, and has fixed the date of

Let their names be remembered: Bates, Kirby, Law, Milligan, Mayell, Sewell, Woods and Woollen. They will all be sadly missed. Bates and Law go to Wandsworth to practice their profession, and Kirby, Milligan, Sewell and Woollen go to Manchester, and they take Robin, the St. Dunstan's giant, with them. Mr. Brighurst is to be congratulated for the way in which he has taught them their honourable trade.

Mr. Edward Brown, the well-known poultry authority, conducted an examination of his poultry learners at the beginning of June. He was more than pleased with the result. Out of over thirty candidates only three were advised to go through the course again. Jones and Hurst came out top, but the others ran them close, and the proportion of marks was well over three-quarters of the best possible. The instructors were naturally pleased, and St. Dunstan's offers them respectful applause. Sergt. Jones has now become a poultry pupil teacher.

the deed for July 14th. He says that he finds it "The only, only way." The girls are very lucky when they get a St. Dunstan's man for a husband.

Camille Verbrugge, affectionately known as "The Camel,"



has settled down in Pulborough with some friends, and is now engaged in basket making. We all miss this amiable Belgian very much.

Of the six Belgians who have been to St. Dunstan's only one now remains. This is "Jean," whom everybody calls John. He is a cheerful boy, who is noted for his tendency to go to bed early and for his love of being in the fresh air.

The return of Jimmy Whiteside from Ireland was welcomed by all. It will be remembered that he was very nearly chosen last year to represent us in the single sculling against Worcester, but finally gave place to Capt. Owen. Whiteside wants to perfect himself in boot-repairing, at which he is a very apt pupil.

The joinery department is much in favour just now. Mr. Atkinson has had his hands very full. Some excellent work is being turned out, particularly in cupboards and frames. Joinery fell out of fashion for a time, but we are glad to see that it is coming into its own again.

The new plan of displaying the finished work in the entrance hall on Tuesday afternoon instead of in the workshop is proving a success. Visitors can

thus see all the articles together, and can afterwards see similar things actually being made. Their attention is thus not divided, and the result has been seen in increased sales.

The officers are giving the workshop a trial one by one. First we had Mr. Mackenzie, who mastered the baskets in record time; then Capt. Pauly, who delighted his teachers by his quickness in picking up joinery, and now Mr. MacLaren is turning himself into a carpenter. Joinery is a very interesting hobby, and we hope that more officers may realise its attractions.

The output of mats is assuming big proportions, and it will soon be necessary to find a wider market. Corpl. Moore sends us about eight every week, so that he is evidently working very hard. Most of the mat-makers, however, who settle down, find a ready market locally, and in some cases get better prices than we can obtain in London. It is inevitable that the prices of mats must rise, as materials are increasing in cost almost every day. As has been pointed out before, the weak spot about St. Dunstan's mats is that they never wear out, so that the same buyer never needs another.

### After-Care Notes.

Up to the present moment 86 men have left, having finished their time at St. Dunstan's, and

have started in the occupations that they have learned here, and 26 have left who for various

reasons have not stayed for their training, making a total of 112. Of the 86, the majority of them have made a very good start, and we have great hopes that they will make a success of what they have been taught here.

The following extracts from various letters received may be of interest:—

"I am very pleased to let you know that I have my shed fixed up, and that my first week's earnings are 17s. 7d.—R. Allcock, Boot-repairer."

"Just a few lines in answer to your letter received. I am very glad to tell you that I am sticking well to the mats, and get plenty of orders for them.—G. Adams, Mat-maker."

"I feel sure that I shall get on well here. I have already got enough customers for the number of eggs that I can supply, and I know I can get a good many more customers when I get enough eggs. I seem to have fallen in the hands of very kind friends.—C. E. Bolton, Poultry Farmer."

"I now take the pleasure of writing to tell you that I am rather busy at present. I have received two rather big orders from private people for waste paper and flower baskets, and they seem very well pleased with my work. I wish all the lads the very best of luck; I hope they are all as happy and get on as well as I have, which I have

to thank St. Dunstan's for.—J. R. Brown, Basket-maker."

"I have sold a few mats, and have orders for more from Mrs. M——, who is very pleased with the first I made her. I also do a few pairs of boots. All the people I have done repairs for come again, so I have nothing to grumble about.—J. Brown, Mat-maker and Boot-repairer."

J. E. Bell, Poultry Farmer, writes showing a week's return: No. of hens, 22; total number of eggs from May 1st to May 7th, 112.

"I am pleased to tell you that we are getting on well again, and I am getting more boots to repair than I am able to do. I start work at 6 a.m. every morning.—R. Biggadike, Boot-repairer."

"Just a line or two to let you know how I have gone on with the chicks. I have got 50 off, so I think I am very lucky, especially as this is my first attempt.—G. B. Coles, Poultry Farmer."

"I am very glad to say I am getting on all right, and as regards mats I have plenty of orders to be done. You ask me how the Buff Orpingtons are getting on. Well, up to a week ago they were quite all right, and I had a very good egg average, but I have now two hens broody.—W. W. Clarke, Poultry Farmer and Mat-maker."

"My husband has had a lot of boot-repairing again to-day, and



he is getting quicker at the boot-repairing now. We have plenty of work still. Last week my husband made his largest mat, 3ft. by 4ft.; it looks very nice.—Mrs. Elborn."

"I have taken this week £1 3s. for boot-repairing, and I think I have found the right spot now, as things look very cheerful.—E. Foster, Boot-repairer."

"I hope you and all at St. Dunstan's are quite well. I am pleased to say we are. I am still getting along nicely with my work.—W. Foxon, Boot-repairer."

"My farm is now in full working order, and I expect my first lot of chickens in a few days. They are a little late, but "better late than never." The mats are going well, and I am just finishing an order for three.—W. J. Hallam, Poultry-farmer and Mat-maker."

"I am getting along fine. Please remember me to all at St. Dunstan's and send me some more leather.—A. W. Hall, Boot-repairer."

"I am selling my mats locally. I have got a good sale for them at present, and the hens are laying well.—C. Knight, Poultry-farmer and Mat-maker."

"I was very pleased to hear that you and all at St. Dunstan's are in good health. I am in very good spirits myself, with plenty of work. I am very busy. You ask me how the mat-making

is going; there is very good returns here, so I cannot grumble.—J. W. Kerr, Mat-maker."

"I am pleased to say things are going on fairly well. I have had the birds a fortnight tomorrow, and had 13 eggs the first week, and so far this week have had 28, which shows a decided improvement.—G. Lilley, Poultry-farmer."

"I am pleased to tell you, sir, I am getting on well with my work; I have improved on each basket. Thanking you very much for your great work, which I can say has put me in the way of earning a living for my wife and family.—G. Lawlor, Basket-maker."

"In reply to your letter I am pleased to inform you that I am going on all right with my poultry, and that all my young chicks are getting on fine. I have got 40 of my foster-mother chicks alive, and I shall manage to rear them on now, as we are getting finer weather now every day. I have got 80 young chicks altogether, and my hens are just coming on to lay again now, as I have had a lot broody. The profit I get from my old birds keeps my young ones, and when I get a few months over and have everything well in hand with about 40 good pullets to make a good start with, then I shall always have a good stock.—W. Lingard, Poultry Farmer."

T.H.M.

## Qualities.

The perticular quality which goes ter the makin' of suksess fer a bloke what is blind aint so easy ter pick out. Life is a game ov charnse, and the more yer noes yer cards, and the more practice yer does, the better it is fer yew in taking advantages which the public may throw out ter yew. But some ov yew is so clever and independent, that a feller kind ov gets his feelings squashed when with a good intenshun he starts ter deel out handfulls of infermation as it were free gratis. I aint no fighting man, an in cotsekense don't fight. But at the same time I wants yer ter understand that I aint no kitten, and when it comes ter surporting ov me own moral rights, I am a cyclone and a tornado all rolled inter one. But ter get back agin ter these qualities, there is a quality called civility, and as therefore as a quality is worth backing, and I advises yer ter make its acquaintance and back it fer as much as yer may be worth. Some qualities lie more deep in one man than in another. But with a business operation and opening, as it were, the qualities can be brought out. There are slick qualities, and there are fool qualities. There are qualities as can lift yer up ter higher social

platforms, and there are qualities as can pull yer down below the level ov yer own sole. Now as a quality don't never go a raisin' ov objection, as this is apt ter lead ter very bad komplikshuns, more especially if the other person has a fighting quality a little better than yourn. Fer me own part, I alwis bases me suksess on this statement, "If I'm honest I'm poor," and it don't cost nothing much ter say it. I aint moren a handfull meself, but when taken on yer may find ter yer sorrow I'm a handfull ov red-hot sinder. And now ter sum up the quality which is more than likely ter bring yer suksess, have a bit ov reason, a bit ov determination, a lump ov civility, play yer cards according ter the tricks yer hold, but never go a bumping inter things stronger nor yerself. or yer may find as how thes business quality as a knack ov becoming unwoven, and yer gets all entangled like a kid in a kite string. Ter give yer me honest, unflabergasted opinion, yer only meets suksess by avoiding the track ov trouble. Keep a civil tongue in yer mouth, take yer hands out ov yer pockets and put them in someone elses, and when yer do meet suksess grip hold on ter it like a Jew ter his humped back.

LAPHELL.



## Massage by Blinded Soldiers.

The Great War, with its aftermath of problems, has given birth to many new ideas, but none perhaps in its way more startling than that soldiers blinded in the war could be so trained and educated that they could be of benefit to their fellow sufferers, injured in other ways than blindness.

There is something especially heartening in the thought that "Tommy's" well-known pluck can triumph over even blindness, and that a man apparently down and out for good can in a few months again present a bold front to the world and fight for his place on an equal footing with the ordinary citizen.

The usual openings for men who have lost their sight are not suitable and have no attractions for many who are passing through St. Dunstan's, and it was a new and bold idea, emanating, we believe, from the brain of our beloved Chief, the picked men from the Army should be trained in the practice of massage.

Massage for the blind is not a new idea in itself—in Japan, until quite recent years, the practice of massage was confined solely to the blind, and there have always been a few blind masseurs in England, but these have been civilians who, generally speaking, have had the initial advantage of a good edu-

cation, to whom the work had made a personal appeal.

The late Dr. Fletcher Little trained quite a number of blind masseurs very successfully, but unfortunately others were trained in a very haphazard way, and the medical profession as a rule has not been very sympathetic.

In April, 1915, the National Institute for the Blind fitted up one floor of its handsome new premises for the purpose of tackling the problem of the blind masseur in a serious and systematic way.

The plans arranged for a well-fitted gymnasium, class-room, dressing rooms, etc., and a first-class set of apparatus, bones, skeleton, models, etc., were installed.

The first batch of pupils sent up to the Incorporated Society of Trained Masseuses for examination consisted of civilians, who were carefully chosen from the large number of applicants, and did remarkably well in the next examination. All entrants passed, and two gained distinctions No. 1. Mr. Percy L. Waay gained first place from a total entry of 250, all sighted students except those sent up by the N.I.B.

Since this excellent start the classes have been confined to soldiers from St. Dunstan's, and at the next examination eight soldiers were sent up, and again these all passed and received certificates for efficiency.

Three other classes are now in course of formation, and it is to be hoped all future candidates will do as well and keep up this excellent record.

Part of the training consists of work upon actual patients at the Middlesex and Hampstead Hospitals, where the students meet every class of case, from fractures to sciatica, and the doctors have reported very favourably on the work of the students. The casualty surgeon at the Middlesex Hospital paid the present class a very high compliment this week by sending down for treatment a fracture of both bones of the forearm only one day after the injury!

Just a word as to the qualifications necessary to make a successful masseur. Good health, for the work is strenuous, an equable, level temperament, ambition, self-control, and, above all, plenty of "stick," for during his training he will receive many set-backs, and when in practice he will have to put up with many rebuffs from doctors, etc., and it is then that the determination to

succeed will be necessary. The masseur who expects work to be offered him without the trouble of hunting for it will be very disappointed.

Another thing, let no man ask to join the massage class if he expects to have an easy time. It is no job for a lazy man!

We should like, in conclusion, to say a word to the soldier students on behalf of the instructors. While in the Army all soldiers are under very strict discipline. Behind this discipline is the Military Police. Now, having left the Army, the M.P. has disappeared, and when in class the instructors can only rely on the honour and goodwill of the students to do their very best for themselves and St. Dunstan's. This leads on to mention another record. Not once since the class for soldiers was started 15 months ago has it been necessary to make a complaint regarding the behaviour of any student. This speaks well for both students and instructors, and it is a record of which the latter are both proud and jealous!



## Notes of the Braille Room.

We are glad to be able to congratulate Conlan, Bates, Letch, Woollen, Miller, Kirby, Harper, Lathom, Allan, and Stanners on having passed their Braille reading test.

Also Harper, Hudson, Girling, Conlan, Strawbridge, Sergt. Noland, Stanners, Hicks, Yates,

and Sergt. Lomas on having passed their type-writing test.

Girling, Tarry, Spry, Harper, Speight, Conlan, Pell and Kirby have sent in their papers for the Braille writing test of the National Institute for the Blind, but they have not yet heard the result. D.P.



## A Waltzing Competition.

A very interesting competition took place at the dance on June 3rd. Sir Arthur Pearson offered some prizes for two classes of waltzing. There were 1st, 2nd, and 3rd prizes for the best waltzers among the boys, and two prizes for the best two who had entirely learned to dance while at St. Dunstan's. A portion of the floor was roped off, and the judge was Miss Prescott, the dancing instructor, aided by one or two ladies.

There were over thirty entries for the three prizes, and six couples at a time entered the enclosure, the best of them being chosen for the final heat. The competition was very spirited, and after a patient and careful scrutiny it was decided that Sergt. Shields and his partner, Miss Downs, were entitled to first place. The prize was 10s. for the man and a very pretty brooch for the lady. The second prize went to Smith, of the Seaforths, and his lady, Miss Toomey. These were 5s. for the man and gold safety pin for the lady. The third prize was secured by Colville and Miss

Halse, being 2s. 6d. for the former and a gold brooch for the lady. The waltzing was of a high level, and the three winners were all very close.

There were many entries for the novices' competition, and they took a lot of weeding out, as all tried their best, and a very good best it was.

Finally, after much thought and deliberation, Miss Prescott decided that the two best, all things considered, were Carnell with his partner, Miss MacLaren, and McFarlane (the Canadian) with his partner, Miss Rose. The prizes were 5s. each for the men, and a box of chocolates for the ladies.

It was an arduous competition, and it was very difficult to judge, and Miss Prescott presented a study in anxiety as she watched the six final competitors who were left in for the last heat. Heat was a particularly good description, to judge from the state of the competing couples at the close. The band played manfully, and the contest aroused the greatest interest among the large company present.



## St. Dunstan's Men at Finsbury Town Hall.

Another instance which goes to show that nothing is too good for our boys was the fortune of a party of 60 of us on Thursday, June 15th.

On this day 60 of our boys were entertained by the tradesmen and stall-holders of Chapel Street and White Conduit Street, Finsbury.

The party were driven in motor charabancs to their destination, the leading car being honoured by the company of the Mayor of Finsbury. The party were all in excellent spirits, and were giving vent to them by singing every song or chorus which could be remembered. As we arrived in the vicinity of Finsbury we were welcomed by enthusiastic cheering from what sounded like thousands of children; in fact, I am sure the youngsters could not have cheered more heartily if the King himself had been passing.

On arriving at the Town Hall we were without delay or confusion conducted to our seats, the tea tables were laid out, and would have satisfied even the most fastidious taste. A programme containing the menu was provided for each man. These being in Braille, this in itself shows how well the arrangements had been thought out. We had not to wait but a few minutes before tea, or rather dinner began. The menu was sumptuous and excellent, and gave a feeling of child-like Christmas dinner satisfaction to all.

The Mayoress during tea came round to each man and presented him with a splendid gift, a nickel cigarette case filled with cigarettes and also containing half-a-crown. With each of these was a card, upon which was written in Braille the following:—

"The Chapel Street and White Conduit Street Tradesmen and

Stall Holders thank you for what you have done."

On the case itself was inscribed the following: "With compliments from the Tradesmen and Stall Holders of Chapel Street and White Conduit Street. June 15, 1916."

After tea the Mayor addressed us, in which speech he paid a great compliment to St. Dunstan's and the high standard of work performed there.

Then followed a first-class concert, one which could not have been beaten in the whole of London. A number of "Star" turns were given by some of our best known music hall artistes, and it might be added that the programme was lengthened by a few of our own boys doing their bit on the platform, amongst who were Lce.-Corpl. Smith, Sergt. Watt, Gunner Havens, and Trooper Davies.

The entertainment was so lengthy that the enjoyable evening did not draw to a close until well over 9 o'clock; the sisters in their goodness of heart taking full responsibility for the lateness of our return.

After the National Anthem had been sung, Sergt. Watt, in an appropriate and grateful speech, thanked all of our good and true friends of Finsbury for their kindness in providing us with such a rattling good time, and also added that the cigarette case would always be a true souvenir, and would at all times remind us



of the happy time which the tradesmen and stall-holders had provided for us at Finsbury Town Hall.

It was to be noticed that all the gentlemen and ladies who were catering for our pleasure and enjoyment were enjoying all they did for us, and it is needless to add that all their splendid efforts were fully realised, for I do not think that a more enjoyable or better arranged pro-

gramme has ever been the luck of our boys to enjoy.

Our departure from Finsbury was equally as enthusiastic as the welcome which we received on our arrival, and I am sure that not a single person out of the crowds on the pavements saw anything but complete happiness written on every one of the faces of St. Dunstan's men. Yes, June 15th was indeed a great day. W.G.



### Mrs. Turnbull's Lecture.

On Wednesday, June the 21st, Mrs. Turnbull gave her opening lecture on "St. Dunstan's" at the Athenæum, Muswell Hill. There was a large party present, including Sir Arthur Pearson and our new Matron. The lecture, which was illustrated by some excellent lantern slides, was a great success. Mrs. Turnbull is a born lecturer with a pleasant and carrying voice, and with just the right knack of saying interesting things in a manner that holds attention. She was heartily applauded at the close by a keenly appreciative audience.

Sir Arthur Pearson, in response to insistent calls, ascended the platform and made some interesting and informative remarks upon the policy that has

guided him in the good work that he is performing. Sir Arthur, as we all know, is an excellent speaker, who is never at a loss for the right word, and always expresses himself happily. He told the meeting a great deal that was new to them, and held them closely attentive during his remarks.

Afterwards a large crowd gathered outside the Athenæum and heartily cheered Sir Arthur Pearson and his party as they drove away.

Mrs. Turnbull is taking her lecture on tour, and it will certainly give to all those who attend it an insight into the workings of St. Dunstan's which they are unlikely to obtain by any other means.

### A Short Period in a Soldier's Life.

The above title may seem a peculiar one, yet when we consider that a soldier's experiences are many and varied, it is not such a strange one after all, so I shall try and relate a few incidents of the early part of the campaign. As the world now knows, very few of the British race took part in these adventures, as at that time we had not the huge Army we have to-day.

About 2 p.m. on Sunday, the 23rd of August, at a small village called Giply, five miles south of Mons, we received orders to fall in, and marching a couple of miles in the direction of Mons, began to entrench, when we were suddenly disturbed by the bursting of a German shell over our heads about 3.30 p.m., and so took up our part in one of the greatest battles that ever took place in the annals of British history. The battle continued throughout the night and well on through the next day, and though we had terrible odds against us, the thought of giving ground never for one moment crossed the mind of a single man. The fight continued with terrible intensity until the Germans carried a trench on our right flank, capturing two Maxim guns, and annihilating a whole company with the exception of six men.

Our orders during this fight were short and crisp: "Hold on,

boys, no surrender!" and we carried them out at a terrible cost. As the day wore on we received orders to retire. About 3.30 p.m. we carried out this movement, when the enemy were only about 150 yards off our front, leaving our packs behind, losing our convoy, but rescuing as many of our wounded as we could, content with the knowledge that we had earned the respect of our foeman, even though we had lost the greater proportion of our battalion. So ended the battle of Mons. Then commenced that dreary retreat, which demanded the endurance of every man to carry it to a successful conclusion.

We marched the whole of that night and the following day, not being called upon to take any further part in the fighting until the evening, when, swinging suddenly to our right again, we manned some trenches previously prepared by the Engineers and engaged the Germans again, with the same terrible odds arrayed against us, in a desperate attempt to cover the retirement of our forces. That night we were in a serious predicament, as we entered the combat using the same ammunition that British troops always use in action, 15 rounds per minute, only to realise before long that we were running short of ammunition. A word sprang



from the lips of one of our men: "Running short of ammunition, sir." Sharp came the reply from the C.O.: "Three rounds per minute, men," and the firing dropped as requested. A feeling of despair pervaded us all. What had happened? Were we running short of ammunition? If so, what would happen? The German infantry were advancing on our front as rapidly as they could, the cavalry on our left, yet with the obstinacy applicable to the British we hung on. Suddenly a voice rang out again: "Two rounds per minute," and the rapidity of the fire decreased. We thought all was lost when a voice of a private shouted: "Cavalry advancing on the left, sir." No words were wasted in the order that followed: "Engage them and no surrender." Thinking all was lost we prepared to do so, when suddenly, to our surprise, from a wood a little to our rear came forth the gallant 9th Lancers, who, meeting the Prussians at full tilt, after a short tussle made them turn. Shortly afterwards we retired from that position, and after marching all night took up a position at Cambrai. We were under the impression at that time that

we would only be engaged for a couple of hours, but were doomed to disappointment, as the fight continued the whole of the day until, the batteries on our left being silenced, we were forced to retire once again. We marched to St. Quentin, 20 miles away, and after a halt of a couple of hours were shelled out, so proceeded to Ham, making in all a march of 37 miles, the record march of the campaign. There I saw the sight of my life. The gallant Gordons, to take up outpost duty, marched back  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles and swung past us as if 40 miles were an every-day event. This was the first four days of the campaign, and bore fruit, as the German intention was to hem us in at Maubeuge, but failing that, and being punished so heavily, they refused any more combats for the next four days, this proving to us that they are an enemy that can be and will be defeated in a very short time, and when they are suing for peace we don't want to forget the past, but impose upon them the most rigorous terms it is possible for one nation to inflict upon another.

A SOLDIER,  
(Sergt. Nolan.)



## On going to bed at St. Dunstan's.

Going to bed may begin at any time—so much depends on the weather. I have known it begin soon after breakfast, although, if one is found saying "good-night" to one's pals almost immediately after one has swallowed the breakfast coffee, one runs the risk of being mistaken for an applicant of a No. 9. (A No. 9 seems to be the crucial test of all illness. If you can swallow a dose without uttering a word, the general opinion is that you're dying, and they'd better send for your relatives at once!)

However, I digress—and digressions are only pleasant for those authors who are paid by the line.

There is no "good-night" kiss at St. Dunstan's for those who begin to take off their clothes almost as soon as they have put them on and discovered that it is certainly cold and probably raining. There is no tender "tuck-you-up" for those who find they have a headache when they hear that there is a Braille teacher looking out for prey. On the contrary—and **curse on't**, say I!—there is only Auntie—Auntie in her best Guy's Hospital manner—with bread and milk at dinner-time, more Auntie and more bread and milk at tea-time, still more Auntie and still more bread and milk at supper-time, and then at last and at length

and so-help-me-never-again, Auntie with a dose of Auntie's fatal revenge—a kiss and a No. 9. And so to dreams of murder and a world running with everybody's blood.

Oh, yes, life is very "sloppy"—very "sloppy" indeed—for those who go to bed after breakfast. Only the new arrivals are so silly as even to attempt it. If you're going to be ill, make up your mind what you're going to suffer from before you get up. Thus, you may have something more than bread and milk, and Auntie will believe—bless her innocent heart!—that you may be really indisposed.

Otherwise, there is a very pleasant substitute for a bed in a seat in the garden—a seat which looked as if it had once tried to become a stretcher, failed in its ambition, and at length found contentment in the fact that it resembled no other seat in the whole wide world. Moreover, if you go to bed in the garden you get every passing sympathy, every bit of stray chocolate that a visitor has in his, or more probably her, pocket. Briefly, if you look on the verge of going to bed and don't go—all will be well with you. In your bedroom there will almost certainly be a dozen ambitious mouthorganists hard at work; someone giving an imitation of a murdered baby on the cornet; several scratching



a mandoline of intense irritability; one or two blowing out their innermost soul on concertinas; perhaps a bugle or two; perhaps a banjo; at least one Kubelik wondering if he will ever be able to play the fiddle; those—to say nothing of several other instruments all more or less in intense pain. Those who play the loudest, play the longest. And for a musical battle there is no place so entirely satisfactory as a bedroom. That is the reason why those who retire to bed early never do so twice. If you feel really ill, it would be more restful to lie prone in the middle of Piccadilly.

Yet, it seems that I again digress. Well, well, you can see that I earn my living by my pen—a borrowed one, if I can get it!

Officially, bed-time begins at St. Dunstan's immediately **after** supper—or, it may, of course, begin **before** for those who like cold sausage and find that its a soup night. However, going to bed is a serious business at whatever time you start to retire. There have been many instances of those who sleep in the Rabbit Warren being lost and never heard of again among the intricacies of a passage which never seems to be able to make up its mind which way it really is going for longer than a yard. Then, when you arrive at your bed, the chances are that it resembles anything but the bed you expected to find. Superficially—

**yes!** But, in reality—oh, **wait and see!** The probabilities are that, if you undress quickly and take a flying leap into it, you will land on at least one piece of soap, your own hair-brush, a few Braille books, and odd bits of string that may have been found lying about by your pals. Then the sheet seems to come to a sudden end, almost before it has begun to be anything but a bed-slip. There is almost certain to be a sudden and unaccountable block in the pyjama legs a little below the knee. It may be, of course, that the bed itself has had a sudden earthquake and its legs are pointing to the ceiling instead of the floor. It is all very strange and very exciting, and no one would dream of putting matters straight until he has at least made every other bed in the dormitory resemble the same revolutionary state. Talk about "Remember Belgium!" It is as nothing in comparison with the cry, "Remember my bed!" And the whole bedroom remembers certain people's beds the next night, if they happen to retire before anyone else.

Oh, it is very exciting and very thrilling, and it makes you laugh, and laugh and laugh, and when, after a few weeks, one does happen to sleep in a bed which **is** like a bed as well as **looking** like one, one cannot sleep all night because everything seems so strangely and uncomfortably tidy. Really, **most annoying!**

R. K. HUSKINSON.

## Tom alters his Mind.

In a ward of a certain military hospital situated near London, lying on a clean and comfortable bed was a wounded Tommy, his head swathed in bandages which completely hid his features from observation. He seemed to be dead, but he was only in a very deep sleep, having that afternoon undergone a very serious operation. After some time he showed signs of recovering from his sleep, and at the first movement a nurse was by his side, followed shortly by the doctor. Tears could be distinguished in the eyes of the nurse, but after a few words from the medical gentleman she seemed more consoled, and after strict instructions from him she was left in charge of the patient.

When the doctor had disappeared the Tommy showed further signs of recovery, asking where he was, to which question she replied, "You are in good hands, and please lie still and try to sleep." These words from such a gentle voice seemed to put the man at his ease, and he lay still.

A few minutes later two ladies entered the ward and were shown to the man's bedside; the elder seemed to be his mother and the younger his sister. The elder spoke quietly to the nurse, asking how her son was, to which the nurse replied that the operation had proved perfectly

successful, and that the patient had by a miracle pulled through, and that he must not be disturbed until the following day.

The next day the patient was able to speak, but still remained very weak, and to talk seemed to be a labour to him.

He heard a voice which he at once recognised as that of his mother, and also that of his sister. They were shown to his bedside, and the nurse, after telling him not to talk too much, departed, leaving the man to his relations.

"Why can't I see you," said the man with a very pitiful voice.

"You have been wounded in the head, and the bandages prevent you seeing at present," replied the mother, after which she was asked to leave the ward, as the man had to have his wounds dressed.

Now was the time for him to realise that he was for the time blind. On his bandages being taken off, and not seeing anything, he realised it was only too true, but he stuck it like a brick, and consoled himself that it was for only a short time, and that when his wounds healed he would be able to see again.

After this his progress was steady, and at all times when his mother visited him he tried to put on his best smile, and never did he ask her about his sight again, for fear of worrying her.



After he had been at the hospital about four weeks, and with his mother by his side, he was surprised to hear that a blind Sergeant had come to see him. He seemed puzzled, as he never remembered knowing anyone who was blind, and certainly not a soldier like himself.

A sister introduced the two.

"I am Sergt. Downs, and I have come to tell you all about St. Olive's, the Home for Blind Soldiers." He then asked the patient for his name and full particulars of his home. The patient then said: "I am Pte. Thomas Lansdale, and my regiment was the 7th London Territorials. As for my home address, allow me to introduce you to my mother," then followed an interesting account of the home, which Tom had only heard a few words about, and so it seemed hardly possible for the marvellous things to have been performed, as such did the Sergeant profess. Sergt. Downs then told Tom about his own misfortune, and how he had got on since he had lost his sight, explaining that he had found it difficult to get himself accustomed to the handicap until he had entered St. Olive's, where he was now acting as representative of Mr. Arnold Pilbeam, who was responsible for the organising of the home, and who himself was also blind. Then Sergt. Downs took out his watch and showed it to Tom, who was more than astonished

to think that it might be possible for himself at some near future date to tell the time with such a watch, and then followed a second useful article, by which it was possible for a blind man to write his own letters. This article, it might be added, became a faithful friend to Tom, who wrote many letters on it, his first being to the Sergeant. After inviting Mrs. Lansdale to visit St. Olive's at her first opportunity and see for herself if all was really as he said, the Sergeant wished Tom a speedy recovery to complete health, and then "good-morning" to Tom and his mother, he took his departure.

During that evening Tom thought of all these things which Sergt. Downs had told him of, but he told himself that he would never believe them until he had experienced them himself, and, thinking more and more about the place, he felt a little depressed, as previous to this he had not realised that he was blind, and hearing so much about blind people and their achievements he almost felt that he had no hopes left, but this feeling was to a certain extent cleared away by the story which his mother brought to him some days later after her arranged visit to St. Olive's. She said that all the Sergeant had said was so, and that everybody she saw there seemed perfectly happy, and were singing and joking as they worked in a manner which

showed hardly any sign of handicap.

In a few more weeks Tom found himself out of bed and feeling more his old self, and as this was the case, he was told he would shortly move to another hospital, where he eventually arrived one day, and found himself in a ward with about thirty other blind or partially blind Tommies, who all seemed to be as happy as if nothing had happened to them.

Tom had not been in this new and unfamiliar ward long before he began to feel his feet a little more than when he was in the other hospital, where he was the only blind man. He soon began to do the same as the other men who were handicapped the same as himself; he went about the place alone, which gave him that confidence which eventually altered his whole idea of what he thought at first was a calamity which would ruin his whole life.

It was a short time after being transferred to his new hospital that Tom had his first opportunity of having his doubts as to the marvels which Sergt. Downs told him of, and he then found that all was done, and then he began to lose a little more of his hopeless outlook on the future.

He was invited, amongst many of his fellow patients, to visit St. Olive's, an opportunity which he soon accepted. The party were motored there, and enjoyed a rattling good lunch, after which

a concert was provided, in which Tom joyfully joined in whenever choruses were sung. Then, to finish the afternoon, he found himself on the water enjoying a steady pull with the oars, a thing which before that afternoon he had given up all hopes of ever enjoying again. Then followed tea and the motor home.

That evening Tom thought of all the things which he had taken part in and heard that afternoon, and simply longed for the time when he should be a permanent member of St. Olive's.

The following day Mr. Pilbeam, the head of St. Olive's, visited the hospital to chat with any men who were to be under his care in the future. He spoke to Tom, discussing plans for Tom's future and as to what trade he was most adapted for. It might be added that Mr. Pilbeam left an impression on Tom which will remain with him for many years.

Tom was one day before the specialist undergoing an examination to his eyes. The specialist told him fairly straight that the chances of him recovering his sight were very small. Naturally this was a hard blow to him, but after thinking of the great prospects which St. Olive's promised him, he consoled himself and determined to face his misfortune and to make his life perfectly happy.

After being in hospital for



some few months, and when his head had mended sufficiently for the doctors to allow his discharge from hospital, he found himself discarding the hospital greys and once more donning civvies. After bidding *au revoir* to his chums and the sisters, he departed with the ever cheerful Sergt. Downs to start his career at St. Olive's.

Very little more need be said about Tom's story, except that he found everything exactly as the Sergeant had told him so many months ago when he had almost given up all hopes of

being self-reliant, independent, and happy again. It had the desired effect of proving, as Mr. Pilbeam always impressed on his blind soldiers, that blindness was not a calamity but only a handicap.

Tom, after a few days at St. Olive's, considered himself one of the happiest men in the home, and thanks God with all his heart that his life was spared and that such happiness was provided for him and his chums in having such a benefactor as Mr. Pilbeam.

WILLIAM GIRLING.



## The Metropolitan Peregrinations of a Sightless Pilgrim.

BY ONE WHO HAS HAD SOME.

There is a certain class of people who believe that unless one has travelled to the extremes of either the Arctic North, the Equatorial South, the Far East of the Wild West, his reminiscences are not worth relating; yet here am I who have spent very little of either my school or business life beyond the suburb in which St. Dunstan's is situated, presuming to interest or amuse intelligent readers with some of my adventures as a traveller. I cannot guarantee that the recapitulation of these events will occur in chronological rotation, for I am just going to

set them down as they occur to my mind, so in case I am awarded a leaf out of the Premier's book for prosiness or evasion of the subject, I will commence my narrative.

### A POLITICAL MEETING.

Some four or five years ago I was reading about the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, when there occurred an announcement which attracted my eagerest attention. On a certain Saturday afternoon of early date an eminent politician, who for convenience we will refer to as Mr. Bottomless, was to declare his

political independence. The day in question saw me outside the East London rendezvous patiently waiting among a large and eager crowd for admittance. I was with two companions; one of them, like myself, was unable to see, while the other had just enough vision to rescue us from any such disloyal accident as knocking over a stall of Austrian crockery. Well, the first piece of undesirable intelligence we received from our comrades in patience was that none were to be admitted without tickets. No mention having been made of these in the original announcement, we were of course unprovided with them. We were confronted with a prospect of bitter disappointment, and the occasion called for an immediate display of initiative. We threaded our way in and out of the excited throng until we confronted an alien commissionaire at the private door, who confirmed our fears, and held out no hope of our being allowed to enter without a constituent's ticket. There were left two alternatives—go away, or try to interview the popular idol who was responsible for this homogeneity (some word that) of all classes.

"Is Mr. Bottomless there?" I inquired of the apparent Israelite.

"I do not know. Do you know him?" he replied, with a decided lisp.

"Future results will prove to you if we know him or not if you

do not let him know we wish to speak to him," I retorted; and the man of notorious ancestry departed, but soon returned with the announcement that the great man had not yet arrived, but that the manager was within. One of us requested that he be brought along. When he arrived we drew his attention to the fact that we had come from a distance at great personal inconvenience ignorant of the necessity for tickets. His sympathy was of the most practical kind, for, taking us into the hall, he gave us the best possible seats and treated us as though we were the most successful vote-catchers in the vicinity. We had a most gorgeous afternoon in every way, and if I am anywhere in earshot of that manager when he has to parley with Peter for admission at the great gate I shall certainly hand in a reminder of his golden deed on that sunny Saturday afternoon.

### A FRIENDLY CONVERSATION.

I shall never forget holding an amusing dialogue with a passer-by in the Bois de Cricklewood one Saturday evening. It was when the shopping was at its highest that I happened to jostle a most unamiable young man.

"Where are you going?" he inquired.

Being unable to judge from his tone of voice his reason in asking, I asked why he wanted to know.



"Because," said he, "if I were you I would buy a pair of spectacles."

"You would be a fine spectacle to witness if I did," I interjected warmly.

Quite unabashed, he flattered me with the compliment that I should do for a good museum.

"But there isn't one that would accept you as a gift!" I concluded; and then, thinking that perhaps the fellow was in his cups, I departed, leaving him no doubt ransacking his wits for a Churchillian feat of repartee.

#### A TRAP FOR THE UNWARY.

It is often regarded as singular that in such a large city as London, where the streets contain numberless dangers, those who see not seldom fall a prey to them; but there are occasions when a sightless person is liable to encounter perils which savour of the tragic.

One evening I was pursuing my homeward course, musing, perhaps, on a problem which is reputed to puzzle buxom maidens more than any other section of the community, when I suddenly realised that I was off the earth. Where I was bound for, I couldn't for the life of me decide, but knew from the direction I was not *en route* for Heaven. After battering my pate (never was I more thankful for its thickness) on numerous iron girders, I landed with a crash into a bed of clay. I lay there quite peacefully for the space of

one fervent, prolonged damn, and then, realising that I must collect my rapidly vanishing senses, was about to rise, when a voice from on high called, "Are you hurt?" to which I replied ironically, "Oh, no!" and scrambled to my feet. Then several voices chorussed an injunction to remain where I was while they procured the means of bringing me to the surface, but, groping about, I found one of the projecting girders, which were apparently driven into the wall of the shaft to be used as a ladder by the workers, and quite unaided I was soon on *terra firma* once again. The rescue party took me across the road to a yard which did duty for a dressing station, and after various pieces of plaster had been dabbed on, and the worst of the blood stanching, I was taken home resplendent in mud and blood. The pit into which I had fallen was a telephone shaft, momentarily left unprotected. The ganger of the job asked me if I wished to make a report, but I declined, feeling that such an act of carelessness on their part was not likely to be repeated. Some weeks after, when the hand of time had restored my head to its natural shape, I was met by the inspector and taken to his office. He said that his men wanted to show some recognition of my pluck and forbearance in not reporting the matter, and on their behalf made me a very useful contribution towards

my holiday expenses. I was very much surprised, and told them I appreciated the spirit which had prompted the gift far more than the money, and gave as my reason for treating the matter so lightly that I thought perhaps those who had neglected to put up the safety barrier might have responsibilities which would suffer very considerably had I taken action for a mishap which had, fortunately, done me no real harm.

#### TWO OFFENSIVE STRANGERS.

One afternoon the Marylebone Road provided me with two very interesting diversions. I was walking along the right-hand side towards Baker Street when I all but fell over a man who was stooping down in the middle of the pavement. The wicked fellow actually swore at me, and, not liking to be bested in any art, I tried vainly, of course, to pay him a similar act of courtesy. The next turning that had to be crossed proved a bit of a poser, but I eventually chanced it, just getting to the other side by the skin of my teeth. Just as I was telling my beads as an act of thanksgiving, a grumpy voice at my elbow complained in censorable language of having nearly been knocked down by me when doing up his boot a minute before, and concluded his peroration by stating that I had no right to be in the street alone. "It would serve me right," he

growled, "if I met with a serious accident." To these outpourings I replied quite mildly that I had as much right to go about alone as he had to obstruct the public pathway in the manner which had led to our acquaintance.

When I reached Baker Street the "crossing" problem again absorbed my attention, but I was spared from foolish risks by a beggar placing his services at my disposal. He was a plumber, it seemed, just released from hospital after being treated for cancer, and had had no food for two days. He offered to wait for my 'bus, and entertained me *pro tem.* with a most harrowing description of his sufferings. If benevolent expressions of mine could have brought solace to his body and soul he would have been nourished for the rest of his days. When at last the second 'bus came in my direction I decided to board it in complete defiance of his assurance that it was the wrong one. The **honest** mechanic was most eager to assist me from behind, and as I ascended the staircase his hand found its way very dexterously into my overcoat pocket—but he was welcome to all he found there.

But I must not trespass on the Editor's space any further than to remark that these are but a sample of the episodes which have crossed my path when strolling about different parts of London. I think I can promise



most of my heroic readers that out of the danger and difficulty of finding their way about the thoroughfares of big cities will spring up many laughable incidents such as I have here nar-

rated, and, really, it is worth while going through a little tribulation at times if one can find a really good laugh in store at the other end.

"PHIL."



### Our Day up the River.

On Saturday, July 1st, the whole of St. Dunstan's and its wife had a jolly day up the river. The jaunt was the result of the happy thought of the Marchioness of Bute, who generously put up all the expenses of the outing. There were 102 boys and their wives and sweethearts, besides a good number of the staff, headed by the Matron. Seven motor omnibuses took us to Richmond, where we boarded the s.s. "Putney," and found a lively band to help beguile the pretty journey to Hampton.

"Bossie" Phelps took the wheel, occasionally helped by Shaw, and there were plenty of refreshments, presided over by Mrs. Phelps, whose good looks are only equalled by her good nature. There was much singing and fun, and old Father Thames woke up and looked very smiling and bubbly to welcome the party. Hampton was reached about half-past twelve, and the whole party marched over the bridge to Clegg's Hotel, where a generous dinner was awaiting them. Host Harris did very well, and the needs of all were promptly looked after.

When the health of Lady Bute was proposed, it was warmly acclaimed and three hearty cheers were given, which it would have done her heart good to hear. Afterwards the party wandered on the Common adjoining, or got lost in the Maze in Hampton Court, or gazed into the eyes of the fair or got photographed.

At a quarter to four tea was served—and a good tea, too—and promptly at half-past four the whole party was once more aboard, and the "Putney" started for home.

This time we made for Putney Bridge, which was reached shortly before seven, and the motor omnibuses in waiting conveyed us all home well before 8 o'clock.

It was a rattling day and delightfully fine, and there were no casualties, although it was at one time feared that "Charlie Chaplin" might have to be thrown overboard to stop him singing. But he left off just in time. And, oh! how we all longed to be late for breakfast on Sunday morning!

### A Lay of St. Dunstan's.

There's an atmosphere more pleasant than some people would admit,  
And the garden beams with lovely summer smile;  
Upon the grand piano when your head feels fit to split,  
A madman murders music by the mile.  
There's a gentle note of calmness pervades this happy home,  
The last word in perfection is the ease,  
To loll about on couches, to dream when you're alone,  
As sweetly independent as you please.  
The tables are delicious, set with viands up-to-date;  
The Sisters help us with a love divine.  
They will never stand and watch you, staring at an empty plate,  
That is—if you appeal to them in time.  
There are singers here (forgive me if I wander from my theme),  
But its difficult to please the public mind,  
I had better leave those singers and the songs they like to scream,  
Or their anger might be much, too much, unkind.  
There are carpets laid to guide us, from the lounge unto the doors,  
And its seldom that we ever miss our way;  
You hear no stick a-tapping as we walk along the floors,  
We need no lamp to light "The only way."  
We are men of many nations, a mixed and motley crew  
As ever war or women to a common centre drew;  
We make mats, and bags, and baskets, we are happy come what may;  
We take life in its fulness, as we take the games we play.  
We've material here in training fit to run a ship of state,  
Without so much the question—Who's to be  
A figurehead in future, or a Peer upon whose pate  
Rests the wrinkles from an adage—"Wait and see."  
We're a crowd of jolly joggers, you can take this fact from me,  
In our jogging there's a goal to be obtained;  
We shall make this mighty effort 'till our compass points, you see,  
To the toe-line of ambition, where lost ground regained.  
There is legend in abundance, wrapped around this home of ours,  
But of that some future date I think I'll speak,  
Or I'll ask my friend to conjure up by visionary powers  
A tale—to record wit and humour of the week.

LAPHELL.



## St. Dunstan's Debating Society.

The Thursday evening debates were well attended in June, and some interesting discussions took place. Perhaps the most keenly argued debate was that upon the quality most necessary to the success of a blinded man. Excellent speeches were made by Mr. Wright, Sergt. Nolan, Mr. Kitchen, Mr. Holmes, Corpl. Mackintosh, Mr. Raylor, Mr. Harris, Mr. Price, and many others. It was finally decided by vote that ambition was the most vital quality to success.

It has been decided that in future the debates shall be under the control of a committee consisting of Sergts. Davie and Nolan, and Messrs. Holmes, Raylor and Wright. They have agreed to sift out likely subjects and to submit them for general approval.

The level of speaking has

much improved of late, and it is particularly desired that everyone will try his hand, or rather his voice at it. Some of the boys appear to think that because they are nervous they had better not try. This is quite wrong. It is not too much to say that nearly all the most famous speakers of history have suffered from nervousness, which is, after all, only a form of modesty.

Let everybody have a try, and if he does occasionally make a fool of himself, what does it matter? We are all friends, and we are all prepared to deal gently with each other's shortcomings. Besides, those boys who feel most nervous should comfort themselves with the reflection that nervousness in the beginning is almost a sure sign that they have some ability behind.



# St. Dunstan's Review.

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT.

Editor - William Girling

Contributors - The Staff and the Boys.

ST. DUNSTAN'S Motto:

"What the eye doesn't see, the heart doesn't grieve about."



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## St. Dunstan's Review.

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK & SPORT.

No. 3.—NEW SERIES.

SEPTEMBER, 1916.

PRICE 6D.

### Editorial Note.

THE success of *St. Dunstan's Review* was placed beyond doubt with the issue of the 2nd number. A thousand copies were printed, and these were sold out within a week. The interest taken by everybody in the magazine is highly encouraging to the editor, the contributors, and all concerned. We have received a number of subscriptions for six months ahead, and we may point out that this is a very good way to ensure delivery, as the demand is so keen that unless the magazine is bought immediately on its appearance it is very apt to be sold out before even the regular supporters can acquire their copies.

A subscription for six months, including postage, is 3s. 6d. Postal orders should be sent to the Editor *St. Dunstan's Review*, St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, N.W.

We shall be glad of hints and suggestions from any of our readers and old boys upon any points likely to make the magazine more useful. Old boys may be particularly reminded that we want to hear all about them as often as possible.

A full list of the addresses of boys who have left will be found inside the back cover.



## St. Dunstan's Gossip.

EVERYONE will be sorry to hear that there are no notes by the Chief this month. Sir Arthur Pearson was suddenly incapacitated at the middle of July, on the very day of the Worcester Races to be exact, and had to retire to bed where an operation was performed upon him. It was, fortunately, near the end of the Summer Term, or what would have happened it is impossible to say; but everybody buckled to work, and though his absence could not be atoned for, it was alleviated as much as possible. Sir Arthur left for Harrogate towards the end of July considerably improved in health, and everybody trusts that he will return in September as fit as ever. He is now recouping his strength at Bournemouth.

A word ought to be said for the Lounge Concerts that were given in July. They were of a remarkably high order. In fact, we do not think we have ever had any better concerts, though of course we have often had them as good. Indeed, St. Dunstan's is very well treated by entertainers, both professional and amateur, and the boys look forward to these Monday and Thursday afternoons with the greatest anticipation. It is often a little hard to get the concert over by half-past two, when the inexorable whistle blows for work; but it is usually managed. Of course an extra half-hour is allowed on Thursdays, when the men from

St. Mark's come, as it was found impossible to get the large number of diners accommodated and the concert over before 3 o'clock.

One of the interesting events that happens in St. Dunstan's is the distribution of tobacco and cigarettes on Wednesday and Saturday mornings. The newspaper is read first, and as this is scarcely ever over before 9.20 it does not leave much time to serve out the tobacco to upwards of 100 boys. However, with the aid of Sergt. Shields, Matron and other helpers, cigarettes are distributed with a lightning-like rapidity, and a long queue that comes up to the table at the end of the Lounge scarcely ever has to pause a moment on its way. The time usually occupied is between 6 and 8 minutes, so that everybody can get off to work punctually.

We hear very good accounts of success attending our travelling concert parties, the performers in which are themselves blind. They are touring the country for the benefit of St. Dunstan's, and are doing remarkably well. We have not the names of the performers before us, but we should be very glad if the Manager would send us a complete list, so that it may be printed for our information.

Danny McCarthy, who, by the way, is following the usual custom of St. Dunstan's in getting engaged,

encountered a post very severely on one of his walks from Townshend House to St. Dunstan's, and suffered so that it was necessary for him to cease work for a time. He was sent to Brighton to recuperate. Danny is now quite himself again, but looks out for lamp posts with close care. His example in this matter may be commended to others.

An interesting event took place at Townshend House at the beginning of the month in the shape of a fire drill. An iron fire escape ladder has been fixed to the back of the house, but it cannot go right to the top owing to a projecting balcony. From the top floor, therefore, fluffly ropes have to be used for descending to this balcony before the fire escape can be utilised. It was wonderful to see how the boys, headed by Sergt. Kirkby, slipped down this rope and made their way safely to the ground, in almost less time than it takes to write it. We have no fear of any ill effects of a fire at Townshend House now, so far as the safety of the inmates is concerned. The descent was keenly watched by many spectators in the road, and the achievements of the boys were loudly cheered.

The massage pupils who live at 12, Sussex Place, have to regret the departure of Miss Kathleen McLaren, who gave up her post as Head at the end of July. Miss McLaren will be greatly missed by everybody, for she is one of those

ladies who know exactly how to treat everybody, and to carry out a difficult job in the best possible manner. By the way, we all feel glad to know that Capt. Hart has returned safely to England, after his serious wound which he received out in Persia. Miss McLaren had a very anxious time, but she is now fortunately relieved, and we are glad to hear that she was happily married to Captain Hart on August 29th.

We are sorry to hear that Nurse Read had to undergo another operation, which took place at the beginning of August, but we are glad to know she is progressing favourably, and will be none the worse in the end. The boys cannot do without the popular "Auntie."

Sergt.-Major Middlemiss is doing great work in the United States with his lectures, and is received with much cordiality wherever he goes. According to a report in an American paper, at one of his meetings he was attacked by the audience with dollar bills, which were pinned all over his clothes, completely enveloping him. Such a sight has never been witnessed, even in America, before. But it must have been rather bad for the suit of clothes.

It will be interesting to readers of *St. Dunstan's Review* to know that the verses signed by Laphell are written by Dennison of St. Dunstan's, who is taking up poultry. Dennison writes remarkably good rhyme, and we hope that we shall



have a good deal more of it in these columns.

The Lounge is now embellished with a couple of canaries introduced by Matron, which are suspended in a cage from the roof and enliven dull moments by their chirping. All that is really wanted now to make the Lounge quite lively is half-a-dozen parrots and cockatoos. Perhaps somebody will oblige.

Arthur Herriot succumbed to matrimony on Saturday, July 22nd, the lady being Miss Porteus. The ceremony took place at the English Presbyterian Church, Marlborough Road, and a luncheon followed at the Ivanhoe Hotel. The happy couple went to Bournemouth for the honeymoon and afterwards proceeded to Scotland. It is rather difficult to keep count of St. Dunstan's weddings, but we think this must be the 20th at least. The very latest to take a wife was Sergeant Leeman.

Another interesting marriage took place on the following day, Sunday, July 23rd, when Orderly Moret took the fateful plunge amid the plaudits of his numerous friends and fellow orderlies. It is good to know that St. Dunstan's is not to be deprived of his services, and that he will return to his work after the honeymoon.

St. Dunstan's broke up for the summer holidays during the last week in July, the exodus beginning on Thursday, the 27th. The Hostel was entirely closed until August 21st, when everybody re-assembled. It is for this reason

that no August number of *St. Dunstan's Review* was issued. In future the magazine will appear regularly on the first of each month.

It was a happy idea of Sir Arthur's to close the Hostel entirely instead of letting the holiday makers go in batches. The trouble attendant upon this was considerable last year, and with our increased numbers would have been insuperable this time. As it is everybody came back refreshed and ready for work, and we hope that a good Autumn term will be put in.

The next Boat Races will take place about the middle of September, and we trust that the rowing boys will set to work with the intention of giving some extra good displays. This time we propose to have single sculls, double sculls, pair oars, and a race between two Fours, all of St. Dunstan's. It is necessary to keep up the reputation of the four-oared rowing, and this event will take place for the first time. Needless to say Mr. R. J. Calcutt will give every attention to the coaching.

By the way, a kindly compliment was paid by the rowing men to Mr. Calcutt and Mr. Rose at the last practice before the race against Emanuel. A handsome pipe was given to each of these two as a souvenir of the attention given to the rowing men. These pipes will be treasured by the recipients as long as they remember St. Dunstan's.

## A Letter from Matron.

MY dear Boys of St. Dunstan's,

I have been asked to write something for the Magazine. I hardly know how to begin or what to say. I could write pages of all the wonderful work of Sir Arthur Pearson for you boys, but you must all know and feel what he does for your happiness while here and after you leave, to make you independent and able to earn your own living, like the splendid independent sons of Empire that you *all* are.

I must say my first thoughts on coming to St. Dunstan's were that it would be a very sad post for me; but since being here I find you all so "merry and bright" and cheery at work and play, that it is proving the jolliest job I ever had. After all, as many of you have said to me, it might have been worse had you been helpless and bedridden. So there you are,

brave and fearless sons of Britain, and no one is more proud of you all than I am. Good luck to you all, and God bless you, and all belonging to you.

Many thanks to your Editor for writing in such a charming way about me in the July number, and for the kind welcome amongst you all.

Always remember, boys, I am at your service to do anything for you, however great or small, that lies in my power, and never hesitate to call on me at any time to help you.

You have my unbounded admiration in every way, from what I have seen since being here, and with my love to you all, my splendid Sons of Empire,

Your devoted Matron,

FRANCES HUGHES.

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## Workshop Gossip.

ST. DUNSTAN'S continues to grow, and everything connected with it has to grow as well. So at length the workshop has had to be enlarged, and during the holidays an extra 30 feet has been added. The shop is now 130 feet

long, and we are not even now sure that it will be big enough. Of course, if necessary, we shall have to roof in the whole of Regent's Park; but in the meantime ample room is provided for everyone.



## ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW.

Mat-makers have a very busy time, and the demand is ever on the increase. Supplies come to us every week from several old boys who have been started in their native places, and as fast as they come in we find ready buyers. Among those who keep us supplied with excellent mats may be mentioned Kerr, Matthews, Moore, J. Brown, Batchelor and Spiers. It will be remembered that of these half-dozen, two of them—viz., Spiers and Kerr—were at one time pupil-teachers, and did good work in helping-on their fellows.

As a result of our show at the National Economy Exhibition at Knightsbridge several business firms have been sending us orders for mats, and we have no doubt but that we shall be able to give them satisfaction. By the way, our trade with the taxi-cab drivers is steadily growing. We have made over a dozen large mats for the floors of their vehicles in the past month, and as they are all satisfied with the work we hope for more orders of this kind in future. Taxi-cabmen are very good to St. Dunstan's. Many a time they have refused to take any fares from the soldiers who have been driven by them.

In the workshop we have recently been driven to our wits' ends by the rush of orders for bazaars, garden parties and fancy-fairs. We have had to refuse the bulk of them, as it was impossible for us to cope with them, although all

have been working as hard as possible. Of course it must not be forgotten that we are a school first, and a shop afterwards, and as our boys want to learn to make several things they cannot devote themselves to the constant reproduction of the same article. For this reason we have to disappoint many kind people who send us orders.

Rufus Shaw, our stroke this year, has left us again, and this time for good. He mastered his job at shoe-repairing, and ought to do very well. He has taken a house and shop in Croydon, and has settled down very comfortably with his wife.

We have to bemoan the departure of several old boys who left us for good at the end of the summer term. Spinks, ever-courteous and cheerful, has returned to his wife and family; the hard-working Melling has left the joinery and the poultry; the cheery Evans goes back to Wales; the studious Flett—who never said a cross word to anybody, the lively Charley Davies, the well-behaved old Kitchen, the quiet, unobtrusive Williams, the steady-going Daddy Hall, have all left us, and we are the poorer for their departure. Still we shall hope that they will all keep in touch with us, and send us plenty of letters regarding their progress.

Pettitt, Shields and the other oak traymakers can never keep pace with the demand for their

## ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW.

output. We could easily sell three times the number of these serviceable trays, and we have often to refuse orders because of the lack of supply. Whenever we get half-a-dozen of these trays they are snapped up at once by the visitors, so that any hope of accumulating a stock on show is summarily killed. Everybody is attracted by these trays, and we wish that more of the boys would make them.

But if there is a demand for trays, what can be said about baskets? Here we are for ever battling with an avalanche of orders; although we send off from 20 to 30 nearly every day—a point that should be pressed home to the minds of basket-learners is that there is an ever-growing market for cane work-baskets with lids. Any man who chooses to devote himself to this branch of work will find himself constantly and profitably employed from one year's end to another. This should be good enough for some of us.

Our basket-makers who have set up for themselves are doing very well. "Wee Jock" has sent us some excellent shapes, and J. R. Brown at Nuneaton has greatly improved. Percy Brown has made a specialty of a square white willow, which has turned out to perfection; but he does not let us have as many of them as we should like to get. Lawler has transferred himself to Watford, and is making as good work as ever, which is saying

a great deal. The basket-section is now very crowded and we are getting good results. Evans, Green, Marks, Shinnars, White, Matheson and Rose are all most hard-working pupils and efficient as well. The instructors in this department are doing extremely well and treating their pupils with care.

Boots are as popular as ever, and Whiteside, McCarthy, Lomas, Halls and Waldin are all ready to set up for themselves. Much care is needed at this repairing, and it is not too much to say that not one of these men turns out any work of which he has not reason to be proud. Here, again, a big word must be said for the excellence of the instruction. But we could do with more work in the boot-shop, so that if any of our readers ever wear out their boots they might think of us. Boots and shoes can be posted to us for repairs, which are promptly done. We pay the postage one way, if our customers will do it the other.

Packing the goods in the workshop for delivering has now become a business in itself, and Carter Patersons will probably pay an extra big dividend as a result of the traffic that we provide for them. But we do wish that they would not break quite so many of our things in transit. Of course we know that it is nobody's fault; but still it is disheartening to have to make things over again, and of course we cannot let our customers suffer.



## Sports at Ranelagh.

THANKS to the kindness of the Committee of Ranelagh Club and to Sir George Hastings, the boys had an excellent afternoon in the lovely grounds of this Club on Saturday, the 15th July. The weather was all that could be desired, in spite of it being St. Swithin's Day. About 230 journeyed over in motor buses, and at 3.30 the boys gave a display of sports, the events consisting of 100 yards walking race, skipping, bell race, scent race, throwing cricket ball, standing long jump, sack race, putting the weight and the tug-of-war.

For the scent race, the Club presented a handsome silver cup to the winner, there being money prizes for the other events.

After the sports, the boys and their friends sat down to a sumptuous tea, and at 5.30 they were

entertained to a first-class concert, given by many well-known star artistes; the various items were much applauded, and the boys sang the choruses lustily. At 6.30 the boys then danced for an hour to the Club's band, which they much enjoyed, and after God Save the King, a very happy afternoon terminated, all arriving home safely soon after 8 o'clock.

The arrangements made by the Club for the boys' comfort and pleasure were first-class in every way, and on arrival the Hon. Mrs. Craven presented everyone from St. Dunstan's with a buttonhole of red and white carnations. There was a good number of spectators, who expressed great surprise at the wonderful way the boys competed for the various sports events, and many of them enjoyed dancing with the boys.

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## Our Thames Races.

ALL the rowing men were looking forward to our Thames meeting with Worcester, and it was a lovely morning on Wednesday, July 12th, when we all tumbled into the motor bus at St. Dunstan's and were taken to the Putney Hard. There was a long programme to get through, and the first race was fixed for 11.30 a.m. There was only one drawback to the day's

enjoyment, namely, the absence of Sir Arthur himself, for the cause mentioned elsewhere. Last year he followed each race with the keenest interest, and made cheery speeches to all at the subsequent luncheon. But we were able to get through all the events by mid-day then, and this time they took us until 4 o'clock.

Unluckily it began to rain early in the afternoon, which marred the enjoyment of the spectators, although it in no way interfered with the boating men. The following account was printed in *The Sportsman* of July 13th, and as it deals with the racing in a professional way, we reproduce it. It will be seen that St. Dunstan's was lucky enough to win all the events against Worcester.

"The Worcester boys came again yesterday, and in a programme of four events contested over what is known as the Putney mile, again occupied second place. It was good to see the enthusiasm of the oarsmen quickly spreading to the small band of onlookers. It was remarkable, too, what a pitch of excellence these sightless heroes of the war had attained after a thorough course of training at Regent's Park, on the Serpentine, and at Putney. Willing hands had lent assistance in the cause of this real sport, Mr. R. J. Calcutt, President of the Vesta Club, acting as coach, while a number of old oars, like Bossy Phelps, Harry Durnell (Sons of the Thames R.C.), and several ladies gave their services very fully to cox the boats. The men were delighted with the encouragement offered them, and much elated by their various successes. They were heavier than their opponents, who, in charge of Mr. G. C. Brown, displayed the utmost pluck and spirit. There was fitting evidence that under proper supervision rowing can be made

a very enjoyable recreation for those suffering one of the greatest misfortunes of life. In addition to British privates two sturdy Colonials were instrumental in securing the honours for St. Dunstan's. Lt. Baker, Canadians, and Trooper Mathieson, Australian Light Horse, who have both lost their sight in action, showed fine form in the Sculls, and were heartily congratulated by their comrades, who also did not forget to cheer the losers, who were assisted by three old boys, Dodd and Ridge, now at Peterhouse, Cambridge, and Tracey. There was much genial chaff and interchange of opinions; a great day in the life of these men who have deserved so much of their country.

During an interval at the Vesta clubhouse, Mr. C. E. Rose, Hon. Superintendent of St. Dunstan's Hostel, addressed the company. Worcester, he said, had rowed very well, but were at a disadvantage for weight. St. Dunstan's rowed in skilful style, and he complimented the coach, Mr. Calcutt. St. Dunstan's were pleased and proud to have beaten their friends from Worcester. It should be mentioned that cups, the gift of Sir Arthur Pearson, were presented to the winners at a dinner given to the rival crews at night. The chief officials were: W. H. Marsh (umpire and distance judge), R. J. Blackwood, R.N.V.R. Captain Vesta R.C. (starter), C. E. Rose (organiser). Details:



## ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW.

### SCULLS.

Surrey Station—St. Dunstan's: Lt. Baker, Canadians, 11st. 2½lb. ... 1  
 Middlesex Station—Worcester: J. F. Tracey, 9st. 8lb. ... 2  
 A capital struggle all the way. Baker used the longer stroke, and leading nicely after Craven Steps won by 1½ lengths.

### DOUBLE SCULLS.

Surrey Station—St. Dunstan's: Trpr. Mathieson, Australian Light Horse, 11st. 4lb. (bow), and Lt. Baker, Canadians, 11st. 2½lb. (str.) ... 1  
 Middlesex Station—Worcester: \*M. Dodd, 9st. 10lb. (bow), \*B. A. Ridge, 9st. 2lb. (str.) ... 2  
 The Worcester pair were quicker away, and held a lead of half a length at half-way. Then St. Dunstan's spurred, and, going right away, won by ¾ lengths.

### PAIRS.

Middlesex Station—St. Dunstan's: Pte. Orvis, Royal Fusiliers, 10st. 4lb. (bow), Pte. Spinks, Shropshire Light Infantry, 10st. 8lb. (str.) ... 1  
 Surrey Station—Worcester: W. Carleton, 9st. 7lbs. (bow), T. Hodgson, 9st. 6lb. (str.) ... 2  
 It was a grand race for nearly half a mile, with St. Dunstan's in front. Then Hodgson caught a crab, and Worcester stopping just before the finish, were beaten 4 lengths.

### FOURS.

Middlesex Station—St. Dunstan's: Pte. Turnock, South Lancashires, 10st. 2lb. (bow); Pte. Street, Worcesters, 10st. 2lb.; Pte. Millar, R.N.D., 11st. 6lb.; Trpr. Shaw, 1st Royal Dragoons, 9st. 8lb. (str.); Bosey Phelps (cox) ... 1  
 Surrey Station—Worcester: T. H. Tylor, 9st. 3lb. (bow); W. V. Miede, 9st. 7lb.; R. H. Allison, 10st. 3lb.; W. R. Wilkinson, 9st. 4lb. (str.); G. C. Brown, 12st. 11lb. (cox) ... 2  
 Both boats got away to a good start, and were level for a quarter of a mile. St. Dunstan's quickened, and had a length's lead at Craven Steps. The Worcester stroke spurred and reduced the gap slightly, but could not sustain the effort, and St. Dunstan's, maintaining excellent form, won by 2½ lengths.

\*An Old Boy.

The following races were confined to members of St. Dunstan's Hostel:

### SCULLS.

Heat 1: McFarlane, 1; Green, 2; Harris, 0; Pell, 0. Pell led, and then Green went up, but later McFarlane got clear to win by a length and a half.  
 Heat 2: Shields, 1; Collins, 2; Whiteside, 0. Shields was in front after half-way, and he won by 1½ lengths. Heat 3: Pugh, 1; Colley, 2; Johns, 0. A fine race ended in a win for Pugh by a quarter of a length. Heat 4: Mathieson, 1; Millar, 2; Street, 0. Won well by 3 lengths.

### FINAL.

Middlesex Station—Mathieson	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	1
Surrey Station—Pugh	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	2
Centre Station—Shields	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	3
Centre Station—McFarlane	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	0

Mathieson drew away in good style after going half a mile, and won by 2½ lengths. A keen race for second place ended in favour of Pugh by a quarter of a length.

DOUBLE SCULLS.—Centre Station—Turnock and Shaw, 1; Surrey Station—Whiteside and Collins, 2; Middlesex Station—Hall and Kitchen, 3; Centre Station—Orvis and Spinks, 0. Turnock and Shaw were quickly in command, and they won comfortably by 4 lengths.

## ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW.

All the crews were entertained to dinner in the Crown Room at the Criterion in the evening. Speeches were made by the Chairman, by Mr. G. C. Brown, and by the strokes of the various boats. Mr. Baker and Mr. Tracey each felicitated the other, and much applause was evoked by the sporting spirit displayed by all present. Dinner

was followed by a concert, the professionals (who included Miss Downs of St. Dunstan's) being helped by Rufus Shaw—our stroke in the four—and by Mr. J. F. Tracey, the Worcester old boy. The arrangements were in the capable hands of Mr. Ernest Kessell, and were therefore as complete as they could be.

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## The Races against Emanuel.

ON Thursday, July 20th, the St. Dunstan's Four met with its first defeat. Rowing in tub fours we were beaten by Emanuel School by 1½ lengths, after a tough and very close race. *The Sportsman*, in describing it, said "the race proved one of the finest seen on the Thames for a long time. Emanuel got away with the lead, but St. Dunstan's looked like catching them towards the finish. The School, however, put on a big spurt, and drawing ahead again, won by a length and a quarter."

Emanuel School thus took a partial revenge for their defeat by St. Dunstan's last year, when our Four passed the winning post nine lengths ahead. Considerable interest will now be felt in the deciding race next year. The Four were the same that rowed against Worcester, with the exception that Spinks filled No. 2's place.

The second event was a single sculling match between Ernest Mathieson, the Australian, and Mr. J. C. Hopkins, the Emanuel stroke. Mathieson pulled right away from the first, and won easily by 3½ lengths. So on the day, events were squared. Mathieson was loudly cheered by a big crowd for his splendid sculling, and was carried shoulder-high from the landing stage to the Vesta Rowing Club.

St. Dunstan's afterwards entertained their opponents to tea, and the crews fraternised with much joviality. Mr. J. C. Wallis admitted that he had coached his four carefully for months, while Mr. R. J. Calcutt pointed out that the St. Dunstan's four had only been on the river three times together before the race. Still, everybody cheerfully admitted that the better crew had won this time; but St. Dunstan's means to win the rubber next year.



## Our Exhibition Stall.

THE National Economic Exhibition was held at Prince's Skating Club, Knightsbridge, from June 26th to July 8th, and was honoured by a private visit from Her Majesty The Queen at 10 a.m. on the opening day before the general public were admitted.

Our stall was a centre of interest, and so great was the admiration for our baskets, that after the first few days certain of them had to be marked "no more orders can be booked till September." Even then we had to book quite a number; their admirers professing not to mind waiting so long for delivery. What the makers of these may think is another matter, but all the basket folk have been hard at it ever since, getting through the long list of orders.

Corporal Pettitt's oak trays were another feature of our stall, and enough orders were booked to keep him busy for many weeks.

One thing caused us great pride. Two or three trade firms made full inquiries about our mats, after examining those we were showing, said they were "first-class quality and make," and promised to send orders to St. Dunstan's. We are very delighted to hear they have already done this, and the mat department is consequently very busy. The stall was presided over by Mrs. Rose, helped by a number of ladies, all of whom made excellent saleswomen. It is a matter of satisfaction with the workshop that in spite of the very large number of orders taken, the majority of them have already been executed.

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## Our Popular Dances.

THE last of the Summer Dances was held on Friday, July 21st, and the next one will be held on September 1st, the date upon which this number of the *Review* appears. The popularity of these dances has been so great as to be almost an embarrassment, the many visitors that like to come—and we are, of course, glad to see them—tending to overcrowd our space.

We are very grateful to the ladies who come to help us; but we are afraid that some of them find it difficult to get partners, as they so largely outnumber the men.

In future, for everybody's comfort, it will be necessary to restrict the issue of invitations to such a number as the floor will accommodate, and we shall do our best to take everybody in turn, because

we do not want to lose the company of any of our friends. Still, it is a poor compliment to invite ladies who cannot find either partners or dancing space, and we shall do our best to make everybody more comfortable in future.

Miss Prescott and her chief helper, Miss Kent, will continue to give us their valuable and apparently indefatigable help in teaching the boys their steps; but it is Miss Prescott's intention, owing to the increasing number of learners, to

arrange with some of her old pupils to assist in the teaching. The dining-room is now always reserved for learners, so that they may practice in safety and quiet.

It must be recorded that Mlle. Adeline Gênee paid us a visit at the last dance, and watched the evolutions with interest. She was accompanied by her husband (she is now Mrs. Isitt) and stayed for over an hour. The boys gave her a hearty round of applause.

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## The Captain and the Private.

CAPTAIN APPLEBY, of the Lancashire Fusiliers, our latest officer student, tells an amusing story against himself.

Whilst in the country I thought I should like to visit any wounded soldier of my own regiment in any of the hospitals of the neighbourhood, so I commissioned various ladies to let me know when they discovered one. Some time afterwards I received a telegram from a lady seven miles away, saying, "Come at once, and have tea with me, and we will go together to see a Fusilier I have found for you." After tea, the lady and I went to the hospital, where I was introduced to the whole of the staff, and followed in the procession, thinking how interesting it would be to see the reunion of the blinded officer

and the shattered Tommy. After inquiries about the wound, I said, "What regiment do you belong to?" He replied, "Lancashire Fusiliers, sir." I said, "Which battalion?" "Second battalion," he replied; and then I asked him again "What company?" He replied, "A Company." That was right at my own doorstep, and turning round with a smile to my audience, because I felt sure he was going to say that I was one of the many unrecognised V.C. winners, I said, "Of course, you know me very well." Imagine my horror when he replied, "I don't think I do." Feeling very badly hit, I thought I would get my own back with a little sarcasm. I said, "Of course, you would not recognise the Captain of your own



company, would you?" When he added further insult to injury by saying, "To tell you the truth, sir,

I never used to take any notice of the Captain." After this I made a hurried exit.

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### After-Care Notes.

Extracts from Letters Received.

G. Adams writes:—"I am pleased to say the mats are progressing favourably, and I am still getting orders for them."

R. Allcock writes on July 16th:—"My weekly letter to you as arranged. I am glad to tell you that I am much better now, hoping this line will find you and all at St. Dunstan's quite well. My earnings this week were, I am very pleased to say, again on the advance. I have practically run out of leather, so shall be glad to have some."

Jock Brown writes:—"I am getting on first class since I came down here." He has since sent us 8 very well made baskets.

J. Barley writes, July 7th:—"I take the pleasure to let you know the mat frame arrived safely, and I am now getting it fixed ready for starting."

J. Boeking has moved from Ranelagh Gardens, Barnes, to Oldham, where he is very shortly thinking of settling down.

E. Boswell has undertaken to work for a boot-repairer in Gainsborough; we wish him every success.

J. R. Brown writes, July 6th:—"I on the average make two or three baskets a day, and sell them as fast as I can make them at present, and everyone is satisfied with the class of work I turn out, and have told me I must have known something about basket-making before I lost my sight."

John Brown has been obliged to leave his home in Brenehley to come to the Middlesex Hospital for treatment for his eye. He has, we are pleased to say, got much better, and hopes to go to Scotland for a short holiday before resuming work.

C. E. Bolton writes, July 13th:—"I am doing a fine trade with wooden trays. I will send you an account of what my hens have been doing in a day or so."

W. F. Chapple visited us lately, looking well, and continues to make mat frames for our men, and is now about to try his hand at boot benches.

W. W. Clarke writes, July 23rd:—"I was rather surprised to know that 90 of the boys have left St. Dunstan's and started business on their own, and I assure you, sir, that they all have my heartiest

wishes for the very best of good luck. I am glad to say that with regard to work I have plenty of it to go on with."

Maurice Colle has set up his mat-making at Teddington, and we wish him every success.

E. Clarke has had trouble with rats getting at his chickens and has lost a good many. However, he has called in the services of a rat-catcher, and we hope that the pests will be exterminated.

G. B. Coles writes:—"Just a few lines to let you know I have been lucky again with the incubator; I have got 44 chicks out of a setting of 47 eggs, so that I have done very well."

S. Catlow has a great improvement in his poultry; he has had 170 eggs in three weeks, and has 40 chicks, as his first setting in the incubator brought him 31 out of 60.

T. Devlin has opened a very nice little shop at 25, Liverpool Road, St. Helens, as a boot-repairer and mat-maker.

W. Cromwell is still progressing with his boot-repairing in Gloucester.

G. Davis writes:—"Birds arrived safely; they seem very nice ones by the feel of them, and if they turn out as well as the others in such a short time I shall be very lucky. So far, since I have received the others, that is 22 days up to yesterday, I have had 91 eggs, and nearly most of that time there has been only eight out of

ten laying, as one or two have been broody. I can get rid of all my eggs."

G. T. Dennis writes, July 23rd:—"I am pleased to let you know that I am getting along very well with my basket-making, and I must thank you for sending Mr. Hall to me. I received a copy of *The St. Dunstan's Magazine*, and was very interested in the contents.

Thomas Eaton writes:—"After two months' experience as a poultry farmer, I have come to the conclusion that with the splendid outfit supplied by St. Dunstan's, and a bit of work, a man cannot help but progress. I have done exceedingly well, and next season I hope to have a large stock of poultry reared by myself."

H. Elborn writes that he has plenty of work, and encloses a record of mat-making and boot-repairing for three months, which amounts to a total of £22, showing a very good margin of profit. He is very pleased with *St. Dunstan's Magazine*, and says it is so interesting and nice to read what others are doing.

F. Foster has removed to Plymouth, where he is starting a boot-repairing business, which promises well.

P. Featherstone has sent an excellent photo of himself taken at the side of his Foster Mother, which shows to advantage the chickens he has hatched out. He seems to be doing very well, and writes very cheerfully.



F. Fleetwood has moved to another house in Tatsfield, as he found his first residence too much exposed.

Grove's sister writes:—"My brother thanks you for your nice letter, and for the Magazine, which he is charmed with, and enjoyed every bit of the news in it. He is quite well and is working much better lately."

Miss Borrowghs writes that Paddy Goodison is now working well at hammocks, and seems to take quite an interest in his work.

W. Gordon writes, July 18th:—"Just a few lines to let you know that I am getting on very well with my boot-repairing. The certificate that you sent me has brought me a lot of work, as I have had it in the front window, and it draws a lot of attention, as I live on the main road. With kind regards to all at St. Dunstan's."

W. Hallam has paid us a visit, as he had to give up his country life for a bit and return to hospital. He is now back again, and we hope he will continue to prosper at poultry work.

A. Hutchinson has started mat-making in Chelsea; he visited here the other day, and appears to be doing very well.

A. W. Hall writes that he is getting along fine, and sends kind remembrances to all at St. Dunstan's.

W. Lingard writes:—"I have been keeping an account of the eggs and food, and the hens are keeping themselves and the 80

chicks, and I am pleased to say I am nothing out yet with the food, although it costs just double the price that it did a month ago. In about a month's time I shall have 30 young fowls to sell, and that will take a few shillings off. I will let you have an account of the eggs and the cost of food at the end of each month, starting from July.

G. Lilley writes that from his 14 hens he had 224 eggs for the month ending the first week in July.

M. Lane visits us almost weekly, and usually brings a number of well-made baskets for sale.

C. W. Matthews writes, July 23rd: "Many thanks for your letter. I should have written before, but I have been so busy. I have been doing another large mat, and I am glad to say I have finished it, so I am thinking about going for a holiday, as I am feeling a bit run down."

J. Moon continues to write very cheerfully. One of our lady Braille teachers visited him recently, and found him busy and doing very well.

Jack Orrell is still getting on well with his work, and when he was in a little difficulty with his work recently he was assisted by J. W. Kerr of Widnes.

J. Owens writes, July 12th, that he is still keeping busy with the mats. He sends me an excellent photo of himself at his mat-frame.

A. H. Patston has moved from Cambridgeshire, and is settled near Sergt.-Major Bell at Ewhurst. He writes very hopefully of the change.

W. Pettit has married since our last issue, and has a very bright and cheery home in Harrow.

B. F. Spiers is now sending in mats for sales here. One of our lady visitors has seen him lately, and he was in his little workshop, which looked very business-like, and he told her that he was often at work before breakfast.

C. Shephard writes, July 24th:—"I am glad to be able to tell you that I am getting on well, and

that my returns are good, and all I make mats for are pleased with them. I am glad to be able to say my health is good.

P. Brundrett is busy at present making exhibits for a sale of work in aid of St. Dunstan's in his district.

All the boys express a most earnest wish for Sir Arthur's speedy and complete recovery to health.

T. H. M.

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## The Battle of Loos.

PERHAPS as one who has had the privilege of visiting France on two occasions, I may be allowed to relate a few interesting items in connection with the battle of Loos, one of the greatest battles in modern times, and in which the 9th Scottish Division took a leading part.

On the afternoon of 24th Sept., 1915, our company assembled on the billet parade ground, and there we were addressed by our Company Commander, who wound up as follows:—

"As you are aware we are about to take part in one of the greatest battles that our country has ever undertaken to perform, and whatever the future may bring I ask you as representatives of Scotland to remember on the battle-field your duty to your God, your King and your country." Such were the

words spoken by Captain Bell to the men whom he loved, and who to-day mourn the loss of a good soldier and a noble hero.

At 6.40 on the same evening we marched away to take our places in the trenches in preparation for the following day's great struggle.

As one who has been fortunate enough to escape the fate of many others who took part in that famous charge, the cheerful way in which the boys looked on the coming struggle (not knowing what the morrow would bring) will remain in my memory for ever.

What followed after taking up our positions in the trenches is perhaps difficult to relate, but it is a well-known fact that officers and men alike realised that they were on the eve of a great undertaking, and perhaps no one realised it



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more than those whose duty it was to lead their men on to glorious victory.

At 5.30 the furious bombardment commenced, and at 6.30 the skirl of the bagpipes told each man that the Highland Brigade had set the ball rolling. The order then was quick and sharp, and in a moment we were up and at them. The reception we got was hot and fast, but already the Highlanders were at their deadly work, and in the twinkling of an eye the whole Division was engaged in the deadly combat. What happened while we were in hand to hand combat with them is not a soldier's tale to tell, simply because I should never wish to face it again, and moreover I do not desire to tell it to others. By the time the Highland Brigade had forced their way well in front, and after a bloody struggle we succeeded in coming into line with them. By this time the toll had been heavy; the leading officers had been killed, and all that remained of our battalion on the field were two officers. Our Company Commander in rallying the boys was shot in the head and neck, and fell with a cry that will ring in the ears of those that were in close attendance on him: "Lead on, my men; I'm done for." The day's adventure at Loos many of you have read with pride, and therefore I do not think it necessary that I should relate to you any further proceedings until night-fall. We were then occupying a

German trench about a hundred yards in front of the Hohenzollern Redoubt when suddenly we heard a voice from behind shouting: "Captain H—— Oh! for God's sake retire; we are surrounded." This was the voice of our veteran C.O. who had stuck to us all day, and by skilful leading brought us safely back into the Redoubt, which we occupied until the 30th. A few minutes previous to this event our Commanding Officer in a vain endeavour to bring up reinforcements is believed to have lost his way, and to-day we who had the pleasure of knowing him as a Commanding Officer realise with regret that Scotland has lost a true and gallant leader. The loss of our Divisional and Brigade Commanders as well as three colonels and the staff naturally made us realise that we were in a tight fix, but the good news was conveyed to us that the command of the Brigade from the night of the 25th had been taken over by Major G. G. Loch (1st Royal Scots), who has since, for his devotion to duty and skilful leadership, been promoted to the rank of Brigadier General. The hardships that were endured in the Hohenzollern Redoubt can only be remembered and realised by those who took part in the gallant defence of that important position. For five days we had one biscuit and one tin of bully beef among five of us, and to see the agony of the wounded and to hear their cry for water was sufficient to make us at that moment

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wish that we had never existed, but the re-assembling of the Battalion on our withdrawal made us realise with deep regret that many

of our gallant comrades had died a noble death for the land of their adoption.

D. MATHESON MACLEAN.

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### Push.

WHEN I 'listed into the Army,  
They pushed me on the square;  
They pushed some boots upon my feet,  
A khaki suit and puttees neat.  
They pushed me right behind the band,  
And pushed a rifle in my hand;  
They pushed me over the water, one dark  
and stormy night,  
They pushed me into a trench out there,  
Then I began to fight.

We pushed ourselves upon the ground,  
The shells were whistling all around.  
I pushed some cartridges in my gun,  
I thought, if poss, to get some fun;  
The Germans tried to push our ridge;  
I pushed my bayonet in their ribs;  
They still pushed on, who hadn't fell,  
But we soon pushed them into—Kensington.

I pushed for many a month out there,  
Hard the graft, but poor the fare;  
My bones were pushing through my skin,  
My boots were letting water in.  
One night they tried to push us on,  
They pushed me with a mortar bomb;  
From out my lips I pushed a groan,  
And then the doctor pushed me home.

LAPHELL.



## News from the Manchester Masseurs.

ALBERT WOOLLEN wrote on July 9th as follows:—

"We are in a hut which used to be the officers' quarters, and therefore it is fairly comfortable. It is divided up into a nice little bedroom each, a comfy sitting room, dining room, bath room, pantry, and a room Wilfred has decided to have for an "office." We are in a camp where there are some four thousand soldiers, all of whom have been to the Front, I believe, and are now receiving some treatment or other. Major Tate McKenzie is in charge, and he is a fine man, and the doctor here is also very nice. We have been told to ask for whatever we want in the way of furniture to make the hut comfy. Our rooms are nicely furnished, and although it is rather fresh we enjoy life in the hut. We brought a gramophone with us, and we have been promised a piano. We have to be content with each other's society, as we do not have any visitors to see us yet. The Hydro where we do our massage is almost opposite. Major McKenzie has promised us plenty of work, but as yet we have not been very busy. Most of the cases have been for rheumatism. Our hours are from nine to five. We shall commence work more in earnest to-morrow, Monday. Heaton Park is about three miles out of Manchester, and is about six miles round. There is a boating lake, and I hope to go for a row

soon. We all went in to Manchester last evening, and to a music hall, the company being fairly good. This evening I have had a long walk in the country around here, and it was very enjoyable. Wilfred is causing us a good deal of amusement. He asked a sergeant and a sergeant-major if they were our two new orderlies. The sergeant cook was whistling in the corridor of our hut, so Wilfred rushed and shut him up by informing him that we were not finished dinner. We had a job to get two orderlies, as the first two went crock when Wilfred put them on scrubbing the floor. However, we have a nice couple now, but we are only keeping one. Our meals are being brought in from the sergeants' mess. This morning I was in the bath room with Wilfred. I smelt gas, and Wilfred saw that the gas jet for heating the water for the bath was turned on. He gingerly struck a match. There was a very loud explosion which nearly blew us out of the window, and I thought it was "another coming over." However there was no harm done. Late last night in the dark Wilfred caught his foot in a collapsible table that was standing up, with the result that it fell on him with an awful noise. He was so impressed the service that we are all called "Sirs," and they salute him. We are really treated like officers. I hope the rowing is going on well, and I thought of

you all at the dance on Friday, and would have liked to have had a dance. There has been a lot of rain here since our arrival, but at the moment it is fine, although it has rained nearly all day. The St. Dunstan's film is on show in Manchester, and one of the soldiers I was doing told me he saw us

doing massage. I hope Bates and Law are as comfortable as we are here. We have to pass the guard every time we are out, so we must keep on the tack. I hope you are in your usual good spirits, and are quite fit. Kindest regards to you and all at St. Dunstan's."

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## How a Debater Feels.

I DON'T want to begin by apologising for writing this article, but as it is the first time I have tried writing I wish you to accept it in the spirit it is meant. I have been asked to try and give a few words of advice as to our speaking at the debates. The best way I think I can try and do this is to give a few accounts of my first experience of speaking. Well here goes to make a start of some sort.

When I listed same as most of us, I was only a young fellow, and after kicking about for a few months at home, getting squad drill, etc., shoved down my neck, I volunteered for the next draft for India, and did not find much trouble in getting there.

Well, I got to India as most other fellows did, and same as most other fellows got heartily fed up with it and wanted to come home after a few years. Still having a few years to do I had to look round for something to counteract my homesickness.

Having tried all I could think of

to break the monotony,—football, shooting, and other things which I found did not answer, as I had either not enough money to keep it up, or they did not cover the time I felt I wanted occupation for the mind, most at night-time. So one day while moping about the barrack room thinking of murder, suicide or desertion, a fellow soldier, who afterwards became one of my best chums, came up to me and said, "Well, old boy, have you thought of going on the tack?" "What," says I, "go on the tack," and a shudder of horror ran through me; but the outcome was that I went on the tack and agreed to join a club that had been formed to pass the evenings away, and try and make time pass pleasantly. Shortly afterwards I was initiated into the club, and as soon as I found time to glance around I found the members were composed of men of all ranks, from warrant officer to private from all branches of the Army, now and again a senior officer being there as a guest



and taking the chair. Here I saw the true side of the British soldier, human and humorous, and made some of the best friends any man could wish to have. After hearing several debates I thought I might as well try myself.

Well, to make a long story short, as I am getting tired of writing what were intended to be a few words of advice, which I don't seem to be able to get to without going a long way round. I attended a meeting one day. What the subject of debate was I have no recollection, only that one of the speaker's remarks did not strike me as being right, so before I knew what was happening I jumped to my feet to answer his question. Catching the speaker's eye I got the floor and tried to speak, but found I could only stutter and stammer a few incoherent words. A cold perspiration broke out all over me, and I stood there like a tailor's dummy, expecting the members to laugh me down. But no, the chairman gave me an encouraging nod, the old Sergeant-Major gave me a pat on the back, and I soon got control over myself again and broke out in a torrent of words, keeping it up for about ten minutes. What

it was I said I never knew, but I got a hearty clap that did me good, and gave me the encouragement that any new member of any place wants on entering a new circle to make him feel at home. Well, the only remarks I can think of, if we are going to make our debates here pleasant and interesting as they are intended to be, are that as many of us who can should attend and try to resolve to take part. Give any newcomer a chance to speak, encourage him, not criticising and talking while he is speaking. Use no personalities at all during the debates, and if we try and remember that they are for our own amusement we shall have many pleasant evenings together, and, as it is a good way of getting to know each other by hearing one another speak, make many good friends.

Since making my first maiden speech I have spoken hundreds of times, never since feeling nervous, though often taking part in subjects beyond my educational ability, getting hours of enjoyment out of them, which I think the most of us here at St. Dunstan's will if we follow the lead of the committee selected from time to time.

"SHERLOCK."

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## Our Own Concert Party.

ON Tuesday evening, July 25th, an excellent entertainment was enjoyed by us at St. Dunstan's, and all the artistes were

either connected with the staff or men at St. Dunstan's.

Drummer Downs opened the concert by singing "The Broken

Doll," which did him great credit, and at its conclusion was loudly applauded. After this, Sergeant Lomas met with equal success with his song, "My Home in Tennessee," next came Mr. Curtis-Willson, who has an excellent voice, and sang with fine style, "Shipmates of Mine." Sergeant Watt changed the programme a little by reciting with perfect clearness and expression, "The Executioner," and it might be added that his strong Scotch accent made this very impressive, and at times caused some mirth amongst the audience. Then followed our favourite song, "Friend of Mine," which was sung by Mr. Speight, and this also drew much applause from the audience. Then we had a treat in hearing Sister Tomkins sing, "There's a long, long trail." She finished amidst tremendous cheering for an encore, which could not be given owing to time being too short and the programme too long. Messrs. Colville and Cooper next played a selection on the mandoline, and it may be added that this duet was fine, and I am sure that if their tutor had been present, he would have felt proud of his two pupils. Mr. Tarry followed our musicians with another song, entitled "In Old Madrid," with great success. Then came Mr. Sam Cowan, with his favourite song, "Old Love Letters," which was loudly joined in at the chorus. After this, St. Dunstan's funny man, Mr. Charlie Davis, amused the audience with his rather amusing speciality, "Two penn'orth of Sunlight Soap,"

which is believed to be entirely his own composition. Then followed Miss Chellew, who sang "Somewhere a voice is calling," a song in which everyone supported the chorus. After this, Mr. Molloy rendered with great success, "Love's Garden of Roses," this last artist being followed by Mr. Fred Payne, who played some rather good melodies on his mouth organ. Harry Jobe then told some very amusing tales, and was succeeded by Sergeant Taylor, who, with a style which would create envy in many professional comedians, sang "I'm getting ready for my Mother-in-law." Mrs. Wynyard sang an Irish song, "McBreen's Heifer," which was well rendered in a true Irish brogue, and Sergeant Jones gave a parody entitled, "Just before the battle, mother," and his talent in this was to be envied. Miss Hankey and Sidney Tarry next sang a duet, "Where my caravan has rested," and in this song it was noticeable how well their voices blended. Fred Green was next with our old favourite, "My little grey home in the West." Brother Kitchen gave us "Forgive and Forget," a song which he has always been known to live up to, and he was followed by "Uncle" Cross with "Excuse me for being excited," which went enormously. Culshaw was next with a violin solo. Matron wound up the concert with her usual goodness by singing, "I've got rings on my fingers and rings on my toes."

Mr. Huskinson deserved as much credit and praise as any of the



other artistes, for the manner in which he accompanied most of the singers through the evening, being helped by Miss Tomkins and others.

The concert lasted for two hours, and judging by the continual applauding as each artiste finished, it was plain to see that the programme was every bit as enjoyable as the more talented concerts which are at times kindly given by the pro-

fession, and as an amateur party St. Dunstan's wants some beating. To thoroughly wind up the concert, and especially as this was almost on the eve of the breaking up for the holidays, when unfortunately a good many of our boys will be leaving us, the ever friendly old chorus, "Auld Lang Syne" was heartily sung by all, with hands clasped and arms crossed.

WM. GIRLING.

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## A Tale of the War.

THE 4th of September. What an historical date that is: the night the Allied armies lay outside Paris, wondering if we would cross the River Seine the following day, or if it would be possible to defend the Capital. Yet these thoughts did not dishearten us, we were prepared to fight with the same stubbornness that we had fought with throughout that long retreat, having absolute confidence in our Commander, our comrades, and the nation that stood behind us.

The morning of the 5th, as day was breaking, we stood to "arms," to enter once again into that stern conflict which had been raging so long, a conflict which would decide the fate of Europe, which, at the time of writing, still hangs in the balance. That day we were thoroughly tested, and fierce fighting for a couple of hours forced the enemy to retire.

What a change had come over the scene, and what news for the public at home. Those small armies, with the aid of the Paris Defence Force and other reinforcements which had reached us, had forced the strongest empire of Europe to give ground with greater rapidity than that displayed by us during our retreat.

What a glorious advance that was, continuing day after day, capturing men and material, the tables completely turned, until we arrived at the River Aisne on or about the 12th of September, when the same grim work commenced that had taken place in the earlier part of the campaign. The Germans, having crossed the river, took up position on the high ground, carrying out the usual tactics of a retiring force by destroying all the bridges, etc., behind them. A part of our force crossed the first day, followed

by the remainder the next day, and this crossing was vigorously contested by the Germans, who shelled all approaches to the place; shelling the pontoons that were erected by our troops with such effect that a portion of our force crossed by a girder. Our men were not to be denied; aiding each other by covering fire and other means in their power, they advanced steadily across the open, fighting every foot of the way until they arrived at the lower slopes of the hills where they entrenched under a heavy fire.

The enemy, having checked our advance, tried to recover the ground they had lost by launching repeated attacks against our front in a vain effort to break through. Then ensued one of the hardest week's fighting I have ever engaged in, and again and again they attacked us, only to fall back after suffering heavy loss, being compelled to act on the defensive to repel our counter attacks. On a few occasions they broke our line, and were doubtless assured of

victory, until our reserves came into action, and, after close quarter work with the bayonet, were compelled to retire to their original position, sadder but wiser men. The R.I.R. on this occasion gained undying fame for themselves, as in a glorious charge, having lost a greater portion of their effectives, they still hung on, fighting with the same spirit and energy they had displayed throughout, refusing to give ground, even though punished so severely. This style of fighting continued for a week, hanging on with the hope of reinforcements arriving. At last they did arrive, placing us on a more equal footing with the enemy, and causing his ardour to cool. Toward the latter end of the month we were relieved by the French during the lonely hours of the night, and proceeded by road and rail to take up our work in a different part of the country; thus closing what was to us one of the most interesting episodes of the campaign.

A SOLDIER.

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## Sussex Place Samples

(By one who knows them).

OH, come with me to Number Twelve,  
And let me now enlarge  
Upon the names of the twenty-two  
Who are there to learn massage.

HAVENS we call the String-Bag King,  
For about this hobby he knows everything,  
We hear that his handiwork's very neat,  
With silk linings, and tassels, and all complete.



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Then there's GRAVES, who, in the Outer Circle,  
En route from the N. I. E.  
Upon a certain afternoon  
Met with adventures three  
(It was really only two, but then  
"Two" will not rhyme with "B.")

Next VAUGHAN's been down at Brighton,  
And I have heard him say  
That Brighton is the place at which  
To spend a happy day.

The "Macs" are two—McFARLANE (our Canadian) and McLEAN,  
The last I must call MOSES,  
For reasons very plain.

LLOYD belonged to the R.F.C.,  
And STACEY and ALDRIDGE occur to me,  
But for these hard names, and for WESTWICK too,  
I can't think of any rhymes, can you?

GIRLING is Mr. Editor  
Of *St. Dunstan's Magazine*,  
So I must be careful what I say,  
Or these lines will not be seen.

And then there are the three (dis) graces (!)  
I won't mention names, or describe their faces;  
ONE's always asleep in an attitude graceful,  
(Society's evidently distasteful)  
Two has curly hair of a golden hue,  
And THREE's got a namesake at the Zoo!

There are two more names to come in here,  
So what about this for a bright idea?  
TARRY awhile, we are not through,  
And advance Australia,—meaning GLEW.

There's a bed just now vacant in big Ward I.,  
But we hope that GRAY will soon have done  
With "hospital blue," and his steps retrace  
To St. Dunstan's Annexe, Sussex Place.

Now where's HARPER? He does not seem to be here,  
Nor does worthy HUDSON yet appear,  
About the latter I'll tell one thing,—  
Where HUDSON is, there's a diamond ring!

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And RICHARDSON had a little friend  
(The Ward III. "R.'s" you know),  
And everywhere that RICHARDSON went  
His friend was sure to go.

There still remains WISE  
(Says he, "Too true,")  
And the next man in  
Will be twenty-two.

So I'll finish with COOK,  
And just say that these rhymes  
Are rotten I know, but—  
"In these hard times . . . !"

Note.—The above is presented by the composer, with many apologies, and the comment that it will probably be unintelligible except to those living at Sussex Place.

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Newcomers in July.

Barnett	...	...	...	8th Royal Sussex.
Baker, Driver I. J.	...	...	...	Army Service Corps.
Boyer, Pte. R.	...	...	...	Seaforth Highlanders.
Cope, Sergt.-Major	...	...	...	Devon Regiment.
Cowan, Gunner S.	...	...	...	Royal Field Artillery.
Cubitt, Gunner W.	...	...	...	Royal Field Artillery.
Davidson, Pte. J.	...	...	...	Seaforth Highlanders.
Davidson, Pte. J.	...	...	...	3rd Royal Irish Fusiliers.
Donlan, Pte. H.	...	...	...	Royal Irish Fusiliers.
Dowson, Pte. T.	...	...	...	10th Yorkshire.
Gratidge, Rifleman C.	...	...	...	7th King's Royal Rifles.
Hale, Sapper H. W.	...	...	...	7th Field Co. Royal Engineers.
Halpin, Pte. S.	...	...	...	8th Royal Dublin Fusiliers.
Harriss, Pte. F. J.	...	...	...	22nd Kensington Royal Fus.
Jobe, Pte. H.	...	...	...	21st Labour Co. Army Service Co.
Lowden, Pte. J.	...	...	...	11th Cheshires.
Nicholas, Pte. Ivor	...	...	...	23rd Royal Fusiliers.
O'Hara, Pte. M.	...	...	...	2nd Leinsters.
Peto, Rifleman A. G.	...	...	...	9th Rifle Brigade.
Pugh, Rifleman J.	...	...	...	5335, 12th Rifle Brigade.



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Welland, Pte. A. ... ..	6th Queen's Roy. W. Surreys.
Curtis-Willson, J. ... ..	Royal Field Artillery.
Barnard, Pte. H. B. ... ..	8th Royal Sussex Regt.
Davidson, Gunner I. ... ..	Royal Field Artillery.
Johnson, Pte. T. ... ..	17th Manchesters.
Stamper, Sapper T. D. ... ..	Royal Engineers.

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### Our Country Life Section.

TWO examinations were held by Mr. Edward Brown, F.L.S., in July. The first was on the 10th of the month, and was in respect of "Artificial Incubation and Rearing." The standard of marks was fixed at 50, and Sergt. Jones came out top with 43. Second in the list was Letch with 42; Holmes and Melling received 41 each and Sergt. Watt and Williams tied for fourth place with 40 marks each. The rest of the men in their order were Horsnell, Kirkby, Nolan, Millar, Veal, Selby, Brown, Kitchen and Latham.

Mr. Brown in his remarks said that he wished to express his satisfaction with the earnestness of the men and the remarkable manner in which they overcome the handicap of lack of sight. He pointed out that the examination was more difficult than the one held in June.

The second examination was held on July 21st, and was on the same ground that was covered in the June test. The maximum of marks was fixed at 100, and Harker came out top with 76. Collins was second with 72, Sergt. Taylor

was third with 71, and Kitson and Price tied for fourth place with 70 marks each. The others in their order were Johns, Millar, Dennison, Conlon, Nugee, Payne, Marshall, and Herriot. The last-mentioned came late and missed the first four questions, or he would have been much higher in position; but then as we all know Arthur Herriot was then thinking of other things.

Mr. Brown's remarks upon these pupils was that they had made considerable progress and showed the usual keenness, which is the hall-mark of St. Dunstan's. Mr. Brown suggested that it would be well for one of the instructors to go over the ground with them once a week, which would afford them an opportunity of asking questions and so fix the points clearly in their minds. He was again struck with the excellence of the memorising.

A new feature in the poultry work is the initiation of a joinery class, at which the boys learn to make coops, runs, houses, and the various articles and fencings necessary to their trade. It is under the

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control of a competent carpenter named Wooding, who is getting some excellent results.

"Brother" Kitchen, before he left us, invented a very ingenious little trap, the simplicity and usefulness of which impressed all who saw it. It should prove quite adequate for its purpose.

Miss Lawrence must be given a word for the way in which she

has helped the poultry farm. She has brought much intelligence to bear upon the improvement of this section, and the secret may now be let out that she was mainly responsible for drawing up the arrangements of the lessons and lectures which has brought about such excellent results. Let it be added that she was loyally assisted by Mr. Thomas.

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### A New Life.

IS there such a thing as a new life? It seems hard to realise, but there is such a thing, and I shall try and place before you all in as few words as possible, the most dreaded of all new lives, that is the one of total blindness; also the good and evil influences at work in the same. Just imagine a young soldier, glorying in his youth, vigour, and manhood, proud of the fact that he is fighting for his country, often thinking that the fortune of war may deal out wounds or even death, scorning them both, he never dreams for one moment of that greatest of all wounds, total blindness. Suddenly in the heat of the action he is struck down; after lying there some hours he is picked up, carried to the rear, and placed in the hands of a doctor. Then commences a great fight, a fight between life and death; the young soldier, having forgotten that he took pride in his youth, strength, and manhood, and in the extremity of his pains not realising his blindness, puts up the same good fight that he did in the field.

Gradually he recovers, and on being discharged from hospital, accepts an invitation to come to St. Dunstan's as an honoured guest, to learn a trade under the most skilled tuition it is possible to obtain, to enable him to fit himself once more to take up a position of independence, and to be as useful a citizen as ever.

Now he stands at the cross roads, facing the greatest crisis of his life. Which road shall he take? That remains to be seen, and here commences another contest, a contest between the good and evil influences of St. Dunstan's. Here we have a sighted staff, who devote the whole of their time and abilities to the hard task of trying to make his lot a brighter and happier one, endeavouring to restore to him by word and action that confidence which he has lost. The staff is but a small one, and have to attend to a large number of inmates, studying the characteristics of each individual, yet never too busy to notice a new arrival, and to do their utmost to make him



feel thoroughly at home in his new surroundings.

He must remember that this new inmate is often in a very weak state, having suffered from a severe head wound, feeling low-spirited and despondent, and having to feel about for a chair when he requires one, moving from place to place with absolute lack of confidence. He wonders if he will ever regain that confidence, or attain what appears to him the almost utterly impossible—the pinnacle of skilled tradesmanship. This has been noted by the members of the staff, and the good influences of the place get to work to save that man from himself.

We have proved our manhood in

the past by fighting for our country in its hour of need, let us prove it in the future in the highest and truest sense of the word, by assisting each other as much as possible at the cross-roads to take the one that will lead to a life of prosperity and peace, and not to one of degradation and disgrace; thus proving to the world that the blind competitor is a serious factor in the business world, and return payment to our staff for their self-sacrifice and devotion, not in cash, that we can never do, but by showing them that we appreciate their efforts, and will do our best in the future to prove we have been worthy of the same.

A SOLDIER.

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## Notes of the Braille Room.

**J**ULY has been a record month in the Braille Room for tests of every kind, and the examiners have been kept hard at work.

We heartily congratulate Price, Kitson, Richardson, Hudson, Taylor, Street, Mr. McLaren, Pell, Mr. Nugee, Mr. Baker, Sergt. Lomas, Rowe, Toft and Drummond on having passed their Braille Reading Test.

Also Speight, Girling, Tarry, Kirby, Conlan, Spy, Harper and Pell on having passed the Writing Test of The National Institute for the Blind.

Hudson, Price, Stanners, Kitson, Mr. Baker, Sergt. Lomas, and Mr. McLaren have also sent in their

papers, but have not yet heard the result.

Sumner we congratulate on being the first man to qualify in reading Braille in two languages. He passed the English Reading Test some months ago, and now he has passed a similar test in French Braille Abrégé, which means a great deal, for French contractions are well known to be as intricate as the Gordian knot.

Typewriting Tests have also been very popular, the successful candidates being Holmes, Minchin, Orvis, Braithwaite, Sergt. Watt, Mr. Lowe, McLean, Colley, Halls, Harper, Harker, Davies, I., Robinson, Price, Kitson, Toft, and Rowe.

D. P.

# St. Dunstan's Review.

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT.

Editor - William Girling

Contributors - The Staff and the Boys.

ST. DUNSTAN'S Motto:

"What the eye doesn't see, the heart doesn't grieve about."



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# St. Dunstan's Review.

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK & SPORT.

No. 4.—NEW SERIES.

OCTOBER, 1916.

PRICE 6D.

## Editorial Notes.



MUST once again ask all those who are actively engaged in St. Dunstan's, whether as helpers or pupils, to remember that I want all the news and gossip that I can get. Anything that interests the boys will interest me, and will be interesting to the readers of the *Review*. The difficulty of collecting news is great, and I shall be glad of all the help that can be given me.

Each issue of the *Review* is very quickly sold out, and I have had many requests for back numbers. If any reader has done with his back numbers, I shall be glad to hear if he is prepared to pass them on to others who will pay for them gladly if they are in fair condition. The June and July issues are in special request.

This is a note for the old boys. I am sending them the magazine regularly, but I am hoping they will pay me for it, as I want it to be self-supporting. I suggest that they should forward me postal orders for 3s. 6d., which covers the *Review* and postage for six months. By-and-by, if the magazine is to be kept going, it will be necessary that every copy must be paid for, or we shall be out of pocket. So will all those old boys who want to receive *St. Dunstan's Review* regularly, be good enough to send in their sixpences.

I find that some of my contributors are rather annoyed with me, because I have to cut their articles down sometimes. I assure them that



I am always sorry to do this, and it is only done because the pages will not stretch. I hope they will believe me when I say that I appreciate their work and help very much, and I never cut anything out except when I am forced to do so by the necessities of space. Of course, I like everything to be as short as possible, owing to the smallness of the magazine; and I hope that no contributors will stop sending me their articles and stories.

THE EDITOR.

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## St. Dunstan's Gossip.

THE event of the month was the return of Sir Arthur Pearson to St. Dunstan's, on Tuesday, September 12th. All the Boys and the Staff, headed by Matron, waving flags, gathered at the gates to welcome him on his arrival, and loud cheers were raised of a most hearty character as he walked from the gates to the entrance hall. Everybody was delighted to get him back after his long absence, which dated from the boat races against Worcester on the 12th July.

Sir Arthur was looking extremely well and fit and found plenty of work waiting for him. At dinner time he made a speech to all the men, or perhaps we ought to say addressed a few simple words to them, the most telling point of which was a reference to the new boys, pointing out that blindness is a handicap and not an affliction, and that this handicap can be overcome by application and hard work. It is only the newcomers to St. Dunstan's who require this to be told to them, as the old

ones know it only too thoroughly themselves.

Our old friend, R. W. Spry, was recently met by a member of the Marylebone Borough Council, who asked him to go down to the Central Hall at the end of August and give his experiences of St. Dunstan's. The Mayor of Marylebone and the Committee were present, and they told him of their proposal to build a new ward to St. Dunstan's, to endow it, and to call it the "St. Marylebone Ward," the money to be raised in the Borough of Marylebone only. Spry, in a grateful little speech, told them what St. Dunstan's had done for him, and how he was now able to work as a telephone operator and compete with sighted people. His remarks were received with great interest and listened to with marked attention.

The marriage bells are still very much in demand at St. Dunstan's. Sergeant-Major Featherstone was married on the 9th September, and Danny McCarthy on the 6th. Knight is coming up to town for

the same purpose, McLean is now among the happily settled, and Harker, and many others are contemplating the fateful step. We hope that they will all be as happy as they deserve to be.

Considerable interest was taken at Somerton when Lance-Corporal Hornsnel was married at the end of August. The Union Jack was hoisted over the church and a large crowd cheered the bride and bridegroom as they departed. Hornsnel when at St. Dunstan's devoted himself to poultry, and showed considerable aptitude in taking it up.

Much interest has been taken in the goat which has been christened St. Dunstan, and which was introduced by Culshaw and accepted by Matron on behalf of the Hostel. The goat, which is quite young, is already making friends with everybody and promises to be a general favourite.

Collins sends us an interesting little account of St. Thomas' Mount in Madras. It is a matter of regret that we have not space to insert it all, but it is interesting to know that Collins spent a long time in the barracks at Madras during his career as a soldier. He is now distinguishing himself both in rowing as a pastime and poultry as a business.

An interesting letter has been received by Mr. Atkinson, the joinery instructor, from Neil McDonald. He is doing very well with trays, supplying orders to people as far away from

Glasgow as Northampton and Birmingham. He is also very busy with string bags, of which he sells a good many. McDonald was a very handy joiner, and it is not surprising to hear that he is turning his hand to almost anything. He is now happily married and finds Mr. McDonald a great help to him in his work.

The holidays officially concluded on August 21st, but it was not for some days afterwards that the Roll was complete. A few of the boys, like Tommy Turnock, wished that the holidays would begin again as soon as they were over, but the general feeling was one of relief to be back at work again.

Indeed, a number of the soldiers were at St. Dunstan's three days before the Hostel opened, so anxious were they to be in plenty of time for the resumption of duties.

Considerable alterations had been made in the Hostel in the short vacation of three weeks. One new dormitory had been completed and another big one commenced, while the whole place had been renovated, cleaned, and great alterations made in the various departments. How all the work had been done in the short time was something of a marvel, until it was remembered that Matron had stuck to her post throughout the hot weather, and kept the workmen on the premises, feeding and petting them all the time, so that whether they liked it or not, they were obliged to work



## ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW.

hard in order to repay the consideration shown to them.

So rapidly is St. Dunstan's growing that everything is becoming too small. The lounge, spacious as it appears, is now all too tiny, not only for the accommodation of the men themselves, but for all the entertainments that take place; therefore Sir Arthur has waved his magic wand and a spacious new lounge is being erected on the lawn. This will be twice the size of the present one and will be available for dances, concerts and so forth. It is hoped that the old lounge will be used as a room for men who do not wish to indulge in either playing or listening to musical instruments or sing-songs, or otherwise comporting themselves cheerfully. We have long felt the need at St. Dunstan's of a room where those who desire it can get a little actual peace.

Matron is trying to get up a band for the winter evenings, and all those boys who can perform on instruments, or who wish to learn should approach her without delay. She has already secured the assistance of competent teachers, and the band should be a success, especially as chorus singing is also being taught at the same time. Tuesday evenings will probably be given up to the musical studies and Wednesday evening is to be devoted to competitions, little home concerts and other amusements which are so freely arranged to pass the hours.

It was a happy idea of Mr.

Kessell's to introduce the reader speakers among the men to respond for the afternoon concerts, instead of having it done as heretofore by an official. Some of the speeches made on these occasions are excellent, while there is no doubt that the performers themselves appreciate the change.

The new lighting orders do not affect the boys at St. Dunstan's so much as they do the staff, and the difficulty of illuminating the inside and preventing any light showing on the outside was a difficult problem to solve. However, like everything else here, it has been done, and done thoroughly. Dominoes on Monday nights have to be played by candle-light, and there is a good deal of peering about necessary on behalf of the staff, but this does not affect the players themselves.

The first dance on September 1st was a big success, and in spite of all necessary restrictions in the granting of invitations, the floor was unpleasantly crowded. A word must be said for the helpful attitude of the orderlies and the rest of the staff, who now debar themselves from the pleasure of dancing at all in order to minister to the comforts of the inmates by refraining from crowding the floor. The number of new boys who want to learn dancing is almost beyond the supply of teachers, but many ladies are helping to show them the first steps so that everything is sure to end happily in time. It is nice to see so many of the new

## ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW.

boys keen to pick up the sports and amusements of St. Dunstan's.

The boating has been going very well and lots of new recruits have been taking it up and distinguishing themselves. There has been rather a lamentable shortage of coxons, some of the ladies evidently finding the hour a little too early for them. But grateful thanks must be tendered to those who come regularly and mostly from long distances. It is curious that the ladies who live the farthest away are the most prompt and punctual in their attendance. Happily St. Dunstan's can always help itself and the boys have been coxing each other with remarkable success. Marshall, Colley, and Collins, to mention a few of them, have been extremely useful in stepping into the breach and preventing any collapse from a shortage of steerers.

Of course the Daylight Saving measure is rather a bad thing for the early morning rowing, as it is almost too dark for rising at a quarter-to-five (old time). But it is no use grumbling on such a point as this, although it is undeniable that it has proved something of a drawback.

More than a word of thanks is due to those Birmingham Braille teachers who gave up their holidays in order to teach at St. Dunstan's during the vacation. Many of our own teachers were away, and we should have been very short indeed but for this self-denying action on the part of these ladies.

I am sorry to hear that Sumner is just about to leave off. He is going to take a place as a teacher for which he is well qualified. So far he is the only one of us who has passed in French Braille.

Talking of this reminds me that Miss Cleveland is taking up French Braille, which she intends to teach in Paris to the blinded soldiers there. We can only wish that all the French soldiers who have lost their sight could come to St. Dunstan's.

By the time that these lines are in print it is probable that Ward 5 will have been converted into a dining-room, as the present accommodation is inadequate. The food will be run along on a trolley, so that there will be no fear of it being served cold.

Miss Parker has left for America. She was very popular in the lounge and took great interest in everything that added to the welfare and enjoyment of St. Dunstan's. The boys subscribed for a little present for her, and she made a nice little speech in thanks.

Several new sisters have come to us, and they seem to be quite as nice as the old ones, which is saying a great deal. We all realise the hard and self-denying work of the V.A.D. sisters, and the lot of trouble that they take to keep things going. What St. Dunstan's could do without them it is hard to think!

By the way, it is satisfactory to record that the ladies and gentlemen who come to take the boys



out walking are happily free of that bad habit of talking about war, wounds and hospitals. None of us wants to hear anything of this kind, and curiosity is apt to become a nuisance. If the personal questioner would remember this he would find his kindness much appreciated by the disabled soldier.

Mr. Brighurst, Mr. Way and Captain Lowry are going in for the Swedish Remedial Exercise examination. They are the first male masseurs to sit for this exam, and their entry is due to the great demand for extra assistance owing to the war.

Captain Lowry was in charge of the massage department of the Middlesex Hospital while Mr. Kirby was on holiday leave.

Here is an interesting piece of gossip. Mr. Jock Anderson, an old blinded soldier who is masseur to the Earl of Meath, devoted his month's holiday to polishing up his massage. He was much interested in St. Dunstan's students.

Two more of our promising masseurs, Cook and Graves, started their examination for the certificate of the Incorporated Trained Masseurs Society on September 19th, and will continue their test on October 2nd and 4th. We have no doubt that they will pass with flying colours.

As the days draw in the boating

on the lake in the early morning and evening will come to an end. In order to keep it up a little, and not get too much out of practice, there will be boating on every Tuesday and Friday between 12 and 1 o'clock, when the weather permits. It is hoped that as many of the new comers as possible will take part, and ladies and gentlemen who will cox for us at those times will be welcomed.

Physical drill will start very shortly. It is an excellent way of keeping fit, and we have it during the winter months at 7 o'clock in the morning. We also get up one or two displays, which arouse great interest both among the visitors and the boys. We hope that there will be a lot of fellows to join these drills.

Many cigarette ends and matches are thrown about in St. Dunstan's, and Matron—who is the soul of cleanliness and order—was perturbed thereby. So she offered a reward to any person who should discover a panacea for this trouble. Steward Sawyer won it. He unearthed a small golf sponge box which went comfortably in the pocket, which opened with a spring, and which held dozens of cigarettes and matches. So now there is no more untidiness in the lounge. Just think of it!

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### Workshop Gossip.

**A**N extra thirty feet have been added to the Workshop, which is now nearly 150 feet long.

The new part has been given over to the joinery department, and a wooden floor provided. We are

glad to see that more boys are going in for joinery, and a couple of officers are also picking it up as a hobby.

A lot of excellent work has been turned out lately. A meat safe, a book cupboard with glass doors, a big dog kennel, and a hanging wardrobe, are among the more important articles; but the output of trays is largely increasing, and picture framing has been raised to a high level by Sammy Shields. By the way, the shop greatly missed Sammy when he had to go into hospital, but he came back all the better for it, and was soon as busy as ever.

Mr. Atkinson, of the Joinery Department, wishes to draw special attention to the fact that joinery, tray making and picture framing, are proving profitable occupations, and enabling those who have taken them up to make good money. Now that the Joinery Department has been extended, there is room for more pupils and the instructors are very anxious to be fully employed.

The boot section is now where the joinery used to be, and Instructor Weekes has made a capital and compact place of it. There are benches for thirty men, and they are nearly always full both morning and afternoon. We hope that every reader of this *Review* will remember that we want work in this department, and will send us their boots and shoes to repair. They will be done well and cheaply, and only the best leather is used.

Mats have been spreading themselves a good deal and we could do with more orders in this department. The stock is growing rapidly, and numbers over 100 mats of all sizes. We have some splendid large ones with red borders, which have only to be seen to be admired, and as it is now difficult to procure coloured fibre, there will be a dearth of them as soon as the few that we have are sold. We hope that all our friends will not forget this section when they are wanting mats.

Several of the new boys are taking up mats, and they shape very well. Indeed, the excellence of the learners just now is very notable in every department. Westward and his two assistants, Waddell and Cross, have their hands very well; but they cope bravely with the rush and never seem to be too busy to give everybody full attention.

The big stock of mats is largely due to the industry of the men who have set up for themselves. Moore, Patston, Champness, Owens and Batchelor are keeping us well supplied, while we have also received batches from Kerr, Spiers (who was once a pupil-teacher himself), and Maurice Colle, the Belgian. There is scarcely a fault to be found with the making of any of the mats, and when there is a slight one it is quickly remedied on being pointed out.

Quite a rush of new basket-makers has followed upon the expansion of the shop, and Farley and Ward are busy every minute of



the day. Good work is being done by all the pupils, and the output is increasing rapidly. It is now possible to cope with any reasonable number of orders. Lawlor, Jock Brown and J. R. Brown send us constant supplies, while Corporal Lane brings up a dozen or more beautifully made baskets every week. Among others who are supplying us regularly are Percy Brown, Camille, and G. T. Dennis.

It has become necessary to make a set of sloping shelves to display the baskets to advantage, as there are now too many various makes to be merely placed upon a table. The show of baskets is well worth paying a visit to see, as we have never before had so large a stock

of well-made and saleable work of all kinds in both willow and cane.

A satisfactory point about the baskets is the number of men who are taking up the willow work. Log baskets, market baskets and hampers are now being made, and as this is all square work—the difficulty of which for the non-sighted is known—it speaks well both for the instruction and for the aptitude of the learners. So many dog-baskets are now being turned out that we are all beginning to wonder if the supply of dogs is adequate. Every lady with a dog who has not got a St. Dunstan's basket for it is treating the poor little animal unfairly.

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### Country Life Section.

THERE has been a good deal of change in the poultry class. Mr. John Playfoot has taken the place of Mr. Thomas, and has begun his new work very well. Miss Illingworth has also resigned, and a new poultry instructor will shortly be appointed. Fortunately Miss Lawrence, the lady superintendent, is able to remain at her task. Mr. Wale has returned after his long absence through illness and Sergt. Jones continues to help.

The poultry joinery section is flourishing, and a new working shed is half completed. This is proving very popular, and the in-

structor is getting his men along very well. One of the officers, Mr. Yates, has lately taken up this branch of carpentry, and is making good. All the new show-coops and so forth are being made on the premises.

Duck-culture is to be taken up more thoroughly, and a run is being marked out in the high-ground close to the acre-plot where the seasons of the year are represented. There is to be a pond and a house, and everything that a duck can want, including the stuffing, which will be provided by Mr. Smith, the gardener.

We should all like to see turkeys

tackled, as they are so profitable a branch; but unluckily the ground that we have got is not of a nature to suit them. Still the theory can be explained to any who wish to take up this form of poultry-culture.

Poultry pupils are increasing every week, and this section has now very large classes both morning and afternoon. The examination in connection with the first course took place last week, but the result was not known in time for us to include it in this month's *Review*. But we have no doubt that it was

fairly satisfactory to all concerned. This examination arouses unusual interest because of the changes in the teaching staff.

The incubator examination was held on September 22nd, and the result will be published next month.

The new poultry course will begin on Monday, October 2nd, and as several boys have been waiting to make a start it should be well attended. Everybody appears to be doing well, and the whole country-life section has never looked healthier than it does now.

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### After-Care Notes.

George Adams has removed from Liverpool into a nice country cottage near a village, with plenty of ground round it, and he is paying visits to other St. Dunstan's men near. He likes the place very much.

Sergt. Bolton writes, Sept. 11th, saying he is very busy making oak trays, and that his poultry are coming well into lay again.

John Brown has returned from a very pleasant holiday in Scotland; he has some Scotch soldiers working in the fruit gardens near him, and he says "birds of a feather flock together," and he goes up to help them. He is laying in a big stock of material in prospect of many orders for the winter.

Percy Brown still continues to

send us basket work for sale. They are good baskets and well made.

Chapple visited us a few days ago looking the picture of health. He is now very busy making frames and benches for men who are leaving.

Tommy Devlin, of St. Helen's, still continues to be very busy at boot-repairing.

G. T. Dennis, of Portsmouth, has sent us some well-made baskets for sale; his health is still far from good, but we hope he will soon completely recover.

Charles Davis, of Bristol, has made a fair start, and still keeps singing. His wife has been ill, but she is now better.

Evans is working hard at making



hammocks and will start basket-work shortly.

Flett has made a very successful beginning with his old firm in the city as a stenographer.

Sergt.-Major Featherstone visited us the other day and is looking very well. He has now got his poultry farm, and has recently married and settled down in his new quarters.

W. J. Foxon still continues to be successful in his work, and sends us an excellent photo of himself and his dog.

Hurst still continues to work hard at mats, and will commence with his poultry as soon as the crop is off the ground.

Brother Kitchen is still kept busy with netting, and we hope will shortly be able to commence his poultry. He has solved the question of who is to keep him by keeping himself.

Danny McCarthy has started business as a boot and shoe repairer in Notting Hill, and we hope he will soon have plenty of orders.

C. Matthews, of Maidenhead, visited us last week; he was looking very well and has plenty of orders. He was always an excellent worker, and was the only boy to make a pair of boots.

Corporal Moore, of Walworth, has been taking a short holiday lately, and we hope his health has benefited in consequence.

J. Owens, of Ayrshire, has moved into a better shop, and seems thriving in every way.

Martin Rutter, of Salford, sends us orders for leather, so that we may be sure his trade is prospering.

Stanners is starting a boot-repairing business in High Wycombe, which we hope will be very successful.

We are sorry to hear that our friend Saxon, of Radcliffe, has suffered from bad health lately, and we wish him a speedy recovery.

J. Spinks, of Ashton-under-Lyne, has made a very good start in the boot trade, and he has our best wishes for success.

T. Thorpe, of Darwen, has his poultry outfit complete and has made a good start.

Williams moves into his new poultry farm near Cardiff in the course of the next week or so.

For the first time we have been able to get almost complete lists from our poultry farmers on their doings for the month. These reports are very helpful because they enable us to see whether the best is being made of the advantages of poultry keeping.

News has been received that those two good fellows, Hills and Hudson, arrived safely in Australia at the beginning of June. Hudson will long be remembered for his painstaking efforts at physical drill.

T. H. M.

## The Boat Races.

ON Wednesday, September 13th, the first of the autumn boat-race meetings was held at Putney. Twenty of the rowing men took part, and there were some excellent races. The programme comprised eight events. As there were eleven entries for the single sculling, this had to be split up into three heats. The first was made up of three new boys, Boyter, Sims, and Howes, and it was rowed over a short half-mile course. Boyter, who was coxed by Mrs. Johnson, won by half a length. The second heat had four competitors, Green, Kelly, Mann, and Marshall. Marshall, who was steered by Mrs. Damer Wynyard, won by two lengths. Both of these events provided some excellent sculling.

The next item was the much-anticipated race between Fours representing St. Dunstan's and Townshend House. The crews were —

St. Dunstan's — Whiteside (bow); Pell (No. 2); Millar (No. 3); Street (stroke).

Townshend House — Curtis-Willson (bow); Welland (No. 2); Turnock (No. 3); Collins (stroke).

Bossie Phelps coxed for St. Dunstan's and Bedell, of the Thames Rowing Club, for Townshend House. From start to finish (but for one little mishap) it was a wonderfully close race, both boats pulling almost neck and neck within a few lengths of the winning post. St. Dunstan's got the boat's nose in front, but at

that moment Whiteside unluckily caught a crab, and Townshend House dashed ahead and won a splendid race by a clear length. There was much enthusiasm over the result, but not a little sympathy for the losers. What the result might have been is of course an open question, but the best judges, viz., Mr. Calcutt and "Bossie," both declared their inability to form a definite opinion. Of course it was a fair and square win for Townshend House, who fully deserved their success, for they all rowed splendidly.

The third heat of the singles was won by Colley (coxed by Mrs. Damer Wynyard) by  $1\frac{1}{4}$  lengths, the other competitors being Johns, Harriss and Aldridge.

After the luncheon interval the pair-oar heats were rowed off. In the first Collins and Curtis-Willson beat Turnock and Welland by one length, and in the second Pell and Millar got in two lengths ahead of Street and Whiteside.

The final of the singles was won by Colley (Mrs. Damer Wynyard, cox) by  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lengths, and the second place fell to Marshall, steered by Mrs. Johnson. It was rowed on very rough water on a full tide.

The pair-oars final was won by Pell and Millar, who defeated Collins and Curtis-Willson by  $1\frac{3}{4}$  lengths.

It was a capital day's sport and excellent all-round form was shown.

The final Home boat races of this season will be held on October 11th.



## The September Debates.

THERE was a very lively debate on Sept. 7th, the subject being "Should pensions be based on pre-war earnings?"

The discussion was opened by Sergeant-Major Cope, and after him there followed quite a deluge of speakers, many of whom held decided but opposing views. The result was a good deal of friendly badinage and much outspoken criticism. The best speeches on this occasion were made by Sergeant Curtis-Willson, Mr. Wright, Mr. Holmes, and Mr. Raylor. It would be invidious to draw comparisons, but perhaps the sense of the meeting was that Raylor appealed most directly to those present. A considerable majority was against the suggestion, which, in fact, was only supported by two voters.

The debate that was held on the subject of a minimum wage for blind workers was less stormy than the former, but the sense of the meeting was against the idea as being unworkable. The speeches were to the point, and to be commended. Indeed, the level of

speaking is improving every week.

The new Committee consist of Sergt.-Major Cope, Sergt. Curtis-Willson, Sergt. Nolan, and Messrs. Wright and Raylor. They meet regularly on Monday evenings at 8.30, to settle the subjects for debate, and their programme for the coming weeks is full of variety. Each member of the Committee is an excellent speaker, and is always at hand to carry on a debate should it show signs of flagging.

The most interesting of the other debates was the discussion upon the best way for a man to keep in touch with St. Dunstan's after he has left. The general conclusions reached were, that the magazine should be continued, and that there should be a club room in London (preferably at The National Institute for the Blind), where visitors to London might make appointments with their friends, and where they could be informed of the latest news and the whereabouts of any of them. Doubtless Sir Arthur Pearson will see to this in due time.

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## Trip to Woolwich.

EIGHTY of the Boys of St. Dunstan's were invited to Woolwich on Saturday, August 26th, their hosts being Messrs. Vickers, who sent motor buses to

take them down. Major Waymouth represented the firm and conducted the party, and was assisted by Mr. John Pegg, who organised the outing.

Arrived at Woolwich, Brigadier-General Bushe received the whole party at his house, gave them refreshment, music, and a most agreeable time, while the Mayor of Woolwich presented everybody with cigars, pipes, and cigarettes. Having spent an enjoyable afternoon there, the party was then taken on to Crayford, where are the works of Messrs. Vickers, and entertained to a magnificent tea, and a splendid concert in the Princess's Theatre afterwards.

Special thanks have to be given,

in addition to the names already mentioned, to Mr. T. K. North and Mr. Frederick Dale, who realising, the needs of St. Dunstan's presented every boy with a mouth organ.

It was not until 9.30 at night that a start was made for home, and it was 11 o'clock before we all returned to Regent's Park, and the worst of it was that nobody had a special permit. It was a very delightful day, and great thanks are due to Messrs. Vickers for their kindness in arranging it.

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## The Last Lyre.

I SAT in the lounge one morning,  
Most comfortably at ease;  
When I heard a poor, blind soldier,  
Upon his hands and knees.  
I asked him what he was doing,  
And what he wanted there,  
But he fixed his hard glass eye on me  
With a cold and stony stare.

I trembled with great excitement;  
With a wild desire to fly  
From the wrath on that soldier's visage  
And the tempest of his eye.  
I tried to gasp out "pardon,"  
But my voice refused its tone;  
And methought his wrath grew deeper,  
And my chance to escape was gone.

But I made for the open window,  
Quite eager in my flight,  
I knew if I stayed there longer  
That man would want to fight;  
I called for some assistance,  
Nigh frantic with despair,  
As I felt that stony presence  
Diffuse with the morning air.



I fled out into the garden,  
 And sought myself to hide;  
 I knew with that stony presence  
 I no longer dare abide;  
 Then I heard a cry of "Hish-shoo"  
 Ring loud on the morning air,  
 And I knew that the poor blind soldier,  
 Had just done a sneeze in there.

I wandered about till nightfall,  
 Down the steps, 'long the terrace tiers,  
 My heart bowed down with sadness,  
 My soul alone with its fears;  
 Then I stole to the closed French window,  
 Disguised in a Sister's cloak—  
 When a startled cry escaped me,  
 I fell out of bed and woke.

LAPHELL.

○ ○ ○

### Murmurings of One Who Passed.

AS a prelude to the experiences which I am about to relate I would first like to give a few details of how I came to pass and what I passed. I entered St. Dunstan's in June, 1915, and at once commenced to look around me for an occupation which would suit my temperament. After vainly trying such things as poultry farming, carpentry, etc., I at last, to the great relief of everybody present, settled upon massage. Now this word sounds simple and looks simple, but I can assure you that it contains a world of meaning to a student after several months of continual study. However, I started off with a mind as blank as a cartridge without a bullet speedily to realise that I would have to put my best foot forward if I wanted to master it. I tried hard, and after about twelve months

sat for my exams and passed, finally taking my departure from St. Dunstan's on the 8th of June, 1916.

After six weeks' contact with the outside world,—I mean being in the company of sighted people,—and three weeks of hospital work, doing massage and having to use my own discretion, I have come to the following conclusions: That sound judgment, tact, confidence, and lots of will power and a cheery disposition will be sufficient to pull you out of any difficulty you may come up against. All these points are essential if you want to succeed. You will find that on leaving St. Dunstan's everybody seems to have the idea that you are deaf as well as blind, and that you lost some part of your brain when you lost your eyes. This at first will make you irritable; later on, when you get used to it, it will

amuse you. I do not mean to suggest that they do it for any purpose save that of kindness, but if I may be allowed to tell them, it is mistaken kindness. A blind man becomes thoroughly proficient at everything he undertakes, and I defy any person to prove me wrong. I have found during these first weeks of my work that everybody has been kindness personified, and moreover my work has satisfied even the best critics, and the way in which we help others and the same time help ourselves simply astonishes everybody. By a little organisation all sorts of difficulties are overcome.

I will explain: I live about half a mile from my work in a very quiet road, which fortunately is a straight road to the hospital. My work requires my presence at 9.30 in the morning, and I leave home at 9.10, cross the road, and go quietly down it, tapping the wall or fence or side of house to see that I am keeping a straight line. I have discovered all sorts of guides to tell me the various distances I am away from the place I want to reach. These guides are different shaped gates or posts, branches of trees which line both sides of the road that I live in, and various other objects and signs that I cannot explain. On reaching the gates of the hospital I am taken in tow by an orderly, who conducts me to the massage department; or sometimes I meet one of the six masseuses who work with us, so that once in the department all is plain sailing. There I change into hospital clothes, and

wait for the head sister to bring along the lists for the day's work, after which I scramble through the door into one of the corridors. I go along until I think I am near enough to the part I want, then ask someone if it is "M" ward or any other. If I am wrong they tell me near enough how many paces to go and there we are! On going into the ward you incline either to your right or left, find a bed, and ask the sister what number bed your patient is in, mentioning the patient's name; the rest is easy, for you go along the beds until you come to the one you want. After you have finished with your patient you go on to your next ward, and so on. Of course the one thing is to practise in the various corridors until you feel sure in your mind that you can do without help, but you must not lose sight of the fact that although you are proficient in finding your way about alone you are never proficient enough to refuse help.

In all big hospitals they employ women or maids to clean the corridors. Well, just ask them to speak to you whenever they see you and ask if you are on the right track; if you are not, then all you have to do is to tell them and they will be only too pleased to do all that is possible in this way. In conclusion, let me tell you that civility, attention to your personal appearance, attention to your patient and to your work, will not only ensure you the reputation that you are trying to get, but will also give you success sooner than you expected it. GUNNER E. BATES.



## Limerick Competition.

MUCH keenness was shown in the Limerick Competition on September 7th, promoted by Miss Critten. A large number of excellent jingles were written by the boys, and we wish we had the space to print a selection of them; but we must be content with producing the one to gain first prize.

It was written by Vine and ran as follows:—

"At St. Dunstan's we walk by a rail,  
Which we follow up hill and down dale;  
But whenever we stumble,  
We growl and we grumble,  
And the words are not written—in  
braille."

The first prize was a tie-pin, convertible into a stud. The second

prize, a walking-stick, was awarded to Sergt. Curtis-Willson, and the third prize, a match-case, was carried off by Sergt. Nolan.

A very clever little parody was written by Alfred Back on the "Little Grey Home in the West." Although not a Limerick, it was considered so good that a special prize was awarded. The concluding lines were:—

"Oh, how happy are we,  
When we're out on the spree!  
Bless that little blind home in Nor'  
West!"

Much laughter was caused by reading the various verses, and a very pleasant evening was spent by everyone.

o o o

## Blinded Heroes Day.

IT was a great day for St. Dunstan's on the 21st, when Mr. Frank Allen handed over to Sir Arthur Pearson a cheque for £11,326 19s. 10d., which had been collected by the music halls throughout the kingdom on a day specially appointed.

Before the cheque was handed over an excellent concert was provided by the Moss Empires, which was greatly enjoyed. Sir Arthur, in accepting the cheque, spoke in grateful appreciation of the generous subscription, and gave some interesting particulars of the

numbers at present in the Hostel, and those who have left.

Lord Derby, who was also present, made a stirring speech expressing his pleasure at the cheerfulness that dominated St. Dunstan's, and also expressed some optimistic views about the progress of the war.

It was a very cheery afternoon, and everybody thoroughly enjoyed it, while the benefit to the Hostel was, of course, self-evident. The St. Dunstan's Boys supported Sir Arthur Pearson in expressing gratitude to everyone concerned in the movement.

## The Masseur.

(Air: "Way Down in Tennessee.")

I'm a masseur, yes a masseur, don't you pity me?  
I'm in the A.P.M.C., but soon a spot of grease I'll be.  
I do rubbing, oh! such rubbing, always on the go,  
Although I'm weary I keep cheery as I puff and blow.

(Refrain.)

Way up at Heaton Park, I massage in the dark,  
As on the bed they lay I rub them every way,  
And I can picture the sight as their backs turn red and white,  
They keep wriggling, say I'm tickling; I say serves you right.  
There's a notice on the door, which warns them not to snore,  
And if they try to flee they get seven days C.B.,  
But if in the Park they should meet me,  
With a walking stick they'll greet me,  
And then I'll come back, yes I'll come back  
To my home at the N.I.B.

I give frictions, bags of frictions round the patient's knee,  
He needs no sympathy, but fairly laughs with glee.  
Kaiser Bill will be so angry when he hears of me  
Sending back my patients on their way to Germany.

(Repeat Refrain.)

ALBERT WOOLLEN.

o o o

## Departures in September.

WE have lost several old friends in the past month. Sergeant Watt made a neat little speech of farewell on the morning of September 15th, just before the paper was read. His loss will be generally regretted, for he was a cheery companion, with a keen sense of a joke. His recitations will be greatly missed. He has a remarkable gift of dramatic power and makes his points with a

verve and intensity which has been keenly enjoyed by us all on many occasions. He will start a poultry farm in the neighbourhood of Montrose, and is sure to do well.

Our debates will be the poorer by the absence of Arthur Holmes. He was a very incisive speaker, and always enlivened the discussions. He took the trouble to get up his speeches, and nearly always had something useful to impart. And



the debates will miss W. Allen just as much; he is a speaker who is always worth listening to.

By the departure of Street, the rowing suffers a great loss. He was one of the most regular men on the lake, and he rowed No. 2 in the winning Four against Worcester. He makes mats and baskets, and we all know that he will make good as well.

Sergeant Taylor was a very amusing companion, and his ab-

sence is cause of regret. Millward and Stanners were always cheery in the boot shop, and they are both excellent workmen. W. J. Bowers is another loss to us, and Townshend House will particularly miss Sergeant Kirkby, who was a first-rate fellow.

Every month now we have to deplore the loss of old friends, but they must keep in touch with us regularly, and send us any news of themselves for insertion in the *St. Dunstan's Review*.

o o o

### Concerning Massage.

To the Editor of *St. Dunstan's Review*.

SIR,—In these times of abnormal stress one must ignore normal working hours. But there is one service which should not be overworked, and that is the care and treatment of our wounded soldiers. There is a branch of this service which touches St. Dunstan's very closely, namely massage. It has lately come to my knowledge that at some military hospitals the massage operators—both men and women—are required to treat as many as 38 and 40 cases per working day. This is wrong from all points of view. It is bad for the patient, who can only receive a hurried, scamped treatment, short of that careful individual attention without which massage is worse than useless. It is bad for the operator, for whom it is absolutely impossible to keep up this rate of

pressure—besides which such hurried work will inevitably spoil his touch—so important to the blind masseur. I have, only this week, been treating a masseur who has broken down under the strain, and is now suffering from insomnia and gastric troubles, due solely to overwork. It is bad for the profession, as it lowers the whole tone of the work. This is especially a pity now, when massage in Great Britain has the chance it has never before had, and is, as it were, on its trial before the whole body of medical men in the country.

To prove that I am not speaking without knowledge, I may mention that Dr. Mennell, who has charge of the massage at the Hammersmith Orthopædic Military Hospital, will not allow any of his operators to do more than 12 cases per day. This is, of course, adopting a very high standard, and is vastly different to

the three dozen and more cases required to be done at some other hospitals. Dr. Mennell has working under him two blinded masseurs trained at The National Institute for the Blind—and these too are to be congratulated on being associated with a medical man who takes a serious view

of massage and who thoroughly understands its possibilities.

Assuring you, Sir, that I have the interest of the blind masseur very much at heart, I enclose my card and beg to subscribe myself,

Sincerely yours,

"A RUBBER."

o o o

### Embarassing Remarks.

A FEW incidents have occurred in reference to myself which may prove interesting. Shortly after arriving at St. Dunstan's I became acquainted with a lady, who since then has contracted a habit of taking me out. One afternoon we decided to go for a ride on top of a bus; whilst on that bus the conversation arose about conscientious objectors. My friend asked me if I believed in them. I told her yes, as I was one myself, and explained that I objected to being hit with a bullet as much as anyone, and that was the real objection people had. The statement caused quite a stir, and at the next stop three young men got off. Returning that same afternoon we tried to get on top once more, but there was only one vacant seat. I had a comrade with me at the time, so he went on top whilst I and the lady went inside. As usual we were chatting upon various topics, but a lady passenger opposite to me was rather uncomfortable, as, realising the fact that I was a blind soldier, tears came into her eyes. At last unable

to stand it any longer she proceeded upstairs, and occupied a vacant seat immediately behind my comrade, quite unaware of the fact that he was as blind as the man whose company she had just left, and commenced to lament to another passenger in the following strain:

"Oh, how awful! Fancy the poor men coming home blind; if I had a boy I would sooner he got killed than come home like that." My comrade, overhearing this conversation, leant over the side of the bus, professing to be interested in the various passers-by and the buildings, etc. What a shock it must have been to that lady when the conductor came up, and stopping by my comrade, said to him: "You're for St. Dunstan's; put your hand on my shoulder and I'll lead you down."

After returning from the Front I proceeded home for a fortnight to see my people. It was during the Irish crisis, and as the railway was at the back of my house the troops could be seen on their way to the landing stage to embark for that



country. I was sitting quietly in the kitchen one morning when my boy suddenly shouted: "Dadda, there are the soldiers going away," and ran outside to have a look. After the train had disappeared he returned and caused me to smile by saying, "It's a pity you ain't

got an eye, dadda; if you had you could see the soldiers going away, couldn't you?" I fancy the fact was quite evident. It is an incident which I have never forgotten, and even now often causes me a quiet smile of amusement.

A SOLDIER.

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## The Hammock.

HAD anyone in quest of information asked me, "What is a hammock?" I should probably have replied, "Why, it is a dinky little arrangement of string that one hangs between two trees and fills with cushions."

Other little details such as a book, some fruit, drinks, and a fair partner could be added to taste. This I say would have been my reply before I made a close acquaintance with one.

It was a very well made hammock; I made it myself, and so I ought to know, and the lady who presides over the netting-room endorsed this opinion. I felt awfully bucked about this, and what delightful pictures my fancy painted, as I worked the needle to and fro across the mesh. I painted still more glowing pictures to all my friends, and told them of this wonderful thing I was making, which was going so soon to add to the comfort and luxury of our garden.

No reference need be made to the actual manufacture (perhaps the less said the better), but the

day dawned at last which saw the completed article.

It was carefully wrapped up and tied in a neat bundle somewhat resembling an observation balloon, and with this over my shoulder I commenced my triumphal march homeward. I need not mention the whole of the innocent victims of this journey, but when I arrived at the station more trouble awaited me, and I had a very heated altercation with the lady ticket collector, who insisted that aeroplanes must travel by goods train, and were not allowed to be carried as personal luggage on a passenger train.

During the course of this little skirmish it appears that part of my parcel had become unloosed, with the result that, all unknowingly, I was trailing behind me a long loop of strong cord, after the fashion of a trawling net. I had not long to wait for a catch, which took the form of a lady of ample proportions and an exceedingly shrill voice, who was making her way along the platform, giving loud varied instructions to a porter.

This stately dame got her foot

entangled in the loop, and came to earth with a crash, which made me think the roof had fallen in, and that there had been a train collision or something else on a similar scale. I was soon enlightened as to the real nature of the trouble, for the hammock was jerked violently from my grip.

I stooped to recover it, and in so doing got mixed up with the legs of the porter, who was endeavouring to raise the lady into a more dignified position, with the result that both came down in an awful tangle on top of something soft, which proved to be my former victim. The hammock, now free from its wrappings, twined lovingly round us, and made confusion more confounded. Over what followed I am going to draw a veil. I cannot even bear to think about it. Let it suffice to say that some "Good Samaritan" rescued my hammock and myself, and put us both safely into the train.

I reached home without any further incident worthy of note, to find the whole family, including relatives and friends, awaiting the arrival of the much talked-of hammock.

Although it had rained all the morning, it had cleared up and the sun had come out, and so after the hammock had been passed round and duly admired by everyone, we proceeded in state to the garden where I gave instructions as to the fixing of it. As by this time it was in such a glorious tangle, some time was wasted before it was in position. Then, with many ad-

miring glances from the audience, I proceeded to show them how a hammock should be used. Making a dramatic pause to light a cigarette, I strolled nonchalantly towards it. I jumped into it with a light spring, to show them just how it should be done, but as the hammock responded to this treatment by turning itself inside out, I very unwillingly, but nevertheless very thoroughly proceeded to demonstrate how it should not be done, by coming out on the other side with a heavy thud. Unfortunately, our family poodle had felt it incumbent upon him to investigate this new and interesting addition to his particular precincts of the garden, and at this precise moment was engaged in viewing from underneath what he doubtless considered a new variety of performance got up for his especial entertainment. The dog probably softened the fall, but he left the garden post haste, denouncing in his strongest terms all such contraptions, and afterwards giving it a very wide berth. I mentioned that it had been raining, and so the lawn was rather muddy, and made one most unpleasantly moist and sticky. I rose stiffly to my feet, and quelled the sniggerers with one haughty glance, and then asked mother if she wouldn't care to try the hammock. Mother sat down in it very carefully, but alas!—perhaps it will be sufficient to say that her nice white chiffon blouse is now at the laundry, and will require some attention from the work-basket on its return.

Now if anyone should be foolish



enough to ask me, "What is a hammock?" it would no longer be "a natty little arrangement of string, etc.," but a devilish arrangement, invented by the Evil One himself.

for the express purpose of breaking friendships, damaging the family wardrobe, the family skin, and the family's reputation.

TOOARZE.

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### A Swan Song.

AH! beloved, say not my call is vain,  
That call intense, to waken thee from sleep,  
The sleep which keeps us twain so long apart,  
And leaves me conscious of an aching heart.

What would'st thou?

If the song I sing thee fail,

The prayers I utter be of no avail?

Shall my own soul

Be but an empty home

Which waits a guest, and finds the waiting lone?

Pause in thy passage,

Till the whispering wind

Repeats my message of some sweet repast,

Come, break the bondage, while my love shall last.

Shall I look ever to the rising sun,

And find thee absent to my call? Oh, come!

Come, while the dew lies still upon the grass,

Or come when night hangs low upon the wold,

Come when the sun its fiercest rays shall throw

Upon the daisy smiling sweet below.

Oh! come my love, to soothe my growing fears,

Answer my call and dry my streaming tears.

I would entice thee, while thy day is young,

With flavoured dish,

Or song repeated sung,

Come to my waiting arms, I would no more than that,

Just to embrace thee, Bobs, my lost black cat.

LAPHELL.

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### On His Journey Home.

HERE we are again! and here am I endeavouring to relate to you a few of the adven-

tures which I have experienced since I arrived at St. Dunstan's. As a matter of fact, we all have

experiences of some sort in our daily routine, but perhaps there are none who have more exciting adventures than those whose fortune it is to reside at 12, Sussex Place, which is within easy distance of St. Dunstan's.

On one particular day I left the hostel at noon, and after having paid the usual compliment to the trees, shrubs, and flower beds on my way to the main gate, I safely manœuvred my way on to the railings (a friend in need is a friend indeed). Then after having gone about forty yards, and thinking that the coast was clear, I left my old friend the railing, and took to the kerb as a guide, trudging along at a respectable pace when suddenly there was a terrific crash, and I found that I had torpedoed a dear old gentleman, and sent him, with a smile on his face, on all fours, into the middle of the road. After wishing him "Good Morning" and "Many Happy Returns of the Day," I manœuvred safely to the hydrant, and when I found that the coast was clear, I ventured across the road only to fall in the loving embrace of that dear old pillar-box. Of course, we all have a pass-word for our friend when we meet him, or rather, when he meets us, and at that particular moment a voice in the distance called out, "Cheer Oh Bil! that's government property." By this I knew that the hand of the law was in close attendance, and after bidding my old friend "Good morning," determined at all events to reach my abode without further mishap.

But alas, a baker's basket which was on the pavement took a fancy to my leg, and the result was that the buns, or whatever it contained, gave up the ghost in the bargain, and as to where the basket is, or where the baker found it, that is his business, not mine; but at the same time, I feel lucky that I was not in close proximity when he found his lost talent.

One would think that after all this bumping, jumping, kicking and biting, I was at least entitled to proceed without further adventure, but as the old saying goes— it never rains but it snows, and to keep the ball rolling, a few minutes later, a lamp-post bid me "Good morning" in half a dozen different styles.

Of course, I returned them in true military manner, and by this time I was feeling fine and dandy for a good lunch. I determined to make for the first door that I came to; it proved to be a gate, and for the moment, forgetting that the steps went down instead of up, I can assure you that I went down in record time, indeed anyone who saw me would have come to the conclusion that I had been practising for the last six months on the "giant stride." The confusion inside was awful, and suddenly I realised that I had landed in a bunch of happy maids who were having a hearty laugh at the pantomime at the bottom of the stairs. Half a dozen willing hands helped me to the top again, and the excitement of coming up was even greater than coming down, and I



only hope that if ever I have the fortune to take the wrong turning, I hope I may do so down those steps again.

The happy band of rescuers safely conducted me to my "Happy Home" at last, where my brow showed that I had paid the blind

man's usual compliments to lamp-posts, pillar-boxes, and all.

D. MATHESON MACLEAN.

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—Mr. Maclean, it may be said, is poking fun at us all. As a matter of fact, he is one of the best of the men at finding his way about, and we do not suppose he has ever struck a post unkindly in his life.]

### Ridiculous Questions.

TO a man who has a large honourable scar ornamenting his face—

"Did you lose your sight through gas?"

To a blind man wearing black glasses and tapping his stick most energetically on the kerb stone—

"Do you want to cross over the road?"

To a man in St. Dunstan's sitting with a Braille book in his hand, and continually running his fingers over each line—

"Are you reading?"

To a man who falling on a rainy day and sitting in a rather wet puddle—

"Have you fallen down?"

To a man after showing his Braille watch—

"And is that what you tell the time with?"

After hearing the telephone bell

ring furiously for a long while, one asks—

"Is that the telephone?"

On getting out of a train your friend will ask—

"Have you only just arrived?"

After tapping a cigarette most carefully and putting it between his lips, a man is usually asked—

"Are you going to have a smoke?"

To a man on first donning khaki—

"Have you joined the Army?"

The most foolish question ever asked.

To a blind soldier—

"Were you blind before you enlisted?"

By a person after being awakened from a night's sleep and told that breakfast is ready—

"Is it time for breakfast?"

W. G.

### "Fuggins' Black Minorka."

FUGGINS is the man with the bucket. If anything, Fuggins is ambitious. I remember

when Fuggins first came into the poultry class. Miss Lawrence was giving a lecture on the principal

features pertaining to particular breeds of fowls.

"Do you know anything about poultry?" said Miss Lawrence to the new comer.

"I knows what a hen is, my mother used to keep a 'Black Minorka' fer a pet? I remember it used ter stand on one leg upon the wall by the kitchen winder."

"Did it lay eggs?" asked she, trying to smother a smile.

"Not as I ever knowed of, but I know it used ter stand on one leg. Yer would have thought," said Fuggins, "as that hen had only one leg ter stand on. I never knowed it meself ter stand on both legs in once; but I know it had two legs, one in each corner, becaus I've seen it change them."

"Did you notice anything particular about the 'Black Minorka'?" asked Miss Lawrence.

"Well, it warn't a hen as liked ter be stared at. It were a pet, and yer had ter be kind of careful how yer treated it."

"But did you notice anything about it? I mean certain points about it? Could you tell a 'Minorka' if you saw one?"

"Yer mean its beak?" said Fuggins. "In course it had a beak? And it had a habit of closing one eye, and holding of its head on one side, that is, when its beak warn't otherwise employed in stroking its tail feathers. It were an awful proud hen, was that 'Minorka.'"

"Poultry-farming is a science," said Miss Lawrence, sternly. "It is hens in relation to the produc-

tion of eggs which concerns us chiefly. The points which distinguish different breeds. The feeding, housing, and the stocking of different birds, so that in return for the expense, and the labour, the hens we keep will yield some return. How would you tell the character of a bird?"

"A hen may be known by the eggs it lays," replied Fuggins. "What yer really means is this, Miss, if yer is going ter keep hens yer is ter keep them boarding-house fashion. Yer is to treat them izactly like paying guests, feed them scientifically, in other words, give them as little as possible, and charge them as much as they will pay for it."

"Oh no! but the thing is this, if you get a hen of a good breed, you can with proper care and attention make it a very profitable thing. How could you tell whether a certain hen was a good layer or not?"

"As easy as smoke," said Fuggins.

"How?" repeated Miss Lawrence.

"By listening to it cackle, in course, and then looking in the nest fer the egg."

"If a hen lays an egg, it's there, and if it don't, it ain't; the thing's as easy as clockwork. A hen don't go about keeping secrets, and it don't hide its eggs like an ostrich, the things as plain as money is ter a Jew. Yer can't coax a hen ter lay an egg if it don't want to. I remember me mother trying that on with our 'Black Minorka,' and



it were a failure, it stood there on one leg, and closed one eye, turned its head on one side, gave a chuckle as much as ter say, Don't come it, old girl. The more she coaxed, the more it chuckled. Then it changed its leg," said Fuggins. "The one leg it had been standing on it put up, and the one it hadn't been standing on it put down. That hen had no more manners than a white nigger, and the way it appeared ter abuse me mother's kindness and hospitality made me feel as if I had got the measles."

Fuggins was wound up, and Miss Lawrence could see that it was useless to interpose, the only thing possible was to let him go on, and woman-like she did.

"It warn't no ordinary hen that 'Black Minorka,' it thought no more a-speaking of its mind than a kid thinks of throwing a stone at a rag-picker. What with me mother trying ter coax it, and that there hen a-chuckling like mad, all the neighbours come out of their houses and stood, staring same as they would at a pantomime. When that hen sees them neighbours a-gathering round, and them a-cheering of it, it chuckled louder and louder, and soon it begins to speak."

"Me mother gasped," went on Fuggins. And Miss Lawrence stifled a giggle.

"She thought, maybe, as that there hen might have said something as it didn't oughter." At this point Fuggins paused, and a pensive look flitted across his features.

The intonation of his voice

dropped as he resumed his narrative; it seemed to me as if the ghost of the 'Black Minorka' was watching him from the "wall by the kitchin winder."

"We will resume work again now," Miss Lawrence informed the class, taking advantage of the pause made by Fuggins. But after the interest aroused by Fuggins's 'Black Minorka' it seemed a queer drone of voice in which she resumed the lecture.

Suddenly she paused, affected by the very deep silence of the class, I suppose. It was very unusual for this class to be silent. "What were the chief remarks of the hen?" queried she. We thought she might be trying to pull Fuggins's leg, and we waited his reply with added interest.

"There warn't no chief remarks made, miss," replied Fuggins. "It just looked round kinder calm like, fixed his one eye on the nest-box which me mother had paid sixpence for, and then gave a chuckle as if it was clearing its throat for a long talk." "I ain't no ordinary hen, Mrs. Fuggins, and the sooner yer gets that fixed in yer craw the better for both on us." "Yer've bought me a nest-box, which I don't never intend ter disgrace meself with." "I don't never go galavanting about with other fowl, I don't foller their habits, and, in consequence, I can't fall ter the level of laying eggs, if I don't want to." "Yer've fed me well, I'll admit, I have always slept on the coal-heap, but I have always conducted meself like as any decent hen should." "There has

been times when yer caught me a-scratching about for seed in yer flower-patch, and yer hurt me dig with a broom." "But in return fer all as yer have done for me, I have stood on this wall ter the envy of yer neighbours, and if I have now and again peeped through the kitchen winder when yer was at meals; it was only ter show yer my gratioode."

"Was it a good table-bird?" asked Miss Lawrence, as a final question.

"All on it," replied Fuggins, "except the Parson's-nose."

Then we all roared with laughter, the class broke up, and we went home to dream about Fuggins and the "Black Minorka."

T. H. D.

o o o

## Robinson's Zepp Bag.

BACK home in Germany  
That Zepp will never be,  
Count Zepp was on his knees,  
He thought the world of these.  
All they could think of that night,  
Were the searchlights shining bright.  
Shells were wizzing,  
Bombs were bizzing,  
The Zepp was all alright.  
The people at their doors  
Were shouting loud encores.  
Our airman brought it down  
In a field near Enfield Town.  
We were quite prepared to meet it,  
And we made short work to greet it,  
When it came down, when it came down,  
To its doom in London Town.

SERGT. SPENCER.

o o o

## Newcomers in September.

Beattie, Pte. T. R.	...	...	8th Scaforth's.
Blaney, Pte. J.	...	...	2nd Garrison King's Liverpools.
Bliss, T. H.	...	...	Royal Navy.
Boteler, Pte. J.	...	...	Army Service Corps.
Bowles, Lance-Corporal L.	...	...	8th South Lincs.



ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW.

Brooks, Pte. G....	...	...	2nd Border.
Cahill, Pte. S. ...	...	...	20th Durham Light Infantry.
Chamberlain, Pte. T. W.	...	...	4th East Yorks.
Cobble, Pte. J....	...	...	4th Grenadier Guards.
Cocker, Gunner G.	...	...	Royal Garrison Artillery.
Cole, Pte. H. ...	...	...	Hants.
Dixon, Lance-Corporal J.	...	...	3rd Bedfords.
Dyson, Sergt. F.	...	...	West Ridings.
Foster, Lance-Corporal T.	...	...	12th Northm'd. Fusiliers.
Green, Pte. H....	...	...	8th A. I. F.
Hindley, Pte. J.	...	...	8th Loyal North Lancs.
Holmes, Pte. W.	...	...	27th Northm'd. Fusiliers.
Howell, Lance-Corporal ...	...	...	2nd Queen's.
Iddiols, Pte. A. T.	...	...	8th City of London.
Impsey, Pte. A.	...	...	Army Service Corps.
Jakes, Pte. ...	...	...	7th Queen's.
Jerome, Pte. S. K.	...	...	2nd A. I. F.
Kenny, Pte. ...	...	...	1st Munsters.
King, Lance-Corporal L. R.	...	...	1st Camerons.
Murray, Pte. C. G.	...	...	11th A. I. F.
Mouland, Pte. ....	...	...	1st Newfoundland.
Neil, Sergt. A. ...	...	...	5th Northumberland Fusiliers.
Palmer, Pte. A....	...	...	18th Durham Light Infantry.
Pateman, Pte. F.	...	...	York and Lancaster.
Ralph, Pte. Frank	...	...	15th Essex.
Rennie, Pte. J. A.	...	...	26th Batt. A. I. F.
Sims, Pte. H. ...	...	...	1st Royal Fusiliers.
Smith, Private Henry	...	...	33rd Labour Batt. Royal Fus.
Taplin, Pte. William C.	...	...	5th Reserve Coldstreams.
Thomas, Pte. R.	...	...	18th Gloucesters.
Vine, Lance-Corporal R. V.	...	...	10th West Yorks.
Warren, Lance-Corporal N.	...	...	16th Manchesters.
Westaway, Rifleman F.	...	...	17th Batt. King's Royal Rifles.
Webb, Pte. L. F.	...	...	H.M.S. —

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW.

Old Boys' Addresses.

AT the request of several readers we print a list of the addresses of the old boys who have left. It is not an absolutely full list, but it will be brought up to date from time to time.

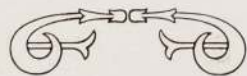
Adams, G., Hale House, Hale, Nr. Liverpool.  
 Alexander, E., 63, Canning Rd., High-bury.  
 Allen, W., 53, Lord St., Leigh.  
 Arnold, A., 41, Wycliffe Rd., Wimbledon.  
 Batchelor, J., 15, Tooting Gr., Tooting.  
 Bates, E., 70, Earlsfield Rd., Wandsworth Common.  
 Bell, J., The Oaks, Ewhurst, Surrey.  
 Brundrett, P., 7, Maurice St., Pendleton.  
 Barley, J., 44, Dale St., Crosby, Scunthorpe, Lincs.  
 Berry, W. T., 38, Foyle St., Belfast.  
 Biggadyke, R., 41, Tower St., Boston.  
 Bocking, A. J., 22, Siddall St., Oldham.  
 Bolton, C. E., 7, Broughton Cottages, Otford, Kent.  
 Boswell, E., 8, Parker's Yard, Church St., Gainsborough, Lincs.  
 Bowers, W. J., 24, Lenelly Rd., Surbiton.  
 Brown, J. R., 11, Mount St., Nuneaton.  
 Brown, G., Greenside, Ewhurst, Surrey.  
 Brown, J., Warren Hall, Spout Lane, Brenchley, Kent.  
 Brown, P., 2, Argyle Rd., N. Kensington.  
 Carnell, W. C., Kiln Cottage, South Morton Rd., Brampton, Devon.  
 Catlow, S., 62, Bradshaw St., Nelson, Lincs.  
 Champniss, F., 129, High St., Willesden.  
 Chapple, F., Prince of Wales Cottage, Parsonage Lane, Enfield.  
 Clarke, E., High St., Edwinstowe.  
 Clarke, W. W., 94, Ilderton Rd., Bermondsey, S.E.  
 Colle, M., 28, Claremont Rd., Teddington.

Coles, G. B., Beckingham, Notts.  
 Cromwell, W., Blackfriars Inn, Gloucester.  
 Davis, G., Rose Villa, Great Burstead.  
 Dennis, T., 171, Chichester Rd., North-end, Portsmouth.  
 Drummond, T. T., c/o Ford, 30, North St., Folkestone.  
 Daumont, O., Maida Vale, W.  
 Eaton, T., 40, Wenning St., Nelson, Lincs.  
 Elborn, H., 23, Manaton Rd., Peckham, S.E.  
 Evans, A., 1, Carlisle Pl., Newport, Mon.  
 Featherstone, P., Fersiby, nr. Hull, E. Yorks.  
 Fleetwood, F., Sun Mount, Emily Rd., Tatsfield.  
 Flett, H., 39, Woodview Rd., Golders Green.  
 Foster, F., 40, Exeter St., Plymouth.  
 Foxon, W. F., 13, Stronsa Rd., Shepherd's Bush.  
 Gordon, W., 365, Featherstone Rd., Oldham.  
 Groves, T. W., 48, Claremont Terr., Fleetwood, Lincs.  
 Hallam, W. J. St. Dunstan's, Garden City, Sandiacre.  
 Hall, A. W., 130, High St., Sydenham.  
 Halls, W. C., 42, Upper Jackson St., Hulme, Manchester.  
 Hills, C., Post Office, Wagga Wagga, New South Wales, Australia.  
 Holmes, A., 23, East Parade, Ilkley.  
 Hutchinson, 64, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.  
 Johnson, E., 7, Elsenham Rd., Grimsby.  
 Kirby, H., The Hydro, Middleton Rd. Camp, Heaton Pk., Manchester.  
 Kirkby, W., 147, Wellington St., Millom, Cumberland.  
 Kitchen, F., 79, Georges St., Hyde, Manchester.  
 Lath, J. T., 19, Channing St., Sheffield.  
 Letch, S. J., Little Saling, nr. Braintree.



ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW.

- Lilley, G., Cherry Tree Farm, Unsworth.  
Lingard, W., 6, Sunnyside Cottages, Writtle.  
Lawlor, G., 4, Terrace Gar., St. Alban's Rd., Watford.  
Lane, M., 1a, Ebanza Bldgs., Islington, N.  
Makin, D., 55, Thames St. East, Wall-send-on-Tyne.  
Millward, T., 1, Wentworth Terrace, off York Rd., Leeds.  
Moon, J., 1, Military Rd., Cork.  
Moore, J., 73, Faraday St., Walworth, S.E.  
Matthews, C. W., 83, Belmont Rd., Maidenhead.  
Melling, D., 22, Powell St., Clayton, Manchester.  
McDonald, N., 108, Glebe St., Town-head, Glasgow.  
McNally, G., 5, Tyson St., Pendleton.  
Milligan, T., The Hydro, Middleton Rd. Camp, Heaton Pk., Manchester.  
Orrell, J., 27, Wigan Rd., New Spring, Wigan.  
Owens, J., 8, Kiln Hole St., New Milne, Ayr.  
Owen, D., Llysmorrion, Llasfen Rd., Colwyn.  
Pettit, W., 124, Pinner Rd., Harrow.  
Patston, A. H., c/o Mr. Parry, Oxmead, Ewhurst, Surrey.  
Rutter, J., 13, Clark St., Smith St., Salford, Manchester.  
Roberts, J., 1, Campbell Ter., Southend-on-Sea.  
Spinks, J., 50, Stockport Rd., Ashton-under-Lyne.  
Spiers, C., 3, Bliss Court, Broad St., Oxford.  
Shephard, C., 141, Shear Cross, Crocker-ton, Warminster.  
Street, J., 27, Bewdley St., Evesham.  
Spry, R., 53, Townshend Road, N.W.  
Sewell, C. (same as Milligan).  
Stanners, R., 70, Desborough Rd., High Wycombe.  
Saxon, J., Chapelfield Cottage, Radcliff, Notts.  
Shaw, R.,  
Steel, J., 799, Springburne Rd., Glasgow.  
Swingler, E., 32, West St., Retford.  
Thorpe, T., 14, James St., Darwen, Lancs.  
Temperton, C., 12, Spyvee St., Hull.  
Verbrugghe, Camille, c/o Mrs. Johnston, Bignor Pk., Pulborough.  
Williams, A., Cae Gwyn, Michaelstown Fewd, Cardiff.  
Wright, R. F., 5, Hopper's Rd., Palmer's Green, N.  
Woollen, Albert (same as Milligan).  
Wenlock, R., The Causeway, Peasenhall, Suffolk.  
Wall, W., 20, Patons Lane, Montrose, N.B.  
Wall, L., 43, Wainscott St., Eastney, Portsmouth.



# St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

Editor - - - William Girling

Contributors - The Staff and the Boys

ST. DUNSTAN'S MOTTO:

"What the eye doesn't see, the heart doesn't grieve about."



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# St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

No. 5.—NEW SERIES.

NOVEMBER, 1916.

PRICE 6d.

## Editorial Notes

I HAVE to thank many old boys for the subscriptions to the REVIEW that have reached me in response to my request last month. There remain some who have not responded, and I desire to ask them if they like the Magazine and want to continue to receive it. Also I shall be glad to hear what they think about it, and if they can suggest any ways in which it could be made more useful or interesting.

I also have a great pleasure in thanking a number of new contributors for their help this month. I want as many as possible of the boys and the staff and the helpers to send me as much news as they can. Anything that happens is news, and I hope nobody will think that anything is too unimportant to record. If they will write me their letters or notes and trust me to decide upon their value for the purposes of the REVIEW, I shall be grateful.

The ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW is going very well, and the whole of the last issue was sold out in the first week. I have received some back numbers from readers who had finished with them, for which I hope they will accept my thanks; but I shall still be glad of any June and July copies, as several readers want these to complete their files.

I am afraid that the list of Old Boys' Addresses is not so correct as it should be. Will anybody who notices any errors kindly inform me, and I will have them rectified? I want to make this list a complete directory of those who have left.

THE EDITOR.





## Notes by the Chief

I AM very glad to be able to resume my notes in the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW, and I hope to continue these without another break, and to use them not as hitherto merely for the purpose of making comments upon events at St. Dunstan's. Before my annoyingly long absence through illness I quite often had a general talk with you boys of the Hostel, but now, on account of our swollen population, necessitating various annexes and of the increased numbers of new-comers who go home for a short furlough, it is impossible to speak to you as a body. So I am going to have a monthly talk with you through these columns. If anything that I say leads any of you who are at St. Dunstan's to wish to speak to me, come along and do so, or in the case of any of you who have left or who are away, write to me.

First let me say how deeply touched I was at the warm welcome given me on my return last month. It was very pleasant to find how smoothly things had gone during my absence, and I am sincerely grateful to staff and men alike for the way in which the place kept going. There were no fewer than fifty-six new arrivals during the time I was away. I am glad to say that I have now made the personal acquaintance of every one of them, and that I feel very proud and happy at the admirable way in which they are battling with their handicap and taking advantage of the existence of our House of Hope. It is now, indeed, more than a house—one might almost call it a little town—and by the time the large new lounge which is being erected on the upper lawn is completed, I think we may consider it really well equipped.

I am glad to say that we shall be able

to take adequate care of the increasing numbers of men who have lost their sight at the Front, for the Committee of Regent's Park College—the very large building which comes next to St. Dunstan's on the Outer Circle—have generously placed that establishment at our disposal, and we shall be in possession of it by the time these notes appear. The College will provide ample accommodation for the men who live there, but all the work will continue to be done at St. Dunstan's. I hope that the recent additions to workshops and classrooms will provide sufficient space, if not they can easily be added to still further.

St. Dunstan's was paid a very high compliment lately. I received a communication from the Chairman of one of the largest and best known Institutions for the Blind in the Kingdom, asking me if he could bring a deputation to St. Dunstan's to discuss certain subjects with me. To this I gladly assented. The deputation arrived, and the chairman in introducing its members to me said that one of them who particularly interested himself in their workshops would act as spokesman. I asked this gentleman what we could do for one another, and he replied:

"We have come all this way to ask you to tell us how it is that you teach men in six months as much as it takes us four years to teach them?"

I am afraid I have not space to detail fully my reply. Briefly I told him that you fellows provided what I hope you will not mind my describing as the very best of raw material, and that we have very special facilities in the matter of skilled assistance and individual tuition. I said that I regarded the fact that men who had lost their sight were instructed



by others similarly handicapped as tremendously beneficial. I told him, too, that I thought our short hours of work as compared with the long hours in vogue in Blind Institutions gave the pupils a far better chance of becoming rapidly proficient, and I told him that more than all I regarded the cheerful acceptance of what I may call the "handicap ideal" at St. Dunstan's as being the main cause of the remarkably rapid progress which you fellows make. The abolition of that dreadful word affliction and all the gloomy and depressing thoughts connected with it is, I assured him, the very best of reasons for the rapidity with which knowledge is gained at St. Dunstan's as compared with other places where men are taught to be blind.

I have already told many of you something of what is being done for the soldiers of our Allies who have met with the same injury as has befallen you. I should not, perhaps, say that I am glad to know that we have better arrangements at St. Dunstan's than those in force in any of the Allied Countries, for I wish, as I am sure you all wish, that every soldier of the Allies who loses his sight in the War, whether he be French, Russian, Italian, Belgian, Servian or Roumanian, were given the very best possible opportunity of getting back into the work-a-day world. Fortunately the problem we have to face is not so serious as that which confronts Frenchmen and Russians, for our casualties have been much smaller. The French fellows who have been blinded are being well looked after, but not nearly so well as you are. Here is an extract from a letter recently received from Captain B. B. Towse, V.C., who, as many of you probably know, lost his sight in the Boer War, and who for a long while past has been doing splendid work at the Australian Hospital, Wimereux, near Boulogne. Captain Towse takes down letters in

Braille from the wounded men there, and types them to their friends and relatives, assisting in many other ways to make life in the Hospital as happy as possible:—

"I went to Paris the last month, and visited all their Blind Institutions. They are not doing nearly as much there as we are doing at Home for our blinded soldiers and sailors."

Some little while ago the Australian Authorities decided that all Australians who had lost their sight in the War were to be shipped back to Australia with the least possible delay. This was done in several cases, but I am glad to say that they have been so impressed with the advantages of St. Dunstan's that they have now determined to give their blinded men the opportunity of a training here, and this there is very little doubt the great majority of them will gladly accept.

Prominent among the efforts which are being made to secure an adequate permanent fund to enable the National Institute for the Blind to look after the men of St. Dunstan's in the best possible manner after they have left, is the Concert Party of Blind Musicians which, for some while past has been giving performances all over the Kingdom. From the musical point of view their concerts are of a very high class. Half way through each performance, Mr. Collard gives a talk to the audience about St. Dunstan's, illustrated with lantern slides. Not only do the efforts of the Blind Musicians add very materially to the permanent fund for After-Care, they also give the public a much needed proof of the capacity of blind people to do a great many things just as well as anyone else can do them. Lady Pearson supervises and manages the complicated business of arranging the tours of the Blind Musicians.

—C. A. P.





## St. Dunstan's Gossip

THE most important piece of news this month is that Sir Arthur Pearson has acquired Holford House, in Regent's Park, as an important annexe to St. Dunstan's. It has hitherto been used as a training college for theological students; but it has been cheerfully surrendered for the needs of blinded soldiers.

\* \* \*

It is a magnificent building, and will give us all that we want in extra accommodation. The builders are hard at work making the necessary alterations, and it should be ready for us early this month.

\* \* \*

Holford House is a commanding place, and surrounded by nine acres of beautiful grounds. It will be in close touch with St. Dunstan's, the grounds of which practically adjoin, and all the work and sports will be carried on as usual at the old centre. Every effort will be made to have Holford House as comfortable as St. Dunstan's, but the boys who go there must remember that they belong first and all the time to St. Dunstan's, and must join in everything that goes on in the old place, or we shall be very disappointed.

\* \* \*

Matron, happily recovered from her sharp attack of ill-health, returned to us on October 7th, looking very fit and full of work. Of course, she found plenty to do, for even during her short absence we were growing, like the famous beanstalk in the story. Really St. Dunstan's begins to look something like the renowned Paris Exhibition, with its beautiful extra buildings for ever rising up around it. And at night we have the searchlights for illuminations.

Corporal Kitson—affectionately known to all of us as "Kippers"—was happily married on the 19th of this month, and everybody wishes him a long and happy life. Kitson has done very well in poultry, and despite the handicap of a damaged hand has been one of the sturdy band of early-morning rowers. He is a good fellow, and should make an excellent husband.

\* \* \*

We are glad to announce that Graves passed his massage examination and is now entitled to his I.S.T.M. certificate, which means Incorporated Society of Trained Masseurs. We expect to have a similar good piece of news to give next month about Cook. St. Dunstan's is very proud of the efficiency of its Massage class.

\* \* \*

It is still some way to Christmas, but everyone will like to know the arrangements that Sir Arthur Pearson has made for the holidays. These will begin on Thursday, the 21st of December, and will last until Tuesday, the 2nd of January, 1917. It is hoped that some of the Scotsmen will be able to return on that day; but we all know the difficulties that are met with in the North in dealing with the 1st of January. It is a festival that cannot be scamped. In the South we all ought to be well over Christmas by the beginning of the New Year.

\* \* \*

Mr. Peter Sumner has successfully passed the examination of the College of Teachers of the Blind, and gained the Diploma of the College, with honours in Arithmetic, Practical Teaching, and Theory of Education.



Nurse Read returned to work too late for announcement in the September Review. She had been very much missed, and many of the boys refused to be ill while she was away. The dispensary is nearly as popular a resort as the lounge, and much gossip is indulged in the while "Auntie" (as everybody calls her) deals out doses, bandages, glass eyes, and comforts of all kinds. Nurse Read had to undergo a very painful operation, but she is now, we are glad to know, quite herself again.

\* \* \*

Sister Evers has left us. She had to go, because her family, suffering the loss that has befallen so many other families during this sad war, needed her help and guidance at home. Miss Evers, in bidding good-bye to St. Dunstan's, made a touching little speech of farewell, and a spontaneous outbreak of cheers followed its conclusion. We all know what Miss Evers has done for the boys; she was a hard and conscientious worker, and never allowed any consideration of self to stand in the way of arduous duty. She takes our warmest remembrances with her.

\* \* \*

Another popular sister, Miss Redfern, also departed in October; but luckily in this case we may look for her return, as she only goes for six months. An invalid brother requires her care during a winter sojourn abroad; but with the spring we may expect to see her again.

\* \* \*

Some of the old boys have been paying us visits. Hallam came up from his poultry farm in Derbyshire to undergo a slight operation, which we all hope will prove beneficial. He attended the poultry classes while he was waiting his turn

at the hospital, and was much struck by the changes for the better which have taken place in the Country Life Section. He also joined heartily in all the old pastimes, such as the domino tournament, the debate, and the dance, and we were all glad to see his cheery face among us once more.

\* \* \*

Albert Woollen and Horace Kirby came from their massage work at Manchester for a few days' rest, and they also entered into everything with their usual zest. It was good to see Woollen rowing on the lake in the early morning once more. He has lost nothing of his stroke nor anything of his constant good humour. One of the chief trials of St. Dunstan's is that we lose the old boys just when we are getting fondest of them.

\* \* \*

It was a pleasant surprise to see J. R. Brown, from Nuneaton, walk into the workshop one morning to have a turn round. He was looking fit and well, and it is evident that married life and basket-making combined suit him well. He was an industrious boy when he was here, and he is no less industrious now that he is working for himself. He makes some shapes in baskets that are quite his own, and there is such a demand for them that they are sold almost as quickly as we get them. Indeed, we often have quite a number of orders for his baskets on our books.

\* \* \*

Sussex Place has provided us with two weddings in October. On the 3rd of the month L. F. Webb married Miss Baker at Clacton-on-Sea; and on the 7th Duncan McLean was united to Miss Daisy Dowse at the Wesleyan Church in Quex Road, Hampstead. The latter, being a local function, drew a crowded gathering,





Matron and several sisters being present both at the ceremony and at the private reception afterwards.

\* \* \*

Duncan McLean also entertained his St. Dunstan's friends to a bachelor party on the evening of Thursday, October 5th, when a musical programme was provided of exceptional merit, the ever-popular Mr. Huskinson lending his efficient aid at the piano.

\* \* \*

A few words of praise are due to the whole of the staff for their admirable behaviour on the air-raid nights. The sisters showed remarkable coolness, with a notable variation of the "Women and children first" theory. This time it was the men who were put first, and whose safety was the paramount idea of the whole staff. The danger was, of course, never immediate; but it might have been, and every precaution was taken that thoughtful care could devise.

\* \* \*

Diver Drummond has sent an interesting letter to Miss Leonard, of Sussex Place, descriptive of his recent doings. He was employed for a week on a wreck, and he has been diving in the Hull dock. Some excellent photographs have been taken of Drummond at work in his diving outfit, and we are all pleased to know that he is making good at his unique job.

\* \* \*

What an epidemic of colds there has been at St. Dunstan's! Sneezing, wheezing, coughing, and choking have been in evidence from morning to night, and from the Matron downwards almost everybody has had a turn. Of course, the weather is to blame, and really it is worth having a cold, because of the kind-

ness and attention that we sufferers received. In spite of the fact that some of our nurses had a couple of colds of their own on hand at the time, they ministered to us with unflinching care, and the few boys who escaped altogether were quite vexed at their immunity.

\* \* \*

The Rt. Hon. Reginald McKenna and Mrs. McKenna were shown round St. Dunstan's by Sir Arthur Pearson on the 9th of the month. Sir Arthur had been lunching with them, and brought them over afterwards. They were accompanied by Mr. Hayward, of the Pension Committee, who is understood to be interesting himself in some of the cases in this Hostel. Mrs. McKenna, who had paid us previous visits, was very interested in everything; and Mr. McKenna—who was very cheery—startled the boot department by confessing that he had always previously thought that his soles were sewn on to his shoes. But whether he was merely having a joke with us was not made clear.

\* \* \*

The Right Hon. W. F. Massey, the New Zealand Premier, paid us a visit on October 18th, accompanied by Mr. Mackenzie, whom we all remember in connection with St. Dunstan's. Mr. Mackenzie is now editing a paper for the New Zealanders, and is doing very well at it. Mr. Massey was greatly interested in all that he saw at St. Dunstan's, and expressed himself as being both surprised and pleased at the evident results.

\* \* \*

Our old friend Spiers, of Oxford, is to be married on Boxing Day. Danny McCarthy sends thanks for the clock which was given him as a wedding present by St. Dunstan's. Mr. McLaren and Miss Edith Flint are to be married at Christmas.



At St. Mark's Hospital we hear that there are over forty-five men preparing to come along to St. Dunstan's. They are all of them from the "Big Push," and from what we have seen of those who have come up on Thursday afternoons they are both promising and excellent fellows. The sooner they come the better we shall be pleased.

\* \* \*

A party of Australians, blinded in the war, paid a visit to the Workshops and the Poultry Section about the middle of the month and displayed keen intelligence in understanding the work that the boys were doing and the various ways in which it was being taught. They struck a morning when the boys were particularly jubilant and were indulging in songs, accompanied by loud rat-tats, which, while cheering, are also a little disturbing. These young Australians were accompanied by several friends, and we understand that they were so pleased with their visit that they are looking forward to entering themselves as students.

\* \* \*

A word ought to be said for the early morning walkers. There is quite a small section of the boys who like to get up early but who do not wish to row, and in order to give them the three-mile sprint that they desire, some of the sisters are good enough to turn out at half-past six to accompany them. Miss Day is particularly to the front in this matter, and as we all know that it is more difficult for a lady to get up early than for a man, we feel that she should have special mention.

\* \* \*

It has been the custom at the morning reading of the newspaper to conclude with the casualty list. Of late, owing to its great increase, it has only been

found possible to give the names of those who have been killed or who have died of wounds, but even this has at length proved beyond the desire of the listeners. In order to test the need for the casualty list, it was announced that the ordinary reading of the paper would take place as usual in the Lounge, and the casualties would be given out in the adjoining Massage Room. On no occasion have more than four men transferred themselves to listen to the Roll of Honour, so that it is quite evident that it has ceased to attract general interest. This is particularly accounted for by the fact that the names are lumped together for the various regiments, and that it is very difficult to locate names to the various battalions.

\* \* \*

A lady, who was visiting St. Dunstan's on a recent occasion, peered through the window at the Massage class engaged on a practical examination of the various bones. The pupils were handling them and holding them close to their faces. The lady gazed earnestly for a while, then turning to the sister who was accompanying her, she asked in a hushed whisper, "Are they having their dinner?"

\* \* \*

The last marriage of the month was that of John Thomas Waldin with Miss Esther Benwell. It took place on Thursday, October 26th, at the Victoria Wesleyan Church, St. John's Wood, at 12 o'clock, and a number of St. Dunstan's and other friends witnessed the happy event and gave the bride and bridegroom a hearty send-off.

\* \* \*

Sir Arthur Pearson has expressed himself in favour of a canteen being started in the grounds, and negotiations are now on foot to bring this about.





This evening (that is, on Wednesday, November 1st) a little supper will be given at Canuto's Restaurant to those lady coxons who have been regular attendants at the early morning boating, throughout the spring, summer and autumn. It is no small tax upon them for ladies to come from all parts of London to arrive at the lake at 6.30 in the morning, and that they have done this for so many months with scarcely any lapses fills us all with gratitude and admiration. The ladies invited are, Misses White, Novikoff, Sharpe, Hazle, Vincent, Rogers and Johnson, and Mrs. Hooper and Mrs. Damer Wynyard. Many other ladies have helped at different times and for short periods, and we are also grateful to them; but special thanks are, of course, due to those upon whom we have been able to count regularly.

\* \* \*

Now that the colder weather is upon us, we shall be taking up push-ball, tugs of war, etc., again, and all those boys who want to join in these sports should give in their names to Mr. Rose.

\* \* \*

Major Arthur Haggard, Veterans' Club, 47, Bedford Row, has seen the report of our September debates in the REVIEW, upon the "Best way for a man to keep in touch with St. Dunstan's after he has left"; so he now offers us the use of this Club for the boys who have gone, promising an honorary membership and the right to invite friends to certain rooms. It was remarkably kind of him to make this offer, which Sir Arthur Pearson has accepted, and we shall hope to give further particulars as to the arrangements that have been made for the reception and comfort of the old boys in our next issue. In the meantime, all the old boys will heartily

endorse Sir Arthur Pearson's expressions of gratitude to Major Haggard and the Veterans' Club.

\* \* \*

A service is held every Sunday evening by the Hon. Chaplain, the Rev. E. N. Sharpe, M.A., Rector of Holy Trinity, St. Marylebone, or by one of his staff, at 8.30 p.m., lasting about half an hour, and all members of St. Dunstan's are heartily invited to attend and to help make the service as hearty and congregational as possible.

\* \* \*

There is a good prospect of a St. Dunstan's Eight being trained for river racing this winter. The suggestion comes from a new member of the staff who is enabled to obtain facilities for securing the necessary boat. The St. Dunstan's Four have achieved renown, and we shall be proud to have them capped by a St. Dunstan's Eight.

\* \* \*

Physical drill will start early this month, and Sergeants Dyson and Neill will probably help us in getting it through. We hope to have a Display in the early part of December, in the New Hall, where there should be plenty of room. These displays were very popular with both visitors and inmates last winter.

\* \* \*

Here is an example of the rush of work that our boys get now and then. Corporal Foxon in his shop in Shepherd's Bush is remarkably busy; but on a recent afternoon he had made up his mind to pay a visit to St. Dunstan's. Just as he was starting, five pairs of boots were brought in, which had to be done at once, so that he was perforce obliged to take off his coat and sit down to them at once.



## The Last Boat Races

THE last race meeting of the year was held at Putney on Wednesday, October 11th. There were eight events on the programme, viz., three heats and a final for the single scullers, a four-oared race between St. Dunstan's and Townshend House, two heats and a final for pair-oars.

For the first heat of the Singles the entries were Millar, Marshall, and Cole. The course was a short half-mile, and Millar won by 3 lengths. The second heat was competed for by Mears, Ferguson, and Boteler, the winner being Mears, by 2½ lengths.

The next item was the Fours. St. Dunstan's crew were Foster (bow), Whiteside (No. 2), Dowson (No. 3), and Chamberlain (stroke), while the Townshend House men were Curtiss-Wilson (bow), Welland (No. 2), Turnock (No. 3), and Waddell (stroke). It was an excellent race, but Townshend House drew away about half through the course, and finally won by 2½ lengths.

The third heat of the Singles followed, and for this there were four entries:—Aldridge, Green, Sims, and Leonard. Aldridge was first by 1½ lengths, and Sims and Green tied for second place. The first heat of the Pair-Oars was another good race, Turnock and Welland beating Curtiss-Wilson and Waddell by 3½ lengths; but it is only fair to point

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As it has been found that 21, Portland Place, was insufficient for housing the Officers, an annexe has become necessary. So Sir Arthur Pearson has secured No. 20, Portland Place, to accommodate the overflow, and it is rumoured that he has his eye on the Langham Hotel.

\* \* \*

The big new Lounge is rearing its

out that Curtiss-Wilson had been in bed for a week, and was by no means fit.

In the second heat there was a rather unfortunate occurrence. Chamberlain and Foster were well ahead of Sims and Whiteside when Chamberlain caught a bad crab, which took some time to recover. Sims and Whiteside shot past them, and, although the other boat made a plucky attempt to catch up, Sims and Whiteside passed the post ¼ length in front.

The final of the Singles produced a very good fight, but Millar finally beat Aldridge by 1½ lengths, and Mears was third. For the final of the Pairs it was found that Whiteside was too blown to row again, so that Turnock and Welland had a walk-over; but in order that the programme should not be curtailed Chamberlain and Foster, in true sporting spirit, stepped into the breach, and put up a race, for which Mr. R. J. Calcutt offered a special prize. This event was won by Turnock and Welland by 3½ lengths.

The racing, which began at 10.30, lasted just three hours, and at 1.45 the whole of the competitors sat down to lunch in the Vesta Rowing Club.

The boating season is now practically over; but rowing on the lake will be continued on every Wednesday and Friday from noon until 1 o'clock, beginning with this month.

handsome dimensions very rapidly, and we expect to have it ready for use in a short time from now. It will be particularly welcome to the dancers, who, owing to the crowded floor, have had to restrict themselves to inviting their friends once a fortnight instead of once a week. We hope that there will be plenty of room for all when the building is opened.





## October Debates

THE debate on the best ways for a non-sighted man to advertise his business, brought out one or two good suggestions. Waldin opened the discussion in a neat little speech. Bowles put forward as an idea that a man should work in his shop-window. Sergt. Nolan proposed exhibitions for comparative purposes which was generally approved, and Sergt-Major Cope and several other speakers were all in favour of good work being the best of advertisement. Boteler delighted the meeting with a maiden speech, and an excellent first impression was created by Mr. Turner, the Canadian.

At the debate on October 12th, when Sergeant-Major Cope moved the resolution, "Should Compulsory Service be adopted after the War?" some new speakers distinguished themselves. Excellent maiden speeches were delivered by Sergeants Dyson and Harris, and Messrs. Price, Purchase, McIntosh, Jones, Bowles, and Turner all had something to say that was worth hearing. The resolution was carried by 37 to 19, although it was noted that several members of the Debating Club did not vote.

Sergeant-Major Cope made a direct appeal to the modest to join in the discussion, pointing out that the main object of the Club was to accustom the boys to hearing themselves speak, and explaining that a readiness to take part in debate might come in very useful to them in after life. It really does not matter at all if a man stumbles a little at first; and if he will only make the first plunge we are sure that many a St. Dunstan's boy will find that it is a much easier thing to express his thoughts aloud than he supposes. Let everybody have a try!

One of the best debates we have ever had took place on the 19th of the month,

when Mr. Harris Turner, from Canada, moved the resolution, "Should the age for Military Service be raised to 45?" Some excellent speeches were made on both sides. Sergeant Dyson was opposed to the suggestion, and put his objections very vigorously, while Mr. Langton (one of the officers) very strongly supported the motion in an interesting and well-delivered oration. The Debating Society cordially welcomed the Officers on their first visit to the Thursday meetings.

Special mention must be made of the contributions to the debate made by Sergeants Harris and Curtiss-Wilson, Sergeant-Major Cope, Lance-Corporal Bowles, and Messrs. Randell, Owen, Chaplin, Collins, Raylor, Wright, and others. We must also take notice of Boteler, who kept everybody in roars of laughter by his remarks, which were very much to the point, although he somewhat puzzled his audience by telling them in confidence that his "age was forty-four and a half and six months." Boteler adds greatly to the liveliness of our discussions. The motion was formally carried by 37 to 31 votes.

The final debate of the month was on the question "Should the Government take action to reduce the price of food?" This was opened by Sergeant Curtiss-Wilson, and provided another interesting discussion.

The Committee of the Debating Club now consists of Sergeant-Major Cope, Sergeants Dyson, Neill, Curtiss-Wilson, and Messrs. Harris Turner, Harry Green, R. F. Wright, and Lance-Corporal Bowles. They meet at supper every Thursday at eight o'clock and discuss the programme for the next week. They have sent an official letter congratulating Sir F. Milner on his energetic action on behalf of disabled soldiers,



## After-Care Notes

A LETTER from J. Spinks tells us that he is now at work, and has quite a lot of orders to get through. "In fact," he writes, "I am full for four solid months; so, to tell you the truth, you cannot see me at work for the dust, I am so busy." Spinks earned 1st-class certificates for boot-repairing and mat-making.

\* \* \*

Thomas Thorpe, who worked at mats and poultry, and was also a rowing man, has sent us some well-made mats from Darwin. Thorpe was always a steady worker, and we rejoice to hear that he is making good.

\* \* \*

"Tommy" Devlin, whose cheery personality is much missed, tells us that in one week he repaired "over twenty-one pairs of boots," besides making some mats, for which he is getting plenty of orders. "Tommy" was always a hard and good worker, and it is nice to hear that he is keeping it up.

\* \* \*

William Allen has settled at Leigh, and writes that he is very busy making string bags, and will settle down to poultry keeping a little later.

\* \* \*

A. Arnold has made a hopeful start with mats this month, and we hope he is in for a good winter's work.

\* \* \*

W. J. Bowers has now settled in Surbiton, and will shortly open in business as a newsagent. We wish him every prosperity in his new venture.

\* \* \*

R. Alcock is shortly moving into a better shop on the main road, where we hope his trade will increase.

F. G. Braithwaite has also commenced business on his own in Guildford as a boot and shoe repairer. We feel sure he will make good.

\* \* \*

John Brown, of Brenchley, still writes long, interesting, cheerful letters, in spite of the fact that the Zepps. have passed over Warren Hall at night. He sends best wishes to all old friends at the Hostel.

\* \* \*

J. A. Bocking has now found a suitable house in Oldham, and has recommenced his work as a boot repairer and mat maker.

\* \* \*

George Brown has paid us a visit with his wife this month. He was looking well, and is turning out a good many baskets now. He has also taken up poultry farming, and has about 65 birds at the moment.

\* \* \*

W. C. Carnell has left us and is commencing operations as a boot repairer in Bampton, Devonshire.

\* \* \*

F. W. Chapple continues to work hard in turning out boot benches and mat frames for the men who are leaving.

\* \* \*

Maurice Colle has changed his residence from Teddington to Walham Green. He is still working hard at the mats.

\* \* \*

G. Dennis has changed his residence, and is now at Copnor, Portsmouth. He is busy at the basket-making.

\* \* \*

We hear that J. Goodison is working hard in Dublin. He has used up all material and is anxious for a further supply.





W. C. Halls is evidently very busy at Hulme, Manchester, as he sends us good orders for materials.

\* \* \*

J. Kerr writes from Widnes that he is very busy with the mat work; in fact, he says that he is working like a "nigger" every day, and sends his kind regards to all.

\* \* \*

S. Letch has begun operations as a poultry farmer at Hatfield Peverel, in Essex.

\* \* \*

J. Moon writes that he is busy at work again and hoping to have a good winter's report to send us.

G. Lilley sends us satisfactory reports of his poultry work.

\* \* \*

N. Macdonald writes from Glasgow that he has had very good letters respecting his work from customers.

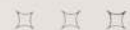
\* \* \*

F. W. McCarthy has also left us since our last issue and is being fixed up as a carpenter in Nuneaton.

\* \* \*

Sergeant Watt, of Montrose, has at last succeeded in obtaining the necessary ground for a poultry farm, and has commenced operations. We feel sure he will make a success of it.

—T. H. M.



## Typewriting Room Notes.

AN innovation has been introduced which did not meet with a very cordial welcome at first; this was the alteration in the time-table, which seemed to inconvenience some of the men. Happily they amended their own time-tables so as to fit in better with the new arrangement. As was anticipated, the alteration has reduced the waiting list considerably, and consequently has been entirely successful.

Last month Colville and Cooper, who were both trained as shorthand typists, left St. Dunstan's to start work on their own account in business offices. We have heard from both of them, and they appear to have "fallen on their feet." Flett, our other shorthand typist, commenced work in July, and we are glad to say is doing very well indeed.

The work done by the men reaches a very high standard, and the number of men who have passed their test recently has been very gratifying. During the last three weeks fifteen men have passed, and this beats all records. Among those who have been successful are Drummer Downes and Arthur Brown, both of whom have only one finger with which to type. They had to overcome many difficulties, and they both deserve the highest praise. The following is a list of the men who have passed recently: Johns, Cagle, Welland, Best, Richardson, Sergeant-Major Cope, Sergeant Curtiss-Wilson, Taplin, Leonard, Marshall, Randall, Maddison, Shepherd, and Aldridge.

—E. F.



## Notes of the Braille Room.

WE have to congratulate Miss Hardecastle on her approaching marriage to Captain Bell, Commandant of the Frontier Garrison Artillery, Kohat, and she left for India on October 27th.

Miss Hardecastle came to St. Dunstan's soon after it opened, and has done very valuable work in the Braille Room, where she will be greatly missed by one and all. Teachers and men give her their very best thanks and good wishes for her future happiness and a safe journey.

We are glad to be able to give a most

encouraging list of men who have passed their Braille Reading and Writing Tests, and we congratulate them most heartily.

Passed the Reading Test: McIntosh, Bowers, Sergeant-Major Cope, McLean, Harker, Smith II., Gray, King, Sergeant Curtiss-Wilson, and Sergeant Dennison.

Passed the Writing Test: Kitson, Stanners, Mr. McLaren, Mr. Baker, Price, Hudson, Lomas, Drummer Downes, Raylor, Rowe, McIntosh.

The following have sent in their papers, but have not yet heard the result: Street, Sergeant-Major Cope, Toft, Richardson.

—D. P.



## Poultry Notes

Mr. Edward Brown examined the poultry students in Artificial Incubation at the end of September. The maximum of possible marks was fixed at 30, and the four men who entered came out in the following order: (1) Collins with 18 marks; (2) Dennison with 17 marks; (3) Kitson with 16 marks; (4) Arthur Brown with 15 marks. Mr. Brown said generally that the four students had a good knowledge of the construction of an incubator, and the theory upon which operation is based, "in which direction instruction given has been very thorough." This was a feather in the cap of Wale, the instructor, who is a very painstaking teacher, and is to be as warmly congratulated as the men themselves.

The new duck-run is now only waiting for the house, which, owing to the difficulty of the building trade, is delayed in delivery. When this is forthcoming, the ducks will be transferred to their new quarters, and will be the happier for it. They are on high ground,

with a small cemented pond and everything that is necessary. The inception of this run is due to Mr. Playfoot.

Much good work is being done in the joinery section. The men who are taking this up have, under the guidance of Woodin, built and completed a whole terrace of adjoining coops for the show birds for explanatory purposes. There were twenty-four of these coops in a double row, one above the other, with a sloping roof to cover them. To see the non-sighted men making and painting this roof attracted much notice from visitors, and it really was a unique sight. But then, as we are modestly never tired of saying, there is nothing that the St. Dunstan's pupils cannot do when they are once shown the way.

The poultry ground is being steadily extended, and some very fine birds have lately been added for breeding purposes. Notable among these are the Columbia Wyandottes, which are housed in the upper field. The stock has been greatly improved under the present control, and



thanks are due to Miss Lawrence and Mr. Playfoot for their successful efforts.

Poultry men who have passed their examinations are now busily engaged in learning other trades to fill in their spare time, for, as we all know, poultry will only occupy part of the day. Mats and baskets are chiefly favoured, but of course they have learnt the joinery as well, so that a good poultry man is veritably a Jack-of-all-trades!

Some beautiful new stock has been added to the poultry yards, for the selection of which John Playfoot must receive the credit. The Columbia Wyandottes meet with general admiration, and it will repay all those who are interested to pay a visit to the new runs.

It is the hope of the Country Life Section to induce various poultry experts to give the pupils occasional lectures to supplement the daily lessons, and these are expected to prove of considerable help. So far, Mr. Hooley and Mr. Edward Brown have been asked; and others will receive invitations in due course.

Mr. J. Thomson Brown, who comes from the North, has joined the After Care Department specially to supervise the poultry men who have set up for themselves. It has been found necessary to have an expert man for this post, and we hear that the old boys who have

taken up poultry are very pleased with the extra help thus given to them.

The new Poultry Hall was opened for use about a week ago, and it is proving a great acquisition. The great increase in the poultry classes has necessitated also an extra teacher being secured, and many additions have been made both to the stock and to runs, which are all, we hope, for the benefit of the section, and for most of which we are indebted to the suggestions of Mr. Playfoot.

The result of the examination to which we alluded last month was quite satisfactory. Mr. Edward Brown stated that several of the men had made remarkable progress in the time they had been under tuition.

The total possible number of marks was 100, and Sergt. Curtis Wilson was first with 83. The others in their order were: Purchase, 81; Jerome, 80; Ferguson, 79; Foster, 78; Herriot, 76; Hulme, 75; Sergt. Leeman, 74; Maddison, 72; Dowson, 71; and Stamper, 70. Those who got less than this number of marks cannot be regarded as having passed.

Mr. Brown made a great point of instruction in natural hatching and rearing, in addition to the incubator. Mr. Brown's suggestions are always very gratefully accepted, and the Country Life Section feels that his periodical examinations do a lot to help everybody concerned.



## Notes from the Netting Room

THE large new room just completed for net work is in itself significant of the growth and increasing scope of the string industry. This began in a very humble way about eighteen months ago. A certain pillar in the lounge was the starting point for three pupils and

one teacher, who daily demonstrated what could be done with a ball of string, a mesh, and a needle.

But they did not stay there long. Passing literally from pillar to post, ever increasing in enthusiasm and in numbers, they finally attained the proud possession

of a netting room. It seemed a fine large room at first. Hammocks were made and slung in comfort. There was space to sit at ease and scatter cigarette ash freely without dangerous consequences. But after a few months the walls began to shrink, and lately they have closed in very rapidly. With about sixty of the boys in and out during the day, and a staff of fifteen ladies or so to hand round the toffee and dodge the cigarette ash, the room has grown very small indeed.

So the second larger room is hailed with delight, and there will be carried on not only all the old work which has proved so successful, but a new occupation for the winter months, in the shape of wool rug-making.

But what of the netting proper? Well, we have been specialising in hammocks, and samples of our work have gone to Flanders, Italy, Egypt, Mesopotamia,

and India. The home demand kept pace very nicely throughout the summer with our supply. It was, however, very desirable to find a market for our goods through the winter, so everyone is pleased that Messrs. Maple & Co. have taken a large quantity of our hammocks for immediate shipment to South America. We all know that this firm stands for quality, so it is felt that their approval of our hammocks is much worth having.

Now as for rabbit nets. It was remarked the other day that if every net caught one rabbit only the bunnies would be getting scarce before long!

And by the bye, our rabbit nets are not *poaching nets*, but most law-abiding models of farmers' nets. The lady superintendent fears for the character of St. Dunstan's if she continues to receive orders for poaching nets!

—G.H.W.



## The Parson's Daughter

She was a parson's daughter,  
An' she knew a thing or two;  
Of catchin' human derelicts  
An' a bringin' of 'em to.

Straight racin' ain't all honey  
To a bloke what's bin in quod,  
An' 'as to spend in hidin'  
From the sight of man an' God.

"When your sins are not forgiven,"  
An' you're broke upon the wheel;  
You don't feel much like anythin'  
Except to go an' steal.

Or to creep into the shadows,  
When night falls deep an' black,  
'Long the road again to prison,  
Without even lookin' back.

But she was a parson's daughter,  
With a great, big human soul,  
An' a smile which set me longin'  
To attain some greater goal.

She looked kind and sympathetic,  
So much diff'rent from the rest,  
An' she said as how within me  
There was somethin' of the best.

When my life was wild and stormy,  
And my sin stuck hard and fast;  
She released my crumbling spirit  
From the evil of its past.

That's why I'm here a fightin',  
'Cause she sort of asked me to,  
An' I think that "parson's daughter"  
Was an Angel, mate! don't you?

—Laphell.



## Our Entertainments

MISS ADA REEVE always gets a good reception when she visits St. Dunstan's, but I think her best and most appreciated turn was at the close of her last concert. Private McLean's simple words of thanks to Miss Reeve and the ladies and gentlemen who accompanied her so touched her that she immediately followed with one of the prettiest little impromptu speeches I have ever heard. Hundreds of men and women would be glad to be able to deliver such an oratorical treat after hours of preparation, and I am quite sure those who were present will long remember her sympathetic words of praise and appreciation of what the boys had given up for their country. Though Miss Reeve and her friends gave a rattling good entertainment, the speech was the tit-bit.

\* \* \*

I felt sorry for Mr. Arthur Coke on the night of his concert, when two of his stars failed to put in an appearance. But I felt more sorry for one of his party—Lieut. Drummond—when he had to stop singing "Gilbert the Filbert." I wonder if the boys twigged the reason for the stoppage. If I tell them, I don't think Mr. Drummond will accuse me of any breach of confidence. It was because he and Basil Hallam were the two original filberts at the Palace Theatre, and, as everybody knows, Capt. Hallam was killed in action about three months ago. Once Mr. Drummond embarked on the song old memories were revived. Hence the sudden stoppage. However, he has promised to come again in December with a strong company and give us a really jolly time.

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Mr. E. Howard-Jones was so fortunate as to be able to secure the services of the Australian prima donna, Madame Stralia. Her joint recital with Mr.

Howard-Jones was something worth listening to. The boys wanted more. Broadwood's very kindly sent a concert grand piano for the occasion.

\* \* \*

We ought to have a good time in November.

Here is a list of bookings for the month:—

Thursday, 2nd.—Miss O'Hagan's Troup.  
Monday, 6th.—Mayford Industrial School Band.

Thursday, 9th.—Mr. Chas. Coborn.

Monday, 13th.—Mr. Cecil Bevon.

Thursday, 16th.—Miss Esmé Beringer.

Monday, 20th.—Mr. Errol Sherson.

Thursday, 23rd.—Whiteley's Orchestra.

Monday, 27th.—Madame Sobrino.

Thursday, 30th.—Madame Alys Bate-  
man.

\* \* \*

It was nice to have another visit on October 19th from the band of the Horse Guards, after an absence of several months. Colonel Fitzgerald can rely on the band getting a good reception whenever he is in a position to give his permission for it to come to St. Dunstan's. All kinds of music were produced, from the old favourites of twenty-five years ago, such as "Ta-ra-boom-de-ay" and the "Belle of New York," down to the present popular "Another little Drink" and "If you were the Only Girl." Even "Tom Bowling" had a show. The boys had a rollicking hour, and showed their appreciation time after time.

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Our good friend Mr. George Robey provided us with an excellent show on Monday last, the 30th October. He sang us several of his well-known sentimental ballads, but he did not—as usual—drop into grand opera. He brought a first-rate company with him, and everybody enjoyed it hugely.

Mr. Arthur Jay's party included a concertina brought along by Miss Christine Hawkes. In spite of the fact that Miss Hawkes is very fond of the concertina, she pulled it, she squeezed it, and bent it, sometimes raising it into the air above her head and at other times swooping it down almost to the floor. It was finally realised that all this was a concerted plan between the two, for at one time we seemed to be listening to a church organ, and the next moment

the far away sounds of the human voice, followed by a representation of a military band on the march, and the village bells. What Miss Hawkes doesn't know about the manipulation of a concertina isn't worth bothering about. The boys who were absent missed a great treat.

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Miss Hawkes is coming again on January 8th. Meanwhile, she is entertaining the boys in France.

—E.K.

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## The Boys Who Have Gone

OCTOBER has robbed us of "indispensables," as the Tribunals say. Those two inseparable friends, Cooper and Colville, have departed, and their cheery faces and bright natures will be much missed. They were both splendid fellows, and their mandolin duets and their reporting of the debates by shorthand are among a few of their achievements. Sergeant Nolan will be much missed at the Debates. It is perhaps not too much to say that he was about the readiest speaker on all subjects that the Debating Club possessed. He also wrote very readable articles for the REVIEW, but we may still hope for some of these in future. The debonair Harker has also departed;

he was a boy who was never upset and never out of temper. Would that his example could be generally followed. Among others may be mentioned W. J. Bowers, so long the close friend of Drummer Downes; S. J. Letch, the big fair boy who was one of our steadiest workers; and McCarthy, of the Dublin Fusiliers, whose persuasive Irish tongue got him out of many a scrape. There are others on the verge of departure, and we shall be sorry to lose them. Six months of close association makes it hard to part; and the boys themselves are hardly ever in greater haste to go than we are to part with them. Which goes to show that we are all a fairly happy family.

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## The Fallen Hero

For Country's cause he fought,  
For Country's call he fell,  
Honour the lesson taught,  
He gave his life quite well.

Youthful, Honest, and True,  
Yes, surely these and more;  
God knows how he grew,  
Knows too the love he bore.

When troubles are most near,  
E'en as their course they run,  
The still small voice we hear,  
God gave His only Son,

—W.H.C.





## Roll on the Day

Roll on, roll on the day;  
Till victory crowns the conquest of our  
sons,  
And songs of peace shall hush the sound  
of guns;  
When far and wide, across the bloody  
plain,  
The sun shall rise to kiss the flowers  
again.  
Roll on the day.

Roll on, roll on the day;  
Till tears shall cease to be,  
The tidal glory of War's infancy,  
Till drop by drop, the blood my brothers  
lost,  
Is added up, and counted to the cost.  
Roll on the day.

Roll on, roll on the day;  
Till every corpse that lies,  
With sightless eye upon the weeping  
skies,  
Shall find their sacrifice by vengeance  
blest,  
And deeper glory in their final rest.  
Roll on the day.

Roll on, roll on the day;  
Till babes again shall chant their even-  
ing prayer,  
And peasant songs float lightly on the  
air;  
Till steady hands shall guide the furrow-  
ing plough,  
And peace sublime sits on the widow's  
brow.  
Roll on, roll on the day. —H. Laphell.



## Xmas Day in the Trenches

'Twas Xmas Day in the trenches,  
The rain it was falling fast,  
The Germans were shelling like blazes,  
And we wondered how long it would  
last.

The guns blazed away from behind us,  
My word, we gave them hell;  
They got their Xmas pudding,  
Mixed up with shot and shell.

The sergeant was in his dug-out,  
Just about to issue the rum,  
When down came a big Jack Johnson,  
With a burst and a mighty hum.

We thought of our poor sergeant,  
We thought of the rum as well,  
We tried to find them but couldn't,  
And the remainder is hard to tell.

We thought of the people in England,  
Of the "duff and wine" they would  
have,  
When "Charge!" came up from the  
colonel,  
And over we went like a wave.

We gave them what they had asked for,  
With a little on top for luck,  
We took their trenches that morning,  
And since then there we have stuck.

Now that we're back here resting,  
We could do with a jolly good spell,  
A new draft is coming from England  
To make up for those who fell.

If these lines should catch the eyes  
Of any young man who is slacking,  
I sincerely hope that his mother  
Will give him a thorough good smack-  
ing. —W. Robinson.



## Learning to Dance at St. Dunstan's

IT was a glorious sight to see the brave  
boys of St. Dunstan's learning to  
dance. What physique they have,  
what shoulders, what fine upstanding  
figures, what feet! Good lord, what  
feet! No wonder the British Army  
stands firm! No wonder the enemy  
trenches are flattened out! To watch  
those brave fellows planting their hoofs  
about in the dance-room, and to note  
the nimble way in which the lady in-  
structors skipped to avoid them—not  
always so successfully, as many a stifled  
scream bore witness—brought the tears  
to one's eyes. How the floor stood it  
was a marvel! But it was a brave floor,  
almost as brave as the boys who stamped  
their number nines upon it with such  
unwavering force. Only twice did the  
floor fail to resist, and through one of  
these footholes a self-sacrificing sister  
popped down out of sight with a smile  
on her face to the last, never, it is to be  
feared, to reappear. But what is the  
loss of one brave woman compared to  
the noble work of teaching these heroes  
to dance? Another stepped into the  
breach at once, so that the partnerless  
soldier was enabled to continue to re-  
volve without a check.

There were some seven or eight dozen  
of these flowers of the British Army,  
Kitchener's boys, old regulars, terri-  
torials, Derby men, all keen as mustard  
on learning to dance, and only some fif-  
teen or so of willing smiling women of  
England to lug them round. There were  
two long rows of chairs on each side of  
the room, and the plan was for the men  
who waited their turns to sit on one side  
and the men who had had their turns to  
sit on the other. But this very con-  
fusing way of doing things perplexed the  
lady instructors not a little. They could  
not remember from which side they had  
taken a man nor on which side they had

to put him. More than one lady was  
seen trying hopelessly to seat a man on  
both sides of the room at once, and the  
brave fellows kept on dancing to the  
last. Some of the instructors found it  
very hard to stick to the worrying plan  
of taking the boys in the right order.  
They snatched at men from the middle  
of the line, from the bottom of the line,  
from everywhere except the top of the  
line, which was the proper course to  
take. And every time a sister erred in  
this way an irritable, elderly individual,  
with an angry eye, blew a whistle shrilly,  
and yelled in mental wrath. But the  
ladies took no heed of this. Hot, pant-  
ing, flushed, trying to keep their feet off  
the floor to escape the ruthless tramp  
of the soldiers' tootsies, seeking to smile,  
to walk, to guide, to haul, to revolve  
with a heroism which could only be seen  
to be marvelled at, these wonderful lady  
teachers struggled to the last. And when  
at length the lesson was over they looked  
as if they had all been at a Votes for  
Women busted meeting, and had laid  
out the police. But the men were  
happy. They had tackled the waltz, the  
two-step, the barn dance, and, although  
it cannot be fairly said that they had  
mastered any of them, they had not  
been beaten in their attack, and it is  
understood that the advance will be re-  
sumed next Tuesday and every Tuesday,  
so long as the casualties among the lady  
teachers can be made good. St. Dun-  
stan boys have fought for their country,  
they have conquered in many a hot  
attack, and they are not going to be  
beaten by any leg-twisting tricks that  
dancing mistresses can devise. But it is  
understood that a cast-iron dancing floor  
has been ordered by Matron, as the  
neighbours have petitioned that the  
underground drains should be saved at  
all costs.





## The Unseen

SOME time ago a friend of mine remarked to me that the loss of my sight had evidently not lessened my affection for the ladies. "It is the unseen that has always attracted me," I replied.

I was speaking from experience, as I had lived in a land where the ladies covered up all their faces except their eyes, which left matters pretty much as at present.

Many years ago I had the good fortune to be selected as one of the soldiers sent to try and reorganise the army of the Sultan of Morocco. Shortly after arrival there the Sultan decided to move his court from the Southern capital to Fez, in the North. I must explain that when the Sultan moves, all the court and ministers, with their respective harems, move as well. This, with all the hangers-on, sometimes makes the total of men, women, and children reach to many thousands.

You will have to imagine these thousands tramping along over the open plains where roads were unknown.

Being new to it myself, I watched everyone with intense curiosity, until the unknown got hold of me again in the form of the most glorious pair of eyes I had ever seen. They belonged to a native woman, who I felt must be as beautiful as she was guarded. The ever-faithful eunuch was always by her side. For 29 days I passed and repassed her on the march. I suppose it was what the war correspondents now call the bull-dog tenacity which had its reward at last.

The faithful guard left his charge for a few minutes, and my opportunity came. I went up to the maid and said, "At last I can speak with you." She replied that she had noticed my constancy. Not being able to resist any longer, and feeling that she must be very beautiful, I asked her to lift her veil and let me see her face. She did. She was certainly older than my grandmother, who had just passed her 70th birthday; she was as black as your best bowler hat, and her face was covered with scars. I fled.

—W. Appleby.



## A Blind Man's Hope

To see all the flowers what would I give?  
Would it be, again, my life to live?  
Though this world be full of strife,  
I know I am thankful for my life.

The sweet sunshine, the light of day,  
The moon with its gloomy hue,  
The stars like dewdrops, which guide the way,  
To our home of peace and celestial day

The birds they sing a merry lay,  
Which brightens our life on the darkest day:

The bees they hum with a busy drone,  
But I thank my God I am not alone.

W. H. Collins.



## Workshop Gossip

A highly ingenious model for making mats by non-sighted men has been perfected by a man who is in prison, and forwarded to us by the Governor, who has taken a kindly interest in the matter. The idea of the model is to weave two mats at once and then sew them through the middle, thus saving both labour and shearing. It is being examined in the workshop with a view to being tried, and we hope for the inventor's sake that it may prove serviceable. We need hardly add that the model and the idea are both presented to St. Dunstan's by this prisoner, and we are very much obliged to him.

\* \* \*

So many new men are taking up boot repairing that we are getting very short of work for them, and we shall be glad if our readers will remember us if ever their shoes wear out. We may point out that people who live at a distance can send their boots by post if they do not mind paying the carriage, and we will pay the return postage in sending them back. The work here is excellently done and our prices compare favourably with the retail shops. We are also glad of cast-off boots and shoes for practice purposes. These should be directed to the Workshops, and will be gratefully acknowledged.

\* \* \*

The output of mats is now very considerable owing to the number of rapid workers who have set up for themselves. Fortunately, we have been able to secure sample orders from Messrs. Furness, Withy & Co., the well-known ship-owners, and from Messrs. Selfridge and Co., of Oxford Street, as well as other stores and wholesale houses. We are hoping to receive some good orders from

them in due course as a result of the trial. We have had to put the prices up from 1s. 3d. per square foot to 1s. 4d. per square foot, owing to the increased cost of material; but we believe we are as cheap as anybody even then.

\* \* \*

The red bordered mats which were so popular a short time back are now almost extinct owing to the impossibility of procuring the various coloured fibres. This is one of the productions that has been practically killed by the war.

\* \* \*

We have had orders for some big mats during the last month, and these are being tackled by our more advanced workers, and being rapidly made. Indeed, a quick worker will turn out a big mat in a very little more time than he takes over a small one. Some of the boys who have left send us orders for mats, which shows that they are getting more business than they are able to cope with themselves.

\* \* \*

Our output of baskets is now ahead of the demand, and we shall be glad of orders for all kinds of them. This department has become increasingly popular of late, and some very excellent work is being done. The men who have set up for themselves send us every week large crates of baskets to be disposed of, and in the majority of cases their work is as satisfactory as we expect it to be. The demand for all kinds of willow work is increasing, and for the moment we find that the cane work is, if anything, less attractive to the public. We hope that readers of the REVIEW will send along any friends who are in need of basket work.



Several new designs in finished cane baskets have lately been produced. Corporal McIntosh is very ingenious in new shapes. "Wee Jock" produces a fresh variety in practically every batch that he sends up. Needless to say, it is better to produce a variety of shapes than to stick too continually to just a few.

There has been great activity in the Joinery Section throughout the month. The Poultry and Basket Shops have been needing benches, everybody appears to have two or three pictures to be framed, and orders have come in for hanging cupboards, meat safes, boxes, packing cases, and, in fact, almost everything one can think of. The result is that all the joiners have been hard at work both morning and afternoon, and the output, although big, has been well maintained at the highest efficiency. Sergeant Shields has been made pupil

teacher owing to the increase in the number of learners.

Captain Pauly came to see his old friends in the Workshop one day last month. He was looking extremely well. His joinery work, which he picked up with us, is giving him a good deal of pleasure, and he expressed special thanks to the carpentry instructors for all they had done in the way of helping him.

One of the best oak-trays ever yet turned out was made by Harriss I. It was a beautiful piece of work, and it was immediately purchased by a lady who saw the finishing touches put to it and waited while the handles were affixed. Harriss wishes it to be known that he was largely indebted to Sergeant Shields for putting him in the right way of doing such excellent work.

## Our Sergeant-Major

IN the motley ranks of Kitchener's Army there were many ludicrous personalities. Our company sergeant-major was one of these. He had been some time previously with the Regulars in India, an item which he never forgot to impress upon us; until I began to think that there was, after all, some special virtue in having been to India. He arrived in the early days when we were a rabble, rather than a unit, and lost no time in impressing upon us what a ragtime lot of soldiers we were. He had all the biting sarcasm of an old-time sergeant. When on parade, he told us to hold our heads up, and not be ashamed of our past lives, which, he said, were all forgotten when we joined the Army. If for an instant we glanced down at the stubbly ground, he would

inform us that he himself had been round the parade-ground before reveille for all stray "tanners." In short, he was almost a hero. The only thing that was incongruous with this idea was his appearance and the rumours that subsequently were circulated concerning him. He was small to the extreme, and strutted about like a turkey-cock, as though the whole world belonged to him. He was inclined to have a bow left leg, and the right leg caved in at the knee as though it did not wish to claim its fellowship with the other. Malevolent persons said this was through carrying a milk-can continuously, in civilian life; but I cannot vouch for the truth of this. Anyway, he was nicknamed "Milky," and on more important occasions "Milky Way."

Certainly, his physiognomy was somewhat lactic. His hair was white and greasy; in fact, very milky in texture. His moustache was likewise white, and seemed at some time to have been irreparably frozen, and never to have thawed again. It was so very stiff, and started out in all directions, as though afraid of the rest of his face. His eyes were shifty, and he was always glancing from side to side, as though on the *qui-vive* for a potential customer.

His voice was not the usual stentorian one, but somewhat "cracked i' the ring," and very strident. Moreover, his words of command were vague, and lost in volume, as is usual with street-criers. But this again may only have been coincidence.

To the officers he was unusually subservient; and woe betide the defaulter who tried to improvise a defence against his indictment. He had a keener sense of justice than Judge Jeffries.

When we reached the front his bearing completely changed. He was by turns forbearing and arrogant, according as we happened to be in or out of the trenches. In the trenches he wore a hang-dog, worried look, but it was amusing to see his breast gradually swell as we put distance between ourselves and the line.

In the line he kept up his spirits by frequent recourse to the rum. A

sergeant-major has so many more cares than the ordinary commonplace soldier, and therefore is entitled to more potatoes to support him. I have only one piece of evidence that gives colour to these imputations against his sobriety. One day he came down the trench with a curious magpie effect of black and white in his visage. His detractors said that he had fallen into a drunken sleep, and had pillowed his face on a soot-covered dixie.

In summer time he believed that the flies swarming round his head betrayed him to the German snipers, whose prime objective was naturally sergeant-majors. He used literally to crawl up the trench, as every corner to him was infested with snipers. The men used frequently to remind him of these perils, and he practised caution accordingly, for a sergeant-major is a very valuable person and should not unwarrantably risk his life. The night before he left us for ever he commanded the company to stand-to against an impending gas attack. We fired about two hundred rounds apiece, and it proved to be merely a fog.

His exit, I am sorry to say, was rather inglorious. He went sick the next day with toothache, and was ordered back to base duty. There I still see him in my mind's eye. He will knock thousands of men into the shape of soldiers, yet never become one himself. —P. S. Summer.

## A Parody

*Air: "The Tarpaulin Jacket."*

Have you seen Bob? He's our boatman,  
He takes us all out on the lake;  
When other scullers see us coming,  
They tremble with fear and they shake.

We are the Boys of St. Dunstan's,  
We whistle, we sing, and we shout,  
When we hear all the visitors coming,  
To take all the brave heroes out.

We get on our knicks and our sweaters,  
The coxswains, then show us the way,  
We feel just so gay and so happy;  
And we beat all that come down our way.

We get aroused up every morning,  
To go on this boating, you see,  
But as all the clocks have been altered,  
It seems a big puzzle to me.

—W. H. Collins.





## How I Won My Lizzie

I used to go courtin' my Lizzie  
 In the days when there wasn't no war;  
 When people were happy and busy  
 With things that they don't do no  
 more.

We used to walk out, then, together,  
 My Lizzie and me, arm in arm,  
 We didn't care much 'bout the weather—  
 I bet I could keep her quite warm!

We fell out one day, she and I did,  
 The reason would cause you surprise.  
 "I can't marry you," she confided,  
 "'Cause you 'aven't a pair of blue  
 eyes."

"My 'usband," she sez, "must have  
 blue eyes."  
 Sez I with a horrible frown,  
 "Since I can't get myself any new  
 eyes,  
 You'll 'ave to put up with the brown."

But she wouldn't—the obstinate 'ussy!  
 "Very well, miss," I sez, "Then we  
 part."  
 And because I don't like bein' fussy  
 I won't tell you the state of me 'cart.

## A Point o' View

You wish to know my notions  
 On sartin pints that rile the land,  
 There's nothin' that I so much shuns  
 Ez bein' mum or underhand.  
 I'm a straight-spoken kind o' creetur  
 Thet blurts out wot's in his head,  
 An' ef I've one peculiar feature  
 It is a nose thet won't be led.

So to begin at the beginnin',  
 An' come directly to the point,  
 I think the country's underpinnin'—  
 Is considerably out of joint.  
 I ain't going to try your patience  
 By sayin' who done this or that,  
 I don't make no insinooations,  
 I jest let on I smell a rat.

When the war came I took the King's  
 shillin',  
 And soon I was dressed in khaki.  
 I'm sure I was ready and willin',  
 Didn't care much what 'appened to me.

Well, I got to the Front—fought at  
 Wipers,  
 It really was rather a lark,  
 But it landed me, thanks to the snipers,  
 At St. Dunstan's, in Regent's Park.

"What colour," they sez, "were your  
 eyes then?  
 We'll get you the same as you've lost."  
 "A beautiful blue," I replies then—  
 You bet that my fingers were crossed.

Then I gets them to write to my Lizzie,  
 "Would you come and visit me still?  
 That is, if you ain't much too busy—  
 Your always devoted friend, Bill."

God bless 'er, she wasn't too busy.  
 "What 'ave you done, William?" she  
 cries.  
 "I've been to the Front," I sez,  
 "Lizzie,  
 To get you a pair of blue eyes."

As fer war, some call it murder;  
 There you have it plain an' flat;  
 I don't want to go no furdur  
 Than my Testyment fer that.  
 God hez said so plump an' fairly  
 A wink's as good as any nod,  
 An' you've got to git up airy,  
 Ef you want to take in God.

Ain't it cute to see a Germ-Hun  
 Take such everlastin' pains,  
 All to git the Devil's thank-you,  
 Helpin' on 'em with their chains?  
 Wy it's jest ez clear ez figgers—  
 Clear ez one an' one make two—  
 Huns thet make black slaves o' niggers  
 Want to make white slaves o' you.

—L. Havens.



## The Limerick Competition

THE October Competition which Miss  
 Critten organised resulted in some  
 amusing and clever attempts.  
 The first Limerick was as follows:  
 "At St. Dunstan's, that Home in the  
 Park,  
 Live the boys who are making their  
 mark.  
 They're the merriest folk,  
 And can all see a joke——"

The first prize (a watch-chain) was  
 awarded to H. Hulme for his final line—  
 "I think it's a second Noah's Ark."

The second prize (a tie-pin and stud)  
 was won by Mr. H. Turner for—  
 "And their bite is much worse than their  
 bark."

The second Limerick was:  
 "Said the poet I suffer no pam,  
 But acute intellectual stram;  
 This last line I'll write  
 If it takes me all night ——"

H. Hulme's last line was—  
 "And then I shall miss the last train."  
 While H. Turner's last line was—  
 "Now the doctors are scraping his  
 brain."

Other prizes were awarded to Sergeant  
 Curtiss-Wilson, Millar, Gardiner and  
 Cowan for other lines which were too

good not to be rewarded, but which did  
 not gain the first or second prizes.

Wilson's line was—  
 "May their star of hope never grow  
 dark."

Millar's—  
 "For it's there you'll find light in the  
 dark."

Gardiner's—  
 "And those searchlights start shining  
 again."

Cowan's—  
 "In thus trying to follow Mark Twain."

\* \* \*

Parodies on popular songs were sub-  
 mitted on Wednesday last, and some  
 very amusing skits were written by the  
 boys. Unfortunately, space does not  
 permit us to reproduce them; but we  
 must record that the first prize went to  
 Corporal McIntosh for his parody on "A  
 Little Bit of Heaven," and the second  
 and third prizes were tied for by Messrs.  
 Gardiner and Harris Turner. An extra  
 fourth prize was awarded to R. Vine.  
 Miss Critten was greatly pleased with the  
 results, and considered that the prize-  
 winning verses were worthy of publica-  
 tion anywhere. We shall try to find room  
 for them next month.

☞ ☞ ☞

## The New Bean

By A. B. H.

JACK JONES is an old St. Dunstan's  
 man. He lives in a tiny village,  
 the silence and quietness of which  
 seem as far away from such a tragedy  
 as war as the "Mouse Trap" Ward  
 seems from the lounge to a man just up  
 from St. Mark's. And yet, this village  
 has its Great War "relic"—and a very

curious relic it is, too—of one of the  
 great battles of history. It isn't a relic  
 of iron, nor yet a German helmet, nor  
 yet a bomb. It isn't anything like that.  
 It's just a bean—a simple bean—and I  
 dare say it is as easy to boil as any other  
 bean, and just as tasteless if you don't  
 put a bit of butter with it.





I came across it thus. I am an "Expert"—one of those men who are always learning and always teaching, and nobody dares contradict, because what I am begins with a capital letter and defies argument. And the little village where Jack Jones lives taught me one of my latest lessons. I thought I knew all there was to know about beans. I thought I could write a history of beans, if I could get anybody to read it. I imagined that, as it were, I could, like the French King, cry "Un haricot?—c'est moi!" Alas! I am wiser now.

I was visiting Jones, and airing my knowledge of the "bean world," when he suddenly turned to me and said, "You see those beans over there?" I turned my "expert" gaze in the direction indicated. "Yes," I answered, "I see those beans. They are——" "They're *NOT*," answered Jones, quickly. "And I bet you can't tell me what kind of beans they are either." It was a challenge. I tried to look wise. I tried to look modest, too, because I *KNEW* what kind of beans they were. I paused, determined to appear impressive. But before I could inform my friend, he had alas! informed me.

"They're the La Bassée bean!" cried Jones, triumphantly.

"They're *WHAT*?" I asked, mystified.

"La Bassée!"

"I never heard of such a bean!" I cried.

"No," Jones replied. "I don't suppose you ever did. I don't suppose anybody has ever heard of that kind of bean before. But they're La Bassée beans nevertheless."

"How do you make that out?" I asked.

"Well, it was like this," Jones explained. "I was in a farmhouse on the same day as the Neuve Chapelle Battle, close to the La Bassée Canal. Well, I found these beans, and I 'pinched' a few. I put them in the pockets of my tunic, and when I was wounded and sent home, there were these beans in my pocket all the time. So my wife and I, we planted them in the garden. And there they are, as fine a lot of beans as ever grew in England. We call 'em the La Bassée bean—and there isn't a better name for 'em, is there?"

I don't think there is, and I said so.

So La Bassée beans they will always remain.

And that's the relic which this sleepy little village has of the Great War. A bean—just a row of healthy beans! Well, they're better than a bomb, I don't care what anyone says.



## A Royal Visitor

SOMETHING in the nature of a surprise—a pleasant surprise—visit was paid us by Amélie, Queen of Portugal, early in the month. Her Majesty was accompanied by some members of her staff, and took the keenest interest in all that was going on. She

visited every department, and spoke to nearly everybody, presenting packets of cigarettes personally to each man. She was greatly interested in the Braille and typewriting, and laughed heartily at the singing that was in progress in the Workshop as she entered. She discussed the



various trades with both learners and instructors, and was much attracted by the boot repairing, spending an appreciable time in this department. It was not until she had nearly finished her round that she suddenly observed the notice requesting visitors not to talk to the workers.

Then, like Queen Alexandra on a notable occasion, she immediately took herself to task with much amusement, and checked herself archly at the conclusion of each conversation. Her Majesty made quite a prolonged stay, and earned golden opinions from all of the boys.



## The Geluk's Fight

List, friends! and a soldier's story  
In verse to you I'll tell;  
A story of an ambuscade  
Where "King's men fought and fell."

Their names are now enshrined in fame  
Where names do never fade,  
With soldiers, who, when duty called,  
Our prestige died to save.

With "Buller" we had crossed the  
"Vaal,"  
Pursuing "Botha," North  
(A brave intrepid warrior,  
Whose men like tigers fought).

O'er mountain ridge, and rugged kop,  
With men alert and calm,  
On, on, we went at last to reach  
"That Hell! called Geluk's Farm."

Our firing line at this point lay  
And met the deadly fire  
Of Dutchmen who were ten to one,  
Positioned like a tower.

With shrapnel they raked our line;  
Explosives rent the air;  
Big guns belched forth their deathknell  
toll,  
In conflict fierce to share,

The ground was swept with rifle shot  
Like hailstones in a storm,  
And faster fell our rank and file,  
Pronouncing hope forlorn.

Though few men left the order came,  
A daring rush was made;  
With bayonets fixed the foe were  
charged,  
Who truly were dismayed.

That last, last scene of battle's strife  
In memory lives with me,  
For fate decreed that day henceforth  
"In darkness I should be!"

A sting, a snap, in turn I fell,  
My share of wounds were four;  
Five days elapse, I wake, alas!  
"The light to see no more."

Though few returned from that grim  
field,  
Yet, King's men proud were we,  
Of many laurels bravely won,  
E'en to the bronze "V.C."

W. JOHNSTON

(Who was wounded in the Boer War).





## Newcomers in October

Arneil, Private J. ....	2nd New Zealand Rifle Brigade.
Artingshall, Sergeant B. ....	1/9 Manchesters.
Ballantyne, Dr. J. ....	A.S.C.
Blackett, Private W. A. ....	6th A.I.F.
Bond, Private F. V. ....	3rd Somersets.
Bradshaw, Gunner J. ....	R.F.A.
Burge, John ....	S.S. Englishman.
Caldwell, Private A. ....	1st Royal Fusiliers.
Chaplin, Private R. ....	1st South Wales Borderers.
Chapman, Lance-Corporal G. ....	1st North Hants.
Chilton, Private A. ....	10th Yorks and Lanes.
Conlin, Sergeant P. ....	4th King's Liverpools.
Cook, Rifleman A. ....	4/7th Rifle Brigade.
Crow, Lance-Corporal G. ....	2nd Royal Scots.
Curnow, Private J. ....	6th D.C.L.I.
Duff, Private J. ....	9th Black Watch.
Dunwoodie, Private G. ....	12th Northumberland Fusiliers.
Exhall, Private H. R. ....	8th Buffs.
Flint, Gunner R. A. ....	R.F.A.
Gilhooley, Private F. ....	17th Royal Scots.
Hague, Rifleman H. ....	9th K.R.R.
Harper, Private A. ....	11th H.L.I.
Johnson, Private F. ....	9th Northumberland Fusiliers.
Jones, Private G. E. ....	7th Gloucesters.
Joyce, Private J. ....	6th Connaught Rangers.
McAndrew, Private J. ....	1st Scottish Rifles.
Megson, Private W. ....	11th East Yorks.
Milner, Private T. ....	18th King's Liverpools.
Mitchell, Sergeant J. ....	2nd Seaforth Highlanders.
Murphy, Private T. W. ....	21st Northumberland Fusiliers.
Murray, Pte. W. ....	8th Black Watch.
Nichols, Lance-Corporal W. ....	3rd Coldstream Guards.
Owen, Private W. ....	9th Royal Welsh Fusiliers.
Palmer, Private H. ....	2nd Q.R.W. Surreys.
Pitt, Private G. ....	R.F.A.
Rickard, Private G. ....	2/1 Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry.
Rodgers, Lance-Corporal A. C. ....	Royal Engineers.
Spencer, Sergeant H. ....	1st Bedfords
Stew, Drummer F. ....	8th Gloucesters.
Turner, Private H. ....	P.P.C.L.I.
Tyrrell, Private J. ....	1st Irish Guards.
Walker, Corporal W. ....	11th Rifle Brigade.
Wilding, Private S. ....	13th Cheshires.



## Ode to the Missing Radiator

Thou who the entrance to the ward stood  
watching,  
And let no one go by without him noteh-  
ing,

Mute monument to some great builder's  
botching,  
Where art thou?

Thou who when I went prowling in my  
"nighty"

Rose up and with a well-placed swat al-  
mighty!

Caved in my ribs, and sent me back to  
Blighty!

Where art thou?

Tell me, did some poor victim rise and  
slay thee?

To go away did someone timid pay thee,  
Or did the Matron purposely mislay thee,

Eh, Radiator? —H.T.



## Old Boys' Addresses

Adams, G., Hale House, Hale, Nr. Liverpool.  
Alexander, E., 65, Canning Rd., Highbury.  
Alcock, R., 6, Bank Rd., Ipswich.  
Allen, W., 53, Lord St., Leigh.  
Arnold, A., 41, Wycliffe Rd., Wimbledon.  
Barley, J., 44, Dale St., Crosby, Seunthorpe,  
Lincs.  
Batchelor, J., 15, Tooting Gr., Tooting.  
Bates, E., 17a, Prince of Wales Rd., Battersea.  
Bell, J., The Oaks, Ewhurst, Surrey.  
Brundrett, P., 7, Maurice St., Pendlebury.  
Berry, W. J., 19, Disraeli St., Crumlin Rd.,  
Belfast.  
Biggadyke, R., 41, Tower St., Boston.  
Bocking, A. J., 22, Siddall St., Oldham.  
Bolton, C. E., 7, Broughton Cottages, Otford,  
Kent.  
Boswell, E., 8 Parker's Yard, Church St.,  
Gainsborough, Lincs.  
Bowers, W. J., 24, Lenelly Rd., Surbiton.  
Braithwaite, F. G., 1, Chestnut Rd., Guildford.  
Brown, J. R., 11, Mount St., Nuneaton.  
Brown, G., Greenside, Ewhurst, Surrey.  
Brown, J., Warren Hall, Spout Lane, Brenchley,  
Kent.  
Brown, P., 2, Argyle Rd., N. Kensington.  
Carnell, W. C., Kiln Cottage, South Molton  
Rd., Bampton, Devon.

O, thou who used to greet me each fresh  
morn,  
And jump with joy upon my tenderest  
corn,  
On whom my Sunday shirt I oft have  
torn!

Where art thou?

Thou who so carefully didst guard the  
slope,

Dost thou remember how thou knocked  
the soap

From out my hand and made me for it  
grope?

Eh, Radiator?

Catlow, S., 62, Bradshaw St., Nelson, Lanes.  
Chammiss, F., 239, High Rd., Willesden Green,  
N.W.  
Chappel, F., Prince of Wales Cottage, Parson-  
age Lane, Enfield.  
Clarke, E., High St., Edwinstowe.  
Clarke, W. W., 94, Iderton Rd., Bermondsey,  
S.E.  
Colle, M., 120, Dawes Rd., Walham Green, W.  
Coles, G. B., Beckingham, Notts.  
Colville, H., Culross, Lancaster Av., Hadley  
Wood.  
Cooper, T. S., 42, Chestnut Av., Queen's Rd.,  
Hull.  
Cromwell, W., Blackfriars Inn, Gloucester.  
Daumont, O., Maida Vale, W.  
Davis, C., 89, Kingsland Rd., St. Phillips,  
Bristol.  
Davis, G., Rose Villa, Great Burstead.  
Dennis, T., 171, Chichester Rd., Northend,  
Portsmouth.  
Delvin, S., 61, Tontine St., St. Helens, Lanes.  
Drummond, T. P., c/o Mr. Debeer, 18, High  
St., Hull.  
Duxbury, W., 2, Holly Bank Cottages, Ashley  
Lane, Mostyn Lane, Manchester.  
Eaton, T., 40, Wenning St., Nelson, Lanes.  
Edmund, W. E., West Barn, Dunbar, N.B.





- Elborn, H., 23, Manaton Rd., Peckham, S.E.  
 Evans, A., 1, Carlisle Pl., Newport Mon.  
 Featherstone, P., Uplands Cottage, Ferriby, E. Yorks.  
 Fleetwood, F., Sun Mount, Emily Rd., Tatsfield.  
 Flett, H., 39, Woodview Rd., Golders Green.  
 Foster, F., 40, Exeter St., Plymouth.  
 Foxon, W. F., 13, Stronsa Rd., Shepherd's Bush  
 Gordon, W., 365, Featherstone Rd., Oldham  
 Groves, T. W., 48, Claremont Terr., Fleetwood, Lancs.  
 Hallam, W. J., St. Dunstan's, Garden City, Sandiacre.  
 Hall, A. W., 150, High St., Sydenham.  
 Halls, W. C., 42, Upper Jackson St., Hulme, Manchester  
 Harker, A., Blennerhasset, Aspatria, Cumberland.  
 Hill, H. E., 212, Upper Empress Rd., Bevis Valey, Southampton.  
 Hills, C., Post Office, Wagga Wagga, New South Wales, Australia.  
 Holden, J., 1a, Boebuck St., West Bromwich.  
 Holmes, A., Elm Tree Cottage, Askwith, Nr. Otley, Yorks.  
 Horsnell, W., North Field, Somerton, Somerset.  
 Hudson, H., c/o Mrs. Trescott, Alexandra St., Hunters Hill, Sydney, N.S.W.  
 Hurst, H., The Myres, Great Longstone, Derbyshire.  
 Hutchinson, 64, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.  
 Johnson E., 7, Elsenham Rd., Grimsby.  
 Kerr, J. W., 180, Widnes Rd., Widnes, Lancs.  
 Kirby, W., The Hydro, Middleton Rd. Camp, Heaton Pk., Manchester.  
 Kirkby, W., 147, Wellington St., Millom, Cumberland.  
 Kitchen, F., 79, Georges St., Hyde, Cheshire.  
 Knight, C., Wiggaton, Ottery St. Mary, Devons.  
 Lane, M., 1a, Ebeza Bldgs., Islington, N.  
 Lath, J. T., 19, Channing St., Sheffield.  
 Law, A., 5, Windmill Rd., Wandsworth Common S.W.  
 Lawlor, G., 4, Terrace Gar., St. Alban's Rd., Watford.  
 Letch, S. J., Hatfield Peveril, Essex.  
 Lilley, G., Cherry Tree Farm, Unsworth.  
 Lingard, W., 6, Sunnyside Cottages, Writtle.  
 Lynch, D., 4, Mayfield, Cork City.  
 Makin, D., 55, Thames St. East, Wallsend-on-Tyne.  
 Matthews, C. W., 83, Belmont Rd., Maidenhead.  
 Mayell, B., 115, Hampton Rd., Hampton Hill, S.W.  
 Millward, T., 1, Wentworth Terrace, off York Rd., Leeds.  
 Moon, J., 1, Military Rd., Cork.  
 Moore, J., 75, Faraday St., Walworth, S.E.  
 Melling, D., 22, Powell St., Clayton, Manchester.  
 McCarthy, P., 29, Kickham St., Clonmel.  
 McCarthy, D., 71a, Clarendon Rd., Notting Hill, W.  
 McCarthy, W. F., 1, Lutterworth Rd., Attleborough, Nuneaton.  
 McDonald, N., 108, Glebe St., Townhead, Glasgow.  
 McNally, G., 5, Tyson St., Pendleton.  
 Milligan, T., The Hydro, Middleton Rd. Camp, Heaton Pk., Manchester.  
 Nolan, J., Quarry Farm, Gwysaney, Mold, Flintshire.  
 Orrell, J., 27, Wigan Rd., New Spring, Wigan.  
 Orvis, A. R., 142, Blythe Rd., Hammersmith, W.  
 Owen, D., Tyn-y-frith, Llanellan, Colwyn Bay.  
 Owens, J., 8, Kilnholm St., Newmilns, Ayr.  
 Patston, A. H., c/o Mr. Parry, Oxmead, Ewhurst, Surrey.  
 Payne, G. E., 77, Queensland Rd., Holloway, N.  
 Pettit, W., 124, Pinner Rd., Harrow.  
 Rutter, J., 13, Clark St., Smith St., Salford, Manchester.  
 Roberts, J., 1, Campbell Ter., Southend-on-Sea.  
 Saxon, J., The Cottage, Chapelfield, Radcliffe.  
 Spinks, J., 50, Stockport Rd., Ashton-under-Lyne.  
 Spiers, C., 3, Bliss Court, Broad St., Oxford.  
 Sheppard, C., 141, Shear Cross, Crockerton, Warminster.  
 Street, J., 37, Bewdley St., Evesham.  
 Spry, R., 53, Townshend Road, N.W.  
 Sewell, C. (same as Milligan).  
 Stanners, R., 70, Desborough Rd., High Wycombe.  
 Shaw, R., 9, Arundel St., Burnley, Lancs.  
 Steel, J., 799, Springburne Rd., Glasgow.  
 Sweeting, R., 7, Wilkinson St., Oldham, Rochdale.  
 Swingler, E., c/o Mrs. Harrison, 8, Station Terrace, George St., South Retford, Notts.  
 Taylor, G., 46, Coare St., Macclesfield.  
 Thorpe T., 14, James St., Darwen, Lancs.  
 Temperton, C., 12, Spyvee St., Hull.  
 Verbrugge, Camille, c/o Mrs. Johnston, Bignor Pk., Pulborough.  
 Wall, T., 43, Winscott Rd., Eastney, Portsmouth.  
 Watt, W., 20, Patons Lane, Montrose, N.B.  
 Wenlock, R., The Causeway, Peasenhall, Suffolk.  
 White, T. H., 26, Durham St., Albert Park, Victoria.  
 Williams, A., Cae Gwyn, Michaelstown Fewd, Cardiff.  
 Woollen, Albert (same as Milligan).  
 Wright, R. F., 5, Hopper's Rd., Palmer's Green, N.

# St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

Editor - - - William Girling

Contributors - The Staff and the Boys

ST. DUNSTAN'S MOTTO:

"What the eye doesn't see, the heart doesn't grieve about."

No. 6.

December, 1916



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# St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

No. 6.—NEW SERIES.

DECEMBER, 1916.

PRICE 6d.

## Editorial Notes

**T**HIS number completes our first six months, and I desire to say that I am as surprised as I am pleased at the success of our Magazine. We have now over 130 subscribers on our list who have paid for the REVIEW to be sent to them regularly by post, and we have made a small profit on each issue. At the end of this number you will find a subscription form, if any readers wish to avail themselves of it.

It has been my aim to make the Magazine self-supporting, so that it should not be in any way a tax on our funds, and next month I hope to be able to state the exact sum that we can hand over as our contribution towards the support of St. Dunstan's Hostel.

I want to thank all those old boys who, in response to my remarks last month, have sent me letters of appreciation of the REVIEW and expressive of the pleasure they derive from reading about the things that are happening to us here. They evince the greatest interest in our doings, and show how glad they are to keep in touch with St. Dunstan's in their new homes.

I want everyone who is connected in the present or in the past with Sir Arthur Pearson's Hostel for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors to remember that I want to hear from them constantly as to how they are getting on and what they are doing. The more often they write to me the more I shall be gratified. Any letters which are intended to be useful to the Magazine should reach me not later than the 20th of each month. The least thing that happens to any of our boys, old or new, will interest the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW.

I hear that some of the subscribers, owing to the conditions of the post, do not always receive their Magazines. They are all posted from here not later than the 3rd of the month, so that they should be received on the 5th at latest. Anyone who does not receive his copy by the morning of the 5th should write to me at once.

All that I have to do now is to wish you a happy Christmas holiday and the best of good luck throughout the coming year.

THE EDITOR.





## Notes by the Chief

**D**URING the last month I have had several very interesting letters from Colonial St. Dunstanners. Lieutenant Baker, who, I think, taking him all round, adapted himself to his new conditions with greater speed and adeptness than any other officer, non-commissioned officer, or private soldier who has been with us, has since his return to Canada been given an important appointment on the staff of the Hydro-Electric Power Company. This is one of the biggest concerns in Canada, and its business is the manufacture of electricity from power derived from the great Niagara Waterfall and the distribution of this electricity over a wide area. Sir Adam Beck, who is president of the company, said many complimentary things in public of the wonderful way in which Lieutenant Baker had adapted himself to his new conditions, and predicted for him a brilliant future in the service of the Hydro-Electric Power Company.

Sergeant Woods, who has returned to New Zealand, to practise there the art of massage which he learnt with us, sent me a most interesting letter, telling of his experiences on his voyage out on a hospital ship. He had twelve regular patients to treat during the voyage, and was highly complimented by the medical officer in charge for the improvement which he effected in their condition.

Hills writes from Australia, saying that those who have to do with blind folk there have never heard of poultry farming as an occupation for blind men, and have done all they could to dissuade him from going in for it. Hills, however, says that he is not going to allow himself to be discouraged, and intends to utilise the poultry instruction he gained here. He proposes to spend a few weeks at an Australian poultry farm in order to

familiarise himself with any alteration in method which the difference of climate and other considerations may make necessary.

Hills tells me a very gloomy story of seven blinded Australians who have returned to either Victoria or South Australia and who do not care to enter the blind institutions there. He says he has never met seven more miserable men. These are men of whom I told you last month as having been sent direct to Australia without being given the chance of entering St. Dunstan's. He tells a brighter story of some others who have entered the admirably conducted Institute for the Blind at Sydney in New South Wales. But these, he says, are quite different to the men of St. Dunstan's, adding, "I often shudder when I think of how near I was to missing St. Dunstan's, and I shall never be tired of singing its praises wherever I am." The Sydney Institute for the Blind is one of the very best in the world; but as I am never tired of stating, St. Dunstan's is not an institution for the blind in the ordinary sense of the term. It is a special place, specially planned for very special circumstances, and those in control of blind institutions throughout the kingdom cheerfully admit that fellows who lose their sight at the Front have much better opportunities and a much better time here than they could possibly have at any ordinary institution for the blind.

Several people have spoken to me about the last month's note in which I wrote of "handicap versus affliction." I dare say that you may be interested to hear of an experience in this matter which I had nearly a twelvemonth ago. I was visiting a very large school for blind children in the North of England. Its pupils number over two hundred,



and it is quite a model school of its kind. The children were all collected in a large hall and sang some songs very charmingly. Then the chairman asked me if I would say a few words to them, and on my consenting introduced me in a little speech, in which he referred to the children as "these afflicted little ones," and to me as "sharing their affliction."

When my turn came I began my remarks by saying, "Now children, I am going to ask your chairman as a personal favour to me, and as a memento of my visit here to-day, to promise never to mention that beastly word affliction when speaking of or to a blind person again."

Those two hundred little blind children clapped and shouted and stamped, and in spite of their teachers blowing whistles and running about among them with cries for silence, they continued the uproar for several minutes. The chairman was very much upset. He quite broke down, and said that in all the thirty years during which he had worked for blind people he had never realised how he and others had unwittingly hurt their feelings. He added that he should make it his special business to see that there was as little as possible said about blind people being afflicted at this particular school in future, and I am quite sure that those conducting it will find the children respond in a remarkable manner to treatment which places them on a level with other human beings.

Last month I said something about the activities of the party of blind musicians who are touring the country for the benefit of St. Dunstan's. They recently gave a performance at Aldershot, and this is an extract from a letter received by Lady Pearson from Colonel Brooke, commanding the cavalry there: "Everyone thought your blind musicians quite excellent, and the regimental sergeant-major told me he had never known the soldiers so keen before. They

all said it was by far the most interesting concert given in Aldershot since the war began." The organisation of the tours of this concert party is no joke; something is always going wrong somewhere, and leading to elaborate rearrangements. Lady Pearson and her staff are kept very busy in securing the smooth running of the enterprise.

I daresay many of you have derived as much amusement as I have from the wonder expressed by people who perceive in our accomplishment of quite simple things something almost miraculous. An interesting instance of this came my way the other day. I often go for a trot to the top of Portland Place and back before breakfast. There are three side streets to be crossed, and the other morning just as I was nearing one of them I heard a cart approach. I slowed up, the cart stopped just in front of me, I walked round it and continued on my way. A few yards on a friend caught me up and said,

"By Jove! It was wonderful to see the way you avoided that cart. I made sure you were going to run into it."

"Why?" said I.

"Because of its unusual length," was the reply.

"Well now," said I, "think for a minute of what I had to do. When the cart stopped I knew that the horse was immediately in front of me, for I could hear him breathing. I smelt the coal, and therefore knew that the cart was a long one, so I made a good wide detour, and here I am."

"Wonderful!" he said. "You blind people really are marvels."

To which I replied, "We are nothing of the kind. We simply utilise senses which your possession of sight leads you to leave almost unused." And that, I am sure you will all agree with me, is all that there really is to most of the apparently wonderful things which fairly expert blind people can do.

—C. A. P.





## St. Dunstan's Gossip

HERE is a piece of good news for the rowing men. Mr. Johnson, the owner of the boats on the lake, has promised to get a couple of short four-oared rowing boats, so that we shall be able to get along with the St. Dunstan's Eight in two batches instead of four. Our thanks are due to Mr. Johnson for this and for all the help he has given us throughout the year.

Bedford College has come to our help again, and supplies a goodly number of lady coxswains on Wednesday and Friday morning. The great advantage of the College ladies is that they know what they are doing, and can be relied upon both to steer and to coach with a certain amount of aquatic knowledge. Miss Simpson is the captain of the Bedford College Rowing Club.

\* \* \*

The Tuesday dancing lessons are a great success. Miss Prescott, with her able assistant, Miss Kent, and helped by a number of good dancing ladies, is getting the men along splendidly. The lesson lasts from 8.30 p.m. to 9.30 p.m., and is all too short for the learners, although possibly quite long enough for the teachers. We are really badly in want of some extra instructors, as it is now necessary for the pupils to be taken in two lots, so that about half of them have to wait while the others go through their evolution. We should very much like to be able to have all the learners dancing at once, as it would be so much more interesting for them. Will any ladies be so good as to volunteer?

\* \* \*

Corporal Moore, one of our expert mat-makers, is an old boxing man, and he is ready to challenge any non-sighted

man of any weight to a boxing contest for a purse, the winner to hand the purse over for the benefit of St. Dunstan's. Are there any offers? It is only fair to say that Corporal Moore weighs a good fourteen-stone and is extremely hard; but, of course, we do not want to alarm unnecessarily any sporting taker.

\* \* \*

A little type-written magazine, "La Trentaine," which is prepared at the Contract Department of the War Office, has some very kindly reference to St. Dunstan's in its November issue. It asks for boot repairing work for us, having seen our note on the subject, and it is also encouraging the sale of "Mascot" pin-cushions, which are made by its contributors for our benefit. All the profits from the sale of the magazine—which is a very bright and amusing little production—are also devoted to us. Miss Dunford, the editor, must please receive our grateful thanks.

\* \* \*

It will be seen in the report of our debates that some of our men would like to practise tandem bicycle riding. If any readers care to help in this matter they will confer a favour upon us. The Outer Circle will provide quite a good running track.

\* \* \*

Physical drill, which is held on four mornings of the week in the Braille Room, is going very well. Corporal Payne gives the orders clearly and well, and is popular with the participants. There is a good muster of the hardy for tea at quarter to seven, and the exercises last about half an hour. There is to be a



Display on Tuesday, December 12th, at 5.30, in the new Lounge Hall, to which everyone who is interested is cordially invited. It will be remembered that these displays last winter proved very popular.

\* \* \*

Sergeant-Major Bell, who was so successful as drill instructor last year, is taking the greatest interest in our physical drill, and we are hoping that he will manage to be present on the occasion of the coming Show. Sir Arthur Pearson will, of course, be present, and will deliver prizes to the men who acquit themselves best at the various exercises. There will be a musical accompaniment provided by Mr. R. K. Huskinson.

\* \* \*

Lord Beresford and Sir Gilbert Parker paid St. Dunstan's a visit early in the month and took a very close interest in everything that was going on. Sir Gilbert bought a copy of the REVIEW, and Lord Beresford chatted with the naval men. We were all pleased with their quick grasp of the various trades and studies.

\* \* \*

Madame Alys Bateman has been giving a series of afternoon concerts at the Æolian Hall in New Bond Street in aid of St. Dunstan's, where some very talented artistes have been appearing. The last one will take place on Saturday, January 27th, 1917, at 3 o'clock.

\* \* \*

We have received the following letter from Miss Evers:—

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

If you can spare me a wee space in your magazine I should so like to thank all those whom I did not see again before I left St. Dunstan's, for the beautiful little clock they so kindly gave me. I shall always love to

have it as a "Reminder" of the many friends I was so sorry to leave. My "bit" at St. Dunstan's has been a very happy one for me.

I hear the two sisters who chose the clock, had great difficulty in parting with it, and I don't blame them! it is a *Beauty*.

With all good wishes and very warm thanks to everyone.

Yours very sincerely,

GLADYS H. EVERS.

\* \* \*

On November 1st an Exhibition and Sale of St. Dunstan's Work was held in Chesham. It was opened by Lady Susan Trueman, and a short account of the way in which the men were trained was given by the Hon. Superintendent of St. Dunstan's (Mr. Rose), and was listened to with close attention. Afterwards there was a tea and concert, and the net result of the afternoon was a cheque for some £30 for the benefit of the Hostel. The credit for this little enterprise is due to Miss A. M. Mead, who managed everything in the most capable way.

\* \* \*

The supper to the small band of regular early morning lady coxons on the 1st of last month was a cheery little affair. An excellent meal was provided by Canuto's, and Sir Arthur Pearson sent a personal present of a brooch to each of the gallant nine with his grateful acknowledgments of the services they had rendered.

\* \* \*

We wish to express our deep sympathy with Corporal Biggadyke, now living at Boston, in the loss of his infant son, who died from brain fever on November 10th.

\* \* \*

Miss Ommancey has placed her house at Blackheath (No. 40, The Terrace) at the disposal of Sir Arthur Pearson as a





rest-home for St. Dunstan's. There will be 40 beds available, and the men who need a little recuperation will benefit much from the breeze of the famous Heath, which is close to the house. Miss (Commandant) Ommaney will preside over the house, which should prove a valuable addition to our comfort.

\* \* \*

Mr. Howard-Jones gave his choir and St. Dunstan's generally a little treat on November 21st, in the shape of a sing-song in the Lounge. The Choir, which is progressing very well, headed the singing, and gave potent evidence of the service that Mr. Jones is rendering to those who desire to learn a little of the theory of music. Those who are in the Choir know how much it adds to the enjoyment of singing to be able to produce their voices properly.

\* \* \*

The College Annexe is nearing completion, and the men who are to reside there will find a charming matron in Miss Power and a delightful companion in Mr. R. K. Huskinson. It ought to be a very happy abode.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Cooke-Smith, one of the Braille teachers, is a breezy lady, who has hit upon the pleasant habit of taking three or four men for a sharp walk down the Outer Circle before lesson time. Anyone who has seen Mrs. Cooke-Smith and her companions marching along at four miles an hour, all of them bubbling with laughter and enjoyment, will realise how much this kind of simple extra pleasure is appreciated.

\* \* \*

Miss Flint tells us that in the typewriting room the following men have passed their test: Bliss, Turner, King,

Herriot, Harris, Sessman, Chamberlain, Purchase, Foster, Davis, Vine, Lloyd, Moulard, Osmond. They all did exceedingly well.

\* \* \*

Richard Vine is learning the telephone business in our own private exchange. He gets our numbers for us, switches them on and disconnects them under the guiding hand of the lady telephonist in charge. He is becoming expert very rapidly, which is creditable both to himself and his instructor.

\* \* \*

The Rev. David Griffiths, Chaplain to the National Institute for the Blind for Wales and Yorkshire, paid us a visit on November 17th. Mr. Griffiths is himself blind, but he examined the work with the greatest manual care, and expressed pleasure at its excellence.

\* \* \*

At a concert at the Chiswick Empire, given in aid of St. Dunstan's early in November, Lady Pearson, who was in charge, received a surprise visit from the Queen of Portugal, who expressed herself as charmed with the programme and the work.

\* \* \*

We are all glad to hear that Lady Pearson's concerts are making splendid progress, and should benefit our funds quite a lot in the course of the year. She has a party of ten touring the country, of whom six are blind, and each day they give a concert in a different town. The party enjoy the life, and the work not only gives employment to the blind musicians, but also a happy and interesting life. Many blind musicians of importance are constantly applying to Lady Pearson to be permitted to join the parties, and, of course, she does all that she can for them. Apparently the great joy to them is that they are helping others who are similarly handicapped.



As many of the men in St. Dunstan's would like to make suggestions in regard to various matters, such as small alterations or other things that may appear to them to need attention, it has been agreed to have a "Suggestion Box" fixed in the hall, into which written proposals may be dropped. Every such communication will receive careful consideration.

\* \* \*

At a concert given at Brighton, at the New Road School, on Saturday, November 4th, William Girling, the Editor of this Magazine, was called upon to explain to the audience all that was happening at our Hostel. He did this in an excellent little speech, emphasising what each one of its inmates owes to Sir Arthur Pearson, whom he compared to a great general, who had overcome the fight for the blinded men of the war, helping them over all obstacles and placing each man on his feet. It was an excellent little oration, and we are proud of our Editor.

\* \* \*

Matron has been busily presenting and procuring badges of the different regimental colours, which have been given to all the men at the Hostel. These badges have the colours on the front and the battalion and regiment on the back, and they are worn on the coat above the regimental badge itself. They present quite a gay appearance.

\* \* \*

We have not yet had any mention of the big concert given by Mr. George Robey at the Alhambra on Sunday, October 29th. Mr. Robey, as the result of this entertainment and his exertions beforehand, was enabled to hand over a big cheque for the benefit of St. Dunstan's. Mr. Robey must be classed as one of our very good friends.

On Saturday, November 18th, one hundred of our men were entertained at the Comedy Theatre by the invitation of Captain Arthur Elliott. The stalls were reserved at the matinée, and at the end of the show the boys showed their appreciation by three hearty cheers. The afternoon proved a very enjoyable treat to all those who were present.

\* \* \*

Mr. Robert Stuart has recently delivered a series of lectures to the officers at Portland Place on his method of memorising facts and figures and, incidentally, of names, telephone numbers, and many other things. In a very short time Mr. Stuart proved that long lists of names and dates could be memorised with ease, and the officers who followed the course and intend to adopt the system are grateful to him for the opportunity afforded them of becoming acquainted with a subject which, besides being interesting, must be useful in everyday life. Everyone is sorry that Mr. Stuart has had to return to America.

\* \* \*

The great Fancy Fair at the Savoy Hotel, held by the Emergency Voluntary Aid Committee of the Empress Club, will this year divide the proceeds between Queen Mary's Convalescent Auxiliary Hospital and St. Dunstan's. Lady Pearson will be in charge of the stall displaying the work that is done by us; and among others who are helping are the Duchess of Rutland, Lady Diana Manners, the Countess of Portarlington, the Countess of Drogheda, Lady Tree, Lady Lever, Lady Nairn, Mrs. Lipscombe, Mrs. M. James Burn, and Miss Lily Elsie. The Fair will be held on December 6th, 7th, and 8th, and the price of admission has been fixed at 5s., including tea and light refreshments.





At the Brighton Pavilion an Exhibition was held early in November, and Miss Pearson arranged a show of St. Dunstan's work. Several prizes were awarded to us, the first being for a 7s. 6d. oak tray, the second for a bookcase, and various others for baskets. The makers of the articles, of course, received the prizes, which were in money.

\* \* \*

On Thursday, November 30th (that is last night), the Metropolitan Special Constabulary gave an Amateur Boxing Tournament at the Ring, Blackfriars Road. The boxing began at 7 o'clock, and some excellent events took place. The profits from the Tournament are to be divided between St. Dunstan's and the Metropolitan and City Police Orphanage, and it is understood that both will benefit to a considerable degree.

## The St. Marylebone Fund

ON Monday, November 20th, a Carnival Ball was given at the Central Hall, Marylebone, in aid of the St. Marylebone Fund for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors. This was a wind-up to the various efforts made by the Mayor and the Committee for some time past to provide the necessary money to endow a new ward at St. Dunstan's. The Mayor, Mr. Fettes, in the course of the evening, made an interesting speech, explaining the work that had been done and the excellent efforts of everyone concerned, including Captain Harry Turner, Mr. Charles Pannell, Mr. P. O'Connell, and many others. In handing over the cheque for a large amount to the Hon. Superintendent of St. Dunstan's, he

The new chapel on the lawn is approaching completion, and our Hon. Chaplain, the Rev. E. N. Sharp, has arranged a Consecration Service to take place on Thursday, December 14th. The Bishop of London will officiate. The time for the service will be 4 o'clock, and it will be followed by the confirmation of several St. Dunstan's men.

\* \* \*

We have received a letter from Sir Frederick Milner thanking the Committee for the resolution that they passed in recognition of the good work that he has done on behalf of our disabled soldiers. Sir Frederick adds that he will be glad to become a subscriber to the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW, at which we are much gratified.

explained that this was only a first instalment and that more was to come. Mr. Rose, in reply, said how sorry Sir Arthur Pearson was not to be able to present himself, and that he sent his warmest thanks and congratulations to all concerned for their splendid work. He pointed out that the Hostel is now giving accommodation to 237 officers and men, 100 were in hospital awaiting admittance, and that 150 had had their education completed and were started in business for themselves and doing well. The Carnival Ball was evidently a great success, many pretty costumes being in evidence, and dancing was continued until 3 o'clock in the morning.



## Notes from the North

DURING the last month, with heavy rain falling incessantly, the country has been more or less under water; but the St. Dunstan's spirit has risen above it all, no one has grumbled, and the boys have been very cheerful.

W. Kirby is settling down happily at his home in Millom, Cumberland. T. W. Groves, at Fleetwood, is better in health than he was, though not strong yet, and is hoping to get on with his carpentry. J. W. Kerr, at Widnes, gets many mat orders, and hopes to be married before Christmas. T. Devlin, St. Helens, and J. Orrell, at Wigan, are both flourishing; while G. Adams has attained his heart's desire, and found a house quite in the country, two miles from a station, in a pretty neighbourhood, where he has several orders for work. R. Sweeting, at Rochdale, hopes to do well with mats. T. Thorpe, at Darwen, has just moved into a new house, where he is near his poultry, and is getting on well.

T. Eaton, at Nelson, and S. Catlow, who has been able to find a house in the same street, are busy with their fowls, and hoping for a good time later. G. Lilley, at Unsworth, is another hard worker, getting on well with his fowls. So is D. Melling, at Clayton, though he expects to find a better ground for his poultry after Christmas. W. C. Halls

Sister: "Why didn't you make your bed?"

Early Riser: "I did have it made, sister, but one of these new chaps mistook it for his necktie and tied a whole bunch of knots in it."

does very well with his boot repairs and mats, and has quite settled into his new shop. P. Brundrett has unfortunately had much sickness in his home, but hopes now that things are looking brighter to be able to go ahead with his mats again. G. McNally does well with bags, also T. Allan, at Leigh; while J. Rutter is also kept busy with boot repairs. J. Spinks, at Ashton, flourishes and does well with mats. W. Gordon, at Oldham, finds plenty of work.

A. J. Bocking has taken a nice house in Oldham, and by the time this is in print will have settled in with his wife. He has received many presents and congratulations. D. Makin, Wallsend-on-Tyne, has an ideal spot for his poultry, open to the sun and with a brook running at the foot of the slope; but, alas! water rats have found their way in, with sad results; otherwise he is well.

C. Temperton, Hull, hopes to take up telephony; and P. Featherstone is another fortunate individual, who has a delightful "cottage in the country," where he is sure to do well. J. T. Lath, at Sheffield, expects to get on better still when he moves into another house and shop, which he hopes to do soon. T. Milward, Leeds, is also 'settling in,' looking forward to plenty of work; and A. Holmes has moved back to Ilkley, where he hopes his fowls will do well.

—M. E. S.

By a regrettable oversight, the fact that Charles Warner Wise passed his typewriting test in July has not been recorded in these pages. The fact that there was no August issue may have had something to do with this omission.





## November Debates

THE first meeting of the month was devoted to a discussion on "What are the best Hobbies and Amusements for the Blind?" This was not a fresh subject, but as there are now so many new men with us, it was deemed a suitable time to renew it. Mr. R. F. Wright opened the debate, and it led to some very interesting suggestions and some excellent speeches. The chief point brought out that was at all novel was the desire for tandem-cycling. This cannot obviously be enjoyed unless there is a sighted partner, and we should be glad if any readers who can procure machines, and who are willing to help the men in this way, would let us know. There were many other suggestions, among the most likely being elocution, toy-making, detection of sound, physical culture, angling, music, canary breeding, and book-binding. It was quite evident with so many possible hobbies that there was no occasion for a blind man ever to have a moment's dulness.

On November 9th there was a very animated debate upon "Should Field Punishment No. 1 be Abolished?" This was opened by Sergeant Harris, who made a vigorous speech in favour of retention. Private Hindley, who admitted that he had undergone this punishment for a trivial offence, was keenly opposed to it; and excellent speeches, both for and against, were made by Messrs. Nicholas, McLean, Raylor, R. F. Wright, Vine, Collins, Sims, Johns (another victim), Marshall, and Harris Turner. It should be said here that Mr. Turner's remarks are always worth hearing. They are terse, witty, and to the point, and invariably help to lift the discussions. Our old friend Boteler enlivened the proceedings, to the delight of his listeners, and it is perhaps no exaggeration to say that no

speaker is listened to with greater appreciation. The result of the debate was a big majority in favour of the abolishment of this particular punishment, except where it may be an alternative to the death penalty.

At the third meeting of the month the subject was "Should all men on Active Service be given the Vote?" This was an interesting discussion and produced some good speeches. The Australian, Harry Green, opened the debate in a clear and lucid speech, and he was followed by Messrs. Curtiss-Wilson, Cope, Raylor, Jones, Harris, Collins, McLean, Girling, Vine, and Boteler. The level of the discussion was quite a high one, and the subject was dealt with on a broad and intelligent level, which was encouraging to everybody concerned in the promotion of the debate. The majority was in favour of votes being given, but there was a good minority, as the difficulties in the way of collecting such votes was fully recognised.

The last two debates of the month were upon "The Best Way of Getting the Men to Speak," and suggestions for an alternative penalty to Field Punishment No. 1. The former was opened by Private G. E. Jones and the latter by Sergeant-Major Cope. Both of them produced lively and interesting discussions.

### The Plague.

First Newcomer: "Say, Bill, what's this 'ere Brale?"

Second Newcomer: "Well, they give us a book as is taken bad with measles, and yer have to feel it all over and get it right."



## After-Care Notes

JACK ORRELL tells us that he is getting on very well with his boots and mat-making. He had orders for thirty mats in hand at the end of October, so, as he says, "You can see I have plenty of work to get on with."

\* \* \*

F. Fleetwood, who will be remembered for his excellent physical drilling and his ability in playing the bugle, has received an order to fit out two ships with mats. He is also doing well with string bags, but finds that his hens are not laying very well at present. This, however, is a common complaint at this season of the year, and is nothing to be surprised at.

\* \* \*

Thomas Thorpe, one of the tallest and biggest men that we have had, writes to the Editor that he finds plenty to do with his mats and poultry farming, and he is "thankful that he has learned such useful work." He has decided "to keep on smiling and make the very best of things." This is the right spirit—but we all do it at St. Dunstan's.

\* \* \*

The past month has been an eventful one in the After-Care Department. The large number of men going out to start life again under new conditions has necessitated a rearrangement of the work, with the result that the settlement of the men is now managed by Mr. H. D. Black. The After-Care Department work begins when the men are settled and is being carried on as before.

\* \* \*

The weather, too, has been an important feature in this month's work. On all sides the poultry farmers have suffered by it. From Lancashire one

writes: "We have had a terrible downfall of rain this last fortnight and have nearly been washed out. The poultry have been up to their necks in water, and I think by this time should have learned to swim." From Essex, where the weather culminated in a whirlwind, Letch writes: "As no doubt you have heard there have been some very bad gales down this way. About half-past two this morning it blew a terrible gale, and it has blown all my laying sheds to pieces, and I fear it has broken the best part of both of them and smashed some of the glass. It seemed to me as if there had been an earthquake or a Zeppelin raid." Lingard, who was really in the centre of the storm, came off more lightly, for he writes: "I have repaired all the damage done by the recent whirlwind," so I conclude he was not so badly hit. Some of our poultry farmers are turning their attention to keeping pigs and rabbits, and no doubt will make a good thing of it.

\* \* \*

In spite of all this Mr. J. Thomson-Brown, our expert visitor in poultry keeping, is able to report: "I have gone carefully over the poultry reports for October which have come in lately from those men I have already visited. I notice a number of the men complain of the bad state their ground is in owing to the recent heavy rains, but there seems to be a slight improvement in egg production. I have no doubt after we get floors fitted to the houses, and the men are able to confine their birds during wet and stormy weather, that there will be a further improvement all round. I am hurrying on with the floors."

\* \* \*

Yet it is an ill wind that blows no one good. From the boot repairers we hear





the welcome news that the recent heavy rains have increased orders. One writes: "The wet weather has brought in a pile of work."

The basket-makers have had no lack of work, and some of them are trying new shapes and models with success. Cheerful news has also been received

from Ireland. Our friend Moon, at Cork, writes: "I am getting orders rapidly, and I wish I had another pair of hands so as to be able to get through the work." This statement is borne out by a friend who lately visited him and found him hard at work. From Dublin also we hear that Goodison is kept busy with his netting.  
—T. H. M.

## Braille Room Notes.

LAST month proved an unusually busy one, and we were glad to welcome many newcomers to the Braille Room.

The Stainsby Wayne Braille typewriters are now being delivered, which will be good news for the old boys, who have been wanting them for some time. We have received forty this week, ten of which we must keep for use at St. Dunstan's to allow for the increasing number of Braillists; the other thirty are on their way to the men whose names are first on the list.

The girls of St. Pancras School, Lancing Street, have given us a delightful present of books, consisting of several copies of the following: "The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard," by Conan Doyle; "The Chronicles of Don Q," by K. and Hesketh Pritchard; "Adventures of Captain Kettle," by Cutcliffe Hyne; "Dr. Nikola," by Guy Boothby.

One of our men volunteered to type a letter to express our gratitude, and he has just received the following reply:—

OUR DEAR SOLDIER FRIENDS,

We have been so proud to be able to do one little thing more for our sailors and soldiers. You say you look on blindness as

a handicap. 'Tis good to know that it is always the best man who is most handicapped.

We just wish you and all the St. Dunstan's boys health and strength to go on in your new sphere of life.

Thanking you for what you have done for us.

We are, sincerely yours,  
ST. PANCRAS FRIENDS.

Four short stories are now being stereotyped in interlined Braille, and we hope they will be published by the time this appears in print. One is taken from the "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," and another from Hornung's "Stingaree." They will be half the ordinary book size (like the *Times* broadsheets), and I can recommend them as excellent companions for the Christmas holidays.

We congratulate the following men on having passed their tests:—

Reading Test.—Robinson, Crane, Hodkin, and Waldin.

Writing Test.—Smith ii., Toft, and Corporal King.

The following have sent in their papers, but have not yet heard the result: Gray, Crane, Robinson, Glew, and Sergeant Dennison.

—D. P.



## The Braille Writing Test.

"WELL, and are you prepared to take your writing test?" With these words the Braille teacher addresses her pupil, knowing too well that he has not the pluck to answer her "Nay."

Everything is accordingly settled, and on the fatal Monday morning the paper arrives, and amid much trembling on the part of both teacher and taught it is opened.

As a preliminary move the teacher slowly and deliberately reads through that terrible paper. Having gone through this performance, both settle down to "dot four W."

First there is the heading, which must be absolutely in the centre. After having wasted about a dozen sheets of paper on this heading and at last managing to get it right, both "carry on" to the script of the piece. Gaily the dots are knocked into the paper for about half a line, and the writer begins to pride himself that "It's not so bad after all." But what is that cry of

despair arising from behind a heap of waste paper? It is only the poor misguided youth seated before the dot-making machine dismally repeating to himself, like one possessed, "An I for an E," "An E for an I." Gamely he struggles on; rewriting for small slips, such as a missed space, or perhaps because he has introduced a letter of his own and is afterwards not satisfied that the examiners would like the look of it. It may seem foolish, but rewriting is essential in a Braille test. "I've had some, so I know," as our friend Sam sings.

At last, however, after having wasted about a hundredweight of paper, the terrible test is finished as far as the pupil is concerned. It is sent in, and the trembling fellow awaits the verdict of his Tribunal. Is it to be "Total Exemption" or "Braille on."

Oh, comrades! take the advice of one who has "had some." Take the Braille writing test as a writing test, and not as a wrist exercise.

Leslie King.

## Poultry Notes

WE have to correct an error made in these notes last month. It was stated that Mr. Edward Brown examined the poultry students in Artificial Incubation, and that the maximum of possible marks was fixed at thirty. This should have been twenty, so that Collins, who came out first with eighteen, was within two marks of the best possible. We regret the error, which we hasten to amend at the earliest opportunity.

A new poultry instructor having been found necessary owing to the ever-growing applicants, Mr. John Neville has been appointed as an assistant to Mr. John Playfoot.

Mr. Will Hooley, F.Z.S., the well-known poultry expert, judge, and journalist, gave a lecture on November 2nd to all the students. He proved a very interesting talker; but what was perhaps most appreciated was the permission that he gave to question him.





Many of the learners bombarded him with questions on all possible points, and from his ready and well-informed answers attained much information of the greatest service to them. It is the intention of Miss Lawrence and Mr. Playfoot to induce other experts to give lectures from time to time.

A first course Poultry Examination was held on November 9th and 10th by Mr. Clem Watson, the well-known poultry expert. He told us that most of the students evinced a keen interest in the work and seemed to have a good general idea of the subject, which reflected great credit upon the tuition. The maximum number of marks was 50, and the results were that Sergeant-Major Cope came out top with 49, while Captain Walker was second with 48. The third place was tied for by Johns and Colling with 43 each. The others were as follows: Sims and Murray 42 each, Cobble and Chamberlain 39, Moulard and McLean 36, Boyter 34, Shaw 28, Pell 27, Cole 25, and Hayes 24.

Mr. Watson also conducted examinations of sixteen of the advanced students on November 16th, 17th, and 18th. This went more deeply into questions such as artificial and natural hatching, artificial and natural rearing, preparation of table poultry, and so on. The results were regarded by him as most satisfactory.

The advanced class under Mr. Playfoot has been carefully studying the business side of poultry keeping, while Mr. Wale still discourses on incubators. Sergeant Jones assists both with instruction and general work on the farm. In fact the teaching is now conducted on lines which cover all branches with, we hope, completeness.

The joinery class has been busy as usual. They are responsible for the fine new duck-house, where the ducks are

now installed in great comfort; also for the dust bath boxes with which the St. Dunstan's hens are now equipped; and chicken runs have been constructed in preparation for extended chicken-rearing operations next spring. Many coops, feeding troughs, etc., have also been completed.

Mr. W. P. Cardew kindly presented a pair of Croad Langshans—handsome black birds with feathered legs. A gift of twelve pure and cross-bred faverolle pullets and a Rhode Island red cockerel was also received from Mrs. George Hicks.

The St. Dunstan's Farm has now acquired a fine pen of the popular Light Sussex, which rival the Columbian wyandottes. Besides the above first-class birds, the poultry farm also possesses one pen of Carn's noted white wyandottes and another of that well-known breeder's white leghorns.

On Friday afternoon, November 17th, a party of over twenty of the advanced poultry farmers visited Liverpool Street Station, where the Egg and Poultry Demonstration Train was on view after its tour through the Eastern Counties. Though arriving soon after 2 o'clock, the flight of steps leading down to the platform was already densely crowded, and one member of our party made the helpful suggestion that we might rush the barricade. However, the crowd moved along before it became necessary to carry out this proposal.

For the benefit of those who have never come across an egg and poultry train, it may be described as a long corridor formed of several carriages, fitted with tables along one side, on which are ranged model hen houses, food samples, and many other objects of interest pertaining to poultry.

Mr. Edward Brown, F.L.S., who has several times visited the St. Dunstan's



Poultry Farm, was in charge of the Demonstration. As soon as he became aware that a party of St. Dunstan's visitors had arrived he received us most kindly, and gave us all possible facilities for examining the various poultry wares.

The first car contained a large selection of beautifully made model houses of various types—hen's doll's houses, somebody called them. We could all have spent a long time over them, but there was more ground to cover, and we had to "move along." The foster-mothers, different from those on the St. Dunstan's Farm, the many patterns of egg boxes, the egg barometers, and the egg testing section were among other points of interest which Mr. Brown and certain members of the Demonstration kindly showed us.

Finally we detrained at the farther end of the platform, and made our way out past a long queue of anxiously waiting people, who were hardly likely to be as fortunate as we were in being allowed to

linger on our way through the exhibition.

Some of us wished that we could have brought a few of those very attractive little model houses "way back" to the St. Dunstan's Farm, where they might have been planted in the classrooms and received our more critical examination.

The train sets out on its travels again ere long, and may it have a successful journey.

Mr. Clem Watson examined the second course men on November 16th and 18th. He said in his report that the knowledge displayed by the men was most excellent; that they had a grasp of things required to be done, and showed fairly clear ideas of how to do them, all of which he considered "reflected the highest credit upon the instructors." The maximum of marks was 100, and the men came out as follows: Curtiss-Wilson 97, Jerome 88, Price 86, Latham 84, Foster 84, Millar 82, Ferguson 82, Dowson 82, Stewart 81, Johnson 81, Leeman 80, Marshall 79, Stamper 78, Hulme 74, Roddy 68, Veal 63.

## Proposed Poultry Development

THERE is no more popular section of instruction in St. Dunstan's at the moment than the Country Life Department, and none perhaps which offers such a wide field for development, though perhaps I am prejudiced in this respect through being a poultry farmer myself. I am sure, however, that its progress is being watched with increasing interest by many outside folk, who see in its success a step in the right direction towards the solution of the nation's food supply. Our men are particularly well served by their present instructors, and every one who passes through their capable hands is well

qualified to enter into his new life in competition with his sighted fellows.

Keeness is the keynote of our farmers, and to foster that spirit, and to encourage them to take pride in their calling, I would suggest that a poultry club be formed amongst those who have received their training in the Hostel. It is, of course, very difficult for our boys to be able to define correctly the various dominant show features of the breeds they keep, and it may frequently occur that a particularly fine specimen may be in the flock of one of them without the owner being aware of the prize he possesses. All our students leave here





with the makings of really first class stocks, and it seems to me to be quite practicable to form a club, and to arrange that an annual show be held to which the boys could send their favourite birds to compete with their fellow-students on equal lines.

Our very good friends, Mr. Playfoot, Mr. Thomson-Brown, and others, would be only too pleased, I am sure, to act as judges at such an exhibition, which would be to them a source of particular interest as showing the fruits of their labours. Prizes could be awarded, made up from the entrance fees which would be charged for entry into each class, and one of the greatest benefits would be that the boys who possessed really first-class birds would have the experience of

our tutors to guide them with regard to showing them in the ordinary poultry shows throughout the country.

With the number of pupils who have passed and who will pass through this course of instruction a really strong membership ought to be obtained, and all will see what great benefit it would be to be able to exchange ideas and to place our own particular experiences at the disposal of our fellow-members. The interchange of sittings of eggs and of stock cockerels, the building up of breeds, and similar aids to our mutual progress, suggest themselves as useful offshoots of the show idea; but I leave the suggestion in the hands of my readers and await with interest their views on the subject. —C.W.

## Workshop Gossip

THE most important news in the Workshop last month was that further extension was necessary, owing to the growth of both the Boot and Joinery Departments. When this extension is completed the shop will be just double the size that it was before the summer holidays. We are hoping now that this will be large enough to accommodate all claims that are likely to be made upon it.

One of the first changes resulting from this extension is that a new and very direct path has been made from the main building to the Workshop. The men can now come nearly straight from the house to their jobs without any of the winding paths and sharp turns which before were apt to puzzle newcomers.

In regard to joinery, this section,

which was somewhat inactive for a time, has now blossomed out into considerable life, so much so that all the instructors (of whom there are now three) are busy both morning and afternoon with their pupils. Some exceedingly good work is being turned out, and special mention ought to be made of a large table for the Basket Section which was the sole work of Sergeant Harris. Not only was it first-class work, but it was almost the first job that he took up, and the result is satisfactory in every way.

The enormous demand for oak trays and picture frames is straining the resources of both the men who work here and those who have settled down for themselves. It looks as if we really cannot make enough of these trays to supply the demand, for no sooner do we accumulate half a dozen or so than they



are immediately bought by visitors. Nor is this to be wondered at, for when the perfect way in which these oak trays are made is borne in mind, both with and without handles, they form very attractive presents.

Things are moving apace in the Mat Department, as Westward, the chief instructor, tells us that he has orders in hand sufficient to last him three months. Among these orders may be mentioned one from Messrs. Furness, Withy & Co., the well-known shipowners, for one hundred mats for their liners. These have for the most part been given out to the men who have started for themselves, so that the whole order will it is expected be completed in about a fortnight.

It was with great regret that Sir Arthur Pearson had to refuse a large order for £200 worth of goods for America. But it was found quite impossible to deal with this and with the number of orders for sales of all kinds that are now coming in. The approach of Christmas naturally increases the demands of those who are organising bazaars and sales of work, and many of these are good enough to think that the work of the men of St. Dunstan's will prove an added attraction.

There is, however, one point that customers are apt to overlook, which is that the Workshop is a school and not a shop at all. It is where the men are learning their jobs, and naturally they do not want to make too many of the same kind of article. They wish to acquire the knack of perfecting several articles, so that when they have learnt one they can go on to something else. Buyers seeing a particular basket or tray or mat that they like wish to continue to give orders for the same thing. Their demands can be supplied only by the men who have left us and started

work on their own account. Really the best way for people who want £2 or £3 worth of goods that we make is to give us an open order to send them such an assortment as we have in stock. If they would do this they would never be disappointed, and would not run the risk of forcing the men to continue making articles which they have already fully learned to produce.

Thanks to the paragraph inserted in last month's issue we have received a great many orders for boot repairing, so that all the men employed in this section are now full of work. We are greatly obliged for the response to our paragraph, and are pleased to find that the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW has such a large circle of useful readers.

We were a good deal troubled in the early days of November by the Lighting Order, which made it necessary for us to cease all kinds of work at 5 o'clock. Although the official hour for stopping work is 4.30, there are always several keen workers who wish to continue. The difficulty of getting material for the blinds kept us in a state of unsettlement for several weeks, but at length the day arrived when the blinds were forthcoming, and now the learners can stick to their jobs as long as they like.

The demand for baskets just now is extremely great, as may be gathered from the foregoing paragraphs; but fortunately so many of the old boys are working at them at their places of business that we never find our stock running too low. George Brown and Martin Lane are two of our chief stand-bys, each of them supplying us with from twenty-five to thirty baskets a week, while the output in the shop is now considerable. As we have pointed out on one or two previous occasions, there is quite a lot of money to be made both from cane and willow baskets.





Maurice Colle, the Belgian, who learned both baskets and mat-making with us, returned at the end of November for a few weeks' instruction in boots. It is very gratifying to know that the Belgians who have been here are doing so well that they have thought it

advisable to remain in England and sacrifice their pensions rather than return to claim them. It is after all better for the men to be self-supporting where possible, and the independence shown by these young Belgians is greatly to their credit.

## Our Entertainments

"SHUT up!" For a moment there was silence. Once more the injunction was heard, and a mighty cheer broke forth from about two hundred throats, for this time it was realised that Mr. George Robey was in this way announcing his arrival.

For half an hour Mr. Robey and "Old Violet Lorraine," as he called her, rendered some "Bing Boys'" populars, which, of course, brought forth prolonged applause.

Then Mr. Robey described what had been done in connection with his wonderful entertainment at the Alhambra the previous night, and Sir Arthur Pearson thanked him on behalf of everybody. More cheers from the audience arose at this point, and even little Tip, the fox terrier, set up a howl of delight when he heard the splendid news.

Miss Clarice Mayne and "That" gave the boys a delightful quarter of an hour, and as Miss Florence Shee and her party followed, it can be described as a first-class evening.

\* \* \*

A merry evening was provided by the A.S.C. Short's Gardens Depot. Messrs. Sam Mayo, "Kilbey," and Albert provoked screams of laughter, and sometimes tears of laughter.

The entertainment was the outcome of a cricket match at Walthamstow on August 26th between the A.S.C. Depot

and the Associated Equipment Company.

Major Dickenson was present on behalf of Colonel Brander, and handed a cheque for £475 to Sir Arthur Pearson for the After-Care branch of the work in connection with St. Dunstan's. He also gave a cheque for £150 to the Secretary of the Variety Artistes' Benevolent Society. These two amounts represented the profits realised by the cricket match. Therefore, as I said at the beginning of the paragraph, it was a merry evening, and everybody was in the best of spirits.

\* \* \*

The Wayford Industrial School Band gave an interesting performance when they visited us. The band was composed of boys all under 14½ years of age, who in due course are drafted into military bands. This fact added to the interest displayed by those who heard them.

\* \* \*

It was a happy thought of Mr. Miller to bring with him Madame Gleeson White when the band of the 1st Life Guards paid us a visit on Lord Mayor's Day. The boys so much appreciate everything the band renders that they begrudge missing any single item; but when Madame Gleeson White commenced they realised they would be compensated for anything they missed in the way of instrumental music.

Twelve o'clock Thursday is a time



looked forward to now, and it will be a sad day if anything happens to prevent a band coming to us any week. The three cheers given at the end for Mr. Miller and the members of his band will, I think, be remembered by them for a long time.

\* \* \*

I shall be glad if helpers and visitors will please remember that it is rather disquieting to the bandmaster and his men when groups stand just behind him conversing in unmodulated voices. Particularly is this so when soft pieces are being performed.

\* \* \*

Mr. Charles Coborn's party the same evening was tip-top. Of course, he rendered "The Bank of Monte Carlo" and "Two Lovely Black Eyes," much to the joy of the boys, who delight in a chorus. There was general astonishment and conjecture when Miss Mabel Mavis announced that she was about to play the Hydrodaktulopsychich-Armonica, or in other words, as Mr. George Robey would say, musical glasses. Extraordinary as it may seem nobody appeared to know the meaning of the word until it was explained!

\* \* \*

It was a very foggy night when Mr. Cecil Bevan came along with his friends. Some of them got lost in the fog, but we had a pleasant evening for all that. I don't wonder they got lost, for I found myself making W's from one side of the road to the other when I left for the night, and I can assure you it wasn't because of anything I had taken before starting out.

\* \* \*

"House Full" should have been placed outside the lounge on the occasion of the Misses Esmé and Vera

Beringer's visit. But there were no boards bearing the legend so beloved of theatre managers, and so there was standing room only for many who came in to listen to the splendid variety programme which they provided.

It was remarked that when the history of St. Dunstan's is written they deserve a special page devoted to them for the many delightful hours they have given us. I wonder if they will get it. And if so, who of us will be left to write it. Sounds a bit pessimistic, doesn't it? But I don't mean it that way.

\* \* \*

The printer says he cannot wait for notes dealing with entertainments arranged by Mr. Erroll Sherson, Messrs. William Whiteley, and Madam Sobrina. The visit of the Huddersfield Madrigal Society will be dealt with next month.

\* \* \*

Here is the programme for December:  
Monday, 4th.—Madam Ada Davis.  
Thursday, 7th.—Miss Gambogi.  
Monday, 11th.—Miss Lloyd-Jones.  
Thursday, 14th.—Messrs. Wm. Whiteley.  
Monday, 18th.—Mrs. Coleridge Taylor.

I hear that Miss Carrie Tubb has promised to be present on the last-named date.

—E.K.

\* \* \*

While on the matter of entertainments, I should like to tell you something of the efforts made on your behalf by Mrs. Turnbull, who gives a most interesting lecture on St. Dunstan's, illustrated by lantern slides. Mr. Turnbull has been of great help to us in the poultry section, and Mrs. Turnbull has thoroughly familiarised herself with the work-a-day life of St. Dunstan's. Her lecture is much in demand and is greatly appreciated wherever it is given.

—C.A.P.





## Our First Naval Wedding

ON Saturday, November 11th, the first naval wedding from St. Dunstan's took place. Alfred Back was married to Miss Kitty Titmouse, and a very striking affair it was. A guard of honour of bluejackets from H.M.S. *Spanker*, under the command of Captain Corbyn, provided a triumphal arch with their cutlasses from the church to the motor, and then hauled the happy pair back to St. Dunstan's by ropes. Flowers bedecked the motor, and "Jackie," as everybody here calls him, beamed happily in full uniform by the side of his pretty bride.

Matron had made all the arrangements with great care and foresight, and everything went without a hitch. Our Hon. Chaplain, the Rev. E. N. Sharpe, performed the ceremony, and it was unanimously pronounced one of the

prettiest marriages that had ever been seen at Holy Trinity Church. An appetising spread was provided at St. Dunstan's for 11.15, and when "Jackie" rose to respond to the health of the bride and bridegroom the bluejackets burst lustily into singing "Every Nice Girl Loves a Sailor." The cake was cut by the bride with a ship's cutlass, and many jovial speeches were made. The wedded pair left by motor shortly after 12 o'clock to spend the honeymoon at Brighton. Congratulatory telegrams were received from Sir Arthur Pearson, Commandant Ommaney, and many private friends. It was one of the jolliest weddings that we have yet had, and "Jackie"—who is one of our best workers at mats and boots—took everybody's hearty good wishes with him for a long and happy life.

## November Departures

OUR old friend Lionel Green has gone, and we all miss him, for he had been with us a long time. He was an excellent fellow, who suffered a good deal at one time from the after effects of his wounds (he was an artilleryman, who was blown up with his gun, the sole survivor of his battery), and he had to give up massage and take to basket-making, at which he became very proficient.

Sergeant Lomas, an excellent worker at boots and mats, has now started for himself; and Sergeant Selby having mastered poultry farming and joinery is beginning his new life.

Hicks, one of our very best shoe repairers, a quiet and decent fellow; Shinnars, who was for ever working overtime at his mats and baskets; A. Smith, an excellent boot repairer and

mat-maker (at the latter he greatly excelled); and W. H. Minchin, one of our cleverest basket-makers, have all gone. We shall miss each one of them.

Arthur Brown, the one-armed poultryman, who was generally liked and popular, is widely regretted; while Herriot, another careful poultry student, hailing from Scotland, has settled down in Colwyn Bay. And last we have to chronicle the departure of R. Graves, a quiet and studious young man, who distinguished himself at massage, and is sure to do honour to us and to himself.

St. Dunstan's give best wishes and hearty thanks to all of these for their thoughtful conduct throughout their stay with us and their general habit of making the very best of things. Good luck to them all!



## A Good Suggestion

Sergeant Curtiss-Wilson sends us the following note, which we print with pleasure:—

"I would suggest as a solution of the difficulty at present experienced in the care of overcoats, hats, etc., that a cloakroom similar to those at theatres and clubs be erected in the main building. The present boot-room might prove suitable with very little alteration. It should be all enclosed with a large window and counter, over which the articles would be passed to an attendant (a Scout could well manage it), and the attendant would place these articles in a

numbered locker or hang them on a numbered peg. Every man on arrival would be allotted a number, and the procedure would be that the man would call out his number when handing the goods over, and call the same number when asking for them again. This would avoid the inconvenience of discovering when going for one's overcoat that another man had mistaken it for his and gone out with it. All parcels, sticks, musical instruments, etc., could be dealt with in this way, and losses would be thereby reduced to a minimum."

## The Best Way of Advertising

NOTICE in the November number of ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW that this was one of the discussions for a debate recently, and as an old boy, who has been in business since February last, perhaps a word or two from me may prove helpful on the subject, and I hope it may prove of some use to those about to leave and set up in business for themselves.

The ideas put forward are all very good, but to stick to one thing is as bad as nothing at all, and one must always be on the outlook for fresh ideas that will attract and draw the attention of the crowd.

As a picture-framer I will deal with the matter from my own point of view, and as fitting the business I have taken up. It must be understood that different trades must be treated differently; and because a basket-maker is going to make things hum on one advertising scheme, it is not going to follow that it would suit a boot repairer; so what I say will

be all from my own point, and from what little experience I have gained since I have been here.

The first essential to good advertisement is a good position, and a few extra pounds in rent is going to be of full value to get it. A small window is better than a big one, the reasons for which I will give. If possible get next door to a big firm, such as Boot's, Lipton's, Home and Colonial, for they are always doing business, or they would not be there, and to get next to them is always sure to bring a good trade. The rent, of course, will be high; but I think in the long run it is worth it, especially if a good class side line is run with the picture-framing.

A shop window is a good advertiser, and for this reason I chose a small one, as it is much better to have one that you can fill and make look nice than one which takes too much to fill. To-day I have got nearly ten pounds worth of goods in my window, and it does not





look full, and it is always spoiling, and naturally in the small way that I am in it is a big debit and a handicap.

The window should be made attractive, and a constant change should be kept up. With a small window this can be done much better than with a large one. Never keep one article in long, for it will grow stale and naturally the people will soon get tired of looking at it. Besides it does not give sign of trade, and you must always strive to look busy even if you are not. Keep the windows clean. There again the small window has the advantage. I myself change my window once a week. Had I a smaller one I should do it twice. Sometimes I have it full, and sometimes I only put one good article in, but I always insist upon change. I find the less there is in the window the more attractive it is.

Undoubtedly a great help to good advertising is good workmanship, and one must always strive to keep up the standard, though this is hard, especially where woodwork is concerned, for it varies so much in its working qualities that you never get two pieces alike; and the prettiest wood is almost always the hardest to get up. Nevertheless, one must always strive to keep work up to top pitch, and more advertising can be done in this way than by all the papers in the kingdom.

Another good way is to get in touch with some influential people, for a friend gained in that way will do much to bring trade to your door, especially when he knows that you are handicapped by doing

## My First Dance

ON one Friday night, together with my partner, I entered the dancing room at St. Dunstan's. I may say that I had previously told my partner that my experience of dancing only consisted of watching others in the past,

your bit for the old country. Another way is to mix with the social side in the parish you are in, and get well known in that way. There are always social evenings, and such like, and a visit or two there is never lost.

I think these are the main essentials; but there is always something you can do to brighten up your advertising schemes, and one must be on the watch for it and take advantage of it when it comes along.

Never be afraid to give a good article in exchange for one that has a flaw when the customer brings it back to point out to you, and which you yourself have inadvertently missed. It will not only disappoint the customer if you do not, but it will get spread abroad, and bad news always runs faster than good.

The idea of exhibitions would certainly be an excellent idea, as it would bring the blind, and the work done by the blind, into more prominence, and not a tenth of the population of the country knows what a blind man can do for a living. London has had several exhibitions in that way helped by St. Dunstan's, and I think it could well be followed in the provinces. If any reader or readers would care to go further with this idea, I would willingly lend a hand to perfect a scheme to hold exhibitions in different parts of the country.

Let me wish all those who are starting in business every success, and I hope they will find one or two of the tips given here beneficial in some way or other.

—William Pettitt.

and that most probably I should prove myself a very clumsy partner; but like a brick she said that she was prepared to run the risks of my clumsiness, and do all in her power to teach me.

We commenced with a waltz, in which



I must congratulate my partner on the skilful manner in which she steered me through what seemed to my inexperienced mind a regular sea of humanity, and beneath thousands of feet, which seemed to get in my way at every swaying turn. I cannot describe my feelings on this first attempt, but I felt rather embarrassed, imagining that many eyes were watching my none too graceful turnings. However, I escaped without tripping any poor unfortunate couple up, and for my efforts I received the praise of my partner, who seemed fairly satisfied with the progress of her pupil.

It was some time after this, when I had cooled down a little, that I tried again. This time a kind sister offered to risk herself with me, and full of confidence I commenced to dance, and within a few seconds I was going round first-class; and it was this waltz which gave me the courage to say that I would risk a waltz anywhere.

Later on, a little against my will, I was enticed by a sister to attempt the Military Two-step, and within a short time I wished I had not, for my difficulties increased greatly. I remember that sister's instructions as to taking two steps forward with the right foot, and then repeat the action with the other foot, and it seemed to me that it was necessary to mix a little of waltzing in the evolutions. The sister persevered, and consoled me by saying that everyone had to learn, but I had to give in, and I decided to specialise on my great achievement of waltzing.

Despite all the reverses and bumps which I experienced on my first dance night, I am convinced that no finer form of sport is to be found, and that with time and perseverance I shall be able to do my best at all kind of dances, and I am full of enthusiasm, and can recommend any of my friends to take this up if they are looking for a very enjoyable way of spending their evening.

—W. Girling.

## Over the Telephone

HELLO! Is that St. Dunstan's?"

"Yes. What is it?"

"Have you a chap by the name of Simpson or Bennett, or something like that?"

"No; I do not think we have anyone with a name like that."

"Well, that may not have been his name; but this chap was in the Coldstream Guards or the Cheshire Regiment."

"We have no men from either of these regiments, I'm afraid, but we have some Royal Artillery men here. How would they do?"

"But the man I mean used to work for Lipton's Tea at Cardiff."

"Are you sure that the man who want is here?"

"Well, I'm almost sure."

"Did he lose his eyesight?"

"Yes, I think he lost the sight of one eye; I'm sure that he lost a leg, and he may have a scar on his back. I'll tell you how you'll know him: his brother was a cook in a summer hotel in Wales before the war."

"I'm afraid I cannot do anything for you."

"Well, it's a pity they don't get someone there who knows something. Good-bye."

H. Harris Turner.





## The Choir

A DEFINITE attempt is now on foot to form a choir amongst the men at St. Dunstan's. The objects in view are: (1) To give musical education and recreation to those who attend its practices; (2) to teach to the members a number of our beautiful national and folk songs; (3) to help them, by quickening and improving their musical sense, to lead the singing at the "Singsongs," and to enable every man to take a personal and intelligent interest when these songs are performed. Every man is eligible who is willing to go regularly to the Tuesday and Wednesday evening practices. As the choir gets on it is hoped further to develop part-singing. But it will only be possible to make the choir a success if those who join will attend regularly. When it is fully realised that the success of the choir as a whole depends so largely upon the efforts of each member individually, we feel sure that there will be a great improvement in the attendance.

The songs which up to date have made

the best progress are "Men of Harlech," that fine Welsh tune; "Dashing Away With the Smoothing-Iron," an amusing old English folk-song; and the American marching song, "John Brown's Body." The solo parts of the last two are sung in turn by various members, the whole choir joining most effectively in the chorus.

The most regular attendants up to now have been Sergeant-Major Cope, Sergeant Caple, Sergeant Dyson, Corporal Lloyd, and Private Colling. Lance-Corporal Smith has been rather seedy, but we hope to hear his excellent tenor voice again soon. Osborn, Turner, Pete, Harris, and Green are also members, and have all good voices. The baritones have to accommodate their voices to the bass parts occasionally, as we are badly in need of some basses. The choir is being trained by Mr. Evelyn Howard-Jones, an eminent professor at the Royal Academy of Music, and one of the best-known of our British pianists.

—I.M.H.

## "Vision."

"Halt! Who goes there?  
I'm posted here to challenge all who pass,  
My duty is to guard against surprise;  
Advance one step, that I may recognise.  
Thine is no measured tread of men who fight.  
Why art thou here? And by what right?"  
The figure paused;  
He whom I challenged stood,  
I saw his once white garment stained with blood;  
I saw the brow which crowned the noble head  
Down which the blood drops trickled rich and red.

"Thou art the Christ!"  
My voice was low and dull,  
My eyes were wet with tears,  
My soul was full.  
I waited for the Messenger to speak,  
I thrilled with shame  
That I should dare to speak so sweet a Name.  
As stood the Vision 'fore my half-closed eye,  
And spoke no word, nor uttered any cry;  
But slow, receded as the coming dawn  
Gave silent message—this was "Easter Morn!"

H. Laphell.



## The Cry of "Sister"

IT is heard from morning until night and from all parts. "Sister!"

The sister flies in response to the quarter whence the sound arises. "Sister!" comes from behind as she goes, and if she is a responsive soul, as she invariably is, she pauses and turns. "Sister!" comes peremptorily from the first voice; "Sister!" sounds plaintively from the second; "Sister!" bleats a third from somewhere; and "Sister! Sister!" comes persistently from various quarters. A letter is to be read for one, two letters for another, a typewriter is wanted, notepaper, a box of matches, an inquiry as to what word is the last one written, string for a bag, a brace button has gone, nails want manicuring, a dozen small needs demand instant attention.

The sister flies from one to the other, and woe betide her if she cannot do all these things at once! She must read, she must sew, she must dig at the nails, she must get passes, she must minister without a moment's delay or she gets called hotly over the coals by the lords of creation, who will not be kept waiting no matter what anyone else may desire.

"Coming!" cries the sister, all too anxious to oblige; and with a rush and a flutter she darts from point to point, breathless, anxious, willing, and only handicapped by a shortage of hands and absence of the ability to be in six places at once.

"I called you before," complains Tom as she bustles up. "I've been waiting for you," growls Jack. "It's never any

good calling," declares Harry. "There might as well be no sister at all," says Dick. All the time they know she is doing her best, and the best of half a dozen people, and they realise fully that everyone cannot be first, and that someone must be last, and each man is quite reasonable about it so long as he is the first and somebody else is the last.

Sometimes, but only sometimes, the sister gets tired. "I can't be everywhere at once," she states positively, and then everyone who needs her points out that of course that is so, but that she might at least come to him before the others. Then she jokes with him, and he laughs, because everybody is really quite good humoured at bottom and knows the truth of the position well enough. But although he knows all about it he still calls "Sister!" without ceasing from every part of the lounge, and sister flies from point to point in the vain endeavour to do everything at once, and most wonderfully of all she rarely gets cross about it.

It has been whispered that the sisters have nothing to do. Let anyone who thinks that drop in any morning at about 9 o'clock and watch the sisters skipping around with the activity of terriers and the duties of universal providers; and if he does not change his mind at once it is because he has no mind to change. The sister is a wonderful person, and if she does not do seven things at the same time it is because Nature has only provided her with half a dozen hands.

## Funny Story Competition

MISS CRITTEN'S "Funny Story" Competition was a great success. There were six prizes given altogether, the first going to Millar,

the second to Sergeant Jones, the third to Vaughan. Of the extra prizes, Osmond was awarded one for the "biggest thumper," Sergeant Harris





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another for the "most topical," and F. L. Green for the "most extraordinary." We are finding room for the first prize, for which Millar received a watch chain, but we regret that it is impossible to squeeze in any more owing to the pressure of our space. This is the story:—

"There was a young man swinging the lead. He wanted to get out of the army, and pleaded bad eyesight. The doctor commenced to test his eyesight. He asked "What can you see?" and the man replied "Big buildings and tramcars, etc." The doctor brought a card with letters on it from small to large and told the man to read what he

could. The man said he could not read any letters. The doctor brought another card with larger letters on it, but still the man could not see the letters. Big black letters were brought in, but still the man said he could not see them. The doctor angrily rushed out to the garden and seized hold of the round lid off a huge dust bin and rushing in with it held it about two inches in front of the man's face. "Can you see this?" "Yes," the man, "It is either a shilling piece or half a crown."

It had been our wish to print some of the parodies alluded to last month, but space unfortunately will not permit us to do so. We are sorry, but we cannot stretch the pages.

## A War Poem

Dark is the outlook this winter,  
For all, at home and abroad,  
But there's a purpose for all that is  
happening,  
Though it seems to us just a big fraud.

The sleepless nights, and anxious days,  
On many a face leave traces,  
Each thinking of loved ones far away,  
And longing to see their faces.

In France, and Serbia, and the other  
fronts,  
Those brave khaki lads are fighting,  
Inmeasurable gratitude we give,  
To them in their duty delighting.

Oh! Where is the 11th Division,  
Amongst us a short time ago,  
To face the odds, to pay the price,  
Proudly we saw them go.

They have laid down their lives for their  
country,  
Just a few left to tell the tale,  
How they fought, how they fell, to  
protect us,  
As they meant to do, when they set  
sail.

Strong men of Britain, fill their places,  
As brave men only would,  
March fearlessly, patriotism showing,  
Go and fight, as an Englishman  
should.

Save us from the fate of Belgium,  
From the horrors of German hands,  
Make England still a free country,  
Our good old native land.

The 30th Division, God bless them,  
In France they are doing their share,  
For England, home and justice,  
The perils and hardships they bear.

So we must leave them bravely fighting,  
Fighting for you and me,  
For when they come homeward march-  
ing,  
We shall all be safe and free.

One day they will come, we are hoping,  
They will freedom and victory bring,  
Back to the strain of the Marseillaise,  
And God Save the King.

William Robinson.



## Coxing on the Lake

By a LADY COX

ONE morning when the sun began to shine, and the birds began to twitter, and the cold was not so bitter—the athletic boating men came out to row; and the athletic maidens came to steer them round the lake. Then was it pleasant indeed to the coxon to find herself sitting in the boat while a strong man in a sweater pulled her round the lake; it felt so safe, too, to hold on tight to both the steering ropes, and so charming to be able to tell a beginner what to do—till the Manager called across the water that she was doing it all wrong. Then she would try to look as if she knew, *really*, what to do, but was doing it the other way for fun. It was great sport, too, to steer the boat for the landing-place at full speed, to finish with a delicious "biff" that made her scream with excitement, and nearly fall into the water. Till she found out that that was wrong, too, and that the correct way to steer a boat in was to say, while yet a long way out on the lake, and in a clear, business-like voice, "Easy rowing—ship oars!" and then to pull gracefully at one rope at a time, glide in without a scrape or a scream, and step daintily ashore without upsetting the boat. Sometimes the other boats got very much entangled indeed, and the boaters became rather upset about it. A lady was so upset about it once, that she got into the water, and, her dress billowing out round her, forming a sort of "aquatic parachute," which kept her afloat—she sped quickly across the lake till she was blown inshore, where she landed with her stockings wet, as if from an unpremeditated paddling expedition, but otherwise dry and composed, having much enjoyed her sail across the waters of the lake. Yes; there is certainly much

pleasure to be got out of coxing for soldiers on the Regent's Park Lake.

Coxing for a double, for instance. That is really WORK, and the coxon feels her position acutely. Sitting on the extreme edge of the seat, she leans forward and backward, and says, "One, two—One, two," quite like Mr. Calcutt does it. Kitchen and Hall were an excellent pair, and they flew through the water and got up the Dardanelles in next to no time. Spinks keeps his coxon working, too. He doesn't believe in slackening, and takes the boat round at a spanking pace. He sometimes takes a breather, but before long is at it again, and the coxon is never idle long, but has to keep busy with the steering ropes as they pass the less vigorous rowers. Different rowers for different times! In the morning the coxon feels energetic, and likes plenty of go in the pulling. In the evening, Pell, in his non-racing mood, is delightful to cox for. His long, easy stroke sends the boat along with a restful, soothing motion, which, with the warm sun pouring down and the gentle breeze fanning her face, is quite delightful to the coxon after a hard day's work.

What a lot of nonsense one can talk about coxing on the lake, to be sure! I could go on a long time, and say a lot of things about a lot of rowers—but all there's time to say now is: the coxon's job is a ripping one; she will miss it when the winter comes—miss it as she will miss the faces that have disappeared from St. Dunstan's by then. She wishes that all the rowers could stay there all the time—always to be there to answer her "Good morning" in the mornings, and her "Hullo!" in the evening.

—I.M.H.





## Newcomers in November

Aekland, Private H. ... ..	19th London Regiment.
Alvey, Private P. G. ... ..	1/15 London Regiment.
Branegan, Private J. M. ... ..	5th Division A.I.F.
Brockie, Private E. ... ..	4th Gordon Highlanders.
Brown, Corporal A. ... ..	1st Gloucesters.
Cairns, Corporal F. V. ... ..	13th Royal Welsh Fusiliers.
Eames, Lance-Corporal H. S. ... ..	7th Bedfords.
Ferrand, Lance-Corporal H. ... ..	1/6th West Yorks.
Hamlett, Private A. ... ..	9th Cheshires.
Harding, Rifleman G. ... ..	1/6th London Regiment.
Hargreaves, Private H. ... ..	K.O.R. Lancs.
Heeley, Rifleman G. ... ..	21st K.R.R.
Horsley, Sergeant R. ... ..	2nd Rifle Brigade.
Lewis, Private D. ... ..	1st S. Wales Borderers.
Marshall, Private A. ... ..	16th Batt. A.I.F.
McDougall, Private D. J. ... ..	P.P.C.L.I.
Pratt, Private W. T. ... ..	14th London Scottish.
Smith, Lance-Corporal W. H. ... ..	22nd Batt. A.I.F.
Stevens, Private C. ... ..	3/1st East Kent Yeomanry.
Turner, Private E. J. ... ..	29th Canadians.
Tyler, Sergeant-Major S. S. ... ..	2nd Canadian Mounted Rifles.
Barnett, Private F. H. ... ..	29th Batt. A.I.F.

## Old Boys' Addresses

Adams, G., Hale House, Hale, Nr. Liverpool.	Biggadyke, R., 41, Tower St., Boston.
Alexander, E., 63, Canning Rd., Highbury.	Bocking, A. J., 22, Siddall St., Oldham.
Alcock, R., 6, Bank Rd., Ipswich.	Bolton, C. E., 7, Broughton Cottages, Otford, Kent.
Allen, W., 53, Lord St., Leigh.	Boswell, E., 8, Parker's Yard, Church St., Gainsborough, Lincs.
Arnold, A., 41, Wycliffe Rd., Wimbledon.	Bowers, W. J., 24, Lenelly Rd., Surbiton.
Barley, J., 44, Dale St., Crosby, Scunthorpe, Lincs.	Braithwaite, F. G., 1, Chestnut Rd., Guildford.
Batchelor, J., 15, Tooting Gr., Tooting.	Brown, A., East View, Weston Hills, Spalding, Lincs.
Bates, E., 17a, Prince of Wales Rd., Battersea.	Brown, J. R., 11, Mount St., Nuneaton.
Bell, J., The Oaks, Ewhurst, Surrey.	Brown, G., Greenside, Ewhurst, Surrey.
Brundrett, P., 7, Maurice St., Pendlebury.	Brown, J., Warren Hall, Spout Lane, Brenchley, Kent.
Berry, W. J., 19, Disraeli St., Crumlin Rd., Belfast.	Brown, P., 2, Argyle Rd., N. Kensington.



Carnell, W. C., Kiln Cottage, South Molton Rd., Bampton, Devon.	Herriot, Clifton, Bryn-y-maen Rd., Upper Colwyn Bay.
Catlow, S., 62, Bradshaw St., Nelson, Lancs.	Hicks, A. E., 146, Glengall Rd., Peckham, S.E.
Chammiss, F., 239, High Rd., Willesden Green, N.W.	Hill, H. E., 212, Upper Empress Rd., Bevis Valey, Southampton.
Chappel, F., Prince of Wales Cottage, Parsonage Lane, Enfield.	Hills, C., Post Office, Wagga Wagga, New South Wales, Australia.
Clarke, E., High St., Edwinstowe.	Holden, J., 1a, Boebuck St., West Bromwich.
Clarke, W. W., 94, Ilderton Rd., Bermondsey, S.E.	Holmes, A., Elm Tree Cottage, Askwith, Nr. Otley, Yorks.
Colle, M., 120, Dawes Rd., Walham Green, W.	Horsnell, W., North Field, Somerton, Somerset.
Coles, G. B., Beckingham, Notts.	Hudson, H., c/o Mrs. Trescott, Alexandra St., Hunters Hill, Sydney, N.S.W.
Colville, H., Culross, Lancaster Av., Hadley Wood.	Hurst, H., The Myres, Great Longstone, Derbyshire.
Cooper, T. S., 42, Chestnut Av., Queen's Rd., Hull.	Hutchinson, 64, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.
Cromwell, W., Blackfriars Inn, Gloucester.	Johnson, E., 7, Elsenham Rd., Grimsby.
Daumont, O., Maida Vale, W.	Kerr, J. W., 190, Widnes Rd., Widnes, Lancs.
Davis, C., 89, Kingsland Rd., St. Phillips, Bristol.	Kirby, W., The Hydro, Middleton Rd. Camp, Heaton Pk., Manchester.
Davis, G., Rose Villa, Great Burstead.	Kirkby, W., 147, Wellington St., Millom, Cumberland.
Dennis, T., 171, Chichester Rd., Northend, Portsmouth.	Kitchen, F., 79, Georges St., Hyde, Cheshire.
Devlin, S., 61, Tontine St., St. Helens, Lancs.	Knight, C., Wiggaton, Ottery St. Mary, Devons.
Drummond, T. P., c/o Mr. Deheer, 18, High St., Hull.	Lane, M., 1a, Ebeza Bldgs., Islington, N.
Duxbury, W., 2, Holly Bank Cottages, Ashley Lane, Mostyn Lane, Manchester.	Lath, J. T., 19, Channing St., Sheffield.
Eaton, T., 40, Wenning St., Nelson, Lancs.	Law, A., 5, Windmill Rd., Wandsworth Common, S.W.
Edmund, W. E., West Barn, Dunbar, N.B.	Lawlor, G., 4, Terrace Gar., St. Alban's Rd., Watford.
Elborn, H., 23, Manaton Rd., Peckham, S.E.	Leeman, Sergt. 89, Robey St., Great Grimsby, Lincs.
Evans, A., 1, Carlisle Pl., Newport Mon.	Letch, S. J., Hatfield Peveril, Essex.
Featherstone, P., Uplands Cottage, Ferriby, E. Yorks.	Lilley, G., Cherry Tree Farm, Unsworth.
Fleetwood, F., Sun Mount, Emily Rd., Tatsfield.	Lingard, W., 6, Sunnyside Cottages, Writtle.
Flett, H., 39, Woodview Rd., Golders Green.	Lomas, Sergt., 89, Robey St., Great Grimsby, N.
Foster, F., 40, Exeter St., Plymouth.	Lynch, D., 4, Mayfield, Cork City.
Foxon, W. F., 13, Stronsa Rd., Shepherd's Bush.	Makin, D., 55, Thames St. East, Wallsend-on-Tyne.
Gordon, W., 365, Featherstone Rd., Oldham.	Matthews, C. W., 83, Belmont Rd., Maidenhead.
Graves, R., 5, Inglewood Rd., West Hampstead, N.W.	Mayell, B., 115, Hampton Rd., Hampton Hill, S.W.
Green, Lionel, Langdale, St. Edward's Road, Gosport.	Millward, T., 1, Wentworth Terrace, off York Rd., Leeds.
Groves, T. W., 48, Claremont Terr., Fleetwood, Lancs.	Minchin, W., Sandfield Cottage, Pitch Place, Worplesdon, Guildford, Surrey.
Hallam, W. J., St. Dunstan's, Garden City, Sandiacre.	Moon, J., 1, Military Rd., Cork.
Hall, A. W., 130, High St., Sydenham.	Moore, J., 73, Faraday St., Walworth, S.E.
Halls, W. C., 42, Upper Jackson St., Hulme, Manchester.	Melling, D., 22, Powell St., Clayton, Manchester.
Harker, A., Blennerhasset, Aspatria, Cumberland.	McCarthy, P., 29, Kickham St., Clonmel.
Harker, J., Viveny, Creso Rd., Southwick, near Brighton.	McCarthy, D., 71a, Clarendon Rd., Notting Hill, W.





## ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW



- McCarthy, W. F., 1, Lutterworth Rd., Attleborough, Nuneaton.  
 McDonald, N., 108, Glebe St., Townhead, Glasgow.  
 McNally, G., 5, Tyson St., Pendleton.  
 Milligan, T., The Hydro, Middleton Rd. Camp, Heaton Pk., Manchester.  
 Nolan, J., Quarry Farm, Gwysaney, Mold, Flintshire.  
 Orrell, J., 27, Wigan Rd., New Spring, Wigan.  
 Orvis, A. R., 142, Blythe Rd., Hammersmith, W.  
 Owen, D., Tyn-y-frith, Llanellan, Colwyn Bay.  
 Qwens, J., 8, Kilnhelm St., Newmilns, Ayr.  
 Patston, A. H., c/o Mr. Parry, Oxmead, Ewhurst, Surrey.  
 Payne, G. E., 77, Queensland Rd., Holloway, N.  
 Pettit, W., 124, Pinner Rd., Harrow.  
 Rutter, J., 13, Clark St., Smith St., Salford, Manchester.  
 Roberts, J., 1, Campbell Ter., Southend-on-Sea.  
 Rose, G. W., 14, The Triangle, Ruby St., Old Kent Rd., S.E.  
 Saxon, J., The Cottage, Chapelfield, Radcliffe.  
 Spinks, J., 50, Stockport Rd., Ashton-under-Lyne.  
 Spiers, C., 3, Bliss Court, Broad St., Oxford.  
 Sheppard, C., 141, Shear Cross, Crockerton, Warminster.  
 Street, J., 37, Bewdley St., Evesham.  
 Spry, R., 53, Townshend Road, N.W.  
 Sewell, C. (same as Milligan).  
 Stanners, R., 70, Desborough Rd., High Wycombe.  
 Shaw, R., 9, Arundel St., Buruley, Lanes.  
 Shimmers, M. J., 143, Stephendale Rd., Fulham, S.W.  
 Smith, A., 1, Bushes Yard, Moorgate, Retford, Notts.  
 Steel, J., 799, Springburne Rd., Glasgow.  
 Sweeting, R., 7, Wilkinson St., Oldham, Rochdale.  
 Swingler, E., c/o Mrs. Harrison, 8, Station Terrace, George St., South Retford, Notts.  
 Taylor, G., 46, Coare St., Macclesfield.  
 Thorpe T., 14, James St., Darwen, Lanes.  
 Temperton, C., 12, Spyvee St., Hull.  
 Verbrugge, Camille, c/o Mrs. Johnston, Bignor Pk., Pulborough.  
 Wall, T., 43, Winscott Rd., Eastney, Portsmouth.  
 Watt, W., 20, Patons Lane, Montrose, N.B.  
 Wenlock, R., The Causeway, Peasenhall, Suffolk.  
 White, T. H., 26, Durham St., Albert Park, Victoria.  
 Williams, A., Cae Gwyn, Michaelstown Fewd, Cardiff.  
 Woollen, Albert (same as Milligan).  
 Wright, R. F., 5, Hopper's Rd., Palmer's Green, N.

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# St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

Edited and written by

The Staff and the Boys

ST. DUNSTAN'S MOTTO:

"What the eye doesn't see, the heart doesn't grieve about."

No. 7.

January, 1917



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# St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

No. 7.—NEW SERIES.

JANUARY, 1917.

PRICE 6d.

## Notes by the Chief

**B**Y the time these notes are in print I shall probably be farther away from St. Dunstan's than any of you who read them, for, as I told those present at the opening ball in the big new lounge, on December 15th, I am just off to France, and, possibly, Italy, to visit the various places at which the blinded soldiers of our Allies are being cared for. I shall hope to have something interesting to tell you about them in the next number of the REVIEW. Meanwhile, I send you and yours the best possible wishes for the New Year.

be used solely for those fellows who are really under the weather and want a completely quiet time. Miss Pearson and Miss Fox will transfer themselves to West House, and will at the same time maintain a general supervision over 104, Queen's Road. In days to come West House will be used as a holiday home for men who have been at St. Dunstan's, and if they are married, for their wives as well. There will also be another holiday home consisting of a large mansion and beautiful estate situated near Chester, but this will not become available until after the War.

An interesting acquisition has just been made by the National Institute for the Blind, for the benefit of past, present and future inmates of St. Dunstan's. It is a large house and garden at Brighton, facing the sea, and within 100 yards of it. It is situated about one-third of a mile on the east side of the Palace Pier. The house will accommodate about forty men. There will be two or three large rooms beside the dining room, and also a very large place in which Braille, typing, netting and light basket-making will be taught, for I think that many fellows who stayed at Brighton in the past have found time hang rather heavy on hand. West House, as it is called, will take the place of 104, Queen's Road, so far as those fellows who are pretty well are concerned, and Queen's Road will

Talking of Brighton reminds me of various degrees of asking for assistance out-of-doors used by blind men. There are four typical specimens along the Front. First there is a fellow who, though he holds some bootlaces in his hand, is frankly nothing but a blind beggar, typical of many thousands throughout the country, and in my view a very serious blot upon the blind community. People of this kind should be cared for in the way in which they are in Bradford. Those in this wide-awake city who attend to the needs of the blind obtain from the Guardians 15s. per head for blind people who are incapable of work. They are housed in very comfortable style, well looked after, and if capable of it do some light work, such as wood-chopping for the men, and knit-





ting for the women. The result is there are no blind beggars in Bradford, and there should be none anywhere.

Then at Brighton there is a blind lad on the Front who sells newspapers to passers-by, and I believe earns quite a decent living by so doing. He is no more a blind beggar than any other newspaper seller. The third man I have in mind is down on the beach, close to the West Pier. He shouts loudly and very slowly words from a Bible printed in raised type. Though he lost his sight a good many years ago he is still a strong, active fellow, and should have been trained to some form of employment. The day, I hope, is not far distant when such a man as he is will find none of the difficulty which he tells me he experiences in obtaining a training. As it is, of course, he is nothing more or less than a blind beggar. Fourthly, there is blind Harry, who stands about a quarter of a mile from the West Pier and plays a sort of accordion and sings quite delightfully. He gives pleasure to thousands of people every year, and I think well earns the good living he makes. I do not think that he should be regarded as belonging to the begging fraternity any more than is a music-hall favourite.

We have often had laughs together about the way in which many people seem to think that because one cannot see one cannot stand, or, so far as movement is concerned, conduct oneself like a quite normal human being. I had a funny example of this the other day. A little boy, grandson of Mrs. Burn, who was the principal organiser of the Savoy Fair, held mainly for the benefit of our After-care Department, presented me, on behalf of the Committee, with a silver cigarette box when I opened the Fair.

Mrs. Burn told me that afterwards he said to her, "Why, Grannie, you told me Sir Arthur was blind. What a fibber you are; he walks along just like anyone else."

You will be interested to hear of an extraordinarily expert Braille reader whom I met a little while ago. He is the Rev. W. E. Lloyd, who works in a parish in the West End of London. He dined with the officers at Portland Place the other day, and after dinner I asked him whether he read Braille fast. He said, "Yes, pretty fast, I think. About 80 or 90 pages an hour." That, you will agree with me, is quite fast enough for anyone. Then he went on, "I found out rather an odd thing about my Braille reading the other day. Have you a Braille book and a handkerchief?" Both were produced, the Braille book being Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn," which is written in various American dialects, and consequently does not afford by any means simple reading with the fingers. Mr. Lloyd opened the book at random, found a full stop, and read a few sentences as quickly as his tongue could go, and it was evident that his fingers were well ahead of his tongue. He then asked for one thickness of handkerchief to be placed over the page. Through this he read just as fast as before. Two thicknesses did not diminish his speed in the least. When three thicknesses were put over the dots his rate of reading slackened slightly, and when he attempted the seemingly impossible feat of reading through four thicknesses he still read faster than the average clergyman reads the lessons in church. The handkerchief, mind you, was not a smooth, well-ironed one, but a crumpled one produced by one of the officers from his pocket, and the pieces read were in all cases quite disconnected. This seemed to me a perfectly marvellous



feat. I read Braille fairly well myself, but through the four thicknesses I could scarcely distinguish the fact that there were any dots at all, much less make out what they meant.

I was interested, and I am sure you will be, too, in some figures given me by Miss Pain the other day. They showed that 202 men at St. Dunstan's have passed their typing test, 66 their Braille-reading test, and 45 their Braille-writing test, which latter, as you know, necessitates an absolutely accurate knowledge of the Braille system. Quite as many men as those who have passed their reading test read quickly enough to thoroughly enjoy a book.

And now I am going to end up with a little earnest advice to you on the subject of string bags. String-bag making is an excellent thing in the preliminary stages of blindness. It is very easy to do, and at the same time yields such good results that a man is at once given the feeling that blindness does not mean industrial helplessness. As practice increases speed there is quite a good deal of money to be made out of string bags, and I am all for men occupying their leisure time at St. Dunstan's, or after they have left, in increasing their income by this way. But I am all against doing what I fear is being done in one or

two cases, and that is the neglect of a real, solid industry for string-bag making. You must remember that the bags which you sell now are sold at a much higher price than that at which they can be bought in shops, and while public sympathy is specially centred on the disabled soldier, as it is at the moment, there is no difficulty in making a very good profit out of string bags. Some may reply to this criticism that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, but that has always seemed to me to depend entirely on circumstances. If the bird in the hand is a skinny sparrow, and the two in the bush are fat pheasants, and you have a double-barrelled loaded gun in your hand, I think the birds in the bush are worth much more attention than the one in the hand. String-bag making can be looked upon as a bird in the hand. The fat pheasants in the bush a trade which you have learned at St. Dunstan's, and which should bring you in good money so long as you are strong enough to work. The loaded gun is the training which you have obtained at St. Dunstan's. I hope that you will not allow the temporary and quite easily made profit which can often be secured from string-bag making to induce you to neglect your trade, and find one day when the string-bag purchasers fail in their enthusiasm that you have lost the art of pursuing your steady occupation.

A. P.

## St. Dunstan's Gossip

THE College Annexe was made all ready by the middle of December, and the beds and everything else are now ready for use. It has been a great work to complete it, and Messrs.

Kent, Matron, and the Staff generally are to be congratulated on the result. There was a very great deal to be done, but it has all been accomplished, and overcrowding at St. Dunstan's may now





be regarded as at an end. One of the features of the new Annexe is that the kitchenmaids are all V.A.D.'s.

A word should be said for the Blackbeath Annexe, under the control of Commandant Ommaney. It has been found very useful for men requiring quiet and rest, and as there is a daily motor service to and from St. Dunstan's, those in residence can keep up their work and their studies here without interruption. It is merely a question of sleeping out in unusually comfortable surroundings.

It is proposed to open a Roman Catholic chapel in addition to the one we now have. When ready it will be consecrated by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

We now have an assistant chaplain in the person of the Rev. Mr. Tucker, and it is hoped to start daily services early in the New Year. Sunday morning services at 10 o'clock are another welcome innovation.

Sir Charles and Lady Wyndham invited twenty men from St. Dunstan's to tea and the Criterion Theatre on Saturday, December 2nd. The play, "A Little Bit of Fluff," was much enjoyed by those who were lucky enough to be among the twenty, and nothing but praise was heard for the tea.

Mrs. Parker, the sister of the late Lord Kitchener, visited St. Dunstan's in the early part of December, and went round the shops, Braille room, and other sections. Mrs. Parker, who bears a strong resemblance to Lord Kitchener, expressed herself as greatly impressed with all that she saw, and made several purchases from the different departments.

The Suggestion Box, which has been placed in the Hall, has already been used pretty considerably by members of the Hostel. In another column, under a special heading, we deal with the actual notes received. We hope that plenty of suggestions will be made both by Old Boys and New Boys, visitors and the staff, so that the advantages of a number of heads may be used for the benefit of the place.

A word must be said about the new Lounge which was opened in the middle of last month. It is built on the lawn and is approached from the old Lounge by a sloping passage in which there are no steps. It is an extremely handsome building, and will be very useful for dances and all entertainments. The Church is on the south-east corner, and on the opposite side there is a new Massage Room. This was rendered necessary owing to the growth of the Massage Class. We had all hoped that the new Lounge would have been opened sooner, but the fates decided otherwise.

A Sale of Work was held at Oxhey on the 9th of last month in aid of St. Dunstan's, and a stall was arranged upon which the work of the men here was displayed. We understand that the result was very satisfactory to all concerned.

Major Arthur Haggard, of the Veterans' Club, has now set apart a room for the use of the Old Boys of St. Dunstan's when they are in town. Sir Arthur Pearson accepted the offer so kindly made, which was the result of a suggestion in the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW. The address of the Veterans' Club is 47, Bedford Row, W.C. The object of the room is to give those old Boys who may be visiting London a central meeting place where they can in-



vite their friends and transact any business they may have to do.

George Adams, who has written us some cheery little verses for this number, says that he finds the REVIEW most interesting, and hopes that it will continue as long as St. Dunstan's may last. Our hope is that the REVIEW will keep on very much longer and be the means by which all men who have passed through St. Dunstan's will keep in touch with each other.

A Cinderella Dance in aid of St. Dunstan's was held on December 14th at the Hamilton Hall, Woodford Green. It was under the patronage of Lord and Lady French, and we are told that it was a great success.

We hear from Albert Woollen at Manchester, that Sewell is to be married in January to Miss Coles. We are all glad to hear this, as we know that Sewell, who is a modest fellow, was not at one time hopeful of a happy ending to his suit.

John Brown, the sturdy Scotsman, who makes mats and mends boots at Brenchley, goes in for long walks in the country with his wife, averaging from 12 to 15 miles a day. This he imputes to the fresh taste for athletics given to him while at St. Dunstan's by the boating, walking, and other exercises in which we indulge. Bravo!

Mrs. C. E. Rose read a paper descriptive of St. Dunstan's before the Chalcot Discussion Club of Hampstead, on Monday, December 11th. It was listened to with much interest, and the whole of the members of the club propose to pay a

visit to us in consequence. We shall be glad to welcome them.

There was a very cold snap in the early days of December that stopped our boating on the lake; but it fortunately did not last long, so that we were enabled to try the "fours" that Mr. Johnson has introduced for us. Naturally, the first trial or two were in the nature of experiment; but there is little doubt that we shall soon get used to them, and that the boating men will have an extra inducement to stick to this most attractive of sport. It will not be long before we shall be thinking again of our before-breakfast rowing.

Tandem cycles will soon be available for those who want to ride them. Sir Arthur has ordered them, and they ought to be here early this year. Several orderlies have volunteered to help as guides, and those boys who want to take up this sport should give in their names as soon as possible to Mr. Rose, so that they may be dealt with in turn.

The St. Dunstan's chauffeurs deserve well of us. They are Austin, Mitchell, and Martin. From early morning until late at night they are running their cars to and fro on the various errands and journeys that are necessary, and they never complain of the length of their hours, or of the demands made upon them. Mitchell and Martin have been with us ever since they were Boy Scouts, and have done good service, and Austin was our first car-driver and has taught both the others. St. Dunstan's is well served in this department.

Many concerts and sales of work on behalf of St. Dunstan's are frequently





taking place all over the country. The organisers are in most cases so modest that we never hear anything about them until they are over. We should be obliged if, in every case, they would send us particulars, so that notices of them may appear in this REVIEW. We all like to know of these things, and it will be a kindness to inform us.

Major Isaacs, who has the welfare of the Australians at heart, has paid us more than one visit of inspecting inquiry. He desires to keep in close touch with the boys from Kangaroo-land, and his intention is to do all that he can for them on the reports that he receives. It is not too much to say that every Australian that we have, or have had, does us all the credit that is possible. The Australian is as keen a worker as he is a fighter.

I want to ask all Old Boys to see if their names, initials and addresses are rightly put down in the list on the last page. I know that mistakes creep in, and I am very anxious that there shall be no errors of any kind. Will anybody who discovers anything that is not quite right please let me know, so that it may be corrected?

The practice dances came to a temporary end on December 12th, but will be resumed on January 9th, 1917. These are very encouraging little affairs, as all the boys who desire to learn are so keen, and all the ladies who come to teach them are so willing. The average class is over 25, and we could still do with a few more instructors.

Arthur Brown wishes me to give his thanks through these columns to all of his friends who subscribed for the wed-

ding present that was given him from St. Dunstan's. "Brownie," as we all called him, may be sure of an equally friendly gift every time that he commits marriage.

I must also record that Miss Mace, the devoted personal secretary to Sir Arthur Pearson, has accepted a seat on the St. Dunstan's Care and After-Care Committee. Her help is valuable, because she has a sympathetic insight to the welfare of the men, with whom she is deservedly popular.

Mrs. Bates has earned a well-merited promotion in being made Secretary-General to St. Dunstan's. This was proposed and heartily carried at a recent committee meeting. The work done by Mrs. Bates is too diversified to be easily appraised, but I am not saying too much in stating that she fulfils a most onerous collection of tasks without hitch or failing.

I have received from the editor of "The Norwood Review" a copy of his paper dated December 9th, 1916, in which he quotes several paragraphs from our November issue, under the heading of St. Dunstan's. I also have to thank the Rev. Pemberton Lloyd for some kindly and thoughtful remarks upon the Hostel in the same paper.

An excellent concert was given on December 16th in aid of the Union Jack Club Extension Fund, and several of the St. Dunstan's men were invited. It was held at the Great Central Hall, Brompton, and among the artistes were Miss Margaret Cooper, Madame Agnes Nicholls, and Mr. Herbert Cave. It was an excellent entertainment, and was much enjoyed.



One by one the old Sisters who have done so much to make St. Dunstan's the success that it has become are leaving us. The latest to go is Sister Wood, our Assistant Matron, whose unflinching good temper endeared her to us all. To take up her work and carry it through to the general satisfaction as she has done will be no light task for her successor. We shall all miss Sister Wood very much, and it is a keen regret to the old workers that she found herself unable to remain with us. But conditions change, and Miss Wood, who was as conservative as she was invaluable, decided to go elsewhere. St. Dunstan's and the old members of the staff send their warmest thoughts with her.

Jock Steel, our first stroke in the St. Dunstan's four, is getting his sight much better—at which we are all very pleased—and is now working in a hospital in Glasgow and receiving a good wage. Another of our rowing men—Matheson, the Australian—has also had his sight fractionally improved by an operation, and paid us a visit just before Christmas to tell us the good news. I am glad that rowing is evidently beneficent.

Miss Edith Flint wishes to thank all those people of St. Dunstan's who joined to give her a wedding present. She says that she will always remember the kindness that has been shown to her, with the most profound gratitude. Miss Flint will return after Christmas to renew her duties, when she will, of course, be Mrs. McLaren.

Sergeant-Major Sidney Tyler, 2nd Canadian Mounted Rifles, has been gazetted a full lieutenant in recognition of his services. St. Dunstan's is very proud of this. Lieutenant Tyson is an

Englishman, who has spent fourteen years of his life in Canada, so that both countries may feel honoured by his promotion from the ranks.

We have received a letter on behalf of 28 blinded Russian soldiers in Moscow, which space unfortunately does not permit us to print in full. In effect it says that the writers want to know all about the men at St. Dunstan's, and would like to keep in touch with them by writing. Needless to say, the soldiers here reciprocate their desires and kindly feelings to the utmost.

It was a great business getting everybody off for the holidays; but thanks to a number of kind offers of motor-cars from the Canadian Red Cross and others it was successfully accomplished; but the staff was glad that Christmas only comes once a year.

A small room, opening out of the typewriting room, will shortly be completed, and is to be used as a quiet place in which to give the men their typewriting tests. The following have passed their typewriting test recently:—Pugh, Arniel, Stacey, Hill, Shaw, James, Howell, Green, Sergt. Leeman, Payne, Cowen, Davidson, White, Stamp, Sharplin, Capt. Appleby, Sergt. Mitchell, Rogers, Exall, Stewart, Jones, Oliver, Peto, Cobble, and Lieut. Fraser, Webb.

On Saturday, December 16th, the foreign section of the G.P.O. gave a concert and dance at the Holborn Town Hall. The chairman was Sir Robert Bruce, who, in an excellent speech, made reference to the splendid work that was being carried on at St. Dunstan's. There was a long programme of talented





artistes, among whom was one of our own men, Corporal S. C. Tarry, who was enthusiastically received and cheered to the echo. Just before the dance Corporal Tarry gave a short speech, outlining in brief the particulars of St. Dunstan's, and saying what a good time he himself had had during the past twelve months.

It has been found impossible to prepare the audited accounts of the St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW for this issue. But they shall certainly be ready for the February number. There was so much to do in the short portion of December that was available for work, that the preparation of this balance-sheet had to be postponed.

C. E. R.

## The Suggestion Box

The following suggestions were received during last month:—

*That artistes who come to entertain the men should be supplied with refreshments.*

The artistes themselves do not desire this, or it would be done.

*Place strips of cocoa-nut matting 18 inches wide, side by side with a similar strip of carpet, so that men going in one direction shall keep on the carpet and vice-versa.*

This idea is already carried out in another way. This suggestion, if adopted, would lead probably to considerable confusion.

*We find when we have had St. Dunstan's boys to stay in the country, that a sighted person riding beside one on an ordinary bicycle, with just a hand on his shoulder is quite sufficient to guide him. Tandem bicycles are difficult to manage unless one is used to them—also mounting and dismounting present difficulties.*

All this is under consideration; but we should be glad to hear what the men who wish to cycle think of it.

Another suggestion has been received about tandem-cycling. We may say that Sir Arthur Pearson has ordered six tandem cycles. As soon as they arrive we will try the various ideas and decide which is best.

*May I make the suggestion that some of the note-paper should be stamped with the address instead of printed, so that the men can discover the right way to place the paper in the typewriter for themselves?*

This is quite a good notion, and may be adopted.

*I suggest that a considerable sum of money could be saved by buying everything in large quantities direct from the wholesaler, instead of buying in small quantities from the retailer.*

This is good common sense, and is adopted as far as possible.

*For the comfort of St. Dunstan's would be a small trip of carpet placed by the side of each bed.*

No doubt the Matron will give this her attention.

*St. Dunstan's men should have a special handshake for purposes of mutual recognition.*

In regard to this, C. Wise will be pleased to show how it should be done.

*As a means of relieving the congestion at the dispensary, that one Sister should be engaged in dispensing medicines only.*

Nurse Read acknowledges this suggestion with thanks.



## Netting Room Notes

DECEMBER was a very busy month for everybody in the Netting Room, and it has been remarked that we fairly "bagged" the Christmas market this year. A real novelty is our washable bag. In view of the scarcity of coloured twines we are glad to have other material to fall back on, and these self-coloured bags are becoming very popular.

We should like to make it more generally known that we can turn out any amount of strong hammocks, and if

friends will kindly give their orders now for the coming fine weather season we shall be glad of the work during winter.

Apart from work, we can report general cheeriness, and as yet, in spite of the sugar difficulties, sweets have not yet failed to make their usual rounds. The following joke was dropped recently, and it is thought too good not to be picked up and put into print: During a spell of mixed singing, somebody plaintively begged for less noise, "because the teachers can't get to sleep"!

G. H. W.

## December Departures

SEVERAL old faces will be missing from among us when we meet in January. There is Sergeant Denison, whose poems under the signature of "Laphell" have been so much admired in this magazine. There is Turnock, affectionately known as "Tommy," whose boating ability will be greatly missed, and who was never known to be out of temper.

How are we to get on without Ferguson, who ever belied the exploded idea that a Scotsman could not see a joke? He will be sadly missed. "Jacky" Back is another great loss. It is safe to say that no boy ever gained more

friends in St. Dunstan's than he did, and his delightful nature was only equalled by his wonderful capacity for picking up knowledge of all kinds of usefulness.

Latham and Lomas were both quiet steady-going fellows who worked well and were a pleasure to have with us, and the same may be said of Roddy, Marks and Selby. "Taffy" Davies is another loss to us, both at play and in the workshop, where he was a credit to his teachers. Collins, a keen boater and hard worker, has also gone.

We shall miss them all, again and again, and St. Dunstan's will be the poorer for their absence.

## The Christmas Raffle

AT the suggestion of the cheery Burge, a Christmas Raffle was got up. The entrance was fixed at one shilling, and exactly eighty subscriptions were received. This provided a sum of £4, which was judiciously ex-

pendent by Miss Hacking, our adjutant, in 2 turkeys, 2 geese, 1 ham, and 2 Christmas puddings, which together cost £3 19s. 6d. So that the eighth prize was a lucky 6d.

The drawing took place on the after-





noon of Monday, December 18th, in the old Lounge. Eighty slips of paper, on which were written the names, were carefully rolled up and placed in one box, and similar slips of paper (of which 72 were blanks and 8 were prizes) were placed in another. Two ladies officiated, one drawing a slip from the name-box and the other at the same time drawing a slip from the prize-box. The lucky winners were Corporal Lane (the basket-maker, who has set up for himself) and

E. J. Turner, the Canadian, who each drew a turkey; Corporal McIntosh and Blaney, who each got a goose; C. W. Wise, who acquired the ham; Sergeant Pugh and Foster, who each received a Christmas pudding; and Murphy, who drew the lucky sixpence. The only drawback to the complete success of the Raffle was that everybody did not get a prize; but it was generally realised that this was inevitable.

## The Christmas Concert

ACCORDING to custom, the boys of St. Dunstan's had a concert all to themselves and supported entirely by their own talent on the eve of the holiday. On Monday, December 18th, at 8.30, it began, and although there were no encores and each man only performed once, it took two hours, going as hard as we could, to get through the programme. Sergeant Curtis-Willson, accompanying himself, gave "My old Shako"; Molloy, who has an excellent voice, sang "Mifanwy," the Welsh ditty; Walter Speaight rendered "Sincerity" in excellent style, and J. H. Smith, Exall, Robinson, Hill, and Davies—who are all possessors of very good voices—sang some excellent songs.

There was a strong element of comic talent to contrast with the sentimental. Wise gave his "Laughing Song," at

which he accompanied himself; Sergeant Tarry, following our old friend Teddy Bates, sang "In These Hard Times" and Drummer Downes, Uncle Cross, Sergeant Jones, Sergeant Horsley, and Lionel Wilson all contributed to our amusement in true buffo style.

A new-comer, Alphonse Vandeboss—a Belgian—played cornet solos to everybody's pleasure, and among others who contributed ditties we must mention Blaney and Cowan. Funny stories were told by Harry Jobe and Sergeant Harris, and Corporal McLean recited "Kitchener of Khartoum" with excellent intonation.

Miss Vincent and Mr. R. K. Huskinson were unflagging accompanists, and the whole entertainment was one to remember.

## The Consecration of our Chapel

THE Bishop of London, assisted by the Rev. L. J. Percival and the Rev. E. N. Sharpe, performed the ceremony of consecrating the St. Dunstan's Chapel on Thursday, December

14th. The time fixed was 4 o'clock, and at that hour the congregation was so big that it filled the chapel and overflowed well into the Lounge beyond. Among those present were Sir Arthur and Lady



Pearson, Lady Jellicoe, Lady Beatty and Lady Newnes, and many other distinguished people. When a hymn had been heartily sung, the Bishop dedicated the Chapel to the service of St. Dunstan's.

After this the four candidates were confirmed, their names being Dowson, Foster, Harriss, and Randell. The class would have been larger but for illness. The Bishop of London then gave a short and telling address, and the service was concluded by the singing of the National Anthem. It was an impressive

gathering which will long be remembered by all those who were privileged to be present. It should be said that the altar was decorated with white York roses.

The final hymn, "Abide with Me," was chosen because its author was Sir Arthur Pearson's great grandfather; and it should be added that a valuable gift was made by Mr. Arnold Lawson, the ophthalmic surgeon, through whose hands so many of our men have passed.

## Braille Room Notes.

WE begin next term in an enlarged Braille Room. An extension is rising like a noisy mushroom to correspond with the Netting Room at the other end. This will enable us to have many more tables at a good distance apart, which will appeal to both teachers and pupils.

Our last week's work was not very peaceful, owing to perpetual hammering, and it was unfortunate that during the coldest spell of the year, huge holes kept on appearing in walls and roof. However, the work of the builders will be quite finished by the New Year. We

are expecting a general rush for tables in the new room.

We congratulate the following men on having passed their tests:—Reading test: Mr. Wilson, Molloy, Lloyd, Stacey, Westwick, Vine, Mears. Writing test: Sergeant Dennison, David Gray, W. Robinson, Henry Crane, Elmer Glew, J. W. Hodkin, Sergeant-Major Cope, and Sergeant Curtis-Willson.

During the term 21 men have passed the reading test, and 22 men the writing test; which make a most satisfactory total for four months' work.

## Queen Amelie's Letter

THE Editor of the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW has received the following letter from the Conte de Fiyueno, the Grand Master of the House to Queen Amelie of Portugal.

Sir,

Her Majesty the Queen Amelie of Portugal charges me to thank you very much for your pleasant article, entitled "A Royal Visitor," in No. 5 of the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW.

Her Majesty is very sensible of your kindness, and feels profoundly the compliment that has been paid to her. Please accept the assurance of my extreme consideration.

We need hardly say that we enjoyed Her Majesty's visit here as much as she appears to have done, and we are extremely gratified that the little notice in the magazine should have attracted so kind a response.





## Our Big Dance

THE dancing season came to an end with the usual big ball. This was on Friday, December 15th, and both the new and old Lounges were used. The band of the 1st Life Guards played in the former and Mr. Hollyman's string band in the latter. Both rooms were crowded to excess, but everybody who wanted to dance managed to do so, and good humour generally prevailed.

There was a relaxation of the rules found to be necessary by reasons of space on ordinary dance nights, so that the staff and many friends helped to swell the crowd of dancers. If anything, there were more ladies than men, but matters were equalised by the ladies dancing together.

## The Savoy Fair

MONEY poured into the laps of the fair ladies who presided at the various stalls at the Savoy Fair, which was held at the Savoy Hotel on December 6th, 7th, and 8th. It was under the control of the Emergency Voluntary Aid Committee of the Empress Club, and half the proceeds were given to the St. Dunstan's Fund for the After-care of the Soldiers.

So successful was the enterprise that it had to be prolonged for an extra day. The St. Dunstan's stall, which was presided over by Lady Pearson, helped by Mrs. Atkins, was a great attraction, and the many samples of the excellent work

Sir Arthur and Lady Pearson arrived about 9 o'clock and walked through the dancing rooms. Sir Arthur addressed a few words of farewell to the boys, as he was on the eve of departing for the Continent, on a tour of inspection of the means adopted for dealing with the blinded soldiers of our Allies. Everyone will be anxious to hear the results of his researches.

An excellent supper was provided by Messrs. Whiteley, and dancing was kept up until well past 11 o'clock. It may be mentioned that nearly 200 tickets of invitation were issued to ladies, and that all of them were presented at the doors.

made by our men brought in numerous orders, so that our workshops will be busy executing them for some weeks to come.

Mrs. M. James Burn was the honorary secretary, and upon her depended chiefly the measure of success of the enterprise; so that to her must be awarded much of the credit for the gratifying results. The opening of the Fair on the first day was performed by the Princess Patricia of Connaught, on the second day by Sir Arthur Pearson, and on the third day by Lady Haig. Dancing was enjoyed after each day's work, and was kept up until a late hour.

## Our Entertainments

MADAME ALYS BATEMAN has organised several entertainments on behalf of the Hostel, but it was only last month that she was able to come along to St. Dunstan's and

show us all what excellent parties she can get together. We expected something high-class, we got it, and appreciated it. The violin playing of Chevalier de Stuers was wonderful. So was



that of the Russian, Mr. Sacha Lasser-son; whilst the performances of Mr. Herman Klein's ladies' choir were just the thing we always enjoy.

Mr. Ben Davies always gives us a treat when he comes, and our thanks this time are due to Madame Ada Davies for including him in her party. It is more years ago than I like to admit that I first heard Mr. Davies sing, but he can still give me that shivery feeling down the spine which I suppose we all experience now and then. Mr. Nigel Playfair was of the same party. May he come again!

Private Peter Graham had four days' leave from his military duties, and did not forget us. He came along at lunch time, on one of those precious days, and gave us a pleasant hour, rendering one song after the other, every one of which was given in his usual masterful manner. Miss Down was an excellent accompanist.

The band of the 1st Life Guards, under Mr. F. Miller's able leadership, paid a regular weekly visit to us, instead of coming on alternate Thursdays. This was because the Horse Guards (Blue) band was "somewhere in France," and Mr. Miller did not wish us to be disappointed. The 1st Life Guards Band will be "somewhere in France" during February, and then I hope it will be possible for Mr. Bilton to come along with his band each Thursday.

The first "all-women" party was brought by Miss Lloyd-Jones. The whistling solos of Miss Russell and the recitations of Miss Sutton brought forth round after round of applause.

The entertainment provided by Messrs. Wm. Whiteley was excellent, and was the first held in the new Lounge. There was a little bit of everything. Each one

of the rollicking pieces rendered by the W.R.A. orchestra, under the direction of Miss Hughes, the President, led to shouts for encores. One of the items was an Irish jig, and our juvenile Matron could not resist the temptation to get up and dance to it. Mr. Will Dellers' comic songs were greatly appreciated.

Miss Debenham and her lady orchestra gave us a delightful concert, and Mr. Howard Jones's "homely Tuesday evening concerts" have been going very well. Miss Emerson's violin quartette were much appreciated on Saturday, December 9th. We have a number of extra concerts now, and St. Dunstan's is well treated in the way of surprise music.

The Ragtime Sextette paid us a lunch-time rush visit on the 18th. It was a good Christmas prelude, and gave us the real Christmassy feeling.

Mr. Philip M. Pilcer was in charge not only of the Sextette, but also of 62 instruments attached to his big drum, and he treated them all unmercifully. Nevertheless we all enjoyed the extraordinary music he got out of them, and he and the party have promised to come again in January.

The last concert before the holiday break-up was organised by Mrs. Coleridge Taylor. Hearty congratulations are due to her for providing so fitting a conclusion to our pleasant gatherings, for the party included Miss Lillie Aston, Mr. Charles Tree, and Mr. Jock Walker.

Our next entertainment will be on Thursday, January 4th, and on that occasion Sir George Alexander and Company will act a little play, lasting about half an hour. Sir George says the play is of particular interest to blind men. It will commence at five o'clock. The usual concert will take place immediately afterwards. E. K.





## The Physical Drill Display

ON December 12th, the physical drill display took place, for which the boys had been steadily preparing for a couple of months beforehand. The new Lounge was used for the first time, and it proved a warm and comfortable place of entertainment. Sir Arthur Pearson had sent out a number of invitations, so that there was a good crowd of spectators when punctually at 5.30 Drummer Downes gave the "Fail in" on the bugle. The men selected for the competition then marched from the Hall to the Drill Room, keeping step wonderfully well, and by placing their hands on each others shoulders the line was maintained just as if they were on parade. Corporal Payne was the instructor. The evolutions that followed were of the usual kind, half of them being physical and half Swedish. At the conclusion of each item there was loud applause.

The judging was extremely difficult owing to the general excellence of the competitors. It was hoped that on future occasions efforts should be made to obtain the guidance of a proper drill

instructor for these displays. The whole show lasted about an hour and the men marched out to the bugle "Disperse." The prizewinners were divided into two classes. First, physical, in which Green was awarded first place, Foster second place, and Price and Chilton tying for third place. In the Swedish Section, Dixon came out first, Arneil second, with Milner and Chaplin tying for third place. It will thus be seen that England, Australia, New Zealand, and Canada were all represented in the prize winning list. Honourable mention was accorded to Johns, Peto, Sims, Smith, and Yates.

The men were dressed in white duck trousers, singlets, belts, and "gym" shoes, and presented a smart appearance. Corporal Payne, while giving the commands, went through many of the exercises himself, and it may safely be said that he did them in a way that commanded general admiration. It is hoped that there will be another display early in February, which will wind up the drilling season preparatory to the resumption of the early morning boating.

## December Debates

IT had been intended on December 7th to have a debate on "Should Conscription be Enforced in Ireland?" but the dramatic change of Government that took place just then caused the subject to be altered to "Is Mr. Lloyd George the most desirable Premier?" This was opened by Sergeant Curtis-Willson, and led to an exceedingly interesting discussion. Excellent speeches were made by Sergeant Harris, Messrs. Rowley, Ballantyne, Harry Green, Vine (who opposed),

Vaughan, and Boteler. Considerable knowledge of the position was displayed by the speakers, and Curtis-Willson's brilliant wind-up will not soon be forgotten.

When put to the vote the resolution was carried by 51 to 0, and the Chairman was instructed to send a "vote of the utmost confidence in Mr. Lloyd George's capacity to deal with the war in the most efficacious way." Much enthusiasm was shown in the change of Government, and



hopes were evidently high that it augured well for the country.

This debate will be memorable for Sergeant Curtis-Willson's farewell speech. He stated that it was the last debate he would attend, as he was about to start for himself as a poultry keeper and a mat and basket maker. Curtis-Willson will be greatly missed. As a debater he was in the very front rank, as a hard and keen worker he forced our admiration, as a rowing man he aroused our envy, and as an all-round good fellow he received our affection. His loss to the Debating Club cannot be over-estimated.

We wish to record our welcome of the number of new speakers that promise to make our debates interesting. Among them we may mention Messrs. Wilson, Ballantyne, Rowley, and Ullyett. These four are excellent, but there are others of whom we expect great things, and their names will be mentioned in due course.

As the debate upon the subject of "An Alternative Penalty for Field Punishment No. 1" was not fully commented upon in the December magazine, it may be interesting to state that among the suggestions were: (1) A man should go on dangerous duty. (2) Be given an extra turn in the trenches. (3) Have his discharge suspended for two years. (4)

Solitary confinement. (5) Be debarred from drink rations. These were all considered to be good alternatives for the unpopular crucifixion.

The final debate before the holidays was on December 14th, when Boteler, in a racy opening, introduced the suggestion "That the Army Service Corps is the most important Section of the Forces." This led to an animated discussion, in which Sergeants Dyson and Harris, and Messrs. Green, Ballantyne, and Chilton took part. We understand, however, that the debate was continued nearly all night in some of the wards. Feelings were permitted to run rather high; but this is perhaps inevitable in controversial subjects, although everyone should remember that it is argument and not strength of language that tells most. No resolution was submitted, as it was pretty generally agreed that there was no real opposition.

The debates will not be resumed until January 11th, by which time it is hoped that a new and representative Committee will be formed. Each ward is to be invited to elect a member, and the various annexes will be entitled to nominate a committeeman. The duty of the Committee will be to meet once a week and decide upon the subjects for discussion.

## Massage Notes

SIR RICKMAN GODLEE, the eminent surgeon, who is on the Advisory Board of the Almeric Paget Massage Corps, paid a visit to the Massage Class recently, and afterwards saw the advanced class at practical work at the N.I.B. He expressed himself as greatly interested in the work of the blind masseurs, and was astonished at

the aptitude displayed by most of the men. He intimated that there will be plenty of work for all who pass the I.S.T.M. Examination, and wanted to know how many St. Dunstan's masseurs he could reckon upon during 1917. So it is "up to" all the students to take their work seriously and to reap the advantage of all the instruction pro-





vided. One point upon which he laid great stress was that students should cultivate a quick, decided style for setting about a case, so as to avoid any appearance of "feeling" the patient.

We are pleased to announce that Cook has successfully passed his last examination and now holds the I.S.T.M. Certificate.

Mr. Way, our assistant instructor, took to himself a wife on December 27th. The members of the Massage Class subscribed towards a wedding present, and all wish Mr. and Mrs. Way every happiness.

Graves has started in private practice in West Hampstead.

The Duke of Connaught spent some little time in the Massage Room on his recent visit. He spoke to several of the students, and in the dim light of a winter's afternoon mistook Gray's regimental colours for the ribbon of the D.C.M.! "Anyway," said His Royal

## Royal Visitors

THE Duke and Duchess of Connaught paid us a visit on the afternoon of Thursday, December 7th, and under the guidance of Sir Arthur Pearson visited every department and took the keenest interest in each of them. They spent over half an hour in the Workshop, and made some purchases of baskets and oak trays. The Royal visitors conversed freely with the men, the Duke being naturally interested in those Canadians who had been members of Princess Patricia's Regiment.

Highness, "I'm sure you deserved it," and asked Gray if he were a Scotsman.

The new Massage Room is now finished and in full working order. The extra accommodation and quiet are much appreciated by both students and instructors. The small room is arranged with desks and typewriters, so that students may have experience of doing written examination papers under the same conditions that apply to the real examination.

Girling, Scott, Tarry, and Jobson are putting in their last few laps at training, and are working well. They all feel pretty hopeful of passing the February-March examination. We wish them all the best of luck.

Marvellous to relate, although the massage students have been working at the Middlesex Hospital for over eighteen months, there has not yet been a single inquest! When the patients will not lie still "Tiny" Toft comes in very usefully. He carries great weight.

The Braille Room, the Poultry Farm, and the other sections were taken in turn, and their Royal Highnesses expressed their surprise and wonder at the happiness of the men and their proficiency in their various tasks. The Duchess expressed her intention of sending her shoes to be repaired by our men and of having her pictures framed by us in future.

St. Dunstan's much appreciated the honour paid and the interest evinced in all that we do.



## Workshop Gossip

THOSE men who have left us and set up for themselves should always be careful to mark their parcels of mats or baskets or trays with their names. In one or two cases we have received goods without any name, and we can only guess at the senders by the railway marks. It would be better in every case to send a postcard at the same time giving particulars of the contents of each parcel despatched.

The new Bootshop is now in active working order, and there are forty benches available. This means that we can find places for eighty a day at boots alone. Mr. Weekes, the chief instructor, is helped by Mr. Plumpton and several pupil teachers, so that no extra instructors will be necessary.

Neil Macdonald has sent us a dozen oak trays from Glasgow, which he has settled down as a joiner. They were remarkably well made, and we were very glad to have them in readiness for the Christmas demand. Mr. Atkinson, who examined them carefully, was quite pleased with them, and we all know that he is a most impartial critic.

A letter has also come from Macdonald, in which he says: "Your words of praise for my work were nice and encouraging. I received the money and receipted the form. I have just got the box back, and I must thank you very much, as the whole business was carried

Father (to little son after a Zeppelin night): "And where do you think you would go if they came over here?"

Little Son: "I'd go into the graveyard; for they will not drop bombs where the dead people are, because it won't hurt them."

out with express speed." We like to be prompt in the Workshop, but it is pleasant to have it noticed by our old comrades.

While on the subject of trays, I may mention that Captain Walker, who has become an enthusiastic joiner, made an exceedingly good oak tray at his first attempt. The corners were true, the joinery was correct, the handles were accurate, and the polish was perfect. Mr. Ellis, who is also taking up indoor carpentry, is a hard-working pupil who is going to do us as much credit as he is doing himself.

Some of the men seem doubtful as to whether they may change their work and occasionally continue with a job that they do not like. This is never necessary. Any man who finds that he is not getting on well with any particular work has only to mention the matter to Mr. Rose, who will at once make arrangements to transfer him to some other branch. It is waste of time for anybody to stick at a trade at which he is unlikely to make good.

The basket-making department will be transferred to the new extension of the Workshop, so as to make room for the joinery, which has again outgrown the space allotted to it. Both of these sections are flourishing, and we shall always be ready to give them all the room that they need.

Doctor (to blind masseur who is carefully feeling a multitude of pimples on the arm of a patient): "What are you finding out now?"

Masseur: "Braille, sir. I am just reading prescription as stated."





## Poultry Notes

**T**HERE were no further examinations during the month of December, and the Poultry Farm, though welcoming new students, has regretfully parted with those who did so well in the last one.

It may easily be imagined that the weather during the past month has not been ideal either for poultry or poultry farmers. However, St. Dunstan's has not time to pay much attention to the weather. It might have been thought that the Poultry Joinery Class would have been unable to carry on, owing to the fact that it is practically an open-air workshop, but both instructor and class keep warm by keeping busy. They always find plenty to do, as chickens have innumerable wants. A large new henhouse is in course of construction. It is of the semi-intensive type, and Mr. Playfoot has suggested several improvements which the ordinary poultry house builder does not generally offer to the public. The improvements consist of a boarded floor, weather-board, door on the right-hand side of the wire front, more practical shutters, and so on.

Dowson, the ever-industrious, has made a small and very attractive model of the above house. It is six inches high and on a scale of an inch to the foot. The advantage of such a model is that it can be carried away and copied to the required scale whenever and wherever necessary.

More and more hencoops have been turned out, and the fittings for the new house, nest boxes, perches, shutters, etc., are also going forward. Woodin, the instructor, is one of those who like plenty to do, and his pupils keep him busy.

A few words are called for on the

subject of table poultry; but we must begin with the fattening section, which is immediately on the left on entering the farmyard. On each side of the section are placed the fattening coops containing the victims, who frequently attract the interest, and sometimes the pity, of visitors to the farm. The said victims do not, it is thought, realise the fate that awaits them, and live pleasantly enough on the fat of the land. If by chance any of them should guess what it all means, they have evidently decided that "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die!" To pass on, I think it would surprise many to see how neatly plucked and trussed are the best specimens prepared by the class.

Sir Arthur has made an arrangement which will be of great benefit to St. Dunstan's poultry farmers when they start on their own account. A relative of each man may take a course of poultry on the Annandale Poultry Farm, the property of Mrs. St. Johnston, at Sutton Coldfield. Mrs. Johnston is an expert in all matters pertaining to utility poultry farming, and her prosperous farm of six acres is an example of what may be achieved by good management, sound knowledge, and hard work. Poultry is the main line of development at Annandale, but any who care to may also learn what a profitable addition rabbits, geese, ducks, pigs, and market gardening may be.

The St. Dunstan's Poultry Farm stock has been increased by another pen of Light Sussex, purchased from Mr. A. J. Falkenstein, of Dallington, who has recently carried off the challenge cup for the best bird in the Sussex Club Show held on December 7th. This enhances the value of the St. Dunstan's birds, which are, of course, of the same strain.



May I point out a printers' error in last month's Poultry Notes, which state that "the Poultry Farm possesses one pen of Carn's noted White Wyandottes, and another of that well-known breeder's

White Leghorns." For "Carn" please read "Cam." As poultry farmers know, E. Cam's Pen 19 of White Wyandottes, holds the world's record for winter laying. *D. L.*

## After-Care Notes

**S**ERGEANT - MAJOR FEATHERSTONE has 1,000 preserved eggs for sale, and has received an offer for the lot at a good price.

D. Melling writes: "I think I shall soon start sailing along with my eggs, as my White Wyandottes are now coming into lay, for I have had three lovely eggs this morning; they are my first three in one day."

T. Thorpe writes: "I am very pleased there is someone to look after our welfare. I am enclosing last month's report (which is fairly good). The weather is still very trying, but we must look on the bright side of things. I can assure you that I shall continue to do my best and try and overcome all difficulties."

All the basket-makers have been very busy. Martin Lane continues to bring a load of well-made baskets every week, which have been ordered by customers at St. Dunstan's. G. Lawlor, J. R. Brown, G. Brown, P. Brown, and when his health permits G. Dennis, also successfully carry out the orders they obtain through Mr. Rose. Neil Macdonald has had little sale for his wooden trays in Scotland. He sent a dozen to St. Dunstan's and they were sold immediately. W. Pettit also continues to flourish in this particular branch of the trade. Among the bootmakers, Braithwaite, Devlin, Stanners and McCarthy,

Halls, Hale and Matthews appear from their letters to be very busy, and Hicks and Bocking have made good starts.

Mr. Clayden has lately visited Ireland, and says: "I travelled to Ireland at the beginning of the month with Davidson and Whiteside. I left Whiteside at Portadown and went on to Belfast with Davidson. While in Belfast I called on Berry, and found that he had run out of yarn. I then went on to Dublin and visited Goodison. He is going along very straight now, but is dissatisfied with the Old Country and wishes to come to London. The Soldiers' Help Society buy the hammocks that he makes. He is about to give some lessons in bag-making to some neighbours. I then went on to Cork and found Moon very bright and merry as usual. He has been a teetotaller since last St. Patrick's Day and has stuck well to work. He makes very good mats, but finds he cannot border them without the assistance of his father. He also would like to come to live in London."

J. R. Brown is doing splendidly with his baskets. He is a very ambitious fellow, steady and hard working, spending each day seven or eight hours in his workshop. The first three months after settling down he did not get much work, but now he has plenty, both making new baskets and repairing old. He undertakes any odd job that comes along, if he thinks it is at all possible for him to do it. He has repaired several baskets





and chairs that looked almost beyond repair, but Brown has made them quite presentable, and his customers have been more than satisfied.

A. Evans, Newport, has not settled down to much work at present; he is just having a good time, but means to set to work in real earnest in the New Year. There is every prospect of him doing well, for his baskets are nicely made, and he, like most of the St. Dunstan's men, is very bright and hopeful.

H. Hurst is another man whom it is a pleasure to visit. He is always cheerful, and says he is as "happy as a king." He lives with his wife and six children in a delightful little spot in Derbyshire, and works hard and is making a good living. He is a poultry farmer and mat-maker, and has as much work as he is able to undertake; and as a side line he makes string bags, which have proved very profitable. All his work is sold locally. Hurst says that he has many accomplishments, but the one in which he most excels is nursing the baby!

F. W. McCarthy has settled down at Nuneaton. He, fortunately, has a good deal of sight, and has obtained a post as carpenter in some neighbouring works, where he is doing very good work. He has a nicely fitted up shed at home, where he spends his evenings doing work for local customers. He undertakes picture framing, tray making, or anything in the joinery line that comes his way.

C. Spiers, Oxford, is one of the first that came to St. Dunstan's. He is one of the cheeriest of men, nothing seeming to daunt him. He is another mat-maker and does splendid work. He has also undertaken repairs, which have been very creditably done. By the time these

notes are in circulation he will have joined the married ranks. His partner is keenly interested in his work and will be a real helpmate to him.

W. Street, Evesham, has only been home a few weeks, but there is every prospect of him doing well when he gets quite settled down. He is a basket and mat-maker, and also undertakes orders for hammocks; he has several orders in hand already. He is making good use of his typewriter, writing to the many friends he has left behind him in London.

R. Stanners is busy boot repairing. His work is well done, and his customers have made many gratifying remarks. His shop is nicely fitted and is in a busy thoroughfare; so far he has done a brisk trade. He is an enterprising young man, and means to introduce other saleable articles into his shop; he has started with a supply of tobacco and cigarettes, and he is hoping to get quick returns.

Coles is improving in health daily. His fowls are coming on to lay, and he is looking forward to a good season this coming year. May his hopes be realised to their fullest extent. He recently gave a Black Leghorn cockerel to a sale for sending parcels to our prisoners of war in Germany, which enriched the proceeds by forty-one shillings.

Biggadyke is unwell, and owing to a series of domestic troubles has been unable to work for some time past. He would like it stated that the little boy he has recently lost, instead of being an infant, as reported in last month's REVIEW, was almost six years old, and was his constant companion, both at home and abroad. We can understand what such a loss means to him, and send him our heartfelt sympathy and trust that his wife and himself will soon be restored to their wonted health and strength.

T. H. M.



## Miss Critten's Competition

MISS JULIA CRITTEN'S Wednesday evenings maintain their popularity. They are made up of sing-songs, competitions—at which this lady's ingenuity never seems to tire—and other jovialities. Miss Critten is a great asset to St. Dunstan's, and her cheery entertainments are highly popular.

The latest of these was called "Musical Fill-ups," and resulted in the greatest number of competitors yet experienced.

A topical story was told, each pause being filled in by the music of well-

known songs to complete the sense of the yarn.

The boys were provided with pencils and papers, while a sister or friend took down their guesses of the titles of the ninety-two songs played.

The prizes were awarded as follows: First prize, Cairns, 83 out of 92; second prize, F. Marshall, 81 out of 92; third prize, Vaughan, 79 out of 92. An extra prize to Crane for his first night's result, which was excellent, and two special prizes to Lewis A. Wilson and Charles McIntosh for their very sporting effort in writing their papers entirely unaided.

## His Beautiful Eyes

By Mrs. KESSELL.

HE met her at a concert given in his village. She was his sister's friend, and had come down for the evening to play and sing. He fell in love with her at first sight, but it was as "the love of the earth for the star." She was peerless, in his eyes, and so far above him that it did not enter his head to expect her to have any warmer feeling than friendship for him.

It puzzled him that she was still unmarried, for surely any man with anything to offer must at once desire to have her for his own. Unfortunately, he had nothing that could make a suitable setting for such a pearl amongst woman.

He knew, only too well, how plain and uninteresting he was; he had not even a comfortable income to make an offer of marriage worth her consideration. Truly he did not show to the best advantage; he was almost dumb in her presence; he could only look, and wonder, and worship.

She stayed with them for the night, returning to her own home the next morning. But the world had been transformed for him. He could not forget her.

"Mab says she thinks you are a dull old stick, but she could almost love you for your beautiful eyes," his sister said to him that evening.

He was astonished at the curious sensation her words gave him, as though something alive had suddenly fluttered up into his throat, causing him to feel giddy and top-heavy. His beautiful eyes! Could she possibly—? But no; the idea was ridiculous. He managed presently to say, "She is very beautiful and accomplished. Why is she not married?"

"I don't know. When people tease her about it she always says she is waiting for a man with plenty of money. I am afraid she is rather worldly."

It seemed like Fate that he should be





called into his chief's office next morning and offered a position with a large increase of salary. Sometimes the "dull old sticks" prove useful to their employers.

With his brightened prospects, his imagination and his dreams for the future ran riot. If he could save the extra salary he would receive for twelve months, he would have a substantial balance in the bank, and something worth while to offer his queen.

Shortly after this the war broke out, and volunteers were called for. Duty said "go," but that meant the end of his dream. Duty on one side, his queen on the other!

He held out until the sinking of the "Lusitania." That, to his mind, was the limit for any man who was unmarried. He hesitated no longer. Anyhow, he told himself with a smile, he would get a chance to rest "his beautiful eyes," for his work called for their constant use.

His sacrifice was doubly great, inasmuch as She had of late been sending friendly little messages through his sister, and had expressed great delight over his improved prospects, so that he had begun to form a definite hope with regard to her. Well, that was all over now.

He offered himself as a recruit, and was accepted. In course of time he was sent out with others to the front. Still he dared to dream of her. He might have a chance to distinguish himself; he might even win the V.C. There was always the chance. Surely if he could win some distinction and honour she would listen to him, and give him some hope. Even if he could not get back the old position after the war, his employer had promised to set him on his feet again, and with the prospect of winning her he would soon make good.

He had only been in the trenches three weeks when a German sniper caught him full in the face.

When consciousness returned he was in hospital, with his head swathed in bandages, and in too much pain to care about anything.

One day he said to his nurse, "What happened to me? Are my eyes injured?"

"Yes," she answered, "but don't think about it now. I want you to get well, and I'll tell you all about it later on."

"Shall I—shall I be blind?" he insisted. "Tell me the truth."

"I am afraid so," she acknowledged, sympathetically patting his hand.

He was silent for some time, evidently turning the matter over in his mind. He remembered blind men he had come across whose eyes looked as normal as those of other men. The beauty and expression still remained in them, and one had to be told of the infirmity before it could be realised.

"Tell me just one thing, nurse, and I won't bother you any more. Have I only lost the sight, or were my eyes—destroyed?"

"Don't worry yourself about it now. You shall know all when you are a little stronger."

"Tell me that; just that," he persisted. "I promise you I won't ask another question."

Reluctantly, then, she told him. His eyes had been completely destroyed.

So it was all over! That was the end of his dream. Good-bye to Love. Good-bye to Hope. He had lost his one attraction for her—his beautiful eyes!

But Mab thought otherwise.

She accompanied his sister on her first visit to the hospital, and after that became his regular and constant visitor. She talked hopefully and encouragingly to him about his future, planning what occupation he should follow now that a new aspect of life presented itself.

As he became convalescent she devoted every moment of her spare time to him, helping him over his difficulties



in a thousand and one little ways. Selfishness now had no part in her, she thought only of him, and of what she could do to make his handicap less hard.

In some subtle and indefinable way, she gave him to understand that she meant to take a definite part in his future. His infirmity made her bold, and she did not hesitate to make it clear that she now considered her life belonged to him, and his to her. His blindness brought him a sweet and unselfish love from her, that would never have been his, but for his injury.

Life was not over. Hope was not

gone. Love had come to him in spite of all.

"Why are you so good to me?" he asked her one day. "I can't understand it. I had little enough to offer you before, I have nothing now."

"Oh, what can I say to make you understand? How can we ever repay you, or ever do enough for you? You gave up so much for us. Some give their lives, some their limbs—you have given your eyes."

"Dear little girl," he answered, "I don't regret. I can do without them, now that I have you. You are my eyes—my beautiful eyes."

## Trials of One with a Little Sight

NO doubt it is a grand thing to be possessed of a little sight, but it is not all honey, I can assure you. I will attempt in this article to prove my statement by giving a few cases where a little sight has not been what one could term a blessing.

The man who is the proud possessor of this sight is sitting in the lounge and suddenly thinks a walk would "do him good." He gets up to leave the lounge *via* the boot-room. At the door he bumps against something soft, and, thinking he has knocked against one of the fairer sex, he is profuse in his apologies, and satisfied that he has done the right thing he proceeds on his way. It may be some time before it strikes him that the soft thing at the door was only a padded pillar.

Now imagine him on his way round the park. He is careful to keep the rails in sight, but wishing to avoid the curious gaze of passers-by, he walks with an easy stride and an air of independence, when he is suddenly halted with a bump. What has happened? He has collided with another passer-by, who angrily exclaims, "Why on earth don't you look where you are going?" With a muffled

"Wish I could," and more expressions of sorrow, the St. Dunstan's man passes on, hoping that he has come to the end of his trials.

But not a bit of it! When he comes to the corner by the gate he stops and listens, hears nothing, and thinks all is clear. He is half over the road, when "swish!" he feels his coat-tails twirled round, and at the same time his heart going bump! It was only an electric car passing! But what a fright!

That escapade forgotten, he enters a shop, gives his order, and dips his hand into his pocket for some money. On withdrawing it he finds in his hand what he thinks is a silver coin, which he quite unconcernedly offers to the girl behind the counter. Judge his dismay when that young lady sarcastically remarks, "Excuse me, but this is a penny."

These are just a few instances of what happens to a fellow who is partly sighted, and I think they prove my words with regard to its not being an absolute blessing.

I happen to be one of those with a little sight, and speak from experience on "the trials of the partly sighted."

L. K.





## The Passport

By DUNCAN McLEAN

A FEW days before holidays commenced at St. Dunstan's the military authorities made an order prohibiting anyone from entering the extreme North of Scotland without a passport. I thought it would prove an exciting holiday to go to a certain village up in these suburbs of the North Pole, and, equipped with my blue "goggles," inspire the local policeman with all the ambitions of a Secret Service sleuth-hound, for there is nothing that arouses the spy-hunting country bobby to a sense of his duties like a stranger with blue glasses. Not that I was stranger to this particular policeman. Years ago there was a dispute as to the ownership of certain green apples—but that is another story.

In due course, in company with the late Secretary of St. Dunstan's, I went to a West End police-station to make the necessary arrangements about obtaining the passport.

"What's the charge against this man?" said a gruff voice. Evidently he mistook the secretary for an official of Scotland Yard and me for the prisoner.

"He wants a passport to go to Ross-shire." "Russiar," said the gruff voice. The owner of the voice was an inspector. "Can't possibly go to Russiar," said he. "Just had word from the Czar this morning that they've got too many Austrian prisoners to feed without looking after trippers."

"Ross-shire, I mean," said the secretary.

"Oh, you mean that county where they've closed all the pubs. What on earth does he want to go there for? Supposing he should get thirsty when he arrives? Well, I expect he knows his own mind best. It's his holiday, not mine, that's certain."

After a little more conversation the inspector began to take down particulars.

"Your name?" he asked me. I told him.

"You were in the Army, I suppose. What rank did you attain?" "L.C." I said, briefly.

"Lieutenant-Colonel!" he gasped. "My word!"

"No, only lance-corporal. If it had been as you suggest the war would have been over by now. I should have—"

"Um, yes, it *would* have been over—with the Kaiser installed in Buckingham Palace."

He asked other particulars. "What's your nationality?"

"I'm Scotch myself," said I, "What are you?" "Don't waste time," he said, shortly. "Well now, we require a couple of photographs, you know. One to gum on to the passport, the other for the authorities."

"What do the authorities want with one?"

"Can't say, my lad. Possibly to fill up an empty frame in the National Portrait Gallery."

Thus we had to go to a photographer's just up the street, who put me into a chair, told me to look pleasant, put his head under a black cloth (at least, I suppose he did), and then announced, all within thirty seconds, that he'd send the things round in the afternoon.

How I got to the Arctic Circle eventually I don't know. I have faint recollections of being awakened 715 times, while sitting in the corner seat of a smoker, by the demand, "Tickets please," and at least once by a fog signal in the shape of a human voice saying something like, "Changehereforballoch-mylofindocherttyanddrumnadrochit." I



got to the end of the journey at last, but if Shackleton had as arduous a job in getting to the South Polar Seas as I had in getting to the Far North of Scotland he won't want to go again.

The first man I met after landing at my destination was the oldest inhabitant. He didn't know me until he had been told who I was.

"Man, Mac, it's yersel'," he said, as if he had made a great discovery.

"Or somebody like me," I admitted.

"An' ye've been through the war, man?"

"A little bit."

"Ye didna get the V.C., though."

"No, but I almost had one."

"Is that so?"

"That is so. Sir Douglas Haig was counting out a pile of them, and I thought he was going to turn his back for a minute, but he didn't."

"Mac Duff's a V.C.," said the Oldest Inhabitant. "His name was in the papers."

## A Smoke for Tommy

WHEN you read your *Dispatch*, under tiled roof or thatch,  
In your cosy front room on a Sunday,

Just make up your mind a sixpence to find

For tobacco for Tommy on Monday.  
We cannot all go to the trenches, I know,

Although nine out of ten would be willing,

Without bunkum or brag, for the old tattered flag,

Or to fill up each space that needs filling.

Now you chaps in your digs., with your case full of cigs,

And a pouch you can always lay hands on,

Think of Britain's brave sons who are working the guns

Without cigs or cigars with red bands on.

"Yes," I replied. "A.V.C.—Army Veterinary Corps."

"MacRory's lad got a V.C. He's in the Balmoral Highlanders."

"Poof, there's nothing in that. I once almost got C.B. The sergeant said he'd get me it in two ticks if I carried on as I'd been doing."

"Man, ah'm thinkin' C.B. 'll be a great thing."

"Great? Nothing like it."

"Man, ah'd tell the policeman that. He thinks there's naeboddy like himsel', just because he's got a stripe. He's comin' along the road now."

"Don't tell him who I am. I want to fool him a bit. I'll talk Cockney, and he'll think me a German."

But when the policeman hove along he paused no more than a couple of seconds.

"Hullo, Mac, and is this yersel'? About yon green apples noo—"

Well, after that I reckon I should make a rotten spy.

Think how each mother's boy ever longs to enjoy

A whiff while Jack Johnsons are falling.

They have gone through and stuck fighting General Von Kluck;

From the lion's cubs he's had a mauling.

It's your duty, you bet; and this point don't forget,

While at home or at work at your benches

Tommy's pipe to refill; yes, do it you will,

While he fights for you out in the trenches.

From your safe little thatch send the *Weekly Dispatch*

A tanner at least—don't forget it;

And you will earn thanks from the man in the ranks,

And I'm sure you will never regret it.  
G. ADAMS.





## The Provost Sergeant

THIS policeman-sergeant was a worthy fellow,  
'Twas fine to see him, and to hear him bellow  
Until defaulters in their shoes did shiver  
Like men possessed with ague on the liver.  
He was as huge as any old-time giant,  
Which caused his prisoners, hardened and defiant,  
To feel like dwarfs of Dean Swift's Lilliputia,  
And hang their heads and tremble—like a fuchsia.  
His bulk appalling was; his face was more so;  
He'd seen as many latitudes as Crusoe.  
The lines upon his face in each direction  
Did fright one into thoughts of vivisection.  
His face his fortune was. I've heard from several  
They'd sooner face the Kaiser or the Devil.  
Prodigious grown, his sway became infernal,  
Men feared him more than e'er they feared the colonel.  
But though 'mongst men he was as bold as Hector,  
His wife his terror was, and his director;  
Like ship at sea was this poor husband henpecked,

And she the rock on which he feared being shipwrecked.  
A very shrew was she, worse than Xantippe;  
'Twas monstrous cruel such a ship should be  
For ever storm-tossed, exiled from the harbour;  
No soldier might he be, but say—a barber.  
He would have liked for just a mess of pottage  
To have foregone his wife, but kept his cottage;  
Then might he once again frequent his domain,  
Which he dare not so long as she remain.  
The truth was this—I will no longer glose,  
That with a pint pot she had broke his nose;  
And as a consequence of this contusion,  
He left the fort to her without intrusion.  
And so it was that thus, alack the day,  
His after-life was one long tragedy—  
Condemned to wander o'er the earth alone  
A dupe of circumstance, his beauty gone.  
Take this example, if you would not roam,  
Be sure and let your conquests start at home.

—P. S. Sumner.

## The Hand of Fate

ONE morn, as boldly I stepped forth  
To tread the beaten track,  
The carpet slipped from 'neath my feet,  
And laid me on my back.  
I sat in mournful attitude,  
To muse of ways and means,  
Thro' indignation's pointed course,  
To stop such painful scenes.  
I rose as best my rank could vie  
To rub my limbs so sore,

When from a hundred thousand throats  
Burst forth a great encore.  
I gasped, I fumed, then held my breath,  
To curb my trembling wrath;  
Then slowly moved one foot about  
To find that hated path.  
When lo! my agony grew worse,  
That carpet's keen evasion  
Had clothed my pride with ridicule  
And encores loud and brazen.  
Then I a challenge to the room



Flashed from my fiery eye,  
That they who dared to shout so loud  
Should come and have a try.  
But not one soul within that room,  
Adventurer or rover  
'Twas true, who dared to trust his back  
To anything but clover.  
As silence claimed that vanquished throng,  
I strode with martial air,  
Unmindful of that druggist guide,  
I bumped against a stair.  
I gripped its polished banister,  
And wondered where it led,  
P'rhaps to some place of punishment,  
Some chamber dark and dread.  
Should I go up? Should I remain?  
To wonder and to wait,  
To chance some mystery unknown,  
Of human love or hate.  
When hark! Was that a muffled groan  
Which caught my listening ear,  
Wrung from some soul in dread of pain,  
Of agony and fear?  
A mystery to be dissolved,  
I climbed the winding stair;  
Again an encore of that groan  
Came ringing on the air.

I paused before a door half closed,  
Through which I peeped between,  
Oh, mercy! what had met my eye—  
A most uncanny scene.  
Had I the power just to relate  
What eye and brain discried—  
A man stretched out upon a bed,  
Yet neither bound nor tied.  
Stripped from the shoulder to the waist  
The moaning victim lay,  
While o'er his back at some grim task  
A large strong hand did play.  
Thanks to the trick the carpet played  
Within that crowded room,  
My wounded dignity and pride  
Might prove this victim's boon.  
The fascination of that hand,  
As round about it played,  
Held me deep rooted to the spot,  
Lone, helpless, and dismayed.  
Then in that room with just one bound,  
As though my weight had wings,  
I tumbled o'er a battery  
And lots of other things.  
O Fate! upon this strange account  
I will no more enlarge,  
Except to say the victim there  
Was having his massage.

LAPHELL.

## That's the Spirit

AS all soldiers say that "they carry a field marshal's baton in their haversack," I was some years ago delighted to find that the Navy had a fellow feeling towards an admiral's pennant.

Some long time ago I stood on the steps of the Grand Harbour at Malta, when I saw coming towards the boats a Jack Tar who had certainly done himself well, if not too wisely, the previous evening, and had evidently not completely recovered. As many will know, the only means of getting to the battle-ships is by means of the small boats that ferry one across for a small fee. Jack pulled out his money, and found himself the possessor of a sovereign. He hailed a boatman and asked how much to the

flagship. The reply was one shilling. Jack said, "Get me twenty boats." This aroused my curiosity, and I asked him what was the idea. "Well, you see, it is like this. I'm absent. When I goes aboard strite in the bloomin' clink I goes. To-morrow I gets eighty-four days without the option. Naw you knows they always provide us with all the necessities of life whilst we are the captain's guests, and I was a-thinkin' 'ow best I could spend this quid. So I ses to mysel', Bill, you were alus ambitious, so why not have a squadron of your own, and be a bloomin' admiral for once in your life!" The boats all ready, all aboard, went full steam ahead for the flagship, and Jack sailed away happy in his command.





## Newcomers in December

Abbs, Private J. W. ... ..	8th Norfolks.
Baker, Private P. A. ... ..	19th A.I.F.
Bosche, A. V. ... ..	7th Regiment of Belgian Infantry.
Bundy, Private A. W. ... ..	1/5th Gloucesters.
Chambers, Sapper W. ... ..	1st East Lancs R.E.
Day, Private A. ... ..	Middlesex Regiment.
Deegan, Private M. ... ..	2nd Dublin Fusiliers.
Eames, Sergeant G. ... ..	15th Cheshires.
Fooks, Private G. ... ..	5th Somerset Light Infantry.
Gleeson, Private M. ... ..	24th City of London Regiment.
Higson, Private R. ... ..	4, Spring Gardens, Wigan, Lancs.
James, Private W. J. W. ... ..	16th A.I.F.
Jennings, Private ... ..	5th West Ridings.
Jose, Private W. C. ... ..	1st D.C.L.I.
Marley, Private T. ... ..	2nd Scottish Rifles.
McNab, Private J. ... ..	16th A.I.F.
Nelson, Lance-Corporal H. ... ..	1st Somerset Light Infantry.
O'Carroll, Private M. J. ... ..	4th Royal Irish Regiment.
Owen, Lance-Corporal E. ... ..	20th Royal Welsh Fusiliers.
Pinner, Private G. T. ... ..	7th East Surreys.
Price, Sergeant W. ... ..	2nd Royal Warwicks.
Robinson, Private B. ... ..	17th West Yorks.
Robison, Corporal A. ... ..	1/4th Royal Fusiliers.
Rowley, Private A. ... ..	22nd West Yorks Regiment.
Russell, Private W. ... ..	3rd Manchesters.
O'Keefe, Private M. ... ..	Irish Guards.
Sattary, Private T. ... ..	1st South African Infantry Regiment.
Shurrock, Private W. ... ..	6th Oxford and Bucks.
Stokes, Private E. ... ..	1st Wellington Infantry, N.Z.E.F.
Swayne, Private E. E. ... ..	1st Seaforths.
Thomas, Private L. T. ... ..	8th K.O.Y.L.I.
Tootell, Private T. ... ..	A.S.C. Remounts.
Ulyatt, Private A. S. ... ..	3rd Lincolns.
Webb, Private A. ... ..	11th Royal Warwicks.
Williams, Lance-Corporal ... ..	1st Queen's Royal Rifles.
Wilson, Private L. A. ... ..	1st Northumberland Fusiliers.
Yates, Private P. ... ..	2nd K.O.R. Lancs.

## Old Boys' Addresses

Adams, G., Hale House, Hale, Nr. Liverpool.  
 Alexander, E., 63, Canning Rd., Highbury.  
 Alcock, R., 6, Bank Rd., Ipswich.  
 Allen, W., 53, Lord St., Leigh.  
 Arnold, A., 41, Wycliffe Rd., Wimbledon.  
 Back, A. W., Sandy Lane, Rendham, nr. Sax-  
 mundham.

Barley, J., 44, Dale St., Crosby, Scunthorpe,  
 Lincs.  
 Batchelor, J., 15, Tooting Gr., Tooting.  
 Bates, E., 17a, Prince of Wales Rd., Battersea.  
 Bell, J., The Oaks, Ewhurst, Surrey.  
 Bocking, A. J., 93, Franklin Street, Oldham.  
 Brundrett, P., 7, Maurice St., Pendlebury.



Berry, W. J., 19, Disraeli St., Crumlin Rd.,  
 Belfast.  
 Biggadyke, R., 41, Tower St., Boston.  
 Bocking, A. J., 22, Siddall St., Oldham.  
 Bolton, C. E., 7, Broughton Cottages, Otford,  
 Kent.  
 Boswell, E., 8, Parker's Yard, Church St.,  
 Gainsborough, Lincs.  
 Bowers, W. J., 24, Lenelly Rd., Surbiton.  
 Braithwaite, F. G., 1, Chestnut Rd., Guildford.  
 Brown, A., East View, Weston Hills, Spalding,  
 Lincs.  
 Brown, J. R., 11, Mount St., Nuneaton.  
 Brown, G., Greenside, Ewhurst, Surrey.  
 Brown, J., Warren Hall, Spout Lane, Brenchley,  
 Kent.  
 Brown, P., 2, Argyle Rd., N. Kensington.  
 Carnell, W. C., Kiln Cottage, South Molton  
 Rd., Bampton, Devon.  
 Catlow, S., 32, Winning Street, Nelson, Lancs.  
 Champniss, F., 239, High Rd., Willesden Green,  
 N.W.  
 Chappel, F., Prince of Wales Cottage, Parson-  
 age Lane, Enfield.  
 Clarke, E., High St., Edwinstowe.  
 Clarke, W. W., 94, Iderton Rd., Bermondsey,  
 S.E.  
 Colle, M., 120, Dawes Rd., Waltham Green, W.  
 Coles, G. B., Beckingham, Notts.  
 Colville, H., Culross, Lancaster Av., Hadley  
 Wood.  
 Cooper, T. S., 42, Chestnut Av., Queen's Rd.,  
 Hull.  
 Cromwell, W., Blackfriars Inn, Gloucester.  
 Daumont, O., Maida Vale, W.  
 Davis, C., 89, Kingsland Rd., St. Phillips,  
 Bristol.  
 Davis, G., Rose Villa, Great Burstead.  
 Davies, J. E., Blaenhoewall, Prengwyn, Llan-  
 dyssil, South Wales.  
 Dennis, T., 31, Copnor Road, Portsmouth.  
 Dennison, T. H., Draxcot Road, Forsbrook,  
 Blyth Bridge, Stoke-on-Trent.  
 Devlin, S., 25, Liverpool Road, St. Helens,  
 Lancashire.  
 Drummond, T. P., c/o Mr. Deheer, 18, High  
 St., Hull.  
 Duxbury, W., 2, Holly Bank Cottages, Ashley  
 Lane, Mostyn Lane, Manchester.  
 Eaton, T., 40, Wenning St., Nelson, Lancs.  
 Edmund, W. E., West Barr, Dunbar, N.B.  
 Elborn, H., 23, Manaton Rd., Peckham, S.E.  
 Evans, A. I., Carlisle Pl., Newport Mon.  
 Featherstone, P., Uplands Cottage, Ferriby, E.  
 Yorks.  
 Ferguson, F., 5, Clarence Street, Paisley, N.B.  
 Fleetwood, F., Tangland Castle, Tatsfield.  
 Flett, H., 39, Woodview Rd., Golders Green.  
 Foster, F., 40, Exeter St., Plymouth.  
 Foxon, W. F., 13, Stronsa Rd., Shepherd's  
 Bush.  
 Graves, R., 5, Inglewood Rd., West Hampstead  
 N.W.  
 Gordon, W., 365, Featherstall Road, Oldham.  
 Green, Lionel, Langdale, St. Edward's Road,  
 Gosport.  
 Groves, T. W., 48, Claremont Terr., Fleetwood,  
 Lancs.  
 Hallam, W. J., St. Dunstan's, Garden City,  
 Sandiacre.  
 Hall, A. W., 130, High St., Sydenham.  
 Halls, W. C., 42, Upper Jackson St., Hulme,  
 Manchester.  
 Harker, A., Blennerhasset, Aspatria, Cumber-  
 land.  
 Harker, J., Viveny, Creso Rd., Southwick,  
 near Brighton.  
 Herriot, Clifton, Bryn-y-maen Rd., Upper Col-  
 wyn Bay.  
 Hicks, A. E., 146, Glengall Rd., Peckham, S.E.  
 Hill, H. E., 212, Upper Empress Rd., Bevis  
 Vale, Southampton.  
 Hills, C., Post Office, Wagga Wagga, New  
 South Wales, Australia.  
 Holden, J., 1a, Roebuck St., West Bromwich.  
 Holmes, A., 28, Morningson Road, Ilkley.  
 Horsnell, W., North Field, Somerton, Somerset.  
 Hudson, H., c/o Mrs. Trescott, Alexandra St.,  
 Hunters Hill, Sydney, N.S.W.  
 Hulme, H., 13, Iona Street, Oldham, Lancs.  
 Hurst, H., The Myres, Great Longstone, Derby-  
 shire.  
 Hutchinson, M. A., 77a, Belmont Park Road,  
 Leyton.  
 Johnson, E., 7, Elsenham Rd., Grimsby.  
 Kerr, J. W., 130, Widnes Rd., Widnes, Lancs.  
 Kirby, W., The Hydro, Middleton Rd. Camp,  
 Heaton Pk., Manchester.  
 Kirkby, W., 147, Wellington St., Millom, Cum-  
 berland.  
 Kitchen, F., 79, Georges St., Hyde, Cheshire.  
 Knight, C., Wiggaton, Ottery St. Mary, Devons.  
 Lane, M., 1a, Ebonza Bldgs., Islington, N.  
 Lath, J. T., 19, Channing St., Sheffield.  
 Latham, G., 20, Lead Works Lane, Chester.  
 Law, A., 5, Windmill Rd., Wandsworth Com-  
 mon S.W.  
 Lawlor, G., 4, Terrace Gar., St. Alban's Rd.,  
 Watford.  
 Leeman, Sergt. 39, Robey St., Great Grimsby,  
 Lincs.  
 Letch, S. J., Hatfield Peveril, Essex.  
 Lilley, G., Cherry Tree Farm, Unsworth.  
 Lingard, W., 6, Sunnyside Cottages, Writtle.  
 Lomas, J., 5, Lauriston Road, South Hackney,  
 N.E.  
 Lynch, D., 4, Mayfield, Cork City.  
 Makin, D., 55, Thames St. East, Wallsend-on-  
 Tyne.  
 Marks, S., 12, Weaver Street, Chester.  
 Matthews, C. W., 83, Belmont Rd., Maiden-  
 head.  
 Mayell, B., 137, Fulwell Road, Hampton Hill,  
 S.W.  
 Millward, T., 1, Wentworth Terrace, off York  
 Rd., Leeds.





## ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW



Minchin, W., Sandfield Cottage, Pitch Place, Worplesdon, Guildford, Surrey.  
 Moon, J., 1, Military Rd., Cork.  
 Moore, J., 75, Faraday St., Walworth, S.E.  
 Melling, D., 22, Powell St., Clayton, Manchester.  
 McCarthy, P., 29, Kickham St., Clonmel.  
 McCarthy, D., 71a, Clarendon Rd., Notting Hill, W.  
 McCarthy, W. F., 1, Lutterworth Rd., Attleborough, Nuneaton.  
 McDonald, N., 108, Glebe St., Townhead, Glasgow.  
 McNally, G., 5, Tyson St., Pendleton.  
 Milligan, T., The Hydro, Middleton Rd. Camp, Heaton Pk., Manchester.  
 Nolan, J., Quarry Farm, Gwysaney, Mold, Flintshire.  
 Orrell, J., Wigan Rd., New Spring, Wigan.  
 Orvis, A. R., 142, Blythe Rd., Hammersmith, W.  
 Owen, D., Tyn-y-frith, Llanellan, Colwyn Bay.  
 Owens, J., 8, Kilnholm St., Newmilns, Ayr.  
 Patston, A. H., c/o Mr. Parry, Oxmead, Ewhurst, Surrey.  
 Payne, G. E., 77, Queensland Rd., Holloway, N.  
 Pettit, W., 124, Pinner Rd., Harrow.  
 Rutter, J., 15, Clark St., Smith St., Salford, Manchester.  
 Roberts, J., 1, Campbell Ter., Southend-on-Sea.  
 Roddy, C., 25, New Rowas, Washington, Co Durham.  
 Rose, G. W., 14, The Triangle, Ruby St., Old Kent Rd., S.E.  
 Saxon, J., The Cottage, Chapelfield, Radeliffe.  
 Sebbage, W., Clayhill, Stonegate, Ticehurst.  
 Selby, J., Sergeant, 1, St. Dunstan's Bungalows, Worting, nr. Basingstoke.

Spinks, J., 50, Stockport Rd., Ashton-under-Lyne.  
 Spiers, C., 3, Bliss Court, Broad St., Oxford.  
 Sheppard, C., 141, Shear Cross, Crockerton, Warminster.  
 Street, J., 37, Bewdley St., Evesham.  
 Spry, R., 55, Townshend Road, N.W.  
 Sewell, C. (same as Milligan).  
 Shaw, R., 9, Arundel St., Buruley, Lanes.  
 Shinnars, M. J., 143, Stephendale Rd., Fulham, S.W.  
 Smith, A., 1, Bushes Yard, Moorgate, Retford, Notts.  
 Stanners, R., 114, Oxford Rd., High Wycombe.  
 Steel, J., 799, Springburne Rd., Glasgow.  
 Sweeting, R., 7, Wilkinson's Yard, Rochdale.  
 Swingler, E., c/o Mrs. Harrison, 8, Station Terrace, George St., South Retford, Notts.  
 Taylor, G., 46, Coare St., Macclesfield.  
 Thorpe, T., 9, Willow Street, Darwen, Lanes.  
 Temperton, C., 12, Spyvee St., Hull.  
 Turnock, E., 32, Baker Street, Leigh, Lanes.  
 Verbrugge, Camille, c/o Mrs. Johnston, Bignor Pk., Pulborough.  
 Wall, T., 93, Clayhall.  
 Wall, T., 43, Winscott Rd., Eastney, Portsmouth.  
 Watt, W., 20, Patons Lane, Montrose, N.B.  
 Wenlock, R., The Causeway, Peasenhall, Suffolk.  
 White, T. H., 26, Durham St., Albert Park, Victoria.  
 Williams, A., Cae Gwyn, Michaelstown Fewd, Cardiff.  
 Woollen, Albert (same as Milligan).  
 Wright, R. F., 5, Hopper's Rd., Palmer's Green, N.

### Subscription Form

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# St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

Edited and written by  
The Staff and the Boys

ST. DUNSTAN'S MOTTO:

"What the eye doesn't see, the heart doesn't grieve about."



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# St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

No. 8—NEW SERIES.

FEBRUARY, 1917.

PRICE 6d.

### Editorial Notes.

THE actual net profit made by ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW in its first six months was £8 19s. 11d., a cheque for which has been handed to the Treasurer of this Hostel. There remains in hand a sum of just over £17, but this has to be held against the supply of future numbers to subscribers, payment for which has been made. I think that readers of the Magazine will be glad to know that a small profit was earned; for the usual experience of a periodical of this kind is that it is run at a loss. Mr. Kessel very kindly examined and checked the account.

The demand for the REVIEW shows such a steady increase that this month we are printing an extra 250 copies, and if this does not prove sufficient we shall have to print more. I can assure you that the greater the inquiry the better I shall be pleased.

This month, instead of printing the subscription form on the last page, we are having it on a special slip, which is inserted in each copy. This is in deference to a hint from some subscribers that as they intend to have their REVIEWS bound they do not like to mutilate them.

I am always glad to receive any hints or suggestions, and I can assure everybody that I shall adopt them wherever it is feasible. Please do not forget that I am hungry for letters from all Old Boys.

THE EDITOR.

### St. Dunstan's Gossip.

IT will be remembered that in last month's "Notes by the Chief," Sir Arthur Pearson promised to tell us in this issue of the way in which French soldiers who lost their sight in the war are being treated and trained. I have just received a letter from Sir Arthur, written from the south of France. In it he tells me that he will not have finished visiting the various centres where French blinded soldiers are cared for in time to enable him to send his impressions for this number of the REVIEW, as we have, of course, to go to press in advance of the date of publication. Sir Arthur, it may be said, arrived home on January 21st tired but hearty and full of work.

It has now become an institution to read the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW on its appearance to those boys who care to listen. Some forty or fifty of them gather in the new Lounge to hear it, and it occupies something like an hour and a half. A couple of readers take turns at the job, which is kept going without pause.

Nurse Read has a new dispensary which is altogether after her own heart. It is where the old massage class used to be, but it has been considerably enlarged and altered, and now has every convenience that even she could desire. It adjoins the Lounge, and is therefore





handy for the patients, who no longer have to wait their turn in an outside passage.

Miss Gardiner, a Southampton lady, who is 101 years old, bought a basket from us, which she uses to despatch apples to men in the Fleet. She was so pleased with it that she sent us a present of lavender to sweeten the maker's sleep. She also enclosed a sprig of deodar taken from a tree that Admiral Jellicoe and his brother used to climb when they were boys. Miss Gardiner is a cousin of the Admiral's.

St. Dunstan's now boasts a motor-bus of its own. It cannot compete for size with the street monster, but it takes eight men comfortably. It is very useful for station work and long distance runs. It is a very handsome car, and we are all quite proud of it.

Captain Owen, finding that his escort was not allowed on railway platforms without a ticket, appealed to Sir Arthur Pearson to take the matter up. Practically every company has now agreed to allow escorts of blinded men to accompany them on the platforms free of charge. This is a reasonable concession, and we congratulate the companies on making it.

Mr. Ernest Kessell, who for nearly two years acted as Treasurer and Secretary to St. Dunstan's, was obliged to relinquish the double post owing to the enormous increase in the work of the Hostel. As we announced last month, Mrs. Bates took the duties of Secretary from his shoulders, and Mr. Kessell now gives his chief attention to us as Treasurer. Mr. Kessell also superintends the entertainments, and we have to thank him for the capital succession of concerts and so forth with which we are all so greatly pleased. Mr. Kessell

has other multifarious duties which are too diverse to schedule, and he is one of the busiest of people in this busiest of places.

Sergeant-Major Middlemiss writes from New York to Sergeant Davie to say that he was off to Chicago early in January, and from thence to many other towns in the Middle-West. He says that he now has a correspondence list of many hundreds, and it takes him all his spare time to keep pace with it. Sergeant-Major Middlemiss, who was blinded in the war, is touring the United States lecturing upon St. Dunstan's. He has been very successful, and has been the means of procuring a great many subscriptions to the Hostel.

Miss Wood writes me a nice letter of thanks to all those who joined in giving her the handsome clock as a parting gift. She says she was very touched by this mark of kindly feeling, and that she will always remember St. Dunstan's as long as she lives as giving her the happiest of times.

Leslie Wale, of the Poultry Department, who has just attained military age, has been trying hard to join up, but he has been put back for three months owing to the recent operation on his arm. Wale, all honour to him, has refused to seek exemption and is determined to do his duty to his country if his country will have him. Would that others would follow his example!

Percy Brown, who has been turning out some very good market baskets, has returned to us on a visit to improve himself at his work and also to pick up a knowledge of poultry, as he is going to live in the country in future. We were glad to see him. Wenlock, one of the old boys, has also been a visitor, and a very welcome one.



The first batch of six-monthly subscriptions to the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW have run out, and we are pleased to find that in every case they have been renewed. This looks as if our readers find the magazine interesting. Most of these subscribers are unconnected with the Hostel, so that their appreciation is all the more welcome. We naturally realise that our news must be largely local and limited.

Captain Appleby tells us that the two buff linen-baskets he ordered from Lawlor were splendidly made, and he thought them too cheap at 9s. 6d. each. He said that he paid recently 11s. 6d. for the same kind of basket at a shop and that it was not a patch upon Lawlor's either in shape or finish. But we all know that Lawlor is a first-rate workman at his trade.

Complaints are still received that the magazines do not reach subscribers by post. They are all despatched from the office within the first few days of each month, but posts are now not only irregular but sometimes unreliable. I wish that any subscriber who does not receive his copy by the 6th of the month would at once send me a postcard and I will have the necessary inquiries made without delay. If a copy should get lost in the post, another shall be sent.

Sergeant Hetherington, late of the Northumberland Fusiliers, is the Cerberus in charge of our front gates throughout the day, and who regulates the traffic with one arm as well as any policeman can do with two. Sergeant Hetherington was in the Mons retreat and the battle of the Marne, and left his right arm in France. He it is who sells our magazine at the gate with such success to the publishing department that our circulation has had to be increased. He also disposes of any num-

ber of tickets for concerts and so forth in aid of St. Dunstan's, and is altogether as useful as only an old soldier knows how to be. Sergeant Hetherington is also an expert in antiques, and when the time comes for St. Dunstan's to close he proposes to set up as a dealer in this line. We are sure that everybody who knows him will flock to his store.

In the January number of "La Trentaine"—the excellent little magazine issued by the Contracts Department of the War Office—there appears a poem by Sergeant R. W. Horsley, of St. Dunstan's. It is called "My Stay in France." Sergeant Horsley has promised his next production to us.

We have had a letter from W. H. Collins, who has only just left us, saying that he spent his Christmas digging in the garden for the coming seed-time. He was always an industrious fellow, and an ardent oarsman, and he makes the proposal that we should get up a race this year between four of the old boys and four of the new ones. This would be an interesting test, and there is no reason why it should not come off; but the old boys will have to come up for a week's practice beforehand. Sir Arthur would be very pleased to put them up, so will those who would be willing to take part let me know their names? About the middle of July would be the best time for the race.

William Allen has sent us a pair of Sandow's dumb-bells and two spring chest-developers for the use of any of the boys who feel that they want exercise. I am afraid that a good many of us need exercise even if we do not want it, and dumb-bells and developers are a good means of keeping fit. It is very good of our old friend Allen to remember our needs.





Rowing men will be interested to hear that in the 1916 season they had out no fewer than 3,054 boats on the Regent's Park lake. This makes practically an average of 10 for every working day in the year, and as we all know there are many days when the weather will not permit us to row at all, it means something very much higher. It will not be long now before the early morning boating will start anew, and the boys will begin practising for the first racing, which will be held in April.

Mr. Claude Meynell, of Dewar House, Haymarket, gave a delightful entertainment to the men of St. Dunstan's, the College Annexe, and Sussex Place on Saturday, January 13th. The party of thirty was divided into two, one half going to the "Bing Boys" and the other half to "High Jinks." Everyone was conveyed to and from the theatres in a motor-bus, and after the performances both parties met at Canuto's popular restaurant in Baker Street, where a splendid dinner was given. In answer to a letter of thanks, Mr. Meynell says how pleased he was that his treat was so greatly appreciated, also that he hopes soon to give another.

Matron tells me that she is going to have a notice-board affixed in the hall upon which will be posted the dates and times of all events that are taking place in St. Dunstan's, so that the news can be carried to the various annexes and dwelling-houses which are run in connection with us. St. Dunstan's and its offshoots have now become a regular colony, and rumour has it that we may even be known in the end as a postal district. Certainly, if we grow much more we shall overshadow Regent's Park altogether.

Mr. Curtis, the chemist of Baker

Street, who disposes of a number of *ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEWS* to his patients, has been able to do us a very good turn. Two of the people who bought magazines from him were so struck with the contents that they there and then wrote out cheques for £100 each, which Mr. Curtis was delighted to be able to hand over to us. This was very pleasing news to the Editor.

I am indebted to Mr. Herbert Black, of the "Settlement Department," for the following extract from the "Daily Mirror," which is too good to overlook, although it is against my rule to eulogise anything from other journals. Still, I hope that this amusing extract will justify the exception:—"A friend who has gone in for poultry and was at first unsuccessful in obtaining eggs solemnly says that he is using auto-suggestion with good results. Piles of china eggs lie about, pictures of nests full of eggs are hung on the hen-coop, and in the hen-yard is a phonograph which every quarter of an hour imitates a hen cackling and recalls the hens to their daily duty!"

Princess Patricia of Connaught came to St. Dunstan's on Monday, January 15th. She arrived at half-past eleven and went the usual round, expressing interest and pleasure in all that was shown her. She of course asked for any of her own regiment, which was raised in Canada, and received Mr. Harris Turner and Mr. McDougall in friendly talk for some minutes. Her Royal Highness bought an oak-tray and a basket in the workshop and spent a considerable time in thoroughly inspecting every department. She was attended by several ladies and was shown round the Hostel and grounds by Lady Pearson and Matron.

A whist-drive in aid of St. Dunstan's



is to be given at the Stanley Masonic Hall, Lavender Hill, on Saturday, February 3rd, starting at 7 o'clock. Among the prizes to be won are an oak-tray, an octagonal table, and a waste-paper basket, all of which have been made at the Hostel. Mr. Rose will, at the end of the drive and before the prizes are distributed, give a short account of the work and play of St. Dunstan's.

Orderly Robert Douglas, who is now in Roumania with a Red Cross unit, has written a cheery letter to the men at St. Dunstan's. This was read in the Lounge after the newspaper one morning and was much appreciated by all his old friends. He told them in this letter that food was very scarce and that black bread was the chief diet. Orderly Douglas served with the Colours for nearly two years and was discharged from the Army for defective eyesight. We hope to hear from him again.

We are all glad to welcome the return of Charles Temperton, who has come to learn telephone operating. Arnold and Vine have now perfected themselves at this occupation under the tutorship of Miss Nash, and Conlan has been learning it as well; so that now we have four telephonists who are all apt pupils. It will be remembered that Spry has turned out an expert operator and is in a very good situation.

The Rev. Mr. Pemberton Lloyd writes to say that he was responsible for the whole of the article upon St. Dunstan's that appeared in the "Norwood Review" on December 9th, 1916. I am glad that he found so much to quote in his article from our magazine, and I am sure we are all much obliged to him for his kindly interest in us.

Herbert Kirby, from Manchester, paid

us a visit in the middle of the month, and Tom Milligan, accompanied by Orderly Robin, also arrived on a short holiday. The Manchester masseurs are doing exceedingly well, and we are sorry to hear that Albert Woollen came up in the Christmas holidays, only to find St. Dunstan's closed.

Captain Owen tells me that he is now getting eggs from practically all his birds, and that he has a busy time in front of him in the coming spring, as he intends to hatch out about 400 chicks. By the way, Captain Owen is so pleased with the result of his agitation for the free passes for escorts that he is now thinking of trying for "free tickets" to travel anywhere about the universe.

The Hospital Winter Bazaar on the premises of Messrs. Harvey, Nichols & Co., Knightsbridge, is proving so great a success that a special shop is to be taken to carry it on until March. It is under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A., and Miss Cheyne has devoted special attention to the St. Dunstan's Stall, at which a satisfactory output from our workers has already been sold.

There is to be a Sale of Work at Trinity Church House, Great Portland Street, on Tuesday, February 20th. There will be a special stall for St. Dunstan's work, and the Sale will be opened by Lady Pearson at 2.30 in the afternoon, and the doors will not be closed until 9.30 at night.

Mr. Jarvis, one of our helpers, read some translations from French magazines dealing with the work of the blind to an audience of St. Dunstan's boys on Tuesday evening, January 16th. This made an interesting preface to Sir Arthur Pearson's address, which is referred to elsewhere.





Mrs. Maxwell, the Matron of the Temporary Hospital, No. 27, at Beau-lieu-sur-Mer, visited us on January 18th, and was very interested in us. She said that she was looking forward to telling the French wounded of all she had seen at St. Dunstan's, and she was sure that they would be impressed by her account of what England was doing for her blinded soldiers.

The names of several orderlies who are ready to instruct the men in tandem-cycle riding have been given me. They are Cannell, Wittridge, Thatcher, Webb, and Dawson. We are much obliged to them, and we hope that it will not be long before their services will be required.

The Friday dances were resumed on January 15th, and as is now always the case there was a big gathering. Miss Prescott has increased her staff of voluntary instructors, Mr. Hollyman has enlarged his band, and Mr. Collett has laid in a large supply of dancing shoes. On behalf of the ladies, I ask all the boys to wear dancing shoes instead of their ordinary boots.

I must say a word about the Tuesday evening dancing classes for beginners. These are not intended for ordinary practice, but for teaching the steps; and it is embarrassing for the instructors when ladies and some of the boys will insist on disporting themselves among the learners. I do hope that they will see our difficulty and help us to cope with it.

The new building for the After-Care Department is nearly finished and will be occupied at once. Mr. Black will then be brought into closer touch with the Workshop, in which, of course, he is largely interested. This department has

grown very much in the last few months. The old After-Care hut will be converted into a Roman Catholic chapel.

Mr. T. H. Martin has a splendid shop at 206, Great Portland Street all ready for the St. Dunstan's Old Boys' output of work as soon as they are ready for him. The weekly consignments of mats, baskets, joinery, and so forth that now reach us are assuming such big dimensions that we shall shortly have to transfer our selling department to the new Central Depot. There is some talk of starting this on March 1st.

Danny McCarthy and his pretty little wife paid us a visit the other day. He is busily employed with his boots and mats, and works from breakfast time until late at night in order to complete his orders. Mrs. McCarthy, who is a very capable young woman, helps him with all his jobs, and is able both to weave mats and mend boots herself. The result is that all their joint work is "promptly executed."

We have received the first number of *The Beacon*, a monthly magazine devoted to the interests of the blind. It contains many allusions to St. Dunstan's and much interesting matter. It is published by the National Institute for the Blind, and is full of the many interesting developments that are now taking place in bettering the conditions of the non-sighted. It is edited by Mr. Le Breton Martin.

Among the newcomers recently the name of Sergeant-Major S. Shawl, 5th Canadians, was unfortunately not included. Sergeant-Major Shawl is a great acquisition and is useful at our debates. I am glad that he called my attention to the omission of his name, which I much regret.



A concert was given on Tuesday afternoon, January 23rd, at the Central Hall, Westminster, in aid of Queen Mary's Hospital at Roehampton and St. Dunstan's. Nearly one hundred of our men were invited, and the concert was a huge success. Mr. Harry Lauder, Miss Lily Elsie, Miss Gleeson-White, Miss Edna Thornton, and many other artistes gave their services.

Although it is fully dealt with in the Poultry Notes by Miss Lawrence, I cannot refrain from a mention here of Mr. John Playfoot's kindness in giving extra lectures on three evenings a week to the pupils who desire to make special progress. These take place at 5.30 on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and have been well attended, thus showing the keenness of the men to take advantage of the thoughtfulness of Mr. Playfoot. No wonder the Poultry Farm is popular.

On Saturday, January 20th, a large party of men and sisters were lucky enough to be the guests of the Painters' and Stainers' Guild. They were made very welcome, and after cigarettes had been provided, a splendid programme of song and music was given, preceded by an interesting speech from the Master of the Company, who unfolded its history. After the concert tea was served, which proved to be as excellent as the entertainment, and then a few more songs and other items wound up the afternoon. At the conclusion Sergeant Jones, speaking on behalf of St. Dunstan's and also for the Chelsea boys who were invited from St. Mark's Hospital, thanked all for their great kindness in providing such a grand treat.

Mr. Charles E. Rose has relinquished his post of Honorary Superintendent of St. Dunstan's, which he has filled since the start of the Regent's Park Hostel.

He hopes, however, to be privileged still to help in a less onerous way.

Our old friend Mr. W. G. Sewell, the masseur, was married on Sunday last, January 28th, to Miss Coleman. We made a mistake last month in referring to this lady as Miss Coles. The ceremony took place at St. Paul's Church, Westminster, at a quarter to ten o'clock in the morning, and many St. Dunstan's and other friends were present.

### Workshop Gossip.

THIS is an appeal to the Railway Companies, to which St. Dunstan's hopes that they will be good enough to give consideration. The men when they have learnt their trades here settle down in their various homes and are supplied with their tools and their materials by us. These are put on the railways and are often a very long time in reaching their destinations, in some cases many weeks, and in one or two instances even months. During this time the expectant blinded soldiers have to wait in idleness, which is particularly irksome to them, and of course they are not only idle but are earning no money. Could not the Railway Companies be good enough to expedite the delivery of the goods, which are always clearly marked for the use of St. Dunstan's men?

An encouraging sign is the growing number of men who do not wait for the whistle to blow before starting work. Many of them come to the shop twenty minutes or half an hour before the official time, both morning and afternoon, and it sometimes happens that when the signal is given hardly anyone remains to answer it. This is excellent, and just as it should be.





Boteler and Sergeant Harris were the first men in the workshop after the holidays. The former said that he had been dreaming of the big mat he had to make all through the vacation, and that he was longing to be at it. Harris, of course, is a born carpenter, and never seems to be happy when he is away from it. The instructors rejoice in pupils of this kind.

Our necessities increase every day, and it has now been found imperative to have a special delivery car for the workshop business. And not before it was needed. Our mats have to be sheared, our goods have to be delivered, our stocks have to be fetched; and when the workshop has nothing for the road there are the after-care and poultry departments. There will be plenty of work for the car, and the driver will not suffer from lack of employment. But then at St. Dunstan's we are used to making up for starting early by leaving off late.

George Pell, one of the very best joiners we have ever had—and who, unfortunately for us, has just left to start business for himself—has completed a lectern for the chapel, entirely unassisted. It is made of the finest oak and is a remarkably well finished piece of work. The shop is very proud of it.

Sydney Stockbridge, our hard-working and indispensable boy-scout, underwent an operation on the 18th of January for adenoids. It was successfully performed at the Middlesex Hospital, and Stockbridge is now back again, feeling much improved in health. We all missed his cheerful assistance very much while he was away.

The officers show a decided liking for the joinery, and there are now five of them busily hammering, sawing and planing every day. They buckle to in

most workmanlike manner and put as much energy into it as they ever could have done into their soldiering. They are making trays, boxes, benches and hen-coops, and most of them are exceedingly promising pupils. Joinery is one of the most attractive hobbies for anybody, and it has the added advantage of being profitable as well.

Ernest Matheson, the Australian, has come back to us after a long sojourn in hospital, and is now taking up boot repairing, after having mastered the making of mats. He is a quick worker and a pleasure to teach, and gives his whole mind to any job that he takes up. Matheson received the silver cup that he won at Putney last July, and which had been kept in the safe awaiting his return.

Afternoon tea in the workshops has become quite an institution, and Mr. Walter Collett, the joinery instructor, brews it from a recipe of his own. There is no tea like it, the imbibers declare, and it provides a cheerful close to each day's work. Mr. Collett also makes tea for the early risers for drills and boating, and it is said to be one of the chief inducements to join in these sports.

### The New Workshop.

THE Workshop is now doubled in size, and some 150 men are now busily employed each day in learning their various industries. For the moment the boot section has the largest number of pupils, and the mats come next. Both of these trades are popular, and each of them is turning out excellent work.

When in both sections the men are busy with their hammers at the same time the noise is somewhat distracting to the more thoughtful basket-makers,



who are sandwiched between them. The shops are now comfortably warmed, and we no longer hear any complaints of cold feet. Indeed, "cold feet" in every sense are rarely met with in the Workshops.

The output of boot repairing is very large, and customers can almost have their footwear repaired while they wait; that is to say, if they wait long enough. As to the mats, we are sometimes hard put to it to find space for the ever-accumulating stock, and we shall all be glad when the Central Depot is ready to relieve us. Every frame has its occupant both morning and afternoon, and the new men in almost every case are shaping well.

The growth of the Joinery Class is of the most encouraging character to the instructors, and it is not too much to say that the cheerful hammering of the pupils vies very heartily with the boot workers at the other end. Visitors are observed occasionally to display alarm at the din when they enter our domain; but those who are used to it find that they can do everything but telephone without inconvenience.

The Workshops are our unfailing source of interest to all comers, and what apparently surprises the visitor is to find that all the workers are so cheerful. We are sometimes tempted to wonder if they expect to find most of us in tears, judging by their expressed amazement at the whistling, singing, and smoking with which the men accompany their tasks.

It is believed that the Workshop is now large enough to accommodate all the blinded soldiers who need instruction; and as we can find room for 200 men a day, the belief is reasonable, especially when we remember that poultry, netting, massage, typewriting and shorthand claim a large number of workers.

In the Workshop the small band of instructors who have been with us from

the first often contrast present conditions with the small beginning, when they worked in the stable, with a loose box for each department.

### The Princess Louise's Visit

HER Royal Highness Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, paid St. Dunstan's a visit on Wednesday, January 29th. Sir Arthur Pearson, with Sir Philip Hutchings and officers of the League of the Empire, met Her Royal Highness in the Hall, and Sir Philip Hutchings presented the Prime Minister of New Zealand, Miss Bonar Law, Lady Doreen Long, and other representatives of the League to Princess Louise. Sir Arthur Pearson then presented the principal officers of St. Dunstan's to Her Royal Highness and conducted her to the Lounge, where he welcomed her on behalf of St. Dunstan's.

Sir Sidney Lee then made an offering of the volumes of Shakespeare to the Princess as gifts for the disabled soldiers, and Her Royal Highness, after graciously accepting the books, proceeded to pass down the lines of soldiers and presented each of them with a copy of the handsome book, accompanied by a few kindly words. The men heartily cheered Princess Louise at the close of the presentation, and were greatly delighted with the gifts.

During the afternoon Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson gave a recitation from Shakespeare with all his old power and charm, and Sir Philip Hutchings thanked the Princess on the part of the League of the Empire.

Sir Arthur Pearson subsequently gave an interesting account of his visit of inspection to the blinded soldiers of France, of which a full resumé will appear in our next issue.





### His Master's Voice.

"TAKE your foot off my tail,"  
Said the Devil to Bill,  
Who was scratching his head  
On the point of a quill;  
They were chatting together  
(Old friends, I presume)  
In the quick fading light  
Of a grim little room.

Bill paused in his scratching  
And silently stood;  
His face showing white,  
And his hands showing blood.  
"Your losses at Verdun?"  
The Devil then asked,  
And Bill's trembling fingers  
Began the sad task.

He grunted and stammered, then  
grunted again,  
As he read out his losses  
By number and name.  
"Your defeat on the Somme?"  
Said the Devil once more,  
As the wind shrieked aloud  
Through a crack in the door.

"The figures are great,"  
Then the wind screamed again,  
At the total recorded  
In wounded and slain.  
Bill sighed very deeply.  
Said the Devil, "Ah, well!  
What you've lost in those regions  
You'll find down in Hell."

T. H. Dennison.

### Our Concerts and Shows.

SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER provided part of the first entertainment after the Christmas holiday, which took place on Thursday, January 4th. With Sir George appeared Mr. J. D. Beveridge and Mr. Charles Glenney in a performance of "Howard and Son," a fine little patriotic play,

every word of which was listened to with rapt attention. The stage had been erected in the Old Lounge, and when the play commenced there was scarcely standing room for late comers.

Sir George Alexander, Mr. Beveridge, and Mr. Glenney got to work at once, and at the end nothing short of three hearty cheers would satisfy the boys in expression of their enjoyment.

Sir George addressed a few words to the audience, stating that they were all glad to come and act their little play as a token of gratitude for what the boys at St. Dunstan's had done for them.

But the presentation of "Howard and Son" was not the only treat that evening. It was immediately followed by a very excellent miscellaneous programme provided by Messrs. William Whiteley, Ltd. Our thanks are due to that firm and to Mr. Medlicott, who was in charge of the party.

After spending some weeks in France, where she had been entertaining the troops, Miss Christine Hawkes came back, practically speaking, straight to St. Dunstan's, and brought her concertina with her. With her usual ability Miss Hawkes performed on her instrument to the delight of everybody present. Mr. Cornil Bard, the "Original Entertainer," did a couple of good turns, and with the addition of the Misses Violet Oppenshaw, Crocker, and Helen Spicer an excellent programme was provided.

A special treat was given on January 10th by Mr. Vickof. He not only provided all the good things for a real New Year's tea, including crackers to pull after, but arranged for an orchestra to play during the meal, and followed on with a musical entertainment, in the programme of which were many well-known entertainers. Hearty thanks were accorded to Mr. Vickof,



It goes without saying that if there is any man who ought to be able to organise an entertainment of the first grade, that man is Mr. C. Douglas-Stuart, of the Variety Artistes' Benevolent Fund. We had it on January 11th, and the New Lounge was packed from one end to the other. Miss Maude Mortimer was at her best, and Morton & Bowman, in their comedy sketches, were encored time after time, which was also the fate of Coram, the ventriloquist. His little dummy figure, dressed as a private in the Dragoons, was made to say some very droll things regarding those about him, and hugely delighted all the soldiers with his criticism of his superiors.

Mr. Douglas Stuart has promised to arrange an even better entertainment for March 1st, but really I don't very well see how it can possibly be done.

The Ragtime Sextette Band paid us a second visit just after dinner on January 15th. It was the cause of great hilarity. Perhaps the cleverest thing they did was the imitation of a train leaving a station, puffing through the streets of an American town with the bell clanging and dimming away into the distance, presently getting louder until the puff and clang and escaping steam ran into another station and stopped. Mr. Philip Pilcer's Band will perhaps come again one day before it returns to America.

It is a great pity that some artistes promise to assist at an entertainment and then fail to keep the appointment. Miss Gladys Anderson was disappointed in this way. Nevertheless she and the ladies of her company who did arrive gave quite a neat little concert, which was well spoken of by the audience.

I would like to announce here that at 1.30 on *February 6th*, and at the same hour on the *7th*, Miss G. E. Mitton, the

well-known authoress, is going to do something quite new. It is no less a thing than the extemporaneous relating of a serial story. She will go from chapter to chapter just as one finds a story unfolded in a six shilling book, and she is confident that she will make it so interesting that those who hear her on the first day will be present again on the second occasion. It seems to me to be a novel idea, and I hope she will have a good audience on the first day. I have told Miss Mitton that the second day's gathering will depend entirely on the powers she displays at the first sitting. *Don't forget.*

A monster programme was provided by the "B" Glee and Concert Company of the 5th Battalion Surrey Volunteer Regiment. It comprised part songs, humorous songs, and ordinary solos. The first were rendered by the Glee Party, the second by Mr. Dan Godfrey and Mr. Stanley Parsons, and the third by various ladies and gentlemen. The part songs were somewhat of a change and were greatly enjoyed. It is a pity that we don't get more of them included in the various programmes. The New Lounge was full right up to the singing of the National Anthem.

The Band of the 1st Life Guards, under the direction of Mr. George Miller, paid us a weekly visit, and as they were able to make use of the New Lounge there was naturally more floor space, to the delight of those who took the opportunity of having an impromptu hop, skip, and jump. By the time these lines are read the band will be "Somewhere in France." Let us all wish them a happy and safe journey. They have been good friends to us, and we shall be glad when the time arrives for them to come again and play to us.

Messrs. J. Lyons, Ltd., provided an excellent orchestra on January 22nd;





and on the 25th Mr. Douglas Watson, of the Kilburn Empire, brought a splendid miscellaneous party of performers, who gave an enjoyable and much appreciated entertainment.  
E. K.

### Newspaper Conundrums.

MISS JULIA CRITTEN conducted a novel competition on Wednesday, January 17th. This was called "Newspaper Conundrums," and was worked as follows: A question was set down, the answer to which had to be the name of a newspaper.

Here are one or two examples. "What is the scarcity of sugar a sign of?" The answer to which was given as "The Times." Among other smart replies we may quote: "What is the Kaiser most anxious to obtain?" Answer: "The Globe." "Who saw the Zeppelin brought down?" Answer: "The Observer." "What might every member of St. Dunstan's be called?" Answer: "Sportsman."

There were thirty-eight questions set down, and three prizes were awarded for those who answered the most of them according to the names set down by Miss Critten. Heeley guessed eighteen correctly and won the first prize, a watch chain; Wise was second (seventeen replies), and secured a regimental match-box; O'Connell was third (fifteen answers judged right), and gained the third prize, which was a walking-stick.

Miss Critten proposes to have a competition on the same lines with the names of magazines in place of newspapers; but in this case she thinks it would be a good idea to let the boys ask the questions and the ladies have to guess the replies. Really Miss Critten's fertility of invention is inexhaustible.

### The Suggestion Box.

HERE is a selection from the month's suggestions:—

*I wrestled successfully with an old (sighted) opponent of mine during the Christmas holidays. Could it be introduced as a sport at St. Dunstan's? Also Ju-jitsu, which is a fine exercise?*

There is no reason whatever why wrestling should not be taken up if the men dress themselves suitably and arrange to have a sighted person to referee.

*Would it be possible to start a course of piano-tuning for a few boys who would be willing to pay the larger part of their pension towards their keep? As the course would be long and might cause misunderstanding if St. Dunstan's were to provide for them for all that time, I suggest a separate small house, where luxuries would be avoided and where we should live more the life that our own homes provide for us.*

If further particulars of boys who desire to learn piano-tuning can be given it would be easier to deal with this suggestion. Experience has proved that piano-tuning is a very difficult and unprofitable thing to teach.

*I think it would be a good idea to allow men who wish it to have a drink of stout with their meals. As I for one don't drink beer or lemonade, I have to go out to a hotel to get my stout.*

If all those men who desire to drink stout will give in their names to Matron, she promises to see what she can do.

*We suggest that all helpers who come up to take out the men in the morning, or read to them, or help in any such way, should have a badge to show that they are doing their "little bit." A small sum, such as 3d. or 6d., could be charged.*



This is quite a good idea, and we shall be glad to hear from the helpers whether they also desire it.

*Since this place has been enlarged quite a few of us boys who live in the far-away wards have at times failed to hear the meal bell rung, therefore have been late for some of our meals; so I think it would be a fine idea to have a large bell hanging from a bracket somewhere on the outside of the building, so that we should be able to hear it from all parts of the building.*

This suggestion shall be given consideration. It is quite a good idea, but it should not be forgotten that some of the wards are on one side of the house and some the other.

*I suggest that no motor vehicle is driven up to St. Dunstan's after dusk, but remains outside.*

This proposal will also be given consideration; but, of course, it will be recognised that there are difficulties in the way of arranging it, owing to arrivals with luggage at all hours.

*That a strong spring should be placed on the double doors leading from the old Lounge to the new one.*

This is being inquired into.

### The Gunner.

THE Gunner smiled as his breach-block closed,

His arm was steady, his grip was tight;

The Gunner smiled, and his face beamed bright

In the twilight flush of an autumn night. Silent columns of moving men

Moved to a point in a neighbouring glen, And the Gunner smiled.

The Gunner smiled as his gun spoke loud,

With deafening crash and darkening cloud;

The Gunner smiled as the darkness fell, Smiled at the wreck of shot and shell.

The Gunner smiled, with firm fixed eye On the field of Death, where brave men die.

Then he sank down slowly beside his gun,

And smiled, though his course was nearly run;

Though his heart beat faint in his wounded breast,

The Gunner smiled as he went Out West.

T. H. Dennison.

### January Debates.

THERE was a good meeting of members at the first discussion of the year, which was held on January 11th. The subject was: "Should Railways, Mines, and Shipping be Nationalised after the War?" It was opened by Sergeant Harris, who made a dashing speech in favour of nationalisation and displayed strong Socialistic tendencies in his remarks. He appeared to be well informed on the subject, and was successful in carrying his listeners with him.

Interesting speeches were made by Messrs. Harris, Green, Corp. Macintosh, and Sergeant-Major Shawl. We were particularly interested in the maiden speech of Mr. McNab, the Australian, who, although he admitted that he felt a little nervous, showed no signs of it in his telling remarks. Other interesting contributions to the discussion were made by Messrs. Leonard, Chambers, Vine, Girling, and Yates. The whole debate was carried on at a high level, and was closely followed by the sixty or so members who were present, besides several of the sisters. In the result, the resolution was carried by 36 votes to 24 votes, so it will be seen that opinion was fairly divided, which, of course, is





what makes a good debate, and we were all much gratified by the promise shown.

A particularly good debate was that on January 18th. The subject was: "At what age is a man too old to be of use in the Army?" It was opened by Sergeant-Major Cope, whom we were all glad to welcome back, in a telling little speech, in which he suggested forty-five as the outside limit; but Sergeant Harris, who is nothing if not original, fixed upon ninety, so long as a man was fit and well. Mr. Murray, the Australian, in a few clear and well-reasoned remarks, gave it as his experience that men of from forty-five to forty-eight from his colony lasted better than younger men; while Mr. Chambers, who confessed to forty-one, but looks no more than thirty, was all in favour of the older man.

Mr. Collins, another new debater, helped us with a very neat little speech; and Messrs. Jobe and Boteler—two Army Service Corps men—asserted that the man up to fifty was as good as anybody. Mr. Pink, who also spoke for the first time, was very interesting and informative; and Mr. Hindley spoke up well for the young men, and argued that they were better on the whole when they were under thirty. Mr. Vine gave us one of his well-reasoned little speeches. Quite one of the best contributions to the discussion was made by a new speaker, Mr. Broadbent, who was clear and well informed, and should prove a great help to us in the future.

Among the speakers who must be commended were Mr. Girling, Mr. O'Carroll (another fresh speaker), and several others. Sergeant-Major Cope, in winding up the debate, congratulated the Club on the quantity of fresh blood introduced and complimented the fresh speakers. The voting was thirty-four in favour of not older than forty-five, while fifteen men voted for the age of fifty;

but the whole meeting was prepared to make it more a question of fitness than of age.

The last debate was upon the question, "Should women be expected to go back to their pots and kettles after the War?" Mr. H. Green was the opener, and excellent speeches were made by Messrs. I. Wilson, Vine, McNab, Cowan, Broadbent, Cope, Pink and Harris. The resolution was carried unanimously.

## What is an Argument?

[A report of a debate of which St. Dunstan's has no record.]

THIS was the subject of a recent discussion by the St. Dunstan's Debating Club, which has already made itself famous by its habit of selecting one subject and talking about another. It was opened by Sergeant Harris in a few burning sentences.

"What is an argument?" said he, glaring fiercely round the Lounge. "If you don't know that, what are you here for? All you fellows want your eyes opened, and I'll soon do it. I'll put it in a nutshell. When I say a thing is so, and one of you chaps says it isn't, that's an argument. Then we fight it out; but we don't know who's got the best of it until the other fellow gives in. Then he may live to argue another day, or he may not. It depends where you've hit him and how hard. That's all I've got to say."

Sergeant Davie followed, and he was inclined to doubt if any kind of force was a good argument; but Mr. Hindley, rising to a point of order, observed that the gallant sergeant could never have encountered a post on his way round the outer circle, or he would think otherwise.

Mr. Harry Green chipped in with the remark that in his opinion the more



force there was in an argument the better. He said that in Australia they believed in strong language, and plenty of it and often. He added that he had won many a debate by knowing more swear words than the others.

Mr. Boteler, rising in some anger, said "that if force was no argument, then there couldn't be force in an argument. At least if that wasn't sense, what was? When he was in the Army Service Corps they all had to eat dog biscuit or go without. Some of the chaps wanted to argue about that; but, bless you, it didn't do any good. Therefore he didn't think there was any sense in an argument; but if there was any sense, you'd got to put it there first. And he wasn't going to waste his time putting sense into anybody else's argument—and they could all put that in their pipes and smcke it."

Loud applause followed these remarks, which was discouraged by Mr. Vine, who said that whatever an argument was it wasn't noise. "There were many points of view about an argument. His point of view he regarded as the right one, but it was possible that others might think differently." (Cries of "Hear, hear.") "He supposed those cheers were sarcastic; but he would like to let them know that he had never yet found his point of view to be wrong."

"What is your point of view?" inquired Mr. Harris Turner, rising to order.

Mr. Vine replied that he could not say exactly what it was in this case, because there was no argument before them. But if there had been an argument, he would very soon have shown them his point of view, and he was prepared to bet anyone that it would have been right.

Mr. Burge, awaking suddenly, declared he would take that bet, as he liked anything for a bit of sport. He would sooner have a raffle than an argument any day; and he suggested that if

they'd got anything they couldn't agree about, let them raffle it and see who won.

Mr. Ulyatt broke in here and said that he wished everybody would talk sense; and if a man couldn't talk sense, let him shut up.

"If anybody wants to shut me up," said Mr. Burge, "let him try." And he added that a man would have a better chance of success at this than a monkey. He also stated that he wanted to go on making his string-bag, and that he didn't believe in argument anyhow unless the other man carried a stick.

Sergeant Jones suggested that some people did not know an argument when they saw one.

Mr. McNab agreed with this, and said that it was sometimes hard to know what was an argument and what wasn't. He remarked that in his younger days he had tried arguing with ladies for practice, but he had given it up, because it was so trying to the ears. It wasn't that ladies argued so particularly well, but they said the same thing so often and so quickly that if you didn't get out of the room sharp something was sure to be broken.

Mr. Girling observed that his idea of an argument was to say a thing and stick to it. "Make up your mind beforehand and then you know where you are."

Corporal McLean declared that he should call that obstinacy. He regarded an argument as convincing another fellow who was wrong that you were right. This was a hard thing to do, but you should keep on trying. "Remember," said he "King Bruce and the bad half-croon."

Mr. Maddison considered that no man ever was right unless he was a Scotsman, and then it depended on what part of Scotland he came from, and if he was in the ministry or not. So far as he was concerned, he had never known himself





wrong, but he was not bigoted, and he was prepared to live and learn.

Sergeant Sammy Shields, rising just before closing time, said that his view of the case was short. "The best answer to the question 'What is an Argument?'" he declared, "was marriage. Get married, and if you don't soon find out what is an argument, then you've married the wrong girl."

Whereupon all the married men present sadly declared that they supposed they would never know now what an argument was, and the debate was suspended.

### The New College Annexe.

THE new College Annexe was opened on January 1st. It lies about three hundred yards away from St. Dunstan's along the outer circle. Howell was our first arrival, and Caldwell (now happily quite recovered) our first invalid. About thirty boys from St. Dunstan's volunteered to come along with me when the idea was first mooted, and this number has happily been considerably swelled since then. As an old St. Dunstan's man, I cannot say how pleased I was to see so many familiar faces during the first few days when, to me, as much as to the boys, so much was new and strange. At the time of writing there are about sixty boys there, and a further twenty who are still away on their first holiday after hospital.

The Matron (Miss Power) has already won all the hearts of the boys, and nothing could be more capable than her management of the large staff, or more splendid than her untiring efforts to make the house a "home" in every sense of the word. Sister Cope (whom many of the St. Dunstan's boys will remember) plays "auntie"; Miss Butler, a familiar figure at St. Dunstan's, is the

very popular Lounge sister; Miss Howell, another old St. Dunstan's worker, looks after our clothes; and Miss Kenrock is the new and popular dining-room sister. We have been fortunate enough to get a music sister as well, Miss West, medallist of the Royal Academy of Music, and presently I hope there will be a full-blown musical society and band.

One thing that pleases everybody is the fact that many St. Dunstan boys come to join us in the evening, so that the two houses are thus made one big happy family, and the three hundred yards of outer circle cease to prove a barrier even on a muddy night. Life otherwise is much the same as at St. Dunstan's, and presently I hope to have some jolly Tuesday evening concerts, at which Miss Esmé and Miss Vera Beringer, Miss Constance Drever, and Mr. Harry Champion have all promised to assist.

R. K. H.

### A Scrap of War.

OH dear, what can the matter be?  
The boys are so long at the  
Front;

They went out the day that war was  
declared,

The Germans to kill and to hunt.

They started from Belgium, and then  
into France,

With good work and courage we led  
them a dance;

And yet still the cry is for more men  
and guns

To try and abolish the terrible Huns.

How proud we shall be when the fighting  
is over,

And all our brave boys come steaming  
to Dover.

We'll shout and we'll sing, as we  
welcome them in,

For we know they won't leave till  
they're sure they can win.

George Brooks.



### Poultry Notes.

IT cannot be supposed that anybody has enjoyed the sample of winter weather meted out to us this January. Fog, rain, sleet, and snow have been the order of things, and came especially hard on the poultry farmers. The general routine of a farm must continue, but during very severe weather the birds must to a large extent be kept intensively. In this way the classes are deprived of a certain amount of the outdoor interest to which we look forward in the spring. It is fortunate that the farm is well equipped with classrooms, though between the storms students may be seen braving the elements from time to time and examining various breeds in the model section.

Mr. Clem Watson has kindly consented to hold the next First Course Poultry Examination on February 6th and 7th.

The Second Course Examination may be held the same week, or possibly the week following, subject to Mr. Watson's arrangements. A list of candidates for this advanced examination is not yet forthcoming.

Mr. Playfoot is always more than anxious to pass on to others the knowledge that he has gained during a lifelong experience of poultry. He has therefore embarked upon an extended course of lectures, intended primarily for those who have completed their training and are keen enough to wish for a little more, but also for the benefit of any of the present students who care to take the opportunity of increasing their knowledge. Mr. Playfoot amplifies his previous instruction and emphasises the various features which require the special attention of those who look for success in poultry culture.

Poultry farmers will unanimously appreciate the fact that Mr. Playfoot is always ready to expend time and thought on any matter that may be of advantage to the students. He is well assisted in his endeavours by the other instructors.

During the past few months the Poultry Farm has in a small measure become a depôt for birds supplied to men who have left St. Dunstan's. The system is as follows: Really first-class stock is obtained and delivered at St. Dunstan's, where the birds are carefully vetted by Mr. Playfoot before passing on to their final destination. Unfortunately accommodation for birds over and above the permanent stock is very limited, and although the farm is much more elastic than formerly, it is necessary to have very definite information as to when the poultry keepers will be ready to take over their birds in order to avoid overcrowding at St. Dunstan's, and to keep in touch with dealers, who naturally prefer to deliver birds as soon as ordered.

It must be pointed out that while very great care is taken in the selection of the birds, which are only purchased from well-known dealers, even the best—more especially highly bred stock—are always prone to colds, chills, and similar troubles contracted on the journey at draughty railway stations, etc., especially during the present severe weather. Even the change of conditions in feeding, housing, climate, etc., may on occasion have adverse effects. It is certainly extremely trying to have a new flock of birds troubled with severe colds, and Mr. Thomson Brown is taking measures to reduce the risks of travelling by giving special advice as to the treatment of the birds on arrival.

Alterations and improvements continue. The old food shed or granary—





the first on the left on entering the yard—has now been converted into a really well-appointed incubator room, as planned by Mr. Playfoot. The old shed door has been removed, and a double entrance contrived in the form of an inside porch. Stepping into this porch, the door is on the left in order to prevent a rush of cold outside air from blowing directly upon the incubators with harmful effect, as was the case in the old incubator shed next door. The new room has been fitted with a proper ceiling, and all cracks in the walls have been patched up, thus shutting out the draughts so fatal to the would-be chicken. In place of draughts proper ventilation has been secured by means of a reconstructed window and sliding shutters fitted in the panels of the door. The incubators are ranged perfectly steady and level on long benches or tables against the wall. Thus equipped we may look forward to an interesting time in the hatching season.

The old incubator shed now serves a double purpose. It stores the food and tools, and contains four large emergency pens, each capable of housing about a dozen birds. The pens are used to accommodate what we may describe as the birds of passage, which come from the poultry dealers and are passed on to men who have left, as already mentioned. The upper half of the shed door has been fitted with a wooden framework, covered with wire-netting, following a suggestion of Mr. Neville's, so that the birds need never be deprived of light and air.

There has been no further addition to the St. Dunstan's stock lately, beyond the kind gift of a Rhode Island red cockerel from Mrs. Hicks, of Holly Lodge, Heathfield. It will be remembered that Mrs. Hicks previously presented the farm with a pen of Faverolle pullets.

The new and improved henhouse has been completed by Mr. Wooding and set up in a new pen to the left of the new classrooms. It is at present the abode of a fine flock of Cam's White Wyandotte pullets. In addition, a useful type of fattening coop was made to order and recently despatched.

The Joinery Class has so far been low in numbers, but this has given Mr. Wooding time to carry out the various alterations about the farm buildings. Maddison and Shaw may be seen busily employed every morning, and Mr. Capper, who is taking up poultry, has lately joined the class.

For the rest, the beginners' classes have been well filled up, and altogether the farm has the prospect of a busy season ahead of it. D. L.

### Poultry—Spring Hints.

**S**PECIAL care should now be given to the selection of the breeding stock; use only healthy, well-developed specimens; yearling hens are to be preferred to pullets for breeding purposes. Give special attention to the male bird, and see that he is given one good feed a day by himself. Don't force breeding stock to lay. During sharp, frosty weather, or while cold winds prevail, nests should be well lined with clean fresh hay; the baskets in which the eggs are gathered should be lined, and the eggs collected early and often.

When keeping eggs for hatching, place them in a small box or basket in the same position as they are usually found in the nest, and in a temperature as near fifty degrees as possible. Turn the eggs gently twice a day. After a railway journey eggs should be rested for twenty-four hours before being placed in an



incubator. Don't put eggs straight from the nest into the incubator, but wait till they are at least twenty-four hours old.

The best place for the working of an incubator is one having an equable temperature day and night of fifty degrees, a steady supply of fresh air without draughts is advisable, and freedom from noise and vibration.

Those who wish early chicks should lose no time in filling their machines with eggs from any of the heavy breeds, and so have a hatch off before the end of this month. They should get a second hatch off in March and a third off in the middle of April. The machines should then be filled with eggs from any of the lighter breeds, and kept going till the end of June. Chicks from heavy breeds will command high prices for table purposes in April and May; hatched in March and April they should be kept for stock purposes; and those hatched in April, May, and June from light breeds should come on to lay in autumn.

Any of our poultry farmers whose hen houses have been delayed on the railway, and in consequence have not yet had their breeding stock sent to them, need not necessarily lose valuable time. Provided their incubators and foster-mothers have arrived, they can at least make a start with artificial incubation. By communicating with the Settlement Department or the Poultry Farm they can be supplied with hatching eggs till such time as they have their own breeders. J. T. B.

### Another Poultry Suggestion.

**I** WOULD like to suggest that we have a poultry farm run by a branch of the After-Care on co-partnership lines; that is to say, that all the poultry farmers from St. Dunstan's should be

invited to hold shares in it. This farm would be a centre from which we could work. The breeding of the excellent stock that we are now using could still be carried on, so that when men wanted to purchase or exchange they would be able to do so without any risk of being cheated in dealing. It would be a centre of market produce supply where we could send our surplus stock of eggs at current market prices, which could be sold again to dealers.

We could also purchase our poultry food at fair prices, which would be a great boon to those who only needed small quantities. It would also be a place where we could procure a bird at any time, or if we had a large order we could depend upon getting the necessary stock to make it up. From this farm we could also at any time obtain expert advice upon any matter that was troubling us and we could borrow temporary appliances. The idea also would be for us to obtain stock and appliances on the gradual payment system. I think this poultry farm would prove a good investment, and if all the St. Dunstan's poultry men would take a keen interest in it it would be to their own advantage and advancement.

A. Vaughan.

### Massage Notes.

**H**ARRY COOK, as recorded last month, successfully passed his massage examination (I.S.T.M.) with the excellent percentage of 67. His position in the pass list is number 56 out of a total of 225 successful candidates. One hundred and five candidates failed to pass this examination.

Billy Woods, of New Zealand, has secured an excellent post as masseur and medical electrician at the Clarence House Hydro, Hammer Springs, New Canterbury, New Zealand, and is giving every





satisfaction. On the voyage home he filled in his time by doing massage on his fellow voyagers; the ship's surgeon gave him eleven patients, all of whom benefited greatly by his treatment.

In recognition of their good work the massage students were granted a rather longer holiday than usual at Christmas, with the understanding that they would all report as ready for work on a specified day. All the students reported up to time with the exception of two, and they had excellent reasons for their absence.

Another batch of students has started work at the Middlesex Hospital, and finds the duties very interesting and instructive. There is all the difference in the world between actual cases and make-believe.

Among the newcomers to the afternoon class are Lieutenant Thomas and Mr. Bellis. The latter went through the Boer War and was engaged in this war in transporting munitions in what was lately called German East Africa.

### Netting Notes.

**D**URING the Christmas holiday quite a lot of netting was done by the men who were away, thus proving how satisfactory this string work is as a home occupation. Since a hook on the wall is the sole requisite needed, netting can be done anywhere at any time, indoors and out of doors. This should be borne in mind when the question of fruit netting is discussed and too often abandoned as dull.

It is undoubtedly tedious to work on end day after day at a large length of small mesh netting; but if a piece is kept on hand, together with the more lively

hammock work, its sober company will be found very welcome for odd and empty hours all the year round.

Fruit netting is in such steady demand that we must take care not to despise it as slow and dull as compared with the rapid finishing of small articles. We mean to standardise on strips of a certain size, which can be sewn together after purchase, in order to accumulate stock in readiness for the spring orders we are sure to get. This is work which can be carried on also very well by those men who have left St. Dunstan's, and if they will write for materials and instructions they can start at once.

G. H. W.

### January Departures.

**A**MONG the boys who have left us for good during the past month there are several who will be missed. For instance, W. Millar, who is taking up poultry, joinery, and mats for a living, was one of our finest oarsmen, dancers, and all-round games man generally. George Pell and Percy Johns were both regular early morning boaters and first-class workmen.

Pell was one of the most painstaking joiners that was ever in the shop, and his work would compare favourably with any sighted man's. He and Johns are joining together at poultry and carpentry, while Johns adds boot repairing to the partnership. These two ought to get on very well together.

We shall miss E. J. Hall, who was known last year as the constant associate of dear old Kitchen and rowed in the double sculls with him in several races. He was a steady old sportsman, and we hope he will do as well as he deserves.

We have already referred to the going of Sergeant Curtis-Willson, but as he



returned for two days in this month he must be chronicled here. He is a man who is sure to do well, for he was full of ideas in his work, and he picked up basket-making in a few weeks to add to his poultry, joinery, and mat-making. He was a keen participant in all recreations, and his debating powers will be greatly missed.

We omitted to chronicle the going of Harry Cook just before Christmas. He was a capital fellow, a keen worker at his massage, and a good dancer and boater. He is now working at the Red Cross Hospital for Officers in Park Lane.

We must also refer to Sumner, who will be greatly missed; to Speaight, who was one of the most studious of boys, not only at poultry, but at typewriting and other things; to J. T. Waldin, one of the best boot repairers that has ever passed through the Workshops; and to J. Stewart, the sturdy old poultryman who had a gift for straight speaking.

### Chapel Notes.

**T**HE new Chapel is always open for any and all to come in and out as they wish. To the Wednesday evening service, at 8.30, all are specially invited, and to the 10 o'clock morning service on Sunday the boys are invited to bring their friends, and other visitors will also be welcomed.

The Choir intends to do great things before long. So far it has at least managed to obey the psalm which says "Make a joyful noise."

On Sunday, January 21st, the beautiful oak lectern was used for the first time, and St. Dunstan's is proud of the art and skill with which George Pell has constructed it. The Chapel is also

indebted to Foster for a useful and ingenious almsbag.

A new chime of bells has also been added to summon the congregation.

The Assistant Chaplain hopes that any suggestions intended to help and improve his work will be placed in the Suggestion Box in the hall.

It is encouraging to note that the St. Dunstan's congregation is steadily growing, and it should be explained that the Sunday morning service only lasts for half an hour.

### The Poppy.

**A**T the break of a sunny morn,  
When fields are ripe with golden  
corn,  
You'll find the poppy all alone,  
Like a king upon his throne;  
When in its prime, so gay and sweet,  
All suddenly its doom will meet.  
It looked so proud when in its bed,  
Its colour was of brightest red;  
But now its beauty fades away,  
And never more will charm the day,  
Among the waving golden corn  
Upon a sunny summer's morn.

E. Owen.

Our old friend Cronk at table was in a difficulty with a Russian who spoke no English. "What am I to do?" said he. "I want to ask him if he'd like any pudding."

"Try him in Cockney," said Sergeant Davie. "All Russians speak that."

"Right," said Croak, in all innocence, and turned to the Muscovite. "Blimey!" he shouted. "Going ter 'ave some duff."

But the Russian still preserved a blank expression, while the boys roared in laughter, sisters dropped plates in helpless mirth, and Cronk perceived that his leg had been pulled.





### After Care Notes.

**T**HAT busy basketmaker, G. Lawlor, says that he rises at six in the morning and starts work at seven, having had his breakfast. He goes on until twelve, when he allows himself a quarter of an hour for dinner. For tea, at five o'clock, he takes another fifteen minutes, and does not leave off work until eight o'clock at night. He then takes an hour's walk in his garden, devotes an hour to having the newspaper read to him, and so to bed. This is the way for a man to be sure of being prosperous.

At length we have heard from Sergeant Nolan, who has settled in North Wales, where he works at mats and poultry. It will be remembered that he also took up joinery, and he has already found this very useful both in arranging his house and in settling his shop. He appears to be very well occupied, as not only is he fulfilling orders for mats and starting his farm, but he is also turning his attention to gardening for providing himself with food produce.

It was nice to hear that W. H. Minchin is comfortable in his new home, and that he is kept busy making mats, hammocks, and string-bags, and that his work is pleasing his customers. He says that he finds the Magazine very interesting and that he always longs to receive it each month.

Culshaw, who has settled as a boot repairer in Burnley, says that he is getting plenty of high-class work and that his customers are pleased with what he does. Two shops in his road have had to be closed owing to the owners being called up, and this is also giving him extra work. Culshaw proposes to pay us a visit when he has become "a millionaire boot repairer"; but we

cannot help hoping that he will come and see us before then.

T. Millward writes: "I opened my shop about three weeks ago, and took in enough boots to last me all my lifetime. I am sorry, however, the doctor will let me stay only two hours a day at the work, as the hammering makes my head bad. I think, therefore, of starting a tea business, as then I shall be always in the fresh air. I wish you would note my fresh address. I am at No. 11, and not No. 1."

Our old friend Rufus Shaw writes: "Just a few lines in answer to your very welcome letter, which came to hand on Sunday last. I must wish you a very happy New Year and may it be a prosperous one to you. When it is possible for you to have the few tools I left sent on, I can assure you that I will make a good start and make up for the time I have lost."

T. S. Cooper writes from Hull: "I am well established and everything runs smoothly. I am delighted to hear of the vast improvements in the lay-out of St. Dunstan's Estate, and feel that the new Lounge will satisfy a want that was felt last winter, and the dedication of the Church should meet with the approval of all. . . . I am in touch with quite a lot of the boys whom I met at St. Dunstan's, and rejoice to hear of the headway they all seem to be making."

A. E. Moore writes: "I am very pleased to tell you that the training I received at St. Dunstan's has been a great blessing to me, as it helps to pass away what would have been a dreary time, and the money that I earn at my mat-making, added to my pension, helps to keep home without any worry or trouble, so I have something to bless St. Dunstan's and its Staff for. . . . And when this war is over, I think Sir Arthur



Pearson should have a monument erected quite as high as Nelson's."

T. Eaton writes from Lancashire: "I will own I have found the conditions very different from what they used to be; but still a lot of happiness is left in the world for those who have lost their sight in a noble cause. And again, Sir Arthur Pearson has been splendid. He has made me what I am. The training has also been a blessing, without which I should have been a miserable man, but as things are, I am a respectable citizen. Please give my best wishes to the Staff and accept the same yourself."

John Brown writes from Brenchley: "If anyone had told me when I was lying wounded in hospital that I could be taught mat-making, cobbling, and how to work the typewriter, I would have called for the doctor, and I would have asked him to examine the person's head who told me I could learn these things. I have learned differently now, thanks to the Staff of the 'Palace of Hope.' I must say that if I am able in any way to help any of my comrades who are down I will do all in my power to give them a leg up."

T. P. Drummond tells us that his work in the carpenters' shop has so far not been put to any use, as he has been moving about so much in connection with his business of diving. Weather conditions are just now also against the latter class of work, and he has not been able to practice at it. He hopes to resume his carpentry as soon as he gets settled down.

T. H. M.

### The Editor's Thorns.

**T**HACKERAY once wrote that there were many thorns in an editor's chair. I find that there are quite a few in mine. The first is the difficulty

of getting notes on the happenings in the various departments. The superintendents frequently meet my request for "copy" with the reply that there is nothing to write about, and then they will promptly turn round and discuss a dozen interesting things and many items of news. I really think that if they would not allow themselves to be obsessed with the difficulty of composition, and would just write me a letter telling me what had taken place, they would see there was plenty of news.

Another thorn is provided by the irritation of those who find that every word they write is not faithfully reproduced. One irate lady told me that she should never write anything more as I had compressed her last notes. A gallant sergeant also called me over the coals for not inserting in full a long letter that he had given me. Another contributor—a lady again—conveyed her views that it was not for me to pick and choose, but to print the whole of whatever she gave me.

I can only apologise humbly to all contributors, and beg them to believe that I do not edit their notes from motives of spite, as I fear some of them think, but solely from motives of expedience. An editor is only human, and he wants his magazine to be as interesting as possible to its readers. He is also limited by space. He may err in his selection, and he may reject some genius of authorship, but he is generally above petty considerations, or he tries to be.

So will all my contributors please let me have letters upon their departments for the benefit of the Magazine; and if they find that they have ground for complaint in my incompetence, will they send a round robin to Sir Arthur Pearson, who will no doubt promptly sack me?

THE EDITOR.





## News from Canada.

I HAVE received a very interesting letter from Mr. A. G. Viets, who was the first Canadian at St. Dunstan's and who was one of the best fellows we ever had here. He is in daily touch with Mr. Baker, whose charming personality will be remembered by all those who had the happiness of meeting him, and whose sculling for us will long be remembered. He was certainly the fastest oarsman we have yet had. I feel that this letter is so interesting that I quote rather extensively from it, although, as all readers of the magazine know, our space is very limited.

"Baker is now holding a good position with the Hydro Commission, an Ontario Government concern of considerable size which looks after the electric power brought from Niagara Falls, the biggest thing of the kind in the country. He is in what they call the 'trouble department,' and has to take down trouble reports from different places along the line which he gets over the 'phone, and which he has to make up into various reports. He also does a good deal of the office correspondence, mostly by the distaphone, which he finds very convenient and enables him to get through a lot of work. He likes the place very much and is thrown in with a lot of young fellows and girls who have been very good to him and see that he has lots of reading and walking. His rooms are so conveniently situated that he can get to his office without a guide.

"I am with the Imperial Life Assurance Company and am out practically all the time with my assistant, meeting people and talking business, which I find very congenial occupation and have done very well at it for a start. Last month (November) was my first month of actual work, and I

did very well indeed, and can say the same for this week, too. Have most of my tables of rates, etc., done up in a Braille pocket-book, and can get along with it first rate.

"Baker and I have both been elected Directors of the Free Library for the Blind here and are taking interest in the work it is doing. Being returned soldiers we get quite a number of opportunities to speak in public about the work, and through us they are working up quite a lot of interest. We were talking things over the other night, and it struck us we would like to know what the Canadians at St. Dunstan's are taking up now. This would be rather valuable information to us, and I would be very much obliged if you could let me know just how many Canadians you have and what they are going in for. We also thought that it would be a good plan if you could speak to the Canadians some time when you get a chance, and tell them for us how important it is for them to learn all they can about what the blind are doing for themselves with you and what you are doing for them, and any information outside St. Dunstan's that they can get in connection with the work for the blind generally. The reason we say this is that when they come home here they will be asked all sorts of questions about St. Dunstan's and its work, and, like us, will get opportunities to speak to a great many people. The care and education of the blind in Canada generally and in Ontario in particular, is in a very bad state at present, more especially as it concerns the adult blind; and we think it will be through the returned blinded soldiers that considerable interest will be aroused, and when the war is over a lot of good can be done in our own line in educating and interesting the general public.



"I notice that you have a flourishing debating society, and we would like to see every Canadian taking an active part in it, as it will be one of the best trainings they can get for the future. We must remember that the public interest in us and the work will be the keenest during the war and for a period thereafter, and that it is up to us during that time to get as much publicity as we can before the people forget these matters, and it is to our own advantage, in whatever line of business we may be, to be able to make the most of our present opportunities to get well known and established. If I had known when with you what I do now, I could have absorbed a lot more information outside of St. Dunstan's than I did, and we want to see that all the Canadians with you make the best of their opportunities of learning all they can about the work. I figure that there are about twenty-three or four blinded Canadians now, most of whom will have gone through St. Dunstan's, and they can be a great power over here if they know how to go about it and have the right kind of grounding. Everybody we meet is very much interested in us and about the work at St. Dunstan's."

## Concerning a few Bores.

DEFINE a bore? Well, it's a hard thing to do in print and remain respectable. Von "Storkey" is an authority on bores. He is a lanky Australian on the other side of the ward. In the train he was officially designated "a sitting officer," but, so far, has hatched nothing but a profound misanthropy, directly due, he says, to the machinations of hospital bores. For lucidity and variety of speech I commend you to him after a session with one of

this species. But I could not print his opinion. No! not on this paper. It's not asbestos. He says a bore is a lurid affliction from the nether regions, whose parents were amphibians when the sea was boiling mud. And the bar sinister is an inevitable part of their heraldic get-up.

My personal opinion is that he—or she—is an unique development from a hypnotised hen, having, also, something of the matter-of-fact inevitability of the bad gramophone next door.

There is the Yankee bore. He takes up a strategic position commanding the public ear, and expounds his views of the proper conduct of war. Generally, he has the physical appearance of an elderly and anæmic cab horse. He is hidden in heaving billows of cloth and angular leather. He inspires his victim with a rude desire to revert to school-day habits and "spit on it and rub it out." Just such a one was received with scant courtesy recently. Entering a train his eye lighted on a much swathed Tommy. Perching opposite the bandaged one, he commenced: "Say, lad, 'some' fight." "Yes," said the lad, "and some don't." It was quite three minutes before he recovered.

Another is the kind old person who gathers round a returned hero and pours out a torrent of mixed pity and tearful incoherency. It rushes out in a deluge, engulfing the poor victim, and he emerges, dazed and astonished, only when the "experience" is disappearing with strange clucking noises and dolorous head shakings. Then, if he is not stricken with a mad melancholy, he despairingly looks for a restorative to fit him for the next affliction. This is in the nature of a charming young visitor who is determined to "buck him up." He can see it in her eye. She starts off, gushingly: "Now I'm not going to talk shop, because you'd be miserable." She discourses fluently of plays, races,





sports and dances, and, departing, leaves behind her memories of a bore sublime, for her victim is a compulsory bed ornament for a few months, with a wound in his—well, never mind that—and it's a long story, anyway.

The bore who asks obvious questions has already been well investigated in print, but I beg you will let me tell you of one such. She was inflicting a gratuitous visit on a blind man, and, as she approached his cot, conversed in stage whispers with the nurse. (All blind folk, by the way, are quite deaf, dumb, and paralysed. These things are necessary corollaries, like the cap of the jester, or a barber and hair oil.)

She evidently knew this quite well. Her fluttering whispers tickled the atmosphere and things. "Oh, how dreadful!" "And he can't see?" (Wonderful intuition.) "Would it hurt his eyes to talk?" "A New Zealander?" "But he is quite white!" (Frigidly.) "Oh! are they? Thank you very much, Sister." Then, turning to the victim, she shouted: "Oh! how are you?" The patient bounced a foot in the air, and answered feebly, "Fine thanks." "And just fancy, you are quite blind." "Yes, madame, quite blind." In ten minutes she said, "I wonder if you would like to tell me how it happened?" and then the victim had his innings.

"It was at Ypres. We were preparing for a raid, and the enemy wire had to be blown up. My pal and I volunteered to do it. On a dark, pitch black night we crept over the parapet, dragging with us a hose full of explosive. Half-way across we stopped, panting for a rest. Around us the flares threw their ghastly brilliance. Suddenly one soared up directly in front of us, and sped through its brilliant arc to fall, hissing and sputtering, right behind us. We were thrown up in a deadly black silhouette, and suddenly machine-gun and

rifle began to spit venomously at us. Hardly stopping to think, we grasped the hose and dashed madly forward in the ensuing darkness.

"Falling flat under the enemy's wire, we began to worm the hose forward. It was then that my comrade proved himself a hero. A huge bomb crashed into the wire and we could see the fuse fizzing madly. My eyes started from my head and got tangled in the wire. With a swift movement he cut me free, and, taking me by the arm, led me swiftly away, just in time. That, madame, is how I lost my eyes."

There was a profound silence for some seconds, then madame rose, and, with an ice-bound "Good afternoon" to the ward, sailed majestically into oblivion.

EDWARD BATES.

### A Short History of St. Dunstan's.

ST. Dunstan was born near Glastonbury in the tenth century. Two of his kinsmen were bishops and others attached to the Court, while his brother as "Reeve" looked after the business interests of Glastonbury Abbey.

St. Dunstan began his Court and monastic life quite early. Glastonbury was then an abbey only in name, served by married secular priests, but very famous and frequented by Irish pilgrims at its shrine of St. Patrick.

Dunstan reformed the place in the interest of education. He was proud and rather meddling, and he persuaded Edred, who succeeded Edmund, to treat the secular monks very harshly. But his political advice was so good that it resulted in great success for the West Saxon and ended in the conquest of Northumberland from the Danes and the assumption of the title of Cæsar by King Edred in 995.



Dunstan refused preferment, and remained as a teacher at Glastonbury; but his influence ceased at the death of Edred, as the West Saxon nobility disliked the idea of the unity of England, which was Dunstan's great aim. Thus even in those days there were "Little Englanders," and it was their policy which eventually led to the Norman Conquest.

When Edney succeeded Edred, Dunstan was banished, because he, with Odo, the Archbishop of Canterbury, said it was sinful for the King to marry his cousin. He went to Flanders, where he shared in a great monastic revival. When Edney died, it was said of a broken heart, Edgar became King, and Dunstan was recalled. He became Bishop of Worcester and also of London, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. The accession of Ethelred again put power into the hands of his enemies, and ended his political career, but he lived on till 983, devoting his last years to the government of his diocese, and in the pursuits of literature, music, and the finer handicrafts; so that he may be considered as an appropriate patron saint for the busy Hostel of St. Dunstan's.

Some curious tales are related with regard to the saint. When he was a boy he was supposed at one time to be dying; but an angel appeared and cured him, and he jumped out of bed and ran towards the church to give thanks. The Devil, with a number of black dogs, met him, and tried to frighten him back, but St. Dunstan cared nothing, and drove them away with a stick. He got safe to the church, but the door was shut; an angel, however, popped him through a hole in the roof. Another time, after he became a monk, he had built himself a little cell on the outside of the church wall, where he amused himself by making useful things in brass and iron. One day the Devil, this time disguised as a man, popped his head in at

the window, and asked for some article. St. Dunstan seized him by the nose with his red-hot tongs, and made him roar horribly. After that, Satan left him in peace.

R. Graves.

### Our Musical Society.

NO doubt you wonder what on earth I am speaking about when I mention Musical Society, and I can imagine you reading the title of this piece with a very concerned face and muttering to yourself, "Musical Society! Well, I've heard of no such thing being formed at our place." Now I must admit that I am doubtful as to this same title being correct, so I must leave the reader to judge for himself.

A casual visitor entering our Lounge is met by sounds—I am almost licensed to say noises—which infer that the shades of Irving Berlin & Sons have been let loose. A gramophone wearily grinds out the refrain of the "Long, Long Trail," and to add to the effect of the piece renders it in a series of jerks and jumps. But that is nothing to the attempt of two budding pianists to render a double turn on two pianos of "Take me in your arms and say 'I didn't want to do it.'"

Far away in a secluded corner an evil spirit has tempted a man to practice on a tin whistle, with an opposing mouth-organ competing.

It certainly does seem a trifle noisy, but "Let the boys enjoy themselves" is the motto of our Lounge. Besides, what is the use of complaining, for the music is nothing like finished.

Of course, while all this has been going on the visitor has been making his way down the Lounge. When about half-way he catches sight of the large French windows, and, quick to seize his opportunity, he proceeds to bid "Adieu" to the Lounge to the strains of a concertina





rattling out "A little bit of Heaven." Once outside the visitor tries to have a last glance into heaven and is just in time to see the Matron entering with about a dozen accordians tucked under her arms. With a long-drawn-out "Phew!" he rushes in to the new Lounge, sinks into a chair and mops his

poor perspiring forehead. But what is that! Surely it is a delusion! But no; it is someone within the Chapel practising on the organ, and the poor tormented soul is rocked to sleep to the beautiful refrain of "Peace, Perfect Peace."

L. K.

### Newcomers in January.

Broadbent, Lance-Corporal J. W.	...	2nd H.L.I.
Campbell, Private N. W.	...	1st Wellington Infantry, N.Z.
Christian, Private W.	...	1st Cheshires.
Collins, Private B.	...	1/6th Warwicks.
Eden, Sapper A. E.	...	62nd Field Company, R.E.
Fisher, Driver A. H.	...	R.H.A.
Fleming, Private J.	...	3rd Coldstreams.
Geoghan, Private J.	...	2/5th K.L.R.
Gill, Bombardier C. E.	...	R.F.A.
Gover, Private H.	...	9th East Surreys.
Hill, Corporal F.	...	4th Gloucesters.
Hopper, Lance-Corporal W. J.	...	1st East Yorks.
Horan, Private E. P.	...	7th Leinsters.
Jennings, Private G.	...	A.S.C.
Kennedy, Private J.	...	3rd Royal Scots.
Lawton, Private W.	...	18th Middlesex.
Lees, Private T. A.	...	12th Yorks and Lanes.
Lillie, Private J.	...	7th Yorks.
Llanfear, Private R.	...	Welsh Regiment.
Mullen, Private V. I.	...	7th A.I.F.
O'Keefe, Private M.	...	Irish Guards.
Parker, Private W. G.	...	6th Northants.
Pearson, Sergeant	...	7/8th K.O.S.B.
Pink, Bombardier A.	...	R.G.A.
Potts, Private D.	...	6th Yorks.
Price, Private H.	...	M.G.C.
Read, Private W.	...	4th Suffolks.
Singleton, Private A. H.	...	1st R.M.L.I.
Smith, Private A.	...	14th Durham L.I.
Snedker, Rifleman J. F.	...	2/18th London Regiment.
Walton, Private W.	...	East Lanes.
Warden, Lance-Corporal G. D.	...	2nd Essex.
Warton, Private W.	...	3rd King's Liverpool Regiment.



### Old Boys' Addresses

Adams, G., Hale House, Hale, Nr. Liverpool.	Davis, G., Rose Villa, Great Burstead.
Alexander, E., 65, Canning Rd., Highbury.	Dennis, T., 31, Copnor Road, Portsmouth.
Allcock, R., 6, Bank Rd., Ipswich.	Dennison, T. H., Draycot Road, Forsbrook, Blyth Bridge, Stoke-on-Trent.
Allen, W., 55, Lord St., Leigh.	Devlin, S., 25, Liverpool Road, St. Helens, Lancashire.
Arnold, A., 41, Wycliffe Rd., Wimbledon.	Drummond, T. P., c/o Mr. Deheer, 18, High St., Hull.
Back, A. W., Sandy Lane, Rendham, nr. Saxmundham.	Duxbury, W., 2, Holly Bank Cottages, Ashley Lane, Mostyn Lane, Manchester.
Barley, J., 48, Dale St., Crosby, Scunthorpe, Lincs.	Eaton, T., 40, Wenning St., Nelson, Lancs.
Batchelor, J., 15, Tooting Gr., Tooting.	Edmund, W. E., West Barn, Dunbar, N.B.
Bates, E., 17a, Prince of Wales Rd., Battersea.	Elborn, H., 25, Manaton Rd., Peckham, S.E.
Bell, J., The Oaks, Ewhurst, Surrey.	Evans, A., 1, Carlisle Pl., Newport Mon.
Bocking, A. J., 95, Franklin Street, Oldham.	Featherstone, P., Uplands Cottage, Ferriby, E. Yorks.
Brundrett, P., 7, Maurice St., Pendlebury.	Fleetwood, F., Tangland Castle, Tatsfield.
Berry, W. J., 19, Disraeli St., Crumlin Rd., Belfast.	Flett, H., 59, Woodview Rd., Golders Green.
Biggadyke, R., 41, Tower St., Boston.	Foster, F., 54, Clarence St., Plymouth.
Bocking, A. J., 22, Siddall St., Oldham.	Foxon, W. J., 13, Stronsa Rd., Shepherd's Bush.
Bolton, C. E., 7, Broughton Cottages, Otford, Kent.	Foxon, W. H., 143, Valetta Road, Acton Vale, W.
Boswell, E., 7, Foster's Yard, Church St., Gainsborough, Lincs.	Graves, R., 5, Inglewood Rd., West Hampstead N.W.
Bowers, W. J., 24, Lenelly Rd., Surbiton.	Gordon, W., 565, Featherstall Road, Oldham.
Braithwaite, F. G., 1, Chestnut Rd., Guildford.	Green, Lionel, Langdale, St. Edward's Road, Gosport.
Brown, A., East View, Weston Hills, Spalding, Lincs.	Groves, T. W., 48, Claremont Terr., Fleetwood, Lancs.
Brown, J. R., 11, Mount St., Nuneaton.	Hallam, W. J., St. Dunstan's, Garden City, Sandiaca.
Brown, G., Greenside, Ewhurst, Surrey.	Hall, A. W., 130, High St., Sydenham.
Brown, J., Warren Hall, Spout Lane, Brenchley, Kent.	Halls, W. C., 42, Upper Jackson St., Hulme, Manchester.
Brown, P., 2, Argyle Rd., N. Kensington.	Harker, A., Blennerhasset, Aspatria, Cumberland.
Carnell, W. C., Kiln Cottage, South Molton Rd., Bampton, Devon.	Harker, J., Vivery Cross Rd., Southwick, near Brighton.
Catlow, S., 52, Winning Street, Nelson, Lancs.	Herriot, Clifton, Bryn-y-maen Rd., Upper Colwyn Bay.
Chammiss, F., 239, High Rd., Willesden Green, N.W.	Hicks, A. E., 146, Glengall Rd., Peckham, S.E.
Chapple, F., Prince of Wales Cottage, Parsonage Lane, Enfield.	Hill, H. E., 212, Upper Empress Rd., Bevis Valey, Southampton.
Clarke, E., High St., Edwinstowe.	Hills, C., Post Office, Wagga Wagga, New South Wales, Australia.
Clarke, W. W., 94, Ilderton Rd., Bermondsey, S.E.	Holden, J., 1a, Roebuck St., West Bromwich.
Colle, M., 120, Dawes Rd., Waltham Green, W.	Holmes, A., 28, Mornington Road, Ilkley.
Coles, G. B., Beckingham, Notts.	Horsnell, W., North Field, Somerton, Somerset.
Collins, W. H., Chalkman's Knoll, Bygrave Rd., Ashwell, near Baldock.	Hudson, H., c/o Mrs. Trescott, Alexandra St., Hunters Hill, Sydney, N.S.W.
Colville, H., Culross, Lancaster Av., Hadley Wood.	Hulme, H., 13, Iona Street, Oldham, Lancs.
Cooper, T. S., 42, Chestnut Av., Queen's Rd., Hull.	Hurst, H., The Myres, Great Longstone, Derbyshire.
Cook, H., 97, Victoria Rd., Kilburn, N.W.	Hutchinson, M. A., 77a, Belmont Park Road, Leyton.
Cromwell, W., Blackfriars Inn, Gloucester.	Johnson, E., 7, Elsenham Rd., Grimsby.
Culshaw, J. W., 12, Springwood Rd., Townley, Burnley.	Johns, P., 19, School Board Lane, Brampton, Chesterfield.
Curtis-Willson, Sergt., Woodglade, New Chapel Rd., Lingfield, Surrey.	Kerr, J. W., 180, Widnes Rd., Widnes, Lancs.
Daumont, O., Maida Vale, W.	
Davis, C., 89, Kingsland Rd., St. Phillips, Bristol.	
Davies, J. E., Blaenhowell, Pengwyn, Llandyssil, South Wales.	





ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW



Kirby, W., The Hydro, Middleton Rd. Camp, Heaton Pk., Manchester.  
 Kirkby, W., 147, Wellington St., Millom, Cumberland.  
 Kitchen, F., Knott Fold, Hyde, near Manchester.  
 Knight, C., Wiggaton, Ottery St. Mary, Devons.  
 Lane, M., 1a, Ebenza Bldgs., Islington, N.  
 Lath, J. T., 19, Channing St., Sheffield.  
 Latham, G., 20, Lead Works Lane, Chester.  
 Law, A., 5, Windmill Rd., Wandsworth Common, S.W.  
 Lawlor, G., 4, Terrace Gar., St. Alban's Rd., Watford.  
 Leeman, Sergt., 89, Robert St., Great Grimsby, Lincs.  
 Letch, S. J., Hatfield Peveril, Essex.  
 Lilley, A., Cherry Tree Farm, Unsworth.  
 Lingard, W., 6, Sunnyside Cottages, Writtle.  
 Lomas, J., 5, Lauriston Road, South Hackney, N.E.  
 Lynch, D., 4, Mayfield, Cork City.  
 Makin, D., 55, Thames St. East, Wallsend-on-Tyne.  
 Marks, S., 12, Weaver Street, Chester.  
 Marshall, F., 88, Finkle St., Cottingham, near Hull.  
 Matthews, C. W., 83, Belmont Rd., Maidenhead.  
 Mayell, B., 137, Fulwell Road, Hampton Hill, S.W.  
 Millar, W., Lowhill, Hurworth-on-Tees, Darlington.  
 Millward, T., 11, Wentworth Terrace, off York Rd., Leeds.  
 Minchin, W., Sandfield Cottage, Pitch Place, Worplesdon, Guildford, Surrey.  
 Moon, J., 1, Military Rd., Cork.  
 Moore, A. E., 73, Faraday St., Walworth, S.E.  
 Melling, D., 22, Powell St., Clayton, Manchester.  
 McCarthy, P., 29, Kickham St., Clonmel.  
 McCarthy, D., 71a, Clarendon Rd., Notting Hill, W.  
 McCarthy, W. F., 1, Lutterworth Rd., Attleborough, Nuneaton.  
 McDonald, N., 108, Glebe St., Townhead, Glasgow.  
 McNally, G., 5, Tyson St., Pendleton.  
 Milligan, T., The Hydro, Middleton Rd. Camp, Heaton Pk., Manchester.  
 Nolan, J., Quarry Farm, Gwysaney, Mold, Flintshire.  
 Orrell, J., Wigan Rd., New Spring, Wigan.  
 Orvis, A. R., 142, Blythe Rd., Hammersmith, W.  
 Owen, D., Tyn-y-frith, Llanellan, Colwyn Bay.  
 Owens, J., 8, Kilnholm St., Newmilns, Ayr.  
 Pettit, W., 124, Pinner Rd., Harrow.

Patston, A. H., c/o Mr. Parry, Oxmead, Ewhurst, Surrey.  
 Payne, G. E., 77, Queensland Rd., Holloway, N.  
 Pell, G., 13, Gladstone St., Kettering, Northants.  
 Rutter, J., 13, Clark St., Smith St., Salford, Manchester.  
 Roberts, J., 1, Campbell Ter., Southend-on-Sea.  
 Roddy, C., 25, New Rowas, Washington, Co Durham.  
 Rose, G. W., 14, The Triangle, Ruby St., Old Kent Rd., S.E.  
 Saxon, J., The Cottage, Chapelfield, Radcliffe.  
 Sebbage, W., Clayhill, Stonegate, Titchurst.  
 Selby, J., Sergeant, 1, St. Dunstan's Bungalows, Worting, nr. Basingstoke.  
 Spinks, J., 50, Stockport Rd., Ashton-under-Lyne.  
 Spiers, C., 3, Bliss Court, Broad St., Oxford.  
 Sheppard, C., 141, Shear Cross, Crockerton, Warminster.  
 Street, W., 37, Bewdley St., Evesham.  
 Spry, R., Dominican Priory, Woodchester, Stroud.  
 Sewell, C. (same as Milligan).  
 Shaw, R., 9, Arundel St., Buruley, Lanes.  
 Shimmers, M. J., 143, Stephendale Rd., Fulham, S.W.  
 Smith, A., 4, New St., Retford, Notts.  
 Speight, W. G., Bridge House, Bolton-le-Sands, near Carnforth, Lanes.  
 Stanners, R., 114, Oxford Rd., High Wycombe.  
 Steel, J., 799, Springburne Rd., Glasgow.  
 Stewart, J., 74, Longfield Rd., Todmorden.  
 Sumner, P. S., 8, Norman St., Lincoln.  
 Sweeting, R., 7, Wilkinson's Yard, Rochdale.  
 Swingle, E., c/o Mrs. Harrison, 8, Station Terrace, George St., South Retford, Notts.  
 Taylor, G., 46, Coare St., Macclesfield.  
 Thorpe, T., 9, Willow Street, Darwen, Lanes.  
 Temperton, C., 12, Spyvee St., Hull.  
 Turnock, E., 32, Baker Street, Leigh, Lanes.  
 Turner, W., 15, Slater St., Burslem, Stoke-on-Trent.  
 Verbrugge, Camille, c/o Mrs. Johnston, Bignor Pk., Pulborough.  
 Wall, T., Clayhall Rd., Gosport.  
 Watt, W., 20, Patons Lane, Montrose, N.B.  
 Wenlock, R., The Causeway, Pensehall, Suffolk.  
 White, T. H., 26, Durham St., Albert Park, Victoria.  
 Williams, A., Cae Gwyn, Michaelstown Fewd, Cardiff.  
 Woollen, Albert (same as Milligan).  
 Wright, R. F., 5, Hopper's Rd., Palmer's Green, N.

# St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

Edited and written by  
 The Staff and the Boys

ST. DUNSTAN'S MOTTO:

"What the eye doesn't see, the heart doesn't grieve about."

No. 9.

March, 1917



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# St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

No. 9.—NEW SERIES.

MARCH, 1917.

PRICE 6d.

## Editorial Notes

THE most pleasing thing I have to record is that we have now over 250 half-yearly subscribers to the REVIEW. This gives us a feeling of confidence that we are turning out the right sort of magazine.

I cannot too strongly remind the Old Boys that I want letters from them telling me how they are progressing. I find that the newcomers take the greatest interest in the doings of those who have left. It lets them into the secret of their own subsequent fates and is, of course, of much value.

I shall also be glad of any hints from the Old Boys that will help me to increase the interest of the magazine for them. Any suggestions are acceptable, and I will promise to make use of them whenever I can. Further, I want them to let me know any changes or mistakes in their addresses.

It is encouraging to find a growing desire among the men themselves to send me contributions. I always give their poems and stories the fullest consideration and print them whenever possible.

How should our boys describe themselves? It is suggested that "St. Dunstanian" is too cumbersome; and a proposal has reached me that they should dub themselves "St. Dunsters." I shall be very glad of opinions upon this point.

THE EDITOR.

## Notes by the Chief

ST. DUNSTAN'S has received many charming messages from distinguished people. You will all of you, I am sure, agree with me that none has been more appropriate than this one which Her Royal Highness Princess Louise left with me when she said "good-bye" after she had so kindly and graciously presented the Lord Kitchener Memorial copies of Shakespeare to the men in residence:—

"The world is full of happiness and plenty, if we are only willing to take the kind that comes our way. The whole secret is in being pliable."

In the last number of the REVIEW a note appeared to the effect that I would say something in this number about the condition of things which I found to exist in France with regard to the French soldiers who have lost their sight at the Front. I had an opportunity of telling all the present inmates of St. Dunstan's and its Annexes a good deal about this on the occasion of the distribution of the Kitchener Memorial copies of Shakespeare by H.R.H. Princess Louise. So these few lines are for the benefit of the fellows who have left St. Dunstan's, and who, I am sure, will be interested to hear a little on the subject.





Owing to a complicated variety of circumstances, into which there is no space to enter here, the French authorities have unfortunately found it impossible to deal with the question of the training and re-education of their blinded men in the same way as is the case here. The number of Frenchmen who have lost their sight at the Front is terribly large—the official figure of French blinded soldiers on December 1st last being 2,200. France is in many respects in a very much more disorganised condition than is this country, and, though perhaps I say it who should not, no one in France seems to have been able to handle the difficult problem in a comprehensive and practical manner.

The French blinded soldiers are scattered all over France in establishments which are very small compared with St. Dunstan's. In some cases they are receiving a practical training, but a lamentably large number of them are left uncared for; and in the case of those who are being trained, brush-making—which all experience in England has shown to be a quite unsuitable home occupation for the blind—is the staple industry taught. Shorthand writing, telephone operating, carpentry, and mat-making are not taught at all to French blinded soldiers. It is very curious that so simple and easy an occupation as mat-making should have been overlooked. Since my return I have sent models of our frames and full instructions to those in charge, and hope that there may be good results. Poultry farming, which one would imagine to be an ideal occupation for the French peasant proprietor of land, has only been attempted in a very small way indeed, though I hope it may be taken more seriously in future. Braille is not taught at all generally, and typewriting only to a favoured few.

There is no widespread after-care scheme. The social side of a blind man's life is apparently considered of very

little importance, and the distressful nature of the situation is heightened by the fact that the French blinded soldier receives a pension of only 15s. a week, with no allowances for children in the case of those who are married.

While in France I wrote descriptions of what we do here, which were very widely printed, and which brought me an enormous amount of correspondence. I also saw a great many important people, and I hope it may be found possible to re-establish the care of the French blinded soldier on a more satisfactory basis than that on which it at present exists.

On February 1st St. Dunstan's was honoured by a visit from General Sir William Robertson, K.C.B., Chief of Staff. Unfortunately, I was away in the North of England when Sir William paid his visit. He wrote me the following letter with regard to it, and I am sure that all past and present inmates of St. Dunstan's and those who attend to their welfare will be gratified to read it:—

“Dear Sir Arthur,

“Thanks to the kindness of my guides I spent a most instructive and interesting hour in going round your Hostel. St. Dunstan's is a remarkable testimony of British grit. It is difficult to decide what to admire most—the energy and organising powers of yourself and the permanent staff, the devotion of the voluntary helpers, or the determination and fortitude of the men. I was very pleased to learn that the voluntary helpers were regular in their attendance, and I saw for myself the keen and affectionate interest they take in their work. St. Dunstan's is doing a noble work, and you may be gratified with the knowledge of duty well and bravely done.

“Believe me, yours very truly,

“WILLIAM ROBERTSON.”



The reason for my absence when Sir William Robertson paid his visit was a journey to Manchester to receive the results of an effort which has been made in that district of Lancashire, of which Manchester is the centre, during the last few months. Fifteen clever and capable blind men, who are members of the staff of the National Institute for the Blind, have during that period assiduously worked to raise funds, under the very able direction of Councillor Mathewson-Watson, a well-known figure in the public life of Manchester. Their endeavours resulted in the collection of a sum of nearly £48,000. One-third of this was for the After-Care Scheme, which is to permanently benefit the men of St. Dunstan's, one-third was for the general purposes of the National Institute for the Blind, and one-third was for the benefit of institutions for the blind in the locality where the money was collected. The Blind Canvassing Staff are now working in the Midlands on a similar effort, with Birmingham as the centre of their operations.

Mr. J. Matheson, a blind gentleman who has made a profitable hobby of dog breeding, tells me that he has won more than ordinary successes at Crufts. He obtained first and champion prizes with a bitch he bred and reared entirely himself in the open class. In limit he had second, and in novice first. He writes: “I do not know that there is much honour in showing dogs, but I think it goes to disprove the general idea of the helplessness of the blind. Personally, I feel very proud, as I trained her absolutely without any assistance.”

Mr. Matheson will be glad to endeavour to arrange among his many friends in the dog-loving world to supply any man who has been at St. Dunstan's with a pedigree bitch. So will any old St. Dunstanian who cares to avail himself of this suggestion communicate with me, of course on the understanding that

the question of breeding valuable stock is to be taken seriously?

From all places over the world where Britons live and work help is continually coming to St. Dunstan's, either for current expenditure or for the After-Care Scheme. During the last month there have been three especially interesting contributions of this kind.

One came from the women night workers in the biscuit factory of Messrs. Peek, Frean & Co. They arranged a bazaar, for which they themselves made all the articles in their spare time, and held it at the very unusual hour of 6.30 in the morning. It was largely attended by their friends, and the result enabled them to send a cheque for £28.

Another interesting contribution was from some friends of Mr. Groom, a well known and one of the oldest residents in Kobe, Japan. Mr. Groom reached the age of seventy lately, and his friends arranged a festivity in honour of the event; but Mr. Groom, when he heard of what was going on, expressed a desire that the amount which had been subscribed for the festivity should instead be sent to St. Dunstan's, with the result that we received a cheque for a sum representing rather more than £1 for every year which Mr. Groom has lived.

The third contribution was sent by Lieutenant-Colonel J. Newton Brown, D.S.O., E.E.F. It was a sum of £103 1s. 7d. handed to him by his native labour contractor, Mohamed Ismail, generally known as Alexander Jackson, of Alexander Docks, and was the result of a collection among his native foremen and labourers. These, I think, are three excellently typical examples of the widespread interest which St. Dunstan's evokes.

An interesting communication reached me the other day from Mr. Klas Lundin, the Librarian of the Swedish Blind Library at Stockholm. He wrote to say





that he had heard a great deal of the athletic prowess of St. Dunstan's, and that he was anxious to include in his magazine, *Sympathia*, which circulates among the Swedish blind community and their sympathisers, an account of the rowing and other sports in which the inmates of St. Dunstan's participate. An article has been sent to Mr. Lundin telling him of the way in which the men of St. Dunstan's amuse themselves athletically, and I hope that the record of their exploits will lead the Swedish blind who are physically fit to endeavour to interest themselves in similar healthy recreations.

A. P.

## St. Dunstan's Gossip

SIR ARTHUR PEARSON's birthday fell on Saturday last, February 24th. Everyone in St. Dunstan's gave him hearty congratulations, and Sergeant Davie, on behalf of the soldiers, made him a special presentation in the happy manner which is his especial gift. Sir Arthur was much pleased by these evidences of good feeling, which were all the more gratifying to him because of their spontaneous nature.

As some misunderstanding has apparently been created by the announcement last month that Mr. Charles E. Rose had relinquished his post as Hon. Superintendent of St. Dunstan's, we think it advisable to state that Mr. Rose has assumed the position of Hon. Superintendent of Works and Sports.

It has been the custom to speak of the extra Lounge as the "new" one, but as this is not regarded as a happy title, Sir Arthur has suggested that it shall be known as the Outer Lounge and the old one as the Inner. So that in future everybody will know what is meant when

the different lounges are spoken of in this way.

A covered way from the Outer Lounge to the Braille Room has now been completed, so that everyone can proceed to his lessons without fear of getting his feet wet. It is a longfelt want, and will be much appreciated both by pupils and teachers.

A Whist Drive, which was held at the Stanley Masonic Hall, Lavender Hill, and which was got up by Mr. William Jones and his brother, proved a great success and resulted in a substantial help to St. Dunstan's. So pleased was Mr. Jones with the result that he has engaged the hall to repeat the experiment on March 10th. Mr. Rose during the evening gave an account of the work and play at St. Dunstan's, which, according to the *Clapham Observer*, proved most interesting to the audience.

Physical drill was resumed in the midst of the cold weather on February 6th, and Corporal Payne acted as instructor for the first week, after which he was obliged to give up owing to his departure to start in business. On Friday, February 9th, the Drill Class presented him with a walking-stick in recognition of his services.

Corporal Foster succeeded Corporal Payne, and has proved an excellent substitute. The Drill Display took place on February 28th, too late to be dealt with in this number. The full list of the awards will appear in the April issue.

Our old friend, R. Spry, who was so successful as a telephone operator, has entered a Dominican Priory, near Stroud. Spry will be remembered as one of the men who showed unusual facility in finding his way about, both at home and abroad.



The hard frost and the skating that accompanied it were much enjoyed by St. Dunstan's, both officers and men indulging in sports on the ice. The Canadians naturally felt at home; but, oddly enough, the Australians took to it quite naturally and appeared thoroughly to enjoy it.

Of course, boating was entirely killed by the bad weather, and we have had practically none throughout February. Early morning boating will begin in March, and we shall expect soon to hear of fresh talent which will enable us to maintain the reputation of St. Dunstan's on the Thames.

Captain Oakden tells us that he intends to join in the rowing this season, and we can only hope that he will prove a worthy successor to Mr. Baker, who was such a brilliant single and double sculler last year. St. Dunstan's would like to see more of the officers taking part in the boating.

Miss Ommaney, of the Blackheath Annexe, presided at the St. Dunstan's Stall at the County of London Red Cross Fair, which was held at the Central Hall, Westminster, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, February 15th, 16th and 17th. The Fair was opened by H.R.H. Princess Patricia of Connaught.

Three of our men were engaged in netting at the St. Dunstan's Stall. They were Millar, Stew, and Burge. The latter presented a silk string bag to the Princess Patricia, which she very graciously accepted. Her Royal Highness chatted with the three boys about their work and praised their efficiency.

General Sir William Robertson paid us a visit on March 1st. Unluckily Sir

Arthur Pearson was away at Manchester, but Matron and Mr. Kessell stepped into the breach and showed the General round. We could not help remembering the similar visit of Lord Kitchener just before his tragic death, and there was a striking similarity in the keen interest shown by both these famous soldiers. Sir William Robertson conversed with several of the men, and showed knowledge in discoursing on their trades. He became very popular with us all in the course of his rounds.

The tallest man in St. Dunstan's, S. Keith Jerome, the Australian, was married on February 14th to Miss Collins, the V.A.D. who had attended to him in hospital. All the Australians who are with us were present at the wedding, and provided a guard of honour for the happy pair after the ceremony. St. Dunstan's wishes them all good luck.

Jerome, it may be said, was one of the two Australians—the other was Marshall—who volunteered to do their bit to save the life of a fellow Colonial. They submitted to the operation of transfusion of blood with, we are informed, a happy result. Matheson also presented himself for the same purpose, but the hospital authorities decided that he was not sufficiently recovered to undergo the strain.

Captain Appleby, who is taking up joinery in the Workshop, has been lecturing on St. Dunstan's in the principal towns of Warwickshire. His lectures were illustrated by the moving pictures and proved very popular. This was Captain Appleby's first appearance on the platform, and he acquitted himself well.

The Roman Catholic Chapel was opened on Saturday, February 11th.





The Chapel was dedicated to Our Lady and St. Dunstan, and the first Mass was said by Rev. W. Sandiford, S.J. (C.F.), who was invalided home from the Front last November, and will be returning before the end of the month. Nearly all the Roman Catholics at St. Dunstan's and its London Annexes were present, and they would like to thank Sir Arthur for placing the building at their disposal, and all the generous benefactors who have provided the necessary fittings, vestments, etc. H. E. Cardinal Bourne, it is hoped, will pay St. Dunstan's a visit as soon as he returns from visiting the boys at the Front and in the North Sea. Mass will be said on Sundays and Holidays of Obligation at 7.30 a.m.

Arthur Lenderyew draws our attention to the fact that no mention has been made of his marriage on Sunday, December 3rd, to Mrs. Clark. We regret the omission. Lenderyew was in the 9th Bedfords, and is now making baskets. It must also be recorded that Walter Speight was recently wedded to Miss Winifred Illingworth, who was one of the poultry instructors at St. Dunstan's last summer.

Mr. Cooper Hobbs, of 18, Larpent Avenue, Putney, has made a generous gift to the rowing men. This is a captain's gig, eighteen feet in length; it is a very safe boat and in first-class condition. It is now in the charge of Mr. J. T. Phelps, who has done so much in the way of helping us with our race meetings, and will certainly be used as soon as the season starts.

We have had visits from several Old Boys. Albert Woollen, who is always welcome, came for a week-end; Evans is back for an operation, and Millar has again been in residence. It is delightful to see the old faces again, and the

oftener they come the better we shall be pleased, as long as we have spare beds.

The Central Depôt for the sale of the output of the Old Boys of St. Dunstan's is to be opened at 206, Great Portland Street on Monday, March 5th, 1917. Mr. T. H. Martin has been hard at work getting everything in order, and he expects to be in full swing within a short time of the start. Old Boys will in future please send their work direct to him instead of to Mr. Rose at the Workshop, and the money will be forwarded to them by return of post. Mr. Rose has already secured Mr. Martin a big customer in the Y.M.C.A., which, through Mr. F. G. Chamberlain, has promised to take as much of our output as can be spared at full prices. This will be a great send-off for the Depôt, and St. Dunstan's thanks are due to Mr. Chamberlain for his spirited offer.

Thanks are also due to Miss Cheyne, who was the chief mover in inducing the Y.M.C.A. to give us their orders. Her original stall for the work of disabled soldiers was in Messrs. Harvey Nicholl's establishment in Knightsbridge; but she has since moved to 55, Westbourne Grove, where she has an excellent shop. It may safely be said that none of the work of the sighted disabled soldiers can show any improvement on the St. Dunstan's output. Sir Arthur Pearson has much reason to be proud of this achievement.

The Girls' Mutual Happiness Guild had a meeting at Long Sutton on behalf of St. Dunstan's. Miss Chamberlain, the sister of one of our men, wrote a poem, which was read to the gathering, from which we quote the following verse:—  
"At St. Dunstan's Home in London,  
North-West,



Our heroes are bravely doing their best,

In learning some useful craft or art,  
Each one nobly doing his part,  
Instructed by teachers in the very best way,  
So we'll wish them success and hope  
it will pay."

We all hope so, too.

Sir Henry and Lady Norman made a visit of inspection on Friday, February 16th, and spent much time in closely inspecting the work and inquiring into the results. Sir Henry was impressed by the accounts of the men who have settled at their various trades, and Lady Norman, who proved a most capable cross-examiner elicited information which she described as very helpful. It was a pleasure to tell them all that they wanted to know, as they displayed a grasp of the capacities of the blind which is by no means usual. Sir Henry bought glove boxes for his children, and was kind enough to accept a copy of the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW.

Extensions on a large scale have been begun, as Sir Arthur finds it imperative to make ready for the increasing demands that are anticipated. A big new building to take 250 men is to be erected on the ground adjoining St. Dunstan's; the Workshops and Braille Room are to be doubled in size; new poultry classrooms are to be erected, and every necessary accommodation is being prepared. We shall be ready for any claims that may be made upon our space.

The fire drills that we have practised at stated times came in useful on February 14th, when we had a valentine in the shape of a little outbreak of fire in one of the chimneys. It was a small affair, and was immediately extinguished, and its only importance

was to prove to us that St. Dunstan's is equipped and prepared for all emergencies.

Miss Vera Philips, one of our most popular V.A.D. sisters, is to marry Captain Rex Hope, M.C., of the Middlesex Regiment, very shortly. Miss Philips, whose unassuming usefulness has earned wide respect, will take our grateful best wishes with her in her new life.

St. Dunstan's had a stall at the Holy Trinity Church (Marylebone) Sale of Work on Tuesday, February 20th. The Sale was opened by Lady Pearson at 2.30 in the afternoon, Sir Arthur made a speech, and a brisk market followed, which was kept up until a late hour in the evening. Many orders were obtained for the blinded soldiers. The Sale of Work was inaugurated by the Rev. E. N. Sharpe, our Hon. Chaplain.

Lady Abdy is holding a Bazaar at Eaton House, which began yesterday and continues to-day, for the benefit of St. Dunstan's. Lady Waterlow is in charge of our stall, and we have no doubt that she will do very well for us. This lady acts as one of our sisters in the afternoon and does good work.

Corporal Kitson writes to us throwing doubt on the statement that one of our pupils learnt basket-making in three weeks, as he does not think that it is possible. Of course, we did not mean to imply that he mastered the whole basket-making trade, but that he learnt to make two or three different baskets in this time. As Sergeant Curtis-Willson is the man in the question, perhaps he will let us know the exact particulars.

Albert Woollen tells us that Sir Arthur Pearson, on his recent visit to Manchester, called on the four masseurs at





Middleton Road Camp and had tea with them. This was a pleasant gathering of old friends, but then Sir Arthur is quite as proud of his masseurs as they are of him.

We have received a postcard from Copenhagen addressed to "The Unknown English Soldiers at St. Dunstan's." It says: "A hearty greeting to the unknown soldiers of the glorious British Army from fishing-maids whose hearts are beating for old England." It is signed "G. Nyström, Copenhagen."

Our old friend J. Spinks writes to say that he will be very glad to be one of the Old Boys' St. Dunstan's Four to row against the present St. Dunstan's men in the suggested race in July. We all hope that it will be possible to bring this off, but, of course, we must have other offers. Bates, Pettitt, and Willson are willing.

Mrs. Craven is to be our new Assistant Matron. She was previously in the Verdun region in France, where she acted as army matron. When our new Annexe is built she will take on the duties of matron there. Our own Matron is very glad to have her help.

Captain F. Russell Roberts has accepted the appointment of Adjutant to St. Dunstan's, and took up his duties last week. He may be sure of the loyal co-operation of the men in supporting the best traditions of the Hostel.

Everyone was sorry to hear that Mr. Smith, our head gardener, was confined to his house with bronchitis. He is so useful to us in so many ways that he is greatly missed, and how Messrs. Piper and Cunningham managed to get along in his absence is a mystery. We hope for his speedy recovery.

Sergeant-Major Cope is taking up home teaching, and we all believe that he is the very man to make a success of it. Home teaching means settling in a district and going round to the blind residents and instructing them in their own houses. It is a useful work, and the right kind of teachers should do very well at it.

Miss Critten's competition on the novel lines to which we referred last month was very popular. The questions were set by the boys and the answers had to be given by the ladies. Corporal McIntosh won the first prize, a cigarette case; Corporal Vaughan secured the second prize, a walking-stick; and Llanfear won the third prize, a watch-chain. Miss Critten has unluckily been a victim of influenza, so that her notes were late, and we are unable to give them as fully as we should have wished.

## Workshop Gossip

SEVERAL of the boot repairers have left to start for themselves this month. The new sighted instructor, Mr. Portsmouth, has proved himself a valuable recruit. He provides just what was wanted, and Mr. Weeks is very glad of his help and advice.

Old boots are wanted in the Workshop. They are needed for those who are learning the trade of boot repairing. If any of those who read this have old boots for which they have no longer any use, they will earn our gratitude by sending them to St. Dunstan's.

In the mat section we have had a repeat order from Messrs. Furness, Withy & Co., the shippers, for another one hundred mats of the same size and quality that we sent them before. The



durability and finish of the St. Dunstan's mats are becoming more widely known and appreciated.

A lady customer wrote ordering a mat for her front door, and so that it might help us to a decision in selection, she added that it must be suitable for wiping one's boots upon. Would that all of our patrons could be as precise!

Eight extra frames have been added to the mat section, so that now we can keep forty-four men working at the same time. But we shall have to increase our accommodation before long.

Mr. Westward tells us that the three most advanced mat-makers for the moment are Leonard, Boteler, and Chambers. Each of these three is able to turn out excellent work from start to finish.

We missed "Uncle" Cross for some days. The weather got hold of him and laid him up, so that a lot of extra work was thrown upon Jock Waddell, the other pupil teacher. Happily, he recovered just when he was badly needed. A sighted adviser has now been added to the mat section, and he promises to prove most useful.

Sergeant Harris is certainly one of the most promising pupils in the joinery section. He is at present turning out a bookcase, and the careful precision of his square work has filled the heart of Mr. Atkinson with pride. Sergeant Harris will rank with Pell and Chapple as a born carpenter.

There is a steadily growing demand for the octagonal white American wood tables which are made in Mr. Collett's department. Mr. William Jones, of Wandsworth, wants two a week from us; he French polishes them and finds a ready market at a guinea each. Need-

less to say, he gives us all the benefit of the trade that he does in them.

Neil Macdonald has provided us with another dozen oak trays, all well made, and Corporal Pettit brings us a fresh supply each week. Oliver, in the Shop, is making the same things extremely well; so that just for the moment we are able to cope with the oak tray demand, which is a big one.

Basket orders are coming in at a tremendous pace, but our output is now so big that we are able to satisfy everyone. J. R. Brown has sent us some excellent cane work, and Gunner Rose is producing a very serviceable market basket with a handle. Martin Lane keeps up his high level of work, and Jock Brown sends us over thirty baskets a week. Camille, our old Belgian friend, keeps us well supplied with workbaskets, and Sergeant Curtis-Willson provides us with well-made novelties. The basket section is flourishing extremely well.

## Another Little Scrap

IN days gone by, when things were calm,

Just before the great alarm,  
The Kaiser told his men with charm,  
"A little scrap would do no harm."  
And though they got as far as France,  
Our men and guns checked the advance;  
And to their horror and surprise,  
Forward came our brave Allies.  
So on and on the nations fight,  
Until they win the cause of Right,  
And Britain's sons have all been tried  
For England, honour, home, and pride.  
*George Brooks.*

Sadler (turning to fellow-comrade):  
"Ere, mate, 'ow d'yer spell forts? I don't means the forts yer fights with, but the forts yer finks abart."





## Our Entertainments

“WE are glad to do our little bit for you because of what you have done for us, and if by coming here we can give you a little pleasure, it also gives us a great deal of pleasure to come,” said Mr. George Miller, Bandmaster of the 1st Life Guards, when acknowledging the hearty send-off and good wishes for a successful trip to “Somewhere in France.” It was quite a stirring little scene. St. Dunstan's men gave the band three cheers, and in return the bandmaster and his men gave three cheers for the men of St. Dunstan's.

Since then the Band of the Horse Guards (Blue), back from their tour in France, has made the Outer Lounge a merry place from noon until one o'clock on Thursdays, and our appreciative thanks are due to the commanding officers of both bands for their continued kind thoughts of us.

Mr. Douglas Watson arranged a capital variety entertainment, for his party consisted of a versatile soprano, comedian, humorist, violinists, comic entertainer, raconteur, ventriloquist, and various singers. A little bit of everything, as it were. The turns of Mr. Sidney Spurley, Mr. Selwyn Driver, and “Dooley” were especially appreciated.

Tom Clare caught a sprat, which in the process of the story being related by one person to another, finally became a sea serpent, and in killing it he was reported drowned. His wife was voted a pension, and when he heard of it he decided it was cheaper to remain dead and let his wife draw the pension. Tom Clare himself told the story in full at the concert arranged by Mr. J. Mackey, and everybody was so convulsed with laughter as to insist on an encore. In

the same party was included two other well-known entertainers, viz., Mr. Harrison Hill and Mr. Griffith Humphreys, the latter being assisted by Miss Doris Coleman. Miss Mollie Ramsden, of “Hoop La!” and the Misses Hilda Mackinnon and Mary Allen all sang solos, which were encored, and Miss Helen Mott rendered a couple of exquisite 'cello solos.

Illness was accountable for many broken engagements during the severe weather at the beginning of the month, and twice within a fortnight parties which had been booked months ahead were cancelled almost at the last moment. But things went merrily at the appointed time. We are greatly indebted to Mr. J. Laurie, General Manager of Messrs. William Whiteley, Ltd., for filling the breach on one of these occasions. The position was explained to him, and in the course of a few hours there appeared at St. Dunstan's an orchestra and a party of entertainers, whose turns were interesting and amusing, and not a soul present guessed that they were not fulfilling a long-standing engagement.

Through the kind offices of Miss Florence A. Aikman, the Australian Band was booked to entertain us one evening, but the members were attacked by an ailment usually associated with infants, and they were placed in quarantine. Not to be outdone, and being most anxious that we should not be too greatly disappointed, Miss Aikman, with only a day at disposal, set to work and succeeded in getting together a number of artistes who at the appointed time appeared at St. Dunstan's and filled up seventy-five minutes with really humorous items and splendid music of all kinds. Signor Nicuman's Banjo Band gave particular pleasure, and Mr. W. Randall's humour at the piano calls for mention.



Gunner T. R. Prendergast before the war was well known as a whistler to variety theatre-goers, and now that he is in the Army it is only natural that he should seek out members of his company who have musical talent. All the gentlemen who visited St. Dunstan's with him were in khaki, and if they can take the Germans by storm as well as they succeeded in captivating those who were present at the concert, then we need have no fear for the future. The only two ladies who were with the party were the Sisters Roberts; they were not in khaki! Nevertheless, they did well with their duets.

The relating of a serial story by the well-known authoress, Miss G. E. Mitton, was greatly appreciated by those who heard it. Chapter after chapter she unfolded a tale of adventure amongst the Wa people. Two sittings were occupied in the unravelling of most exciting situations amongst, and interesting description of, these curious people, and Miss Mitton was listened to with rapt attention. I was rather sorry not to see greater audiences. Perhaps at a future date it may be possible for her to come again, and then I hope we shall all make an effort to be present.

Miss Savage's Concert was notable for the performances of Corporal McIntosh and Private Peto. They have both progressed wonderfully well with their study of the violin, and everybody was surprised at the degree of proficiency which they showed. We refer to this more fully elsewhere.

Some splendid artistes came with Signor Ernesto Baraldi. It was a first-class evening, and the singing of Mr. Bertram Binyon and Miss Ruby Wertheimer was worth going out of one's way to hear. The former caused great

amusement, and the latter, having in the early part of the evening rendered “Bohemia” in a superb manner, was compelled to sing it again when appearing later on, instead of singing a fresh song. They are both coming again on March 22nd.

The Misses Esmè and Vera Beringer are well known as excellent organisers of entertainments, and the one for which they were responsible was worthy of their reputation. It would be difficult to find anything better. Esmè recited the wonderful poem entitled “Tanks,” and Vera recited a clever parody on Kipling's “If,” which appears in this number of the REVIEW.

Miss A. St. John Wright is to be complimented on the nice little concert arranged by her. It was “neat,” and we all enjoyed it. E. K.

### THIS MONTH'S FIXTURES.

Thursday, March 1st.—Mr. C. Douglas Stuart, of the Variety Artistes' Benevolent Fund.  
Monday, 5th.—Miss Florence Shee.  
Thursday, 8th.—Mr. Chilcott.  
Monday, 12th.—Miss Gwladys E. Mawes.  
Thursday, 15th.—Mr. R. K. Huskinson.  
Monday, 19th.—Mr. F. S. Breville-Smith.  
Thursday, 22nd.—Mr. Bertram Binyon.  
Monday, 26th.—Miss Galbraith.  
Thursday, 29th.—Mr. H. B. Irving.

“I'll go one,” said Belgium. “I'll go two,” said France.  
“I'll go three,” said Russia, “because I see a chance.”  
“I'll go four,” said Germany, “and wipe them off the map.”  
But they all dropped flat when John Bull said, “I'll go nap.”





## Poultry Notes

ON the Poultry Farm the principal events of the past month have been the examinations, which spread over the first two weeks of February. They were held by Mr. Clem Watson, whose friendly interest in our doings is so much appreciated. Mr. Watson was kind enough to devote three mornings—February 6th, 7th, and 8th—to the First Course Poultry Examination, for which there were eighteen candidates. The word "Examination" has a formidable, not to say unpleasant, ring about it; in fact, it sounds a sort of first cousin to "execution"; but fortunately Mr. Watson is in marked contrast with the executioner type of examiner, and has a real knack of drawing out the information he requires and giving the candidate the chance of expressing what he really knows.

A few words as to the manner of it all may be of interest to those outside the realm of poultry. Each man is examined separately, the process being both oral and practical. The practical tests include the handling and recognition of specimens of different breeds of poultry taken at random from the St. Dunstan's stock; the recognition of various samples of grains and meals; the grading of eggs; and the correct mixing of a poultry feed of mash. Even the uninitiated will understand that the above are by no means easy feats for a man who has probably had little or nothing to do with poultry previous to his six weeks' training at St. Dunstan's.

In his report on the First Course Examination of February 6th, 7th, and 8th, Mr. Watson says:—

"I have found a great amount of pleasure in taking these men through a poultry examination, and have been surprised at the general knowledge which

they possess. Not only must they take a great interest in the work, but their knowledge reflects the highest credit upon their tutors. The maximum number of marks allowed is 50.

"Megson, 46; Yates, 46; Hargreaves, 45; Johnson, 45; Sergeant-Major Shawl, 45; Lowden, 45; Blackett, 44, Baker, 44, Vaughan, 44; Exall, 43; Lieutenant Tyler, 41; Chilton, 41; Arneil, 41; Eames, 41; Wise, 38; Sergeant Dyson, 38; Rowley, 30; Brown, 21."

Congratulations are due to Megson and Yates, bracketed first; also to Hargreaves, Johnson, Sergeant-Major Shawl and Lowden, equal seconds; and to Blackett, Baker, and Vaughan, equal thirds. The marks run very close throughout the list. The tribute of keenness paid by all the candidates is very gratifying to the instructors, to whom the success of their pupils means much. Rowley gallantly put in an appearance, in spite of being unable to walk without assistance after an illness of over a week. Chilton also was present, though popularly supposed by the doctor to be in bed. Murray made a special journey for the occasion from Brighton; and Boyter, though only just returned from the North, and having, therefore, missed the last part of the course, took his place with the others.

The final examination of the advanced class of poultry students was held on February 14th and 15th. Among many others things, a detailed knowledge of the parts and working of an incubator is required of each candidate; and the man who satisfies Mr. Watson in this respect may have cause to congratulate himself and his instructor.

The report is as follows:—

"Second Course Poultry Examination.—There was an added pleasure in taking this class, because most of them I had seen previously through the first



course, and one could easily note their progress. The general knowledge displayed is really wonderful, considering that most of them knew nothing about poultry before they reached the Hostel. Maximum marks 100.

"Maddison, 88; Captain Walker, 88; Purchase, 86; Chamberlain, 85; Shepherd, 84; Shaw, 83; Boyter, 83; Moulard, 83; McLean, 81; Murray, 81; Sergeant-Major Cope, 80; Sims, 79; Cobble, 78; Hayes, 77.

"CLEM WATSON."

Best congratulations to Maddison and Captain Walker, who are bracketed first, and also to Purchase, Chamberlain, and Shepherd, who take second, third, and fourth places respectively. All fourteen candidates have successfully passed this really difficult examination, obtaining very good marks indeed, and Mr. Playfoot has cause to be proud of their achievement. The Poultry Farm regards their success with mixed feelings, being extremely reluctant to part with old friends. However, we look forward to maintaining close connection with them and their work in the future.

The general work of the Farm has progressed very little, owing to the lateness of the season. The place has certainly felt the grip of winter; so have the grey squirrels, who pay bold and frequent visits to the food troughs in the fattening section. There is as yet no hint of spring, and the intense cold, resulting in shortage of eggs all over the country, has meant the postponement of hatching operations. However, we hope by the time this is in print to have brought off our first hatch. The chickens are to make their debut from one of our Hearson's machines, and thus christen the new incubator-room.

Misfortune has overtaken the duck-pond. For a time it was choked with icebergs, and has since been discovered to have cracked in the frost, so that it

is in urgent need of repair before the ducks can have any further use for it.

We had lately installed a new house, bought from Messrs. Hebditch, in the upper field, where our best breeding pens were situated; but the field is required for other purposes, and birds, houses, posts and wire have all been transferred to pastures new.

During the early part of February the Joinery Class was practically frozen out. In spite of the work being held up by the weather, Maddison has made an extremely neat model of a semi-intensive house of the kind in use on the St. Dunstan's Farm, and Mr. Capper has made a small-size hencoop, which will be more suitable for handling and demonstration purposes than a full-size one. The plan of making models is one capable of development, as they are particularly useful for instruction. We shall be glad if the Joinery Class can kindly supply us with a few more.

Before closing, we should like to add that the Poultry Farm is extremely interested in news of the poultry farmers that reaches it through Mr. Thomson Brown, and is always anxious to be made use of as regards furnishing information on poultry matters or obtaining stock or eggs from reliable dealers.

D. L.

## A Dotty Rhyme

WHEN you come to the end of a dot  
four D,

And your dot four T was bad,  
And you go on your knees to your dot  
four G

For the lucky escape you've had;  
Then you think of the grief of your dot  
four M,

If your dot four W's slow,  
So you take it quite in good dot four P,  
And dot two, four, six C, let go.

H.T.





## Poultry Farming in the Dark

By Captain E. A. Pauly

RECEIVED telegram at 5.30 p.m., that twenty-two head of poultry would arrive at station, which is two and a half miles distant, at 7 p.m. Took about an hour to talk the carrier into making a special trip to fetch birds. Carrier arrived with birds at 8 p.m.; carrier grumbling about cold and everything in general, but sixpence extra and a whisky hot cleared him off with a cheery "Good-night."

Proceeded to open number one crate in number one pen (pens are loose boxes in a well-constructed stable), sighted person assisting with a naked candle. In lifting first bird, which objected, its struggles in flapping its wings put the candle out. Sighted person away for twenty minutes to get matches, so proceeded to get the dear little hen to take to the perch, but every attempt of mine only meant a fall for the hen, which eventually walked off in its sleep. Then commenced a football match—I continually found the hen with my feet, but never with my hands. Got her at last, and used a few rude remarks, and tried the perch again. Sighted person returned and asked what I was doing. I replied, "Any fool could see I was trying to make a Blondin of the hen." He said, "That person never walked an imaginary line. Try the other end of the shed for the perch!" Evidently I had lost my direction slightly. At last gave up the idea and decided to leave them in the crate for the night with the lid open. Of course, as most lids do, this one came down again with a crash just at the moment H.R.H. the Gentleman Hen had put his head over the side; but it appears this had no bad effects, and made me more careful with number two crate.

So fixed both crates open and left birds for the night.

After a good night's sleep, dreaming of cocks and hens all night, awoke at 5 a.m. and, forgetting that it was quite dark at this time of the year, went and roused the farm, and found them all still in the crates. I promptly tipped them out, which caused great confusion and an awful noise. I am sure the old cock was using bad language. Threw some corn down and attempted to fill the drinking vessel, which I had placed on some bricks close to the door. But the sighted person thought it would look better in the corner without bricks. Result—bricks got a good washing and water remained in a pool at the door, which very shortly became ice. Did the same in number two pen, but without any mistake with water, and went back to the house to carry out my own toilet. Was gently reminded by sighted person that it would not be light enough to feed poultry for at least two hours. I just remarked that any excuse for late rising was better than none, and cheered up myself by singing Harry Lauder's little ditty, "It's nice to get up in the morning," which produced from the next room rude remarks about larks, linnets, etc.

At 7 a.m. gave hot mash to poultry with only two slight mishaps. First mishap was that the sighted person did not see the ice at the door of number one pen, and came a nasty cropper. I remarked, to soothe him, that skating was an excellent exercise for poultry! Second mishap was that birds got double rations (please do not tell the Food Controller), as in weighing foodstuff in a beastly machine, which, of course, was made in Germany, it was out of order, and saw double. Great cheers from number one pen; sighted person found my first egg, and I am quite certain the dear little football hen had laid it, as she was the only one blushing!

Having told the cook that I wanted all



waste cabbage leaves, went to the kitchen at midday and found a bundle of greens and gave them to the birds. Shortly afterwards cook came running over and said I had taken the wrong lot of greens, and that there would only be potatoes for lunch. I remarked it was war economy to go without greens sometimes.

Nothing further of interest happened till locking up of the birds for the night, when I found them roosting anywhere but on the perch. The old cock in number one pen was up in "the gods" roosting on the manger, and used awful language whilst I was catching his darling wives. This took a bit of doing, but was eventually completed. Number two pen were less trouble, only two being out of place. This pen seemed to be much better educated birds. Having locked up for the night, and given all the birds a lecture on their duty, left them for night, and in walking back to the house I found a holly bush someone had moved during the day. At least I said it had been moved, but at last I found the back door, so all's well that ends well. Never say die!

## Incubator Freaks

SERGEANT DENNISON sends us the following amusing account of his experiences with his incubator, which cannot fail to interest the poultry men:—

"I think what was really wrong with my incubator was that it had caught a thorough bad cold during its journey from London to the Potteries. After starting it with the filling of the hot water tank, it began to be a little freakish, and during the time when it ought to have been behaving itself by responding to the temperature as given in a booklet sent by the makers, it acted quite contrary. I thought at first something had gone wrong with the capsule; but on examination found that the

capsule was perfect, except that it had got upset with the frost and damp during transit. I also found that the metal parts were abnormally acted upon by the conditions of the tense frost prevailing, and expanded with varying rapidity, upsetting, of course, the regulation as made in preparation to the running of the incubator.

"In simple language, my incubator had got a bad cold, and I have had to nurse it for more than a week, giving occasional doses of paraffin to sweat out the damp which all the metal parts had taken in. It is now running rather well, and it is nevertheless a surprising fact to know what a lot of bother it was to get influences of the weather out of it, as it was sweating for fully a week."

## A Poultry Suggestion

TOM EATON writes from Nelson, in Lancashire, as follows:—

"I have a suggestion—it is rather a big one, but I do think it would be of great advantage to all. I speak as a poultry farmer, although I daresay it will apply to the other trades as well. I would suggest that a man be appointed to govern two or three counties, under the direction of Mr. Brown, who would act as chief. This man would visit each man in turn, would see what was required, and advise and help. He could stay with the farmer two or three days if required. It must be admitted that we are working with one sense less than our sighted friends, and we have not all got friends and relatives who understand poultry. A man visiting in this way could put our house in order in a day or two and forward his report to Mr. Brown, who would then act as he thought fit. I think that this method would give a chance to every man to make good. I would like to hear other opinions on the matter."





## A (Fowl) Confession

I KILLED him yesterday!  
 Stand out, who dares to say  
 My act was rash or wrong;  
 And as I laid the lifeless body low,  
 I crooned a cradle song,  
 'Twas not in temper that I took his life,  
 No angry word has passed to fire my  
 blood;  
 I'd planned his fate some several days  
 before,  
 And yesterday I caught him in the  
 wood.  
 Although we'd long been friends,  
 No pause or hesitation  
 Delayed the task which I had set to do,  
 So cold in calculation.  
 I used no knife,  
 Nor even thought the gun  
 Could play the part  
 As my right hand had done.  
 Judge me as harshly as your feelings  
 may,  
 Or taunt me with the shedding of his  
 blood,  
 I'll tell you fearlessly that yesterday  
 I killed him as I met him in the wood.  
 His young companions, witness to the  
 deed,  
 Uttered no sound of horror or dismay,  
 But calmly looked unmoved upon the  
 scene,  
 Then silent strode away.  
 I flung myself upon his graceful form,  
 Tho' strong of limb his struggles soon  
 were o'er;  
 He that once with beauty filled the eye  
 Lay heaped upon the floor.  
 No sense of shame, no brooding o'er the  
 deed,  
 No heartfelt pain within the dead of  
 night;  
 For he whom I had rather kill than feed,  
 I'd planned to kill at sight.  
 I fear no punishment for what I did,  
 Or wish the act to be obscurely hid—  
 I only did the work for which I'm paid,  
 In killing fowls I follow out my trade.  
 T. H. Dennison.

## Typewriting Notes

THE department has grown quite a lot of late, and several new teachers have been installed. Practically one hundred men receive instruction each day, and the noise in working hours bids fair to rival even that of the Workshops.

Shorthand typewriting is being taken up by quite a number of the new men, and it is pleasing to see this profitable occupation becoming so popular. Miss Wood, who has proved herself a very capable instructress, will require an assistant. Corporal McIntosh, who has learnt the Braille shorthand quickly and thoroughly, is going to help in the teaching of it. The men who are to become telephone operators are also learning Braille shorthand, as it will be useful to them in their work. One of the men recently told a lady visitor that he found typewriting as easy as finding his mouth.

Davidson, Hayes, and Sergeant Dyson, all of whom have only one hand each, have recently passed their tests. Davidson did it in forty-five minutes, which is the record time for a one-handed man.

The following pupils have passed their tests: Captain Appleby, Captain Walker, Lieutenant Barnet, Lieutenant Hyde Thomson, Captain Oakden, Lieutenant Thomas, Sergeant Mitchell, Rodgers, Stewart, Macfarlane, Webb, Sims, Turner ii., Grattidge, Gardiner, Chapman, Coles, McIntosh, Ralph, Arnold, Lenderyou, Swain, Palfrey, Donlan, Bond, Hamlet, Hargreaves, Jobe, Johnson ii., O'Connell, Horsley, Chilton.

E. M.

Huggins: "I have no use for that new sister in the dispensary."

Juggins: "How's that?"

Huggins: "Well, yesterday she put my two new eyes in that chap Hawkins, and he went out to see my girl with them."



## The Suggestion Box

WE give a selection of the suggestions found in the box in February. Many of the proposals made have already been adopted, and Sir Arthur Pearson gives careful attention to all reasonable ideas.

*Why should we pay threepence postage to our friends to whom we send the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW?*

The postage on the magazine is only a penny, and there is no occasion to pay more. Also if those who want to send their magazines away will address them and hand them in as letters there is no need to pay anything at all.

Several suggestions have been received that breakfast should be fixed at a later hour on Sundays. Matron, however, says that this is not possible owing to staff reasons and to church services and other things. We quite agree that it would be undesirable to alter the breakfast hour.

*I would respectfully suggest that during concerts the audience should suspend applause until an artiste has finished, and not run the risk of spoiling a performance by well meant but untimely exuberance.*

We have every sympathy with this; but as it is impossible to handcuff the audience, we cannot see how it can be enforced, except by example.

*I would like to suggest that the boys do not use their walking-sticks about the House and Lounge, as it is uncomfortable for others.*

This will no doubt receive attention, as we are sure that nobody wishes to interfere with the comfort of his fellows. But a walking-stick is a capital guide for a non-sighted man, as we all know, and it saves its owner from many a collision.

*That men who play with only one finger should remember that the piano may irritate as well as give pleasure.*

The answer to this is, that there is the Outer Lounge for all those who wish to be quiet.

Miss Witherby, of the Netting Department, suggests the holding of a big Sale of our own work at St. Dunstan's. She thinks it would attract a crowd of buyers, and she proposes that the stalls should be fixed up in one of the lounges, and that the heads of each department should be in charge of them. This is a suggestion which deserves careful consideration, and Sir Arthur may have something to say about it next month.

Other suggestions received are:—

*That some distinctive knob should be put on the railings of the Park to indicate where the men should cross for the different gates, more especially opposite Clarence Gate.*

*That there should be an official badge for all workers at St. Dunstan's who have been doing duty for a year.*

*A few men complain of the cold in the Workshop when they are near the door. Could not a porch be erected outside which would prevent the draught?*

*That a cloakroom attendant should be provided to take charge of the ladies' wraps on dance nights.*

Smith: "Funny thing happened to Brown the other night."

Jones: "What was that?"

Smith: "He went to sleep on a copy of the *Weekly Summary*, and when he woke up in the morning he found that the latest War Loan speech was printed on his back, so he went down town and put 2s. 6d. in the War Loan."





## Braille-room Notes

WE have made a brilliant beginning for 1917 in the Braille Room, as nearly two months have 'gone and we have not had a single failure in either test. We congratulate all those who have passed, and thank them for giving us such an excellent record, which must inspire others to follow in their footsteps.

Reading Test.—Llanfier, Sergeant Horseley, McDougall, M. Barnett.

Writing Test.—Molloy, Vine.

Llanfier, Westwick, and Sergeant Horseley have sent in their papers, but have not yet heard the decision of the examiners.

In the new wing which has just been finished are two small rooms which are to be used only for tests, so in future there will be no fear of candidates or teachers being disturbed by chance sounds or interested visitors.

The following Braille books have been presented: "Treasure Island," Stevenson; "The Maneaters of Tsavo," Patterson; "The Human Boy," Eden Philpotts; "The First Hundred Thousand," Ian Hay. "Treasure Island" is in interlined Braille; the others are all interpoint. They are first-rate stories, and we hope they are going to be made good use of by all Braillists, past and present.

D. P.

## Netting Notes

DURING the spell of recent cold weather our visitors made many remarks about the summer-like character of our netted articles. Hammocks, fruit nets, rabbit nets, tennis ball nets—surely these are only useful in warm and sunny weather, and are not saleable in the winter time? Now here are some mistaken ideas. First, the Netting Room is not a shop. We are not so much concerned with the immediate sale of what we make as we are

anxious to teach a useful and profitable occupation for after days. The best netters are those who set themselves to learn everything we can teach them, and who are willing to put monetary profit in a second place during tuition.

Then as regards the all-year-round suitability of our netted articles, it may be mentioned that hammocks make splendid indoor shakedown, and with blankets, rug, and pillow are a good deal more comfortable than many a so-called bed! Also for nursery use they are very popular; they make fine, safe swings for little people. Of course, fruit nets must be made in advance of the fruit season, and these, together with tennis ball nets, in which we have been successfully specialising, are very cheerful auguries of spring.

G. H. W.

## College Notes

THE College now boasts of a full house. Already our anxious eyes are watching the growth of the two new wards which are being built in the garden, since the problem of where to put newcomers will soon be as pressing as where to find sugar. The plan of putting chums from hospital in the same ward has proved a great success, and the delight of No. 6 Ward at St. Mark's when it finds "itself" surrounded by all the boys "it" knows is a pleasure to see and hear.

The little evening dances on Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, after supper, are still very popular; while Miss Turner's evening readings in Matron's sitting-room are very well patronised. The dance practice for beginners on Wednesday evening after tea is helping the newcomers who do not dance to learn their steps. The domino tournaments on Friday evenings after tea are growing in popularity. The theatrical concerts on Tuesday evening, from 5.30 to 7, are most enjoyable. Thanks to the kindness of Mr. Jock Whiteman, Mr.



Harry Lauder's manager, the members of the Shaftesbury "Three Cheers" Company have given us two of the jolliest concerts possible. The popularity of the early morning physical drills, however, is still somewhat spasmodic. Perhaps the mornings are too cold.

On Friday, February 18th, Sir Arthur came to visit the College for the first time, which delighted the men and the staff. Everybody hopes that it will be the first of many such happy visits. Like St. Dunstan's, we are now upon "food rations," but nobody minds in the very least. The College breakfasts, dinners, and teas are so excellent that we can quite easily face a supper of bread and cheese.

R. K. H.

for guides in the buildings and grounds? When I was at school we had no such things. I realise the conditions are somewhat different at St. Dunstan's, but I feel that their use tends to train the men to artificial conditions, rather than to help them to find their way about naturally. The use of Braille watches is also a great mistake."

[We shall be very glad to hear any views on this subject; but we think Mr. Phillips is quite wrong in deprecating the Braille watch, which, as we all know, has proved a great boon to the non-sighted.—Ed.]

## Matron's String Band

IT will be remembered that some months back Matron told us that she was keen to start a St. Dunstan's String Band. Well, it is now on the way to realisation. Two of the men, Corporal McIntosh and Peto, have each so far mastered the violin as to be able to take part in concert work.

On February 17th these two each played a solo, and subsequently played with the orchestra which was giving us a concert. Their performance was loudly applauded both by the audience and the other artistes, and Matron was, of course, much delighted and proud of the hopeful beginning of her scheme.

We may say here that any of the boys who would like to learn stringed instruments have only to give in their names to Matron, who will provide them with instruments and instructors and get them along as fast as possible.

It would be advisable for them to take up different instruments in order to complete an orchestra. The 'cello is an excellent choice, and is not perhaps quite so difficult as the violin; but naturally each pupil is entitled to choose his own path, and Matron will welcome assistance and give every possible help.

## Badges for Teachers

SEVERAL helpers and teachers have welcomed last month's suggestion that they should have badges.

Mr. Charles Phillips, of the Type-writing and Shorthand Department, writes as follows to the Editor:—

"With reference to the question of badges for teachers, etc., I think most of us would be glad to make such an investment. As you know, many are wearing them with "St. Dunstan's" worked in wire letters; but surely some of our artistic friends could think out a design which would not only take the fancy, but be in keeping with the ideal and important nature of our work. Perhaps the best way of getting original suggestions for the design would be to make it the subject of a competition among our readers. They could describe a decoration which, in their view, would be suitable for the idea.

"Would you have any objection, sir, to allowing a little space in your columns for a controversy on the advisability or inadvisability of raised matting and rails





## After-care Notes

**A**LFRED BACK: "It's a treat to hear all the news of St. Dunstan's. I am glad to say I am quite settled and have started my work. I have plenty to do in both mats and boots. We have had a few soldiers billeted in the village, and I get all their boots."

Sergeant Dennison: "It has been a difficult matter to get my incubator into anything like hatching form; the frost has been so severe that it has upset to a little extent the scientific calculations of the last few years. As soon as I came home I set about getting a market for my produce. In this I was successful; and to supply the demand I also bought eggs from the neighbouring farms. I have a cold, which is the only thing that is not slack just now."

Walter Clark: "I find the magazine very interesting indeed. I think that the 'Old Boys' Addresses' must prove of great benefit to all those who have left, as it enables us to find out where our old friends are."

Rufus Shaw: "I have started work, and done some boots which have given satisfaction. A pair of boots that I repaired have been shown in a shop window for people to see that a blind man's work is as good as a sighted man's work."

C. F. Spiers: "I am sending you some mats, as the trade here is very bad. Mrs. Spiers and I are getting along quite comfortably in our new stage of life. We had a fortnight's holiday after we were married. I can assure you it was a great and pleasant change."

[Spiers learned his trade so well that he was one of our pupil teachers for a time.—ED.]

G. Adams: "I have had another move, and the new house is a great deal better than the last one. I am glad to say that the missis and the baby are doing well in spite of the bad weather."

R. Graves: "I was up at the Hostel on Friday and stayed for the dance. I thought the new floor was a good one, and I quite enjoyed dancing and chatting with some of my old friends. Sir Arthur has given me the very pleasant work of giving him a "general" twice a week, and I am starting as masseur at a hospital in Park Lane in March, so I am feeling settled now."

W. Allen: "Just a few lines saying how much I enjoy the magazine. I suppose that I would hardly recognise St. Dunstan's now, as most of the extensions have been made since I left. I am selling a few bags, and I think that I shall keep getting orders. I am also, with the help of my mother and sister, running a tea agency. I am doing very well. I have made £7 in ten weeks, so you see it is a paying game."

## After-care Reports

Reports of J. R. Brown, of Nuneaton, tell us that his progress in work is good. He is finding his place too small, and we have lately sent him a shed to be erected in his back garden, where we hope he will be able to carry on his work more successfully. The baskets we have seen made by him lately show a decided improvement.

McCarthy, of the same town, has now got regular employment at his trade as a carpenter; he is supplementing it with picture framing in his leisure hours.

T. H. Dennison has been finding plenty of work in getting his farm ship-shape. The place had been very much neglected when he took it over. He tells us he felt quite downhearted at the state of things the first week or two, but now is more hopeful. He has a busy time in front of him for the next few weeks. Our Visitor reports that she thinks



Dennison stands a good chance of doing well; he seems most keen and enthusiastic. He has found a market for his goods and poultry at the Staffordshire Hotel, Stoke. The manager is willing to take anything he has to sell. Like all other poultry farmers, he complains of the price of foodstuff, but is hopeful of making a success of his work.

Williams, of Michaelstone, Cardiff, although very well himself, has had a great deal of illness in his family. This, of course, has prevented his getting on with his work. His landlord has been particularly kind, however, and has done all his shopping for him, and has also refused to take any rent at all until things are going more smoothly.

Evans, of Newport, has had a good start in his work, being given full employment for at least three months by the proprietor of a noted firm there, who hopes by so doing to get Evans' work well known in the town, so that by the end of this period he will have plenty of work and be thoroughly established.

Marks, of Chester, has had a rather bad turn of influenza, which has hindered him from making a good commencement at his work. We trust he is feeling better now and able to make a beginning.

Hurst, of Great Longstone, is still busy with as much work as he can undertake. His mats are giving every satisfaction, and he has a number of orders for string bags. His poultry are doing very well in spite of the dreadful weather, and he is getting a good supply of eggs, but not enough to meet the demand. Hurst has found the bad weather very trying for getting about. There has been snow on the ground for

six weeks. He cannot manage to get to his birds alone, as great drifts of snow have covered up the path and he loses his bearings. He finds his young son very useful in these days. The boy has been leaving school early in the afternoon, so as to help his father to feed the fowls before dark. Hurst is hopeful that the weather will improve, as he has a lot of outdoor work to do.

We are sorry to hear that Clarke, of Edwinstowe, has not been at all well lately. His birds are doing well and he is getting a good supply of eggs. He has thirty-two birds altogether now, and is looking forward to a good season and hoping he will have better luck with his chicks this year.

Smith, of Retford, has moved into his new house and has his mat frame fixed up in the front room. It makes a nice workshop and is quite a good size. He has orders for several mats and seems very hopeful of getting plenty of work.

Street, of Evesham, appears to be settling down. His workshop is now fitted up with a stove and everything is in working order. He has local orders for baskets and also one or two in hand for mats. One of the local shopkeepers is showing some of his baskets, which are already bringing orders. He should do well when he gets thoroughly settled down and better known as a basket-maker.

Lingard is quite well and in good spirits about his fowls, which are laying well. The floors of the houses are fixed down and made wider by the help of some narrow planks. The houses are now all that could be desired. His incubator is set and going splendidly, and he is looking forward to an early hatch.





Mrs. Thomson, our Lady Visitor in the Eastern Counties, writes: "I have found a very happy and contented little couple in Alfred Back and his wife, who have settled down very happily and comfortably at Rendham. The workshop is especially nice, being light and airy, the little oilstove making it quite warm enough, even for this bitter weather. They tell me they have made plenty of friends, all of whom are very kind. They have plenty of work. Some soldiers are billeted in the village, and so far have taken Back all their boot repairing and are very pleased with his work."

Letch has had some trouble with illness among his fowls, but he is carrying out Mr. Brown's instructions regarding it, and we trust will soon have a clean bill of health amongst them. He has set his incubator running in readiness for an early hatch.

We hear that Kerr, of Widnes, is well and very happy indeed. To quote his own word, "Prosperous."

A. Hicks, of Peckham, has been doing well since he left St. Dunstan's, and has kept up a good average. We hear he contemplates matrimony at Whitsun, and we wish him joy.

D. McCarthy, of Notting Hill, sends us a clear account of his work, from which we gather that he is kept busy, especially as he states that his work does not leave him much time for a twelve-mile walk daily.

Thorpe, of Darwen, has received orders for mats through the Secretary of the Blind of Darwen, who has spoken publicly about his work.

John Brown, of Brenchley, trusts he is not poaching on other people's ground, but his mats are finding a sale now in Ireland and he is kept pretty busy.

T. H. M.

## Mr. Baker in Toronto

A "WOMEN'S Tribute Night" was held in January at the Massey Hall in Toronto, when £1,000 was raised for the establishment of a Soldiers' Club. We quote the following from the Toronto paper's account:—

"The most moving incident of the evening was when Lieutenant E. A. Baker, of the Canadian Engineers, was led on to the platform between two officers. He was blind, and felt his way to the edge of the platform with a stick. 'He gave his sight for Canada,' said Sergeant Turley, in introducing the blind soldier. He wears the Military Medal and the French War Cross. He is a fine, well-knit type of Canadian. He spoke in a matter-of-fact and cheerful manner of his experience at the Front, interspersing his remarks with humorous stories. The picture of the front trenches in Flanders seemed to have been burned into his mind, for that was the last thing he saw with his eyes. He told of little things that happened when he first entered the trenches. 'At first it seemed quiet,' he said. 'The boys were sitting around; one would be writing a letter, another sticking slivers in the wall. Suddenly a shell would shriek overhead, and one of the boys would say: "I wonder who they're after now?" I have seen men trying to joke when they were wounded, others refusing help for the sake of fellows more severely wounded than themselves. Now these men are back again amongst you; they have done their bit, and they deserve more than you can do for them.'"



## February Debate

ON the first Thursday of the month there was no debate, as the magazine was read aloud instead. It was listened to with apparent pleasure by a big gathering.

February 8th provided a big debate. The subject was "How quickly would it be wise to reduce the size of the Army after war?" It was opened by L. A. Wilson in a speech full of historical references, which he had evidently prepared with care. He was followed by Sergeant-Major Cope, who dealt with the pros and cons in some well-reasoned remarks. Sergeant Harris favoured the continuance of conscription, and Messrs. Vine and Harry Green spoke well and to the point, as they always do. Mr. Pink made a neat little speech, and Mr. Hindley was very forceful. Mr. Boteler as usual aroused much approval. Mr. Chambers offered some useful remarks, and Mr. Herne, in a maiden speech, proved himself an acquisition to the Discussion Club. Another new speaker, Mr. Heeley, made a favourable impression. Mr. Vaughan suggested that the chairman should have a handbell, which he should strike when a speaker either wandered from the point or continued too long.

No resolution could, of course, be submitted, but the general feeling was that six months should be allowed before the Army was materially reduced.

The subject for February 15th was "Should fit men be encouraged to emigrate after the war?" The importance of this question was clearly indicated in an excellent opening by Mr. Harry Green, who showed that it was a matter not to be lightly dismissed. Many excellent speeches were made both for and against, eighteen speakers taking an active part, while many others were content merely to listen.

A welcome reappearance was made by Mr. R. F. Wright, and Sergeant Harris

delivered one of his straight-from-the-shoulder orations. Mr. Baker, Mr. McNab, Mr. Murray, and Sergeant-Major Shaw explained the Colonial position, and Mr. Chisholm gave us an excellent maiden effort. Mr. Collins, a promising recruit, suggested that no man should be allowed to emigrate unless he took a wife with him; while Corporal McIntosh was against any interference with the liberty of the subject in the matter. Some well thought out remarks by Sergeant-Major Cope were listened to with interest; and Messrs. Vine (a ready and excellent speaker), Chambers, Pink, Girling, and O'Connell all contributed to a discussion which was conducted on satisfactory lines. An affirmative reply to the query was given by a big majority.

The level of our debates has been distinctly raised, and the importance of being able to put in few sentences together encourages the members of the Club to give an increasing attendance. Sir Arthur has promised to attend one of our discussions at his first available opportunity.

On February 22nd Corporal Broadbent opened the question of the evening. This was "Should the Government undertake the control of the consumption of drink?" A very lively debate followed, and the general sense of the meeting was on the whole favourable to State interference.

## Chapel Notes

The new covered way to the Braille Room is proving of great benefit to the Chapel, especially now that the rail has been fixed on the side where the planks are over two feet above the grass.

Before the rails were fixed, Stephens nearly proved himself to be the first martyr by rushing out of the side door



of the Chapel and attempting a somersault over the edge. It was fortunate that it was grass beneath, and that he managed to land on his feet.

The Choir is working hard at an anthem with the hope that the services will be well attended and be of additional interest during Lent.

Confirmation Classes are now beginning, and we have already had some interesting discussions on the subject, to which any others are warmly invited.

The Holy Communion is now at 10 a.m. on the fourth Sunday in each month.

## The Blinded Soldier's "If"

(A Parody)

By Major Hastings Brooke

(One of the very first soldiers to lose his sight in the war)

If you should lose your sight while all about you  
Are keeping theirs, as soldiers often do;  
If you're alive when Huns have tried to rout you,  
And do not grumble when all's lost to view;  
If just at first you find the darkness baulking,  
And do not think you're in the great Unknown;  
If when you hear the nice girls round you talking,  
You think the place is yours, and yours alone;  
If you can walk on pavements without tripping,  
And mounting kerbstones, fall not on your nose;  
If you can keep your calm when something's dripping,

Although you're wondering if it rains or snows;  
If sometimes when you're dressing you are hurried,  
And beat all previous records with your swears;  
If you can hunt about and not get flurried  
For twenty minutes while you find the stairs;  
If you can work at dots, and not go dotty,  
And soon become an expert with your Braille—  
And if the war reports get very knotty,  
Your fingers read them in the *Daily Mail*;  
If you can type in type not too confusing,  
(Of course, you can't correct the stuff yourself);  
If with the nails and hammer you are using  
You make what may be taken for a shelf;  
If you can keep some hens, and never scare them,  
Of eggs you'll find you need not fear a dearth;  
If you can mend old boots, and people wear them,  
You'll feel you've made your mark upon this earth.  
If you get lost, make casts like any huntsman's;  
If you feel hopeless in the dark, don't mind,  
For when you've been a few days at St. Dunstan's  
You'll be a man, old chap, although you're blind.

Visitor: "Is this a hospital or a home?"

Sister: "Oh no, this is not a hospital."

Visitor: "I only asked, as it seemed to me that I heard one man moaning as though he was in pain."

Sister: "Oh, that poor fellow was kept waiting two minutes for his tea. There's going to be an investigation."

## February Departures

LEONARD ARNOLD has taken a post as telephone clerk at Messrs. Barrett's factory in Millwall. He was a very good operator, and was at work in our own exchange for a time. He learnt basket-making as well. He was a very nice fellow, with a gift of humour and the knack of making himself agreeable.

Albert Mears, who was the victim of a Zeppelin raid, having adequately learned the trades of boot repairing and mat-making, has started for himself at Leyton. He was a steady worker, a good rowing man, and earned golden opinions from us all during his stay.

Herbert William Hale, one of our prize boot repairers, has finished learning his trade, and has gone to Croydon, taking the shop that for a time was occupied by Rufus Shaw. He is sure to do well, for he is a painstaking worker, who never turned out a job badly.

The Bootshop also loses Joseph Pugh, Mitchell, and Rogers, all of whom are capable, hardworking men, who should do well for themselves and the reputation of St. Dunstan's.

Corporal Payne left on the 9th of the month to start his career as a mat-maker, and among others who have left are Thomas Shepherd, Lomas, Davies, Mitchell, and Rodgers.

Lomas, Hayes (the one-armed poultry man), Lowden, Thomas, Shepherd (a skilful mat-maker), and A. Harper are among the others who have left us, and we shall miss them every one, but we wish them all the good luck possible in their new lives.

## Making a Form

WHEN I first came to St. Dunstan's and had a good look round the different workshops, I decided that joinery seemed to be the cleanest and most interesting, and so I told someone, who talked as though he could arrange things, that I would like to take a shot at it. He immediately grabbed me and steered me into a lot of noise and shavings, and introduced me to Mr. Atkinson, sergeant of the wood fatigue. I was glad to be put under Mr. Atkinson, for I knew that he could not see any more than I could, and I thought to myself that I would be able to get a lot of in-between rest.

"I have a nice little job for you now," said he. "We have to make a form for the mat-makers." I am very fond of mat-makers, and so I readily agreed to make them a nice soft seat.

"Now," said the boss, "we'll take this board."

"What board," said I foolishly.

"Here," said he; but he should have said "ear," for that's where I got it.

After that we got down to business, and he told me to saw off a piece twenty-eight inches long. He showed me how to nail a lath across the board I was to saw in order to cut it straight, and then I learned for the first time that a hammer has a head and tail both, and that it is not considered good practice to use the tail for anything else besides steering.

I had only made a few passes with the saw when I struck something hard.

"Funny knot," I remarked in a conversational manner.

"Not very funny," said Mr. Atkinson, who comes from some of the remote parts of Yorkshire. "We have special tools for cutting nails; we don't do it with a saw."

This incident rather damped my ardour, but he put me back on the track again, and I started anew. I sawed away for about twenty minutes, and then





I had to bail the perspiration out of my boots before starting again.

"It seems to take a jolly long time to saw through this little board," I said to Mr. Atkinson, who ventured around again to feel how I was getting along.

"You passed the board about half an hour ago," said he; "three or four more strokes will see you through the bench."

I was greatly encouraged with my progress, but Mr. A. thought that I had done enough for one day in that line, and he suggested that I should try the mitre machine for a change. So he took me to it. He showed me how to put a piece of wood in and then pull the handle and make a nice clean cut.

I made it, and then I asked Mr. Collet, to tie up my finger, and used up all the Army language I knew on the result. I don't think that machine had quite reached the bone before I discovered what it was up to.

After that the joinery staff decided that I had done enough for one day, and told me that they were delighted with my progress. I think it must have been my progress back to the Lounge that delighted them, for the next day a man with a nasty sound in his voice came along and told me that I was wanted down at the Poultry Farm to learn something at which a fool couldn't hurt himself.

As far as I know the mat-makers are still standing up. *H. T.*

## The End of a Perfect Day

"WHEN you come to the end of a perfect day" it is difficult to realise the present or to anticipate the future, so busy are you gloating over the past. And this happened to me as I stepped off cheerily on my way home to the College.

I had said good-bye to the "only girl in the world" at Baker Street Station, and rounded the wooden boarding well known and beloved by us all, sniffed the ozone busily escaping from the Tube Station, and plunged into the traffic.

So busy was I with my memories that I must have miscalculated the angle, for before I knew where I was a snorting motor-'bus was apparently charging into me, whilst a taxi whistled past in the rear. The 'bus pulled up about twelve feet short, with screeching brakes, and silently we faced each other for a few moments; then, with a wave of sympathetic impulse, we both moved on. Another shout; this time I went calmly on, and left the 'bus skidding across the road, while I reached the kerb, to be received into the open arms of a furious policeman. "Name, number, regiment, present address. Why are you out alone? Why were you ever born?" and a few more of such questions greeted me; and when I asked a few in return, I was told that he would have none of my sauce, and that he had a good mind to arrest me at once.

All this took but a few minutes, and I moved on through Clarence Gate and safely reached the railings. Here, anyhow, I could safely say there was no traffic. When bump! and I was making an unwilling third to a good-bye embrace, where certainly two was company and three none. So absorbed were the couple that neither my unexpected and uninvited intrusion, or the rattling of my stick, seemed to disturb them, and I walked on, composing a suggestion for the box in the Hall, which ran as follows (and which I hope may be adopted):—

"That there be hung on the Park railings, at intervals of thirty yards, painted in luminous paint, the notice below—

"TO COURTING COUPLES.

"Please vacate your position on the railings when you hear a blind boy



coming, unless you would like to kiss him too!"

I noted the wooden paling of St. Dunstan's and the bend in of the gates, and marched smartly on. It seemed a good way to the College, and, oddly enough, when I tried the gates they were shut and padlocked. Still, I fumbled over them, determined to get in somehow, when a passing couple stopped behind me and asked if they could help.

"Yes, indeed. I want badly to get in," I answered. "I don't know why they have locked me out. It is the College, isn't it?"

"We don't know about any college," they said. "You are trying to get into the Zoo, and we should say that that is the very place for you. But if you want the big house in the Park, you have overshot it by about a quarter of a mile, and we will go back with you."

That I would not have. So bidding them good-night, I retraced my steps, a wiser boy, to be welcomed by the Matron, who listened sympathetically to all my reasons for being so late.

I need only add that a notice from the police arrived the following morning accusing me of "obstructing the traffic."

*H. S.*

## The Lincolns at Laing's Nek

LORD ROBERTS at Pretoria  
Held Botha's bands in check,  
The Scots Greys and the Lincolns  
Were guarding Nitrals Nek.  
Day dawned along the valley,  
And the crags on either hand,  
And the morning bugles sounded  
Through the sullen, silent land.  
On a sudden from the ramparts,  
That rose up black in shade,

Came the crackle of Boer rifles  
In a deadly fusillade;  
But the Scots Greys and the Lincolns  
Were cool as on parade.  
Then from Delarey's bastions  
Big guns began to play,  
And the Creusot shells came flying  
Where the gallant Lincolns lay;  
And through the roar of cannons,  
That shook the mountain side,  
Came the roll of the Lee Metfords,  
As the Lincoln men replied.  
Sergeant Rawdin worked his Maxims  
Throughout the battle day,  
With the bullets humming round him,  
In the forefront of the fray;  
But the Dutchmen gained the hillside  
That round our fellows rose,  
And the little band of Britons  
Was ringed about with foes.  
Now who will save the Maxim  
From Delarey's cannoniers?  
Then forward to the rescue  
Sprang Lincoln Volunteers!  
They dragged the guns to cover,  
Through storm of shot and shell;  
But, halted by Death's summons,  
Brave Corporal Baker fell.  
Now who will charge the burghers,  
Their cordon to break through?  
Impetuous to the venture  
Just sixteen heroes flew!  
Sixteen against a thousand!  
Could it be aught but vain?  
And from the charge of glory  
But two returned again.  
Thus raged the soldiers' battle,  
With fire from every hand,  
And many were the slaughtered  
Of that dauntless British band;  
But the remnant was unconquered,  
And the night shades falling low,  
Found them waiting with fixed bayonets  
For the onset of the foe.  
They came, these gallant Lincoln lads,  
From the land of fern and beck;  
These Lincoln men were heroes all  
In the fight of Nitrals Nek.

*W. Robinson.*





## Newcomers in February.

Bee, Private David	...	...	2nd Lancashire Fusiliers.
Bullock, Private John	...	...	4th A.I.F.
Burgin, Spr. Walter	...	...	2/1 West Ridings R.E. Terr.
Butler, Bomber Chas.	...	...	16th Sherwood Foresters.
Cackett, Private Harry	...	...	8th East Surreys.
Chisholm, Rifleman Jas.	...	...	3rd N.Z.R.B.
Clare, Sergeant Joseph	...	...	1/4 Leicesters.
Cordner, Sergeant R.	...	...	4th Rifle Brigade.
Eccleston, Sergeant J.	...	...	12th K.O.Y.L.I.
Edwards, Private S. H.	...	...	Grenadier Guards.
Giffan, Corporal R.	...	...	1st R. Inniskillen Fus.
Graham, Private R.	...	...	1/19 London Regiment.
Green, Private R.	...	...	1st K.O.R., Lanes.
Hattrick, Yeoman Geo.	...	...	H.M.S. "Thunderer."
Hesketh, Private J.	...	...	1/5 King's Liverpools.
Marsh, Private T. F.	...	...	7th York. and Lanes.
Maskall, Private P. T.	...	...	1st Devons.
Mason, Corporal A. J.	...	...	1/15th London Regiment.
Mayne, Private John	...	...	3/9 Rifle Brigade.
Monnery, Private S.	...	...	M.G.C.
Morton, Private J. A.	...	...	1st Wiltshire Regiment.
McDonald, Private John	...	...	6th K.O.S.B.
McDowell, Gunner S.	...	...	R.F.A.
Newton, Private R.	...	...	1st Devons.
Parker, Sergeant F. E.	...	...	M.G.C.
Pearce, Rifleman G.	...	...	3rd Rifle Brigade.
Pidecock, Rifleman R.	...	...	7th K.R.R.
Rhees, Private G.	...	...	33rd Royal Fusiliers.
Rice, Private G.	...	...	7th Royal Sussex.
Rymill, Gunner R. W.	...	...	R.F.A.
Thompson, Gunner J.	...	...	11th Company R.G.A.
Thornton, Lance-Corporal J.	...	...	16th Rifle Brigade.
Tucker, Private A. E.	...	...	6th South Wales Borderers.
White, Private H.	...	...	29th Canadians.
Winter, Private F.	...	...	18th K.R.R.
Wright, Private W. H.	...	...	13th Canadians.
Kellog, Private	...	...	27th A.I.F.



## Old Boys' Addresses

Arnold, Pte. L., 61, Richmond Road, Dalston.	Davis, G., Rose Villa, Great Burstead.
Adams, G., Hale House, Hale, Nr. Liverpool.	Dennis, T., 31, Copnor Road, Portsmouth.
Alexander, E., 63, Canning Rd., Highbury.	Dennison, T. H., Draycot Road, Forsbrook, Blyth Bridge, Stoke-on-Trent.
Allcock, R., 6, Bank Rd., Ipswich.	Devlin, T., 25, Liverpool Road, St. Helens, Lancashire.
Allen, W., 53, Lord St., Leigh.	Drummond, T. P., c/o Mr. Deheer, 18, High St., Hull.
Arnold, A., 41, Wycliffe Rd., Wimbledon.	Duxbury, W., 2, Holly Bank Cottages, Ashley Lane, Mostyn Lane, Manchester.
Back, A. W., Sandy Lane, Rendham, nr. Sax- mundham.	Eaton, T., 40, Wenning St., Nelson, Lanes.
Barley, J., 44, Dale St., Crosby, Scunthorpe.	Edmund, W. E., West Barn, Dunbar, N.B.
Batchelor, J., 15, Tooting Gr., Tooting.	Elborn, H., 25, Manaton Rd., Peckham, S.E.
Bates, E., 17a, Prince of Wales Rd., Battersea.	Evans, A., 1, Carlisle Pl., Newport Mon.
Bell, J., The Oaks, Ewhurst, Surrey.	Featherstone, P., Uplands Cottage, Ferriby, E. Yorks.
Bocking, A. J., 93, Franklin Street, Oldham.	Fleetwood, F., Tangland Castle, Tatsfield.
Brundrett, P., 7, Maurice St., Pendelebury.	Flett, H., 39, Woodview Rd., Golders Green.
Berry, W. J., 19, Disraeli St., Crumlin Rd., Belfast.	Foster, F., 34, Clarence St., Plymouth.
Biggadyke, R., 41, Tower St., Boston.	Foxon, W. J., 143, Valetta Road, Acton Vale, W.
Bocking, A. J., 22, Siddall St., Oldham.	Graves, R., 5, Inglewood Rd., West Hampstead N.W.
Bolton, C. E., 7, Broughton Cottages, Otford, Kent.	Gordon, W., 365, Featherstall Road, Oldham.
Boswell, E., 7, Foster's Yard, Church St., Gainsborough, Lincs.	Green, Lionel, Langdale, St. Edward's Road, Gosport.
Bowers, W. J., 24, Lenelly Rd., Surbiton.	Groves, T. W., 48, Claremont Terr., Fleetwood, Lanes.
Braithwaite, F. G., 1, Chestnut Rd., Guildford.	Hale, H. W., 27, West Street, Croydon.
Brown, A., East View, Weston Hills, Spalding, Lincs.	Hallam, W. J., St. Dunstan's, Garden City, Sandiacre.
Brown, J. R., 11, Mount St., Nuneaton.	Hall, A. W., 150, High St., Sydenham.
Brown, G., Greenside, Ewhurst, Surrey.	Hall, E. J., 170, Meyrick Road, Clapham Junc- tion.
Brown, J., Warren Hall, Spout Lane, Brechley, Kent.	Halls, W. C., 42, Upper Jackson St., Hulme, Manchester
Brown, P., 2, Argyle Rd., N. Kensington.	Harker, A., Blennerhasset, Aspatria, Cumber- land.
Carnell, W. C., Kiln Cottage, South Molton Rd., Bampton, Devon.	Harker, J., Vivery Cross Rd., Southwick, near Brighton.
Catlow, S., 32, Winning Street, Nelson, Lanes.	Harper, A., 3, Ramsay Square, Loanhead, Edin- burgh.
Champniss, F., 239, High Rd., Willesden Green, N.W.	Hayes H., Main Street, Ballincolligh, Ireland.
Chapple, F., Prince of Wales Cottage, Parson- age Lane, Enfield.	Herriot, Clifton, Bryn-y-maen Rd., Upper Col- wyn Bay.
Clarke, E., High St., Edwinstowe.	Hicks, A. E., 146, Glengall Rd., Peckham, S.E.
Clarke, W. W., 94, Ilderton Rd., Bermondsey, S.E.	Hill, H. E., 212, Upper Empress Rd., Bevis Valey, Southampton.
Colle, M., 120, Dawes Rd., Walham Green, W.	Hills, C., Post Office, Wagga Wagga, New South Wales, Australia.
Coles, G. B., Beckingham, Notts.	Holden, J., 1a, Roebuck St., West Bromwich.
Collins, W. H., Chalkman's Knoll, Bygrave Rd., Ashwell, near Baldock.	Holmes, A., 28, Mornington Road, Ilkley.
Colville, H., Culross, Lancaster Av., Hadley Wood.	Horsnell, W., North Field, Somerton, Somerset.
Cooper, T. S., 42, Chestnut Av., Queen's Rd., Hull.	Hudson, H., c/o Mrs. Trescott, Alexandra St., Hunters Hill, Sydney, N.S.W.
Cook, H., 97, Victoria Rd., Kilburn, N.W.	Hulme, H., 18, Iona Street, Oldham, Lanes.
Cromwell, W., Blackfriars Inn, Gloucester.	Hurst, H., The Myres, Great Longstone, Derby- shire.
Culshaw, J. W., 12, Springwood Rd., Townley, Burnley.	Hutchinson, M. A., 77a, Belmont Park Road, Leyton.
Curtis-Willson, Sergt., Woodglade, New Chapel Rd., Lingfield, Surrey.	
Davis, C., 89, Kingsland Rd., St. Phillips, Bristol.	
Davies, J. E., Blaenhowell, Prengwyn, Llan- dyssil, South Wales.	





- Johnson E., 7, Elsenham Rd., Grimsby.  
 Johns P., 19, School Board Lane, Brampton, Chesterfield.  
 Kerr, J. W., 180, Widnes Rd., Widnes, Lanes.  
 Kirby, H., The Hydro, Middleton Rd. Camp, Heaton Pk., Manchester.  
 Kirkby, W., 147, Wellington St., Millom, Cumberland.  
 Kitchen, F., Knott Fold, Hyde, near Manchester.  
 Knight, C., Wiggaton, Ottery St. Mary, Devons.  
 Lane, M., 1a, Ebenza Bldgs., Islington, N.  
 Lath, J. T., 19, Channing St., Sheffield.  
 Latham, G., 20, Lead Works Lane, Chester.  
 Law, A., 5, Windmill Rd., Wandsworth Common, S.W.  
 Lawlor, G., 4, Terrace Gar., St. Alban's Rd., Watford.  
 Leeman, Sergt., 89, Robert St., Great Grimsby, Lincs.  
 Letch, S. J., Hatfield Peveril, Essex.  
 Lilley, A., Cherry Tree Farm, Unsworth.  
 Lingard, W., 6, Sunnyside Cottages, Writtle.  
 Lomas, J., 5, Lauriston Road, South Hackney, N.E.  
 Lowden, Pte. J., 32, Grasscroft Street, Studlybridge, Cheshire.  
 Lynch, D., 4, Mayfield, Cork City.  
 Makin, D., 55, Thames St. East, Wallsend-on-Tyne.  
 Marks, S., 12, Weaver Street, Chester.  
 Marshall, F., 88, Finkle St., Cottingham, near Hull.  
 Matthews, C. W., 83, Belmont Rd., Maidenhead.  
 Mayell, B., 137, Fulwell Road, Hampton Hill, S.W.  
 Mears, A., 23, Osborne Road, Hugh Road, Leyton, Essex.  
 Millar, W., Lowhill, Hurworth-on-Tees, Darlington.  
 Millward, T., 11, Wentworth Terrace, off York Rd., Leeds.  
 Minchin, W., Sandfield Cottage, Pitch Place, Worplesdon, Guildford, Surrey.  
 Moon, J., 1, Military Rd., Cork.  
 Moore, A. E., 73, Faraday St., Walworth, S.E.  
 Melling, D., 22, Powell St., Clayton, Manchester.  
 McCarthy, P., 29, Kickham St., Clonmel.  
 McCarthy, D., 71a, Clarendon Rd., Notting Hill, W.  
 McCarthy, W. F., 1, Lutterworth Rd., Attleborough, Nuneaton.  
 McDonald, N., 108, Glebe St., Townhead, Glasgow.  
 McNally, G., 5, Tyson St., Pendleton.  
 Milligan, T., The Hydro, Middleton Rd. Camp, Heaton Pk., Manchester.  
 Nolan, J., Quarry Farm, Gwysaney, Mold, Flintshire.  
 Orrell, J., Wigan Rd., New Spring, Wigan.  
 Orvis, A. R., 142, Blythe Rd., Hammersmith, W.  
 Owen, D., Tyn-y-frith, Llanellan, Colwyn Bay.  
 Owens, J., 8, Kilnholm St., Newmilns, Ayr.  
 Pettit, W., 124, Pinner Rd., Harrow.  
 Patston, A. H., c/o Mr. Parry, Oxmead, Ewhurst, Surrey.  
 Payne, G. E., 77, Queensland Rd., Holloway, N.  
 Pell, G., 13, Gladstone St., Kettering, Northants.  
 Pugh, J., 20, All Saints Street, Caledonian Rd., King's Cross, N.  
 Rutter, J., 13, Clark St., Smith St., Salford, Manchester.  
 Roberts, J., 1, Campbell Ter., Southend-on-Sea.  
 Roddy, C., 25, New Rowas, Washington, Co. Durham.  
 Rodgers, A. C., 32, Trafalgar Road, Hightown, Wrexham.  
 Rose, G. W., 14, The Triangle, Ruby St., Old Kent Rd., S.E.  
 Saxon, J., The Cottage, Chapelfield, Radcliffe.  
 Sebbage, W., Clayhill, Stonegate, Ticehurst.  
 Selby, J., Sergeant, 1, St. Dunstan's Bungalows, Worthing, nr. Basingstoke.  
 Spinks, J., 50, Stockport Rd., Ashton-under-Lyne.  
 Spiers, C., 3, Bliss Court, Broad St., Oxford.  
 Sheppard, C., 141, Shear Cross, Crockerton, Warminster.  
 Street, W., 37, Bewdley St., Evesham.  
 Spry, R., Dominican Priory, Woodchester, Stroud.  
 Sowell, C. (same as Milligan).  
 Shaw, R., 9, Arundel St., Buruley, Lanes.  
 Shepherd, Thomas, 10, Marsh Brook Fold, West Houghton, near Bolton, Lanes.  
 Shinnars, M. J., 143, Stephendale Rd., Fulham, S.W.  
 Smith, A., New St., Retford, Notts.  
 Speight, W. G., Bridge House, Bolton-le-Sands, near Carnforth, Lanes.  
 Stanners, R., 114, Oxford Rd., High Wycombe.  
 Steel, J., 799, Springburne Rd., Glasgow.  
 Stewart, J., 74, Longfield Rd., Todmorden.  
 Sumner, P. S., 8, Norman St., Lincoln.  
 Sweeting, R., 7, Wilkinson's Yard, Rochdale.  
 Swingler, E., c/o Mrs. Harrison, 8, Station Terrace, George St., South Retford, Notts.  
 Taylor, G., 46, Coare St., Macclesfield.  
 Thorpe, T., 9, Willow Street, Darwen, Lanes.  
 Temperton, C., 12, Spyvee St., Hull.  
 Turnock, E., 32, Baker Street, Leigh, Lanes.  
 Turner, W., 15, Slater St., Burslem, Stoke-on-Trent.  
 Verbrugge, Camille, c/o Mrs. Johnston, Bignor Pk., Pulborough.  
 Wall, T., Clayhall Rd., Gosport.  
 Watt, W., 20, Patons Lane, Montrose, N.B.  
 Wenlock, R., The Causeway, Peasenhall, Suffolk.  
 White, T. H., 26, Durham St., Albert Park, Victoria.  
 Williams, A., Cae Gwyn, Michaelstown Fewd, Cardiff.  
 Woollen, Albert (same as Milligan).  
 Wright, R. F., 5, Hopper's Rd., Palmer's Green, N.

# St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

Edited and written by

The Staff and the Boys

ST. DUNSTAN'S MOTTO:

"What the eye doesn't see, the heart doesn't grieve about."

No. 10.

April, 1917



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# St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

No. 10.—NEW SERIES.

APRIL, 1917.

PRICE 6d.

### Editorial Notes.

**P**ERHAPS the most pleasing thing I can say this month is that after the long and dreary winter, Spring is at last upon us and cheering us all up. We need it. St. Dunstan's is not nearly so bad as many places in winter, but it is a good deal better than most places in summer; and we want plenty of summer to bring our boating up to racing form. We hope that this will prove a record season for us on the river.

I must apologise to some of my contributors for delaying the printing of some of their articles. The only reason for this is that they are too long and I do not like to cut them down. There should never be more than about 1,000 words in any contribution. Our REVIEW is not a big one, and there are many notes and articles that must be inserted each month. So please send in your stories but send them short.

Will all the Old Boys remember that I am glad to have any news about them for insertion in the REVIEW.

THE EDITOR.

### Notes by the Chief.

**O**N Wednesday, March 21st, St. Dunstan's was honoured by a surprise visit from His Majesty the King, who was accompanied by Major Reginald Seymour. His Majesty seemed to be very favourably impressed by the great developments which had taken place since the last visit he paid here. The King made a very thorough inspection of all the classrooms and workshops, and conversed with many of the officers and men who were engaged in their lessons at Braille and typewriting, or in learning one of the trades taught in the Workshops. The King went down to the farthest corner of the Poultry Farm and there found an officer handling a bird. In reply to a question from His Majesty, the officer said, "I was trying to discover what kind of a hen this is, Sir, and I have just made out that it is a cock." His Majesty was much amused, and evidently enjoyed the officer's description of poultry farming as "a joyous game." The King was keenly interested in a demonstration of the rapidity and accuracy with which blind operators are able to write Braille shorthand and to transcribe their notes on the typewriter, and in this and other matters made minute inquiries as to the way in which those who have been trained at St. Dunstan's are getting on in the world. He asked that everyone might continue their work in the Workshops as usual,





in order that he might be able to judge the skill and proficiency with which the different trades are being mastered.

While in the Massage Department His Majesty expressed himself as very gratified to learn that all blinded soldier masseurs who have so far left St. Dunstan's are engaged in military hospitals, and that in every case the authorities of these hospitals have asked for more blind masseurs from St. Dunstan's.

It was, I think, well that the Royal visit should have been entirely unexpected. His Majesty told me that he wished to satisfy himself as to the ordinary workaday conditions of the place, and to feel that no special preparations had been made as the result of an intimation of his coming. I have transmitted to His Majesty an expression of thanks from the inmates of St. Dunstan's for his visit, and of appreciation of the practical and sympathetic interest which he showed in the endeavours of the inmates here to overcome the handicap which fighting in his service has laid upon them.

In reply I received the following most kindly and sympathetic letter: "Dear Sir Arthur Pearson,—I have received the King's commands to thank you for the letter you yesterday addressed to His Majesty. It afforded the King much gratification to visit St. Dunstan's this week, and to spend some time among the officers and men of his fighting forces who have played so noble a part in this great war at the sacrifice of their eyesight. His Majesty was greatly impressed with the whole organisation of the Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Hostel, and was pleased to have this opportunity of observing for himself what care is being bestowed in providing for the comfort, occupation and well-being of those who are learning to be blind. It is hoped that the treatment at St. Dunstan's will not only restore the inmates to health, but will help to equip them with useful occupations and other interests to serve

them in good stead all their lifetime. I am to add that the King will always be glad to receive reports of the progress and work being done for his soldiers and sailors at the Hostel of which you are Chairman.—I am, yours faithfully,  
CROMER."

Among other noteworthy folk who have visited St. Dunstan's recently was Major-General Sir Francis Eustace, K.C.B. General Eustace has had a very distinguished military career. He served in the Russo-Turkish, Afghan, and South African wars, and for service in the last named received a medal with six clasps. The last appointment which General Eustace filled was the command of the artillery at Aldershot from 1904-7. He was obliged to relinquish this in consequence of failing sight, and is now quite blind. In spite of his sixty-seven years General Eustace is facing his handicap in the true St. Dunstan's spirit. He is learning Braille and typewriting, and lives a happy, busy life. Naturally, therefore, he was not nearly so surprised as are many of our visitors at the cheeriness and aptitude of the men whom he saw learning to be blind here.

My readers will, I am sure, be interested to learn that there seems a good chance of improvements in the lot of their comrades of the French Army. Since I wrote in these columns last month I have heard from France that efforts are being made in various directions to better the conditions of French soldiers who have lost their sight, and that a determined endeavour is on foot to establish their pensions upon a more satisfactory basis. At the request of the editor of one of the most widely circulated newspapers in France I have written an article telling of the improvements in pensions here, and expressing the hope of the men of St. Dunstan's that the pensions of their French com-



rades will be substantially increased beyond the present meagre amount of 15s. per week for a private soldier, with no allowances for children or in other respects.

I had a very interesting talk the other day with my old friend Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, the originator and head of the Boy Scout movement, in the initial stages of which I was privileged to assist. B.P., as all who know him well affectionately term him, was, I found, surprisingly familiar with the methods to which we blind folk have to accustom ourselves, for, though he has the eye of a hawk, he is in the habit of doing a great many things as though he were blind. He is a very early riser, getting up at 5.30 all the year round, and in winter he never uses any artificial light while dressing. He has for many years past been in the habit of blindfolding himself for regular periods, and he encourages his Boy Scouts to do the same thing, recognising that by temporarily depriving themselves of the use of sight they are enabled to cultivate the use of the other senses to a degree which is impossible so long as the eye is employed. Sir Robert cordially agreed with me that the average person who can see does not really use any sense save that of sight, but just lets the other senses use themselves. It is only when the faculty of sight is either lost or temporarily removed that the brain really calls upon the other senses to assert themselves and makes anything like full use of the help which they are willing to afford if called upon to do so.

The other day I was reminded of the wonderful aptitude of a blind man, John Metcalf, called "Blind Jack of Knaresborough," who was born just two hundred years ago. This amazing individual lost his sight at the age of four

after an attack of smallpox. During his childhood he played always with boys of his own age, and distinguished himself in all their childish pranks, robbing birds' nests and orchards just like any boy who could see. He could find his way alone about any part of Knaresborough, and as his father kept horses he learnt while quite young to ride. In later years he kept hounds and frequently hunted. He was taught music at the age of thirteen, and frequently played for country dances, and later in life he was invited to Harrowgate to play for the assembly there. He found that his many musical engagements warranted his taking a partner. He was, as are many blind men, a very expert swimmer, and on one occasion dived for, and recovered, a large bundle of yarn which a friend had lost in the river near by. He played bowls and cards, and took a great interest in horse-racing. On one occasion Metcalf matched one of his own horses for a considerable wager and undertook to ride him himself. The course was a circle of one mile, and he stationed a man with a bell at every post round the course, and was thus enabled to judge when and how far to turn. By this contrivance and, as his biographer sensibly remarks, the superior speed of his horse, he came in winner amidst the applause of all present, "except those who had betted against him." Blind Jack was over six feet in height and very strong. He studied the art of boxing and was an interested visitor at many boxing contests.

At the Royal Oak Hotel, Harrowgate, he attracted the notice of Miss Benson, the landlady's daughter, whose constant attention and kindness soon inspired him with a reciprocal affection. Her mother, however, opposed the union, and a rival suitor for Miss Benson's hand urged his case with such ardour that the banns were published and the wedding day appointed. The lady, however, found an opportunity on the eve of the wedding





to speak to her blind lover, and an elopement was resolved upon. This, with the assistance of a friend of Jack's, was carried out that night, and Jack married the lady of his choice the next morning. When someone asked her why she refused so many good offers for Blind Jack she answered, "Because I could not be happy without him." And being more particularly questioned, she replied, "His actions are so singular and his spirit so manly and enterprising that I could not help liking him." After his marriage he set up his private house at Knaresborough and continued to play at Harrogate for the season. He also set up a four-wheeled chaise and a one-horse chair for public accommodation, there having been nothing of this kind there before; but when the innkeepers followed his example he gave these up and practised fishing as an employment when he was not at Harrogate. At the commencement of the rebellion in 1745 he exchanged his situation as violin player at Harrogate for the profession of arms. He was mainly instrumental in the raising of a company of 144 men, and remained with this company in the capacity of musician and assistant to sergeant. After the Battle of Culloden, having had many adventures hinted at, but not detailed by his biographers, he rejoined his family at Knaresborough and resumed his musical work at Harrogate. He engaged in contraband trading, the profits of which were at that time much more considerable than the risk, and was most successful. In 1751 he commenced driving a stage waggon between York and Knaresborough, this being the first waggon on that road. He made the journeys twice a week in the summer and once in the winter. This business, with the occasional conveyance of army baggage, employed his attention till he commenced that of contracting for the making of roads. The first piece of road he made was about three miles of that between Fearnby and Minskip.

He completed the road much sooner than was expected, to the entire satisfaction of the surveyors and trustees. Soon after this he contracted for building a bridge at Boroughbridge, which he completed successfully. The business of making roads, and building and repairing bridges in Yorkshire, Lancashire, Derbyshire and Cheshire he continued with great success until the year 1792, when he returned to his native county. In the summer of 1788 he lost his wife in the sixty-first year of her age, and the fortieth of their union. Metcalf returned to Yorkshire and engaged successfully in business as a dealer in hay and wool. He measured the stacks with his arms, and having learned the height he could readily tell what number of square yards were contained in a stack of any value between one and five hundred pounds. It is recorded that Blind Jack once assumed the rôle of guide to a gentleman who wished to ride from York to Harrogate. The man was not informed that Metcalf was blind, and owing to his wonderful memory and his great knowledge of the country Metcalf so successfully performed this task that the stranger positively refused to believe that he could not see.

I have told you a great deal about Blind Jack of Knaresborough. The description of the busy life he led seems almost incredible, but it is thoroughly well vouched for, and should, I think, be an inspiration and encouragement to us all. I am having a full biography of this astounding blind man put into Braille, and hope that many of you will be interested in reading it.

I was delighted to hear from Mr. Rose how keenly rowing is being taken up again. So far as I can see the main difficulty this summer will be to find room on Regent's Park Lake for the number of St. Dunstanners who want to indulge in this fascinating exercise.



However, I am sure that Mr. Rose will succeed in making arrangements which will enable everybody to have a dash in a boat. Another difficulty, I am afraid, is going to be in the matter of coxes, and I told him that I think he will have to train some of the swans for this!

A. P.

### St. Dunstan's Gossip.

MONDAY, March 26th, was the second anniversary of the opening of St. Dunstan's. Those who were on the staff at the start—there are only five of them apart from Sir Arthur himself—may well wonder at the changes that have taken place in those two years. There were less than twenty blinded soldiers then, and St. Dunstan's was like a half-empty palace. Now it is more like a railway station on a Bank Holiday. Let us all hope that another anniversary will see the Hostel at the end of the necessity for its usefulness!

Easter holidays this year will be the same as last, that is, from the Thursday before Good Friday until the Tuesday morning, so far as the workshops and poultry are concerned; but the Braille Room will be closed for two days longer. During Easter there will be boating on the lake every morning at 10 o'clock, and various little trips to matinées and other entertainments will be arranged. Matron suggests getting up a dance on Easter Monday, and possibly on the Saturday as well; but, of course, she only wants to do what the boys themselves will enjoy, so that she desires to consult their wishes as far as possible.

Captain Russell Roberts, our new adjutant, soon made a good impression on everybody. He is a capital fellow, and is sure to be popular. He lost a leg at

the front twelve months ago, was awarded the Military Cross, and he is well-known as a sportsman and big-game hunter.

Sir Arthur Pearson called all the men together on the afternoon of March 2nd to hear him explain the new pension scheme. He put it all very clearly before them and invited questions when he had finished. There was a big gathering of old boys resident in London, and many and varied were the queries that he was called upon to satisfy. It was a useful gathering, and those who went away without understanding all about it, had only themselves to blame.

Owing to the new Regulations which come into force on April 1st, there will be a good deal of detail work in connection with pensions. It has been arranged that Mr. W. J. Hart shall have entire charge of the Pensions Department at St. Dunstan's, and of any matters in regard to pensions, so that everything on this subject must be referred to him. His office was formerly the hair-dressing room, so that the men will easily know how to find him.

Sergt.-Major Middlemiss writes to us from New York that Miss Parks is so much in love with St. Dunstan's that she proposes to spend her vacation with us this year. He says that up to the time of writing he has had about 3,000 paper dollars stuck on his clothes by admirers who wish to help. He says that he has met with a great measure of success wherever he has been and that he was just starting for Chicago and the other large cities in the Middle West, after which he was going south to Florida. We shall give him a hearty welcome when he returns after his long and useful tour.

A matinée organised by "Ye Olde





Friends Benevolent Association" was given at the London Pavilion on March 8th, "under the direct patronage of Sir Arthur Pearson, Bart." The list of performers was long and attractive, including such well-known favourites as George Robey, Wilkie Bard, Harry Tate, Violet Loraine, Marie Loftus, Gertie Gitana and many others. A feature of the entertainment was that some of our own V.A.D.'s (Sisters K. and M. Pain Neill, Radclyffe, and Isaac) sold programmes and flourished collecting boxes and did exceedingly well. The *matinée* was for the benefit of the After-Care Fund.

Mr. Harris Turner, who is returning to Canada early in April, has achieved the difficult task of putting into braille a short story by O. Henry. We understand that it is the intention of Miss Pain to have this bound as the first instalment of a home-made St. Dunstan's library.

The central *depôt* at 206, Great Portland Street, for the sale of the output of the Old St. Dunsters was opened on March 5th, and Mr. T. H. Martin, who is in control of it tells us that it is doing a brisk trade and answering all expectations. Miss Roberts, his assistant, proves an excellent saleswoman. Orders by post should be sent to the *depôt* rather than to St. Dunstan's.

An interesting experience of an old boxing man who has gone blind, but yet takes the greatest interest in listening to boxing matches, has given rise to the suggestion that Mr. Bettinson, of the National Sporting Club, might like to invite the men of St. Dunstan's who have donned the gloves in their time to a boxing match. There are several here who would welcome such an invitation.

The Albert Hall Bazaar is fixed for

May 7th to 10th inclusive. Our own stall is to be in the charge of Lady Pearson, and the After-Care should be greatly benefited by the money that is sure to be taken. We shall have more to say about this in our next issue.

M. Gustave Orens, the head of the Havre Institute for teaching the French soldiers, has been paying us a visit to make a study of mat-making. Orderly Collett made him a model of a mat-frame to take away for his guidance which was excellently constructed and with which M. Orens was very pleased. We hope it will prove a useful guide to our French allies.

On March 7th, we had a Fire Drill, under the guidance of a representative from Messrs. Merrywether, who set up our appliances nearly two years ago. This expert expressed himself as very pleased with the knowledge displayed by the orderlies told off for the work in handling the hose and getting quickly on to the imaginary trouble. So we may all sleep soundly in our beds without fear of being burnt before we can wake up, but we all know that it would take a lot of burning to wake some of our fellows up once they are really asleep.

Sergt. Curtis-Willson, who was one of our best debaters, has been turning his St. Dunstan's experience to good use. He read a paper on "Co-operation" to the Lingfield Debating Society. He also put the theory into practice by joining with his neighbours in buying a truck-load of coal when the local dealers were inclined to overcharge. They have now lowered their prices and raised their respect for him.

A record price was obtained for our 3s. 6d. work-basket at a whist drive held by the Thornton Heath Special Constabulary on March 9th in aid of St.



Dunstan's. The basket was put up for auction by Mr. C. E. Rose after he had made a few remarks upon the organisation and work at the Hostel. The bidding was brisk and spirited, and the first buyer, who secured it for £1, generously put it up again, his example being followed by the next two. At the fourth offer, when the basket had already realised £2 15s., the auctioneer announced that the bidding was to be confined to the ladies, and called on them not to be outdone by the men, who had hitherto been the sole competitors. The ladies responded brilliantly, and after a cautious start at 6d. the price was run up to £2, at which figure the basket was knocked down. So that £4 15s. was the actual amount realised. Inspector Gale tells us that the drive was so successful that the Thornton Heath Special Constables immediately started another, which was held on March 30th. We are greatly obliged to them.

A kind-hearted sister inquired of a man in the Lounge on a Sunday morning if he was going to church. He replied that it was many years since he had been to church, and the reason was that when he last attended the clergyman had played him a mean trick. The somewhat shocked sister inquired into the nature of this trick. "Well," said the man, sorrowfully, "he tied me to a woman, and I've never been able to shake her off since."

Our little Saturday and Sunday evening concerts help to liven the week-ends, and we are very grateful to the ladies who give us a little music at these times. On Sunday, March 11th, Miss Ellen Bowick and Miss Weatherley came and recited to us, and their efforts were warmly received. The boys are very fond of good recitations.

For the first time for many months

there was a Tuesday without a dancing class. This was due to the Outer Lounge being needed for the play, which is discussed elsewhere, and not to any shyness of work on the part of either teachers or pupils. At the same time, if the Lounge should ever be wanted again, there is no reason why the dancing class could not be held in the Braille Room, as it was in the old time.

A neat little surprise was in store for Matron on St. Patrick's Day in recognition of her Irish nationality. Private Thomas Tootell had made a collection among the boys, which produced the useful sum of 37s. 6d. This had been judiciously expended on a bouquet of flowers, a box of chocolates, and a box of handkerchiefs. A list of the names of the donors accompanied the gifts. Matron was warmly applauded when she expressed her thanks for the kindly attention. A special Irish concert followed, and on the conclusion Matron called for three cheers for Sir Arthur Pearson. The Countess of Limerick came and distributed shamrock to us all in the morning, and her kindness was much appreciated.

A St. Patrick's Day celebration was a pleasant little affair. At the invitation of Priscilla Lady Annesley, Matron took the Irish boys of St. Dunstan's, accompanied by Mrs. Craven, Sister Stopford, and Sister Murren, to tea and an Irish concert at her house in Cumberland Place. They all returned highly gratified with the entertainment so kindly provided.

Private E. Bevans, of the 4th Middlesex, tells us that his name has not been included in the list of newcomers to St. Dunstan's. If any others have been overlooked we shall be glad to hear from them, so that the omission may be corrected.





The rapid uprising of the new Annexe in the old poultry ground to the east of St. Dunstan's is almost marvellous. It approaches completion in a way that makes one think of Aladdin's wonderful lamp, and it will be all ready in plenty of time for any demands that are likely to be made upon it. Mrs. Craven, who is to take charge, watches its development with an appraising and hopeful eye. The new Annexe is to be complete in itself, from matron to kitchenmaid; but, although it will be independent in every sense, we hope that it will not forget that it is part of St. Dunstan's, and will join with us in our work and sports.

A big raised model of St. Dunstan's Hostel and grounds has been made by Mr. E. Reynolds, of Shipley. It is on the scale of an inch to sixteen feet, and is on show in the Hall. It gives a clear idea of the arrangements of our various buildings and allotments, and is studied with interest by all visitors.

Miss Ilie, one of the typewriting teachers, was instrumental in promoting a Whist Drive for the benefit of St. Dunstan's on Saturday, March 3rd. It was held in St. Anne's Parish Hall, in Bronesbury, and proved a very successful affair. Mr. Firmin, who was wounded in the Boer War, took most of the work on his shoulders, and hit upon the happy idea of showing some of the baskets and oak trays to the competitors. The result was a quick sale and a number of orders. An account of the work and play at St. Dunstan's was given by Mr. Rose during the evening.

Mr. E. H. Atkinson tells us a sad story of coincidence. He was summoned by the Chief to the awesome inner sanctum and invited to take a seat on the couch. He sat down firmly and squarely on Sir

Arthur's hat, and was naturally full of apology. But the Chief informed him that it was of no consequence as "it was only a new one." A few weeks later he was summoned again, and remembering his previous misadventure he inquired if Sir Arthur's hat was about. Being assured that it was all safe he took his place on the couch with peaceful assurance. At that moment the door opened, Miss Mace entered and cried out in horror that he was sitting on her new hat. And the worst of it was that she had omitted to leave the pins in it. Mr. Atkinson now stands when interviewing Sir Arthur.

Braille voluntary teachers are agitating among themselves for a distinguishing badge. The idea is that those who have regularly served for six months or more, so long as they began voluntarily, shall be entitled to wear the badge. We can only hope that they will evolve something suitable, which will be emblematic of the care and devotion that they have shown in their work.

There is quite an epidemic of whistle blowing in force. There was a time when the whistle meant work and nothing else; but now half a dozen people blow half a dozen different whistles with varying degrees of force and signifying many and various matters. The whistle is, of course, a good means of attracting notice, and hence its increasing popularity; but do not let us overdo it.

Colonel Foster, the Director of Medical Service to Canada, after an investigation, has decided to advise all blinded Canadian soldiers to go through a course at St. Dunstan's before returning home. Colonel Foster thus follows in the footsteps of the other Colonial medical advisers, and, of course, he has acted wisely.



Swimming should start in another month, and all those men who wish either to practice or learn should give in their names to Captain Roberts as soon as possible, so that full preparation may be made for their accommodation.

A big Concert was given at the Cripple-gate Institute on March 31st in aid of St. Dunstan's. There was a full programme, and the artistes included Mr. Louis Wain, the Pipers of the London Scottish, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, Mr. Leslie Franks, Miss E. Hope, Miss Vera Mitchell, and many others. We give them all our hearty thanks.

One of the newcomers was recently heard to ask in all seriousness if we had a blacksmith in the Lounge. What he heard was a soldier typing a letter, and the sounds seemed to him to be similar.

Sergeant Jones, who has acted as a pupil teacher on the Poultry Farm for nearly a year, is about to leave us and set up for himself near his old home in Southend. Sergeant Jones is almost one of our institutions, and we shall all miss his jovial presence. He is one of our most persevering domino players.

Congratulations to William Clifford Scott on passing all his examinations as a masseur. He has worked hard and deserves his success. He has been appointed to the Edgar Allen Institute at Sheffield at a good starting salary with the prospect of an increase as soon as he proves his worth, which is sure not to take him long.

Miss Austin, who is so indispensable to us both in connection with providing Braille teachers and in the work of the After-Care Committee, tells us that William Allen, an old St. Dunstan's boy,

who has only one arm, reads eight Braille volumes a month.

It was only a few weeks ago that the late Duchess of Connaught accompanied the Duke on a visit to St. Dunstan's, when she inspected all our departments, made some purchases of the men's work, and earned golden opinions from us all. It was therefore with keen regret of a personal nature that we received the sad news of her death, and all our respectful sympathy goes out to the Duke and the Princess Patricia, who has also paid us a friendly visit.

Especial interest attaches to the departure of William Girling, who has passed his massage examination, entitling him to the certificate of the Incorporated Society of Trained Masseurs. This interest is due to the fact that Girling was the editor of ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW for its first six months. He was very keenly attached to the magazine, and did all that he could to further its welfare. He obtained a large number of subscribers and was indefatigable in his efforts to advance its progress. The magazine will miss him as much as St. Dunstan's. He proposes to be married shortly to a charming French lady, Mdle. Baudel. Girling will start his profession in Brighton.

Congratulations are due to Corporal Tarry and Jobson on also passing the massage examinations. Tarry goes to Wandsworth and Jobson becomes an instructor here. We shall miss the former at our concerts, where his singing, both comic and serious, was always a feature. Jobson, who happily recovered much of his sight, is an artiste of no mean powers, and we are lucky that he has elected to help along his fellows in the strenuous study of massage.

Sir Arthur was so interested in the





debate that he attended that he proposes to come on the third Thursday in each month and open a discussion on some subject particularly interesting to the blind. The first of these interesting occasions will be on Thursday, April 19th, when there is sure to be a big gathering.

Sir Sidney Lee very kindly came to help us send off the Shakespeare volumes to the men's homes. It was rather a big job, but with the aid of Lady Waterlow it was rapidly finished. The books, we believe, are much appreciated by the recipients.

Push-ball has not been played this winter owing to the badness of the ground, but we shall hope to have some games in the spring. We sometimes wonder if all the men realise that we have a giant stride, a swing, a see-saw, and a complete set of developers. They are but seldom used, and yet we have heard complaints of want of exercise.

It will be noticed that we have no special article on the "Suggestion Box" this month. This is not due to the absence of suggestions, which have been varied and useful, but to the fact that they deal with matters which cannot well be discussed in these columns. Those who have made the suggestions—and it may be said that we are very glad to have them—will be able to note that in several cases they have been acted upon, while Sir Arthur Pearson has himself given careful attention to all of them. The "Suggestion Box" has proved of value, and it is hoped that it will still be freely used. Makers of suggestions may rely upon their notes being closely considered.

Hearty congratulations to Miss Dorothy

Pain on her well-earned promotion. She is now a Temporary Commandant in the Red Cross Society, and if anybody ever deserved such an honour she does. Her work at St. Dunstan's has been conducted with an ability which we have all recognised, and the way in which she meets and overcomes any difficulty fills us with admiration. Miss Pain has done good service for the blinded soldier.

We have received a postcard photograph of our men who are at Torquay attired in fancy costumes for a ball. The make-ups in every case are excellent, and we are sure that the boys must have enjoyed the new experience. Why not a Fancy Dress Ball at St. Dunstan's?

St. Dunstan's is very delighted to know that Charles Temperton and R. Biggadike have each been awarded a Military Medal. Temperton has been with us lately to learn telephoning and basket making, and he is shortly starting business for himself in these lines.

Mrs. Wolfe has been paying us a visit from Brighton to pick up hints for the use of the new Home, which should be ready about the end of May. Mrs. Wolfe filled in her spare time coxing fours on the lake, and braved the cold winds with, we hope, impunity. Mrs. Wolfe should prove a valuable asset for the Brighton Annexe.

G. Latham, one of our Old Boys, writes to tell us that he "invested in a wife on December 30th and finds he has made a good bargain." They have a nice cottage and garden in Brimpton, in Berkshire, and they have "both been gardening for all they are worth." He put his first lot of eggs into the incubator on March 18th and is now awaiting results.



Harry Cook wishes us to know that he started work as a masseur on February 5th at the Military Hospital, West Derby, Liverpool, and is enjoying it very much. He says it is a splendid hospital with a great variety of cases. He is the only male masseur, all the other work being done by ladies.

Two impending marriages have to be chronicled. Walter Leonard, one of the best mat makers we have ever had, is to wed Miss Clara Pinkhams on April 22nd. This is another of our lake romances, as the two met at the rowing, where the lady was coxing for us. Corporal Tarry, the masseur, and another of our boating men, is to marry Miss Tucker very shortly. We wish them all every happiness.

Bishop Taylor-Smith, the Chaplain-General, gave a telling little address to us on Friday, March 23rd, after dinner. We were all impressed and interested by his remarks.

The fame of ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW is evidently spreading. In the last week of March we received a six months' subscription from a Frenchman residing in Paris. We wonder how long it will be before we get a Berlin subscriber!

Mrs. Parker, the late Lord Kitchener's sister, paid us another visit recently. She told us that her brother, after seeing St. Dunstan's, talked a lot about it to her, and expressed his wonder at the cheerfulness of the men and his appreciation of the wonders that Sir Arthur Pearson had accomplished. "And," said Mrs. Parker, "it was all the more noticeable because he was not a man to talk much."

Mr. Charles Phillips writes that practically the whole of the sightless members

of the staff carry watches without raised figures, and that they can tell on opening the glass where the positions of the various figures should be. This he advances as an argument against the Braille watch, but he does not say how often the small hands get knocked off or damaged in the feeling process. Does this sort of thing never happen? We cannot help thinking that the raised figures must simplify the finding of the time.

### Miss Critten's Competition

MUCH fun was caused by the "Tank" Competition. Three prizes were offered for a verse of four lines or a limerick on this subject. As usual the judges were puzzled in their selection, as so many excellent attempts were submitted.

In the end, however, the first prize, a cigarette lighter, was awarded to Corporal Vine; the second prize, a pipe, to J. Hindley; and the third prize, a walking stick, to G. Heeley. Extra prizes were given to J. Patten and W. Owen for original ideas.

There is now in progress what is called "St. Dunstan's Conundrums," but these will be spread over two or three evenings. In this competition each question will be the name only of some well-known member of the staff, and three prizes will as usual be awarded to those adjudged the winners.

Blind Man (in bath tub): "Orderly, do you see my watch anywhere?"

Orderly: "That's it you have in your hand."

Bather: "Good heavens! I must have wound up my soap and put it in my waistcoat pocket."





## Workshop Gossip

THE Joinery Department shows considerable activity, every branch being occupied both morning and afternoon. Special mention should be made of a cupboard, the entire work of Sergeant Harris. It is, says Mr. Atkinson, remarkably well made, properly framed together, with panelled sides and a two-panel moulded door. The morticing and tenoning was equal to the average work turned out by a sighted man, and credit is due to him for the patience and perseverance exercised.

Mr. McLarch, an officer, who shows wonderful talent, is completing a bench, which he hopes to take away with him, fitted with cupboards, vice, and bench-stop. It will be a piece of work he will be very proud of, for it is well made. Oliver is showing us what he can do in the tray making, and has turned out some good work. Randall promises well at picture framing.

Regarding Old Boys, Pell is prominent in Kettering as a busy joiner, making trays and dog kennels, for which he has a ready sale. Pettit is about to move his business near to Harrow School, where he hopes to supply the students with all kinds of picture frames and so forth. McDonald is making progress in Glasgow, and tells us of the trays and stools he has made. It was welcome news to hear that Grove, of Fleetwood, is also busy, and his work is reported as being neat and good.

We desire to return thanks for the large number of old boots that have been sent to us in response to our paragraph in the March issue and to the letter sent out to the papers by Sir Arthur himself. We need a constant supply of these cast-off shoes for beginners to practise upon, so we hope that our readers will wear

them out as soon as possible and forward them to us.

We are all sorry to know that Orderly Walter Collett is leaving us shortly for our new branch at Brighton, where he is to take charge of the joinery and basket teaching sections among other duties. We shall not easily replace him. Not only was he a first-rate joinery instructor and a useful all-round man, but he rose with the lark to prepare tea for the early boating men, and was always ready to lend a hand wherever help was needed. It would be difficult to over-praise his cheerful help on all occasions.

Mr. Henry Stainsby, of the National Institute for the Blind, has been giving us some useful technical hints in the shops, and his wide experience has enabled him to make these of great value. We are glad of all the experienced advice that we can get to help us in making the Workshops as complete and practical as possible.

Dowson has made a dog kennel, under the guidance of Wooding, which is a real gem. It has the entrance at the side instead of the end, and the flap to open so that the interior may be easily cleaned. It is a humane improvement on the ordinary kennel, and should prove immediately popular with dog lovers.

Mrs. Gordon Paterson, of Ascot, recently ordered a mat to fit what is called a "well." This is always a rather ticklish job, as a mistake of half an inch means a misfit. This lady writes to us: "I would like the soldier who made it to know that it fits beautifully and keeps out the draught. It is the first time I have been able to get a proper fit for the front door."

William Waddell, popularly known as



"Jock," will have to go into hospital for eye treatment. He is one of our pupil teachers in the mat making, and has proved himself so capable that he will be greatly missed. We hope, however, that we shall not be deprived of his help for long, and we wish him the very best of luck.

Mr. Osborne has proved of great service in the mat making section, and his capacity and readiness to help us all has been much appreciated. Mr. Portsmouth continues to earn golden opinions from the boot instructors; and now we have Mr. Bridge giving us help in the baskets. All these three are sighted men, and they supplement the work of the blind instructors exceedingly well.

We shall shortly be making some changes in the working hours in the Shop. Many men want to work longer, and nobody wants to work less. It will be the endeavour to oblige everybody. Full particulars of the increased working hours will shortly be announced.

The extension of the Workshops, which has again become pressing, is in the hands of Messrs. Kent, and the new building ought to be ready early in May. In the meantime we are all rather crowded, but then nobody could foresee the suddenly increasing demands made upon our resources. However, we shall be ready for the real rush in plenty of time.

Everyone in the mat section is puzzling his brains to devise a simple means of mat shearing. The usual shears are not powerful enough, and the difficulties of sending to a factory are sometimes very bothering. We have so many mat experts now helping us, both inside and out, that we feel sure the matter will be satisfactorily solved, and when it is it will be a great boon to all the mat makers who have started in business for themselves.

## Our Entertainments

IT was quite an Albert Hall programme when Mr. Victor Beigel and his party entertained us, but there was no Albert Hall fee to pay for it. Madame A. Bassian (contralto) and Miss Mildred Walker (soprano) were recalled several times, and the audience could not have enough of Mr. Madox Davies' baritone songs. Mr. Wilden Knight provided the humorous part of the programme, and Mr. Ernest Whitfield's violin playing was several times encored. It was most gratifying to have the two last-named gentlemen included, for they have done much good work with the Blind Musicians' Concert Party, which has been touring the country on behalf of St. Dunstan's under the direction of Lady Pearson.

It is not often that a concert turn consists of a violin, a canary, and a piano, but this was the case at Mr. C. Douglas Stuart's entertainment, and, moreover, the lady who played the violin was Miss Carrie Johnson, a niece of Private Thomas Johnson. Directly the violin sounded the little yellow songster trilled out its joyous message, to the immense pleasure of the audience. Private Johnson must have felt very proud. Then we had Miss Kittie Douglas, a splendid comedienne, whose patriotic songs and patter caused endless pleasure and amusement, particularly when she introduced the names of some of those present. Sergeant-Major Jones in some manner had got into disgrace and was ordered to report himself on the morrow to the C.O. Corporal McIntosh likewise brought displeasure on his head, and was told off to take charge of the canteen for a period. Sergeant Sammy Shields, Drummer Downs, and Jock Waddell were all reprimanded and similarly punished, much to the joy of the audience. Mr. Bert Beale was foolish enough to imagine he could sing one





comic song and disappear. Such a thing was unthinkable, and before he left the platform he had sung five. Miss Ruth Underwood let us have some splendid soprano songs, and Mr. Harry Sutch, in addition to playing the accompaniments all through the evening, gave a selection of popular airs. We all spent a very enjoyable time.

Miss Florence Shee was with us again on March 5th, and the concert organised by her gave great satisfaction. The musical sketches given by Miss Nellie Gawthorne and Mr. Harry Russon caused much merriment, as also did the Scotch songs of Mr. Lorne Wallett.

Everybody said, "What a splendid concert," on the occasion of Mr. James Chilcott's visit. And so it was. One of the most interesting turns was given by Mr. Arthur Hands, the celebrated flautist. First, he executed a solo in fine style, and then Miss Nellie Lewis (soprano) joined in, and these were added to later by the splendid voice of Mr. Robert Durston (baritone), whilst Miss Beatrice Sinclair presided at the piano. Needless to say, loud calls of "encore" resulted. Mr. Edward Bennett's tenor solos were encored, as also were his duets with Mr. Durston. In fact, everything was encored; and Mr. Chilcott, after singing several comic songs in that soft little voice peculiar to himself, concluded the programme with a lovely one about "Our Auntie," which convulsed the audience. Auntie was not present at the time. Perhaps it was just as well, for she might have taken her revenge in the dispensary later!

A recent comer to St. Dunstan's said to me on the night of Mr. Huskinson's concert, on the 15th March, "Sir, I've been an absolute fool for eighteen months. I went home instead of coming here. I was out of the world, whilst all the time

this bit of heaven was waiting for me. Oh, I was a fool, but now I'm as happy as the day is long." He said this after hearing some of the excellent turns provided in the way of flute and violin playing, whistling, and classical, serious and sentimental singing. And he meant every word of it.

"We've never had that scream at the theatre. I wonder why they did it?" said Mr. Major Jones, the stage manager of the Duke of York's Theatre. "Bless my soul, I have it. Just fancy, the point of that remark has never been noticed by our general audiences, and yet these dear chaps got it at once. How I wish we could have a few audiences at the theatre as good as this!" The remark was made when Miss Renee Kelly and the whole of the company from the Duke of York's Theatre came to St. Dunstan's with "Daddy Longlegs." The play was performed without scenery and without stage dresses, and was an enormous success. Several of the leading ladies and gentlemen made similar remarks, and they all agreed it was the best audience to which they have ever played. Even the representative of the Press found the atmosphere exhilarating. One told me he came to write a paragraph. "But," he added, "that's not enough; I'm going away to write a special article." And he did. It is good to know that visitors are so struck with the high spirits and cheerfulness of Dunstanians.

The Maori song sung by the New Zealand prima donna, Miss Kura Lee-Rennell was weird and fascinating. The words, of course, were not understandable to any of us, and the music, too, was strange to our ears. But the song was appreciated and enjoyed because of its peculiarities and also because of the masterly manner in which it was rendered. Miss Rennell's visit took place just after lunch on March 16th.



"We don't mind you coming to sing; you've got rather a nice voice," said Corporal — to Mrs. William Curnick after she had sung "Love's Garden of Roses" at the concert arranged by Miss Gwladys E. Mawes. He was right, although he expressed himself rather crudely. It really is always a pleasure to listen to Mrs. Curnick.

It was a splendid idea on the part of Miss G. E. Mitton to give a description of St. Dunstan's with a view of enabling us all to get a better understanding of our surroundings and the way to get about. I must congratulate Miss Mitton on her powers of observation and wonderful memory when describing what she had seen. She told us nothing that was not of use or of interest to us. I didn't think of it at the time, or I would have mentioned it; but Miss Mitton will, I know, allow me to state that perhaps an excellent idea of the entrance halls can be gained if I say they resemble an egg with a match-box placed end-on against its side. In that way we get the oval and the oblong as described by her. From the match-box portion Miss Mitton took us into the dining rooms on either side, and through the one on the right into the Inner Lounge, which is domed just like a huge tent with the centre pushed up by an invisible pole. The various buildings in the grounds were visited in turn, and the lecturer related some interesting historical associations of Regent's Park, which we all greatly enjoyed hearing.

Miss Annie Rees had a great reception when she sang on March 19th. She came with Mr. Breville Smith and his Party.

It was a love duet from "La Boheme," and Miss E. Hunsdon Brown and Mr. Bertram Binyon sung it. Their rich voices, swearing vows of love, filled the Outer Lounge and then died away in the mountains as if miles distant. As a matter of fact, the singers just edged

gradually into the Massage Classroom, but the effect was good, and it set the audience wondering how it was done. Now I have let the cat out of the bag. The concert was one of the best we have had, and the number of first-class artistes seemed endless. Mr. Bertram Binyon organised it, and was heartily congratulated on its success. Previous to the entertainment Mrs. Wertheimer very kindly provided a special tea, with a plentiful supply of "crackers," and many of the paper caps remained on the heads of the recipients during the whole evening.

On the 29th of the month we had a visit from Mr. H. B. Irving. The Outer Lounge was thronged. The eagerness of the audience to catch every word of Sir Conan Doyle's "Story of Waterloo" was most marked, and I am quite sure Mr. Irving never had a better audience to play to and never one from which the applause was greater or more spontaneous. The play was followed by an excellent programme arranged by Messrs. H. G. Hill, H. F. Judd, and J. W. Medlicott. It was a fitting finish to the evening concert season.

Commencing with April 2nd, our entertainments will be from 1.30 to 2.30, and will continue to be at that hour every Monday and Thursday until the end of September.

## The Drill Display

THE final physical drill display was possibly the best we have yet had; at any rate many of the spectators thought so. There were sixteen men selected for the final evolutions, and for the first time we had a real sergeant-major to award the points.

The display was divided as usual into two parts, Swedish and physical, and the





latter was subdivided into exercises with one pole and with two poles. There were eighteen practices altogether, and the evolutions lasted just under an hour. Drummer Downs sounded the "Fall In," and the squad marched in splendidly and fell into line without a hitch.

Corporal Foster, who has a good ringing voice, then put the men through in excellent fashion, and loud and genuine applause followed each call to "stand easy."

At the close the sergeant-major and the other judges felt that all were so good and so nearly equal that it was only the difference of a mark or so between any of them. The final decisions, therefore, took some time, but in the end the awards agreed upon were regarded by all as being just.

In the Swedish drill, Dixon came out first, Collins second, and McDowall third; while Shurrock and Smith, the Australian, were given consolation prizes. In the physical drill, Broadbent and Potts tied for first place, Price was second, and Sims third. Consolation prizes were awarded to Yates i. and Robinson. Some excellent photographs were taken of the team, both in close and open order, and there has been a great rush on the Joinery Department to get them framed.

Physical drill now gives place to boating until the middle of October; but Corporal Foster has promised to come and help us at any time if we need an instructor, so that we can look forward to next season with confidence.

### Our Big Debate

THE St. Dunstan's Debating Society had a great night on March 15th.

It was a competition debate, and the subject, "Should a Special Tax be made on Bachelors," was suggested by Mr. John McNab and opened by him in a neat little speech. The time limit

for the subsequent speakers was three minutes, and even then we did not finish until well after ten o'clock.

Sir Arthur made his first appearance at this gathering and decided upon the merits of the debaters. He found it a difficult task, as the level of speaking was unusually good; but he listened with great care, and he wound up the discussion himself in a telling speech, which was closely followed by the big audience.

Over thirty members competed, and we were all very pleased with the manner in which the speakers kept to the point and managed to get in their remarks in the nick of time. It was a somewhat trying ordeal for them, but they all acquitted themselves well.

Sir Arthur's awards were as follows: Sergeant-Major Cope, Sergeant Harris, and Messrs. Ballantyne, Cairns, and Raylor were bracketed equal firsts; Messrs. Broadbent, Chisholm, Green and Wright were equal second; Messrs. Pink and Vaughan were equal thirds; and Mr. Cowan was given a special prize for the good idea that he introduced. First and second prizes were given to Messrs. O'Connell and Vine, who selected their own subjects.

Honourable mention was accorded to Messrs. Hooper, Mayne, Murray, Jones, Eden, Porter, McClure, Burgin, Sims and Pratt.

Sir Arthur made the interesting announcement that on an early date he proposes to open a debate himself upon a comparison of the conditions of the naturally blind with the accidentally or artificially blinded, which should prove of much importance.

The Discussion Society was greatly pleased by the presence and support of Sir Arthur, and we feel sure that this will provide a real stimulus to our endeavours to acquire the useful practice of public speaking.

The final vote showed a great preponderance of opinion against the suggestion of a tax on bachelors.



### A Lively Discussion

AN interesting Debate was held in the Outer Lounge on March 8th on "Should the Army Rates of Pay be the same for all branches of the Service?" This was the suggestion of Mr. R. F. Wright, one of our Old Boys, and he also made the opening speech. His contention was that the infantry have the worst time and get the worst pay; and he asked the question if rates of pay ought to be based on skill or elements of danger.

Mr. Pink held the view that however unjust they might be rates should not now be altered until after the war. Mr. Mayne pointed out that cavalry were transferred to infantry, receiving their old rate of pay. Mr. H. Green considered that the infantry pay should be raised to the level of other branches, and he explained that one reason for the high rate of pay for Australians was that there was no fixed peace rate for them.

Mr. Eden, of the R.E., said that he would take his hat off to any infantryman. Sergeant Harris was against rates being the same, but argued that the infantry should have the best pay. Messrs. Vaughan, Johnson, and Strawbridge all contributed useful remarks, and Mr. Pearce and Mr. Hopper (the latter making a maiden speech) were listened to with attention. Corporal McIntosh was against a flat rate of pay, and said that volunteers should be paid higher than conscripts. Mr. Chisholm spoke up for the cooks in the trenches, and Sergeant-Major Cope was in favour of all branches being paid the same.

The Chairman made an innovation in calling on Mrs. Craven to speak at the meeting, and she made a few remarks of a telling but non-committal character.

Altogether it was a lively and interesting discussion, and the voting was thirty-one in favour of rates of pay being the same and only five against. Several

members refrained from voting. Mr. Wright must be thanked for putting us on to so fruitful a subject.

### The Last Two Debates

ON March 22nd the resolution moved was: "Should England demand better treatment for prisoners in Germany, and support this demand by reprisals?" It was opened in a vigorous speech by Mr. Cairns and led to a lively debate, in which the speaking was of a generally good order. Special mention must be made of Messrs. Wright, Brown, Green, Chisholm, Andrews, Harris, Vine, Baker, Sims, Hopper, Boteler, and Mayne. An excellent maiden speech was made by Mr. Maskell. The idea was given to us by Mr. Hopper, and the resolution was carried by a large majority.

On March 29th, the last debate before Easter, was on the suggestion of Mr. Wright. "Should there be Conscription of Wealth as well as Conscription of Labour?" This was opened by Mr. Andrews, but owing to the necessities of printing we are unable to give a report upon it this month.

### Heroes

AT the bugle call,  
They one and all,  
To answer Britain's cry,  
From far and wide,  
And side by side,  
Brave heroes stand to die.

They did their best,  
From East to West,  
Across the deep blue sea,  
With all their skill,  
And God's good will,  
To conquer Germany.

*George Brooks.*





## Poultry Notes.

THERE has been little actual change on the Poultry Farm during March, though schemes for its expansion are in hand, as, like other branches of St. Dunstan's, it is growing fast. Sir Arthur has approved of the establishment of an Annexe Farm in the neighbourhood of London. The main object of this farm will be to breed large quantities of birds, and thus form a base of supplies for St. Dunstan's poultry keepers. Of course, this is a big undertaking, and in these hard times the acquisition of plant and stock with which to build up even a moderate sized poultry farm is a difficult task. Thanks are due to Mr. Black, who, as head of the Settlement Department, has done much to further the scheme.

For some time past the home farm, as it may be called, has found it exceedingly difficult to cope with the increasing traffic of birds arriving from dealers and departing, after probation, to St. Dunstan's poultry farmers. The disadvantages of buying, frequently at short notice, and at all seasons of the year, from dealers who have probably parted with much of their best stock, or have only enough left for their own requirements, must be apparent. With all possible precautions this method cannot be as satisfactory as we hope our plans for the future may prove. Some half-dozen famous utility breeds of pedigree laying strains will be stocked, and later on we shall have the satisfaction of knowing the history, from the shell, of every chicken that goes to help form a St. Dunstan's outfit.

I am afraid that in one circumstance the new farm will gain at the expense of the old, for Mr. Neville, who at present occupies the post of second instructor, to everybody's satisfaction, has accepted the position of manager of our new

branch, for which his long previous experience of running large poultry farms most certainly fits him. We must resign ourselves to the fact that Mr. Neville cannot be in two places at once, but he will be much missed from his present sphere.

The Poultry Farm is to be improved and enlarged as a training centre, and before long a new classroom is to be added; also a storehouse, and also an isolation hut for any offending bird that dares to indulge in a cold in its head or other forbidden sport of the kind. We shall then require the services of another instructor, as our classes are growing.

The longed-for release from frost and snow, though appreciated by all, is a real boon to the Poultry Farm, and we are now embarking on the most interesting work of the year, that of chicken rearing. Alas! our first two hatches, except for a meagre handful, must be put down in the category of "might-have-beens." Still, it is no good crying over addled eggs, and we were not the only poultry farmers whose sittings were spoilt early in the season by the bitter winds and frost. Our two new Hebditch "Lorna Doone" fostermothers are now running and appear to give satisfaction to their inmates. These fostermothers are warmed on the hot-air principle. The lamp chamber is situated below the floor of the sleeping compartment and can be reached from without, so that in trimming the lamp the chickens are left undisturbed.

Mr. Thomson Brown is always more than busy with Settlement and After-Care poultry affairs, and this branch has grown so much of late, and the poultry farmers are established over such a wide area, that it has become necessary to engage an After-Care poultry assistant to relieve Mr. Brown of a certain amount of the travelling connected with his work.



I must here report the sad ending of our first attempt at exporting poultry. A carefully selected pen of Mrs. Goodwin Preece's best laying strain pedigree White Wyandottes were shipped for Australia, where they were to become the property of our old friend and keen poultry farmer, C. H. Hills. Birds, like others, must take the chances of war, but it was very disappointing to hear that these unlucky non-combatants had fallen prey to a U-boat en route, especially as after a fortnight's sojourn at St. Dunstan's we had come to take a personal interest in their fortunes.

The model section containing our specimen birds now shelters a newcomer in the form of a fine Salmon Faverolle cock of Pope & Edwards (Coaley Farm) strain, presented by Mrs. Hicks, of Holly Lodge, Heathfield. This bird, Mrs. Hicks tells us, has always been known by the name of Peter, and he is as pleasant as he is handsome, being tame and easy to handle in spite of his size. He is an ideal "demonstration" bird, and wisely adapts himself to his present rôle in life. We look to him to counteract the sinister influence of the late man-eating Barred Plymouth Rock, a bird of evil memory, who has recently paid the penalty by being drafted to the table poultry class.

First and Second Course Examinations were held during the last week in March, but the results will not appear till next month's issue.

On Thursday, March 8th, an audience of over fifty assembled in the Outer Lounge on the occasion of a visit from Mr. Clem Watson, when he gave us some of his views on poultry questions of the day. The lecture was on broad lines, as Mr. Watson considers success to be the only criterion of poultry farming methods. "For example," he said, "you may make your way to the Poultry Farm here by five or six different

routes, but you get there in the end, and that is the main thing. It is the same with poultry. One method may be correct, but it does not necessarily follow that it is the only method." Mr. Watson laid particular stress on the necessity for cutting down expenses wherever possible. "If you intend to make poultry pay," said he, "there must be no unnecessary outlay and nothing for ornament." He also touched on the present difficulty in obtaining poultry foodstuffs. At the close of the lecture he kindly answered quite a long string of questions, and we felt much indebted to him for an interesting afternoon.

The Joinery Class has been very busy during March, and has turned out some good work. Model houses by T. Johnson, Kitson, Cobble, and Chamberlain; a range of nest-boxes by Mr. Capper; coops by Sims, Boyter, and Chilton; and dog kennels by Dowson and Foster are some of the achievements of the class. The dog kennels are a new departure, and have been much praised by all who have examined them. They were designed by Mr. Wooding, the instructor, with careful consideration for the comfort and convenience of dogs. Both Dowson and Foster made one each for use at home, and Dowson also turned out one of a large size, which should make a palace for some lucky retriever in the future. D. L.

## Poultry Hints

WITH common-sense care and attention, combined with ordinary good luck, any poultry farmer can make 5s. a year clear profit from each pullet. If it costs 4d. a week to feed a bird or, roughly speaking, 17s. per annum, and eggs fetch an average of 2d. each throughout the year, it takes 100 eggs to pay the food bill of each pullet, so that the bird has only to lay 130 to 140 eggs to produce 5s. a year





clear profit. A fair average number of eggs from a flock of properly developed laying strain pullets is more like 160, or 10s. profit from each bird, so that 5s. is really a very low estimate if proper care is taken, especially in the bad weather.

An ordinary pullet requires daily, at the most, 4ozs. of wheat (supposing birds were fed entirely on wheat, which, of course, they are not). I take wheat as an example, because it is the highest priced cereal. Four ounces at the price of 80s. per eight-bushel quarter of 480 lbs. works out at 3½d. a week; but wheat is not up to 80s. a quarter, and we also substitute a certain amount of mash, also oats, maize, etc., all of which cost less than wheat. At to-day's prices, even if we have to buy (at top prices) all the food, and not produce any, it is a poor feeder who cannot for the sum of 4d. a week pay for labour, feed, rent, interest, and depreciation of wire-netting, houses, birds, etc. I suggest that a careful St. Dunstan's poultry farmer will be able to look after 200 laying pullets, and after allowing for all expenses and ordinary misfortunes he gets 5s. a bird profit, which works out, roughly, at £1 a week.

In addition to the profit made by the sale of new-laid eggs, an enthusiastic poultry farmer can add quite a considerable amount to his income by the sale of sittings of eggs, day-old chicks, stock birds, fat ducklings, etc., all of which can be worked in with the ordinary stock of laying pullets. What I want to point out is this: private customer trade is worth at least 1d. to 1½d. in the 1s. more than wholesale trade. For instance, the wholesale prices of eggs and fat chicken may be 2s. a dozen and 3s. each respectively, while the retail prices would be 2s. 3d. and 3s. 3d. to 3s. 6d. Try and dispose of all your produce in the retail way. Recommendation secured by supplying a good article is the best form

of advertisement. A neatly typed or printed note should be delivered to the better class houses every few weeks describing what you have for disposal. If you get a trial order be sure that by giving satisfaction you retain the custom.

If near the roadside you should have a basin of eggs, priced, in the window; also, if possible, some of your chicks or adult birds should be where passers-by can see them. Throw out plenty of bait, and when you hook a fish hang on. Execute orders smartly, see that the eggs are clean and fair size, make sure that the plucked and drawn bird is well and cleanly prepared and is delivered in a clean cloth and basket. Customers may be fairly easy to secure, but they are easy to lose, so do your best to please and satisfy. After private customers come hotels, refreshment houses, hospitals and other institutions, at all of which you can obtain a higher price for your goods than by selling wholesale. With careful working up of a trade there should be no difficulty in disposing of practically all your produce at retail prices, which, of course, means increased profits.

*John Playfoot.*

### College Notes

A FEW cases of measles interfered with the "gay life" of the College last month. Thanks to its unwelcome interruption, concerts to be given by the "High Jinks" Company, from the Adelphi Theatre, Miss Rosina Filippi, and Misses Esmé and Vera Beringer had to be postponed until next month. However, the leading members of the "See-Saw" Company, from the Comedy, gave a delightful entertainment on Tuesday, March 6th, which was greatly enjoyed, especially as the programme also included that beautiful singer, Mdlle. Alice O'Brien.



However, measles or no measles, the young ladies who come up three evenings a week to dance with the boys after supper were in no way dismayed, and these short dances are perhaps the most popular entertainments of all. Thanks also to Miss West, our music sister, the boys will soon be able to give a concert "on their own," for her pupils on the violin, piano, and singing are all making fine progress.

Reading has also become a very favourite pastime, especially after tea, and nearly every ward, as well as the matron's room, contains its little band of listeners, who in this way get through quite a lot of literature during the month. French lessons are also to be started as soon as the new office is finished, a matter of a few days.

For the rest, boating is now in full swing, the only difficulty being to find sufficient coxes in the early morning. I trust that if this complaint meets the eye of any young lady who lives in the vicinity she will come forward and offer herself. Early morning enthusiasm is apt to fade away if it does not meet with its expected reward.

The new wards are very nearly ready now, and to them have now been added a quiet lounge, a V.A.D.'s sitting-room, and a room for reading and classes. Miss West's music room is to be built at the far end of the garden, a fact not without its blessings to anyone intimately acquainted with the early stages of the piano and violin.

Private Turner, of the 29th Canadian Infantry (Vancouver Battalion), and Private Temperton, of the 4th East Yorks, both inmates of the College, received their Military Medal this month, a fact of which we are all justly pleased and proud.

Pugh ii, and Kitson are the departures

this month, while the newcomers are too numerous to mention. The College now holds, roughly speaking, about eighty men, with a list of arrivals due amounting to another thirty. R. K. H.

### Braille Room Notes

WE congratulate the following men on having passed their tests:—

Reading Test.—Sergeant Price, Mr. Fraser, Exall, Taplin, Harris Turner, Grattidge, Chamberlain, Howell, S. Hill, Ferrand, Aldridge, Warden, and Alan Marshall.

Writing Test.—Westwick, McDougal, and Llanfear.

The following have sent in their papers but have not yet heard the result: Sergeant Price, Mr. Fraser, Harris Turner, Chamberlain; Taplin.

Friends of St. Dunstan's sometimes enquire whether any of the men who have left would like to receive Braille letters. I feel sure many would like to increase their correspondence in this way, and shall be glad if they will send me their names.

The new books of the month are two very good short stories in interlined Braille, "The Mystery of the Deep" and "The Blue Sequin."

But the favourite book at present is "Treasure Island." Everyone is reading and enjoying it, and though fresh consignments have been ordered there is never a volume out of use. What greater compliment can St. Dunstan's pay to the memory of R.L.S.?

I hear from the National Library for the Blind that many of the old St. Dunstan's men are becoming ardent readers and keep up a steady demand for books. They are becoming rapid readers, too, and one man, Allan by name, is being supplied with eight volumes a month, and they only just keep him going.

Peto has passed his Braille reading test. D. P.





### Netting Notes.

WE can report excellent progress during March, particularly with fruit nets. The teachers wish to say how much they appreciate the grit and determination shown in tackling this work. Ballantyne, Bakelants, Duff, Purchase, Van den Bosch, and Walton ii. have all qualified on excellent standard strips, and many others are in the making. We have orders right into June, 1918. Indeed, in some cases our nets are destined to protect the fruit of trees not yet planted, and to safeguard the erring impulses of next year's spring chickens. It is most encouraging that our efforts towards increasing home-grown food should meet with so much success.

The following touching little poem will appeal to all rational housekeepers, and to some netters who have not yet freed themselves from the bondage of bags:—

Mary, Mary, now so wary,  
How does your garden grow?  
With net for fruit and nets for loot,  
And hammocks all slung in a row!  
Mary, Mary, household fairy,  
How do you make your pies?  
Fine rabbits I get with a poacher's net,  
As you can do if you're wise!

G. H. W.

### Typewriting Notes.

THERE are now so many typewriters in constant use at St. Dunstan's and its various annexes that it has become essential to engage a mechanic to keep them in order.

The past month has been a very successful one, thirty men having passed their test, and I congratulate both pupils and teachers on such a good record.

The following men have passed their tests: Lieutenant Ellis, Lieutenant Rawson, Lieutenant Langton, Ballantyne, McDougall, Hindley, Lomas, Wilding,

Alvey, Cocker, Sergeant Parker, Sergeant Horsley, Nelson, Blackett, Fookes, Palmer i., Duff, Boyter, Johnson, Stokes, Marshall, Captain Blandy, Yates ii., Vanderboche, Price, Jennings, Baker, Milner, Warren, Rennie, Thomas ii.

E. McL.

### Blind Shorthand Writers and Typists

THERE was an unusually large gathering of members of the Incorporated Society of Shorthand Teachers at the St. Bride's Institute on the afternoon of Saturday, the 10th March, to witness a demonstration of difficult typewriting and shorthand by blind experts.

Mr. H. D. Black, Superintendent of the Men's Settlement Department, and one of the three members of the Revision Committee responsible for the present system of embossed shorthand, took the opportunity of proving to such a responsible body of teachers what is possible for blind operators, given a sufficient training, to accomplish with this kind of work, and to create a further interest in a branch of usefulness for which a small number of our men here are being prepared.

Members of the audience were asked to improvise a difficult table of statistics, keeping a note of their figures for checking purposes. The operators then retired and transcribed their shorthand notes. Meanwhile Mr. Black, in a half-hour's talk, reviewed the various systems of reading and writing introduced for the use of the blind, from the early days of "string writing" by the Mexicans up to the present time, together with a short survey of different writing machines and mechanical substitutes for shorthand, such as the Phonograph, Dictaphone, and the newly invented Optophone, by which the inventor claims that the blind will eventually be enabled to read from sighted print by means of sound.



The work of the operators was afterwards brought in and checked aloud in the presence of the audience, and was found to be "entirely without mistake."

The operators taking part were our Miss Wood, on a Remington machine for commercial correspondence, and Miss Mary Lewis, of the Royal Normal College for the Blind, for statistical work, on a Hammond machine.

### Chapel Notes

WE were all sorry when our energetic Chaplain, Mr. L. G. Tucker, succumbed to the bad weather and was laid up for a few days. The choir stuck to it manfully in his absence, but it was by no means the same thing, and everybody was glad when he recovered sufficiently to look after his erring lambs.

Those who are now being prepared for Confirmation will be confirmed at Holy Trinity Church, Marylebone, on Tuesday, April 3rd, at 8 p.m. It is hoped that their friends will be able to come and join in the service.

There will not be a service every day during Holy Week, but the usual Wednesday evening service will be held.

On Good Friday a half-hour service will be held at 10 a.m., and on Easter Sunday the Holy Communion at 7.30, but *not* a service at 10 o'clock, as most of us would rather join in a full Easter morning service at Church.

### Catholic Chapel Notes

MASS is said every Sunday at 9 a.m. and on Holidays of Obligation at 7.30 a.m. The Matron has arranged that those men who receive Holy Communion will be served

with breakfast immediately after the Mass. Confessions are heard on Saturdays at 12 o'clock or before any of the Masses.

The Chapel is being served on Sundays, for the present, by the Jesuit Fathers from Farm Street Church, W. The well-known Fr. Bernard Vaughan, S.J., has promised to come here one Sunday and give a short address. Fr. Hitchcock, of St. John's Wood Church, attends on Saturdays, and will occasionally look in during the week to have a chat and a smoke with the men, and perhaps a little music, as he is an accomplished musician.

Since the opening of the Chapel a number of beautiful and valuable gifts have been given by kind friends. Miss McLeod, one of our V.A.D., has painted a picture of our Patron, St. Dunstan, who many years ago was Archbishop of Canterbury. The picture hangs on the epistle side of the altar.

H. L. C.

### After-Care Notes

SINCE our last issue the shop for the sale of goods made by the men who have left St. Dunstan's has been opened at 206, Great Portland Street, W.1. With the exception of the first day of opening, which was very snowy, a regular stream of customers has been the order, and a large number of articles has been disposed of. A notice of the opening appeared in nearly all the daily papers, and it is hoped that the public will continue to support the shop. In order to secure this it will be necessary that they only receive the best articles for their money, and it is therefore hoped that all those who send goods for sale will remember this. If this is done a reputation will be built up which will secure a ready sale.





Among those who have already contributed articles to be sold at the shop are M. Lane, G. Brown, G. Lawlor, J. R. Brown, G. Dennis, F. Champniss, G. Rose (basket work), W. Pettit (wood-work).

We hear that an interesting card is being displayed in the window of one of the principal shops in Guildford bearing the words "It is up to you to help this blind soldier." Underneath appears the advertisement card of our friend Braithwaite. This advertisement is evidently doing him good, for he writes that he "is getting on well and has mountains of work, and is kept going early and late."

Selby, of St. Dunstan's Bungalow, Worthing, is very busy getting his garden ready for a good crop of potatoes, and in spite of difficulties caused by the weather is making headway. We shall hope to hear of good results from his crop.

Biggadyke has now moved into his new shop, with which he is very pleased. It is spacious and airy and is well warmed by a nice little stove. He has plenty of work on hand, and we sincerely hope his health will be better. He has just received notice that he is to receive the Military Medal, and he would like to have it presented to him at St. Dunstan's.

Coles, of Beckenham, is well and has become extremely interested in his work of poultry farming. He has changed his runs to fresh ground. He has his incubator going and hopes for good results. Both pullets and hens are laying well. He was recently asked to set up an incubator for a man who knew little of such things, and although the incubator was an entirely different make from his own he put it right and set it going nicely.

Allen, of Leigh, is "still going strong"

and has plenty of orders for bays. His tea agency is also flourishing, and he is doing a lot of Braille reading. He finds the Braille Library at Westminster very useful. See our note elsewhere.

We hear from one of our visitors that W. H. Collins, of Chalkman's Knoll, is settling down nicely and is very enthusiastic over his little domain. He has found a use for all his out-houses. He is rather far away from the village, but we hope he will have plenty to keep him busy and that his many plans will turn out successfully.

J. Nolan, of Quarry Farm, has been fortunate enough to buy a hand-cart for a trifling sum, and finds it most useful in conveying goods to and from market. He is so encouraged by his bargain that he is meditating the purchase of a motor.

A. Brown, of Spalding, was visited lately. He is well and happy and very busy preparing his poultry farm.

H. L. Green, of Gosport, is kept very busy making work and hand baskets. He has more orders than he can execute, and our expert reports that his work is well done.

H. W. Hale has settled down at Croydon. Both he and his wife are pleased with the house and shop. During the few weeks they have been at Croydon there has been a steady trade, and there appears to be a very good prospect for its continuance.

Our visitor called on Williams, of Michaelstone Fewd, the other day and found him very busy. His pullets are laying well and he had a lovely basket of eggs (ten dozen) just ready for market. He hopes to have a cow in a few weeks' time, and he has a shed all cleaned up ready for it. The next investment is to be a sow, and in time a pony. He has plenty of room for all—pigsty, stable, and three large meadows.



W. Turner, of Burslem, has plenty of orders for mats, the local people supporting him well. We wish his general health were better.

W. Pettit, of Harrow, writes: "I think it would be a good idea for those of us who have shop windows in and around London to show a card in some prominent position, tastefully worded and arranged, advertising the new premises at 206, Great Portland Street, W.1., adding a list of things on sale and inviting the public to pay us a call." He offers, further, to take any work the blind can do and place the orders in their proper quarter, gratis.

Neil McDonald writes: "I have received my moulding and I can get on with my trays when the bag rush is over. I had the REVIEW this month and heard Sir Arthur Pearson's account of the French soldiers blinded in this war. It is sad to think that there is so many of them and no one to look after them. It is enough to make us thank God that we are blessed with a great thinking man like Sir Arthur Pearson.

T. H. M.

## Parliament and the Chief

THE Right Hon. George Nicoll Barnes, in presenting the New Royal Warrant for Pensions of Non-Commissioned Officers and Men in the House of Commons on the 6th of March, 1917, said:—

"But a pension is not everything, and in many cases a pension is not the main thing. There are men who have to be dealt with as a result of this war, who, in spite anything that may be done for them in the way of pension, will find they will never be restored to their old conditions as long as they live. A pension in a case like that seems to be like giving an old friend a shilling, to get rid of him instead of putting

him in a position to earn two shillings, which is really what he wants. The work in the beginning was done largely by a number of voluntary agencies, the Government being at the time pre-occupied in making the War. It is only right to acknowledge the splendid zeal and disinterestedness of those agencies, and if I say a word about two or three of them I hope it will not be thought that the omission of others is any slight upon them. I simply mention some as representative of all. In the first place I want mention one which, I think, is perhaps more complete than any other—that is the splendid provision made at St. Dunstan's for the men blinded in the War. As is well known, Sir Arthur Pearson lives himself in a world of darkness, but that has not quenched the extraordinary energy which he has thrown into the relief of his fellow sufferers. Some 600 men have been blinded in the War. So far, 210 of them, I think, have already passed through St. Dunstan's. Three hundred are still there, and 100 others are to follow. Everything possible is done for them. In the first place they are rushed through that period of depression which inevitably comes to all of them. After that they are put to basket-making, and other industries that may suit them best, so as to fit them for occupation afterwards."

Sir Henry Norman, in the course of a speech which he contributed to the debate on the Royal Warrant, said:—

"As an example of what may be done by proper centralisation of knowledge and of authority, we have only to look at the blind in this country. Very fortunately for them they are all being dealt with in one central institution under the authority of one man, and we have been blessed in finding in Sir Arthur Pearson the man for the job. He has devoted himself with the admirable spirit of organisation, of which he was a master before he lost his sight, and with the most noble devotion to other blind men. We have in him a man who is turning out blind men, restoring them to courage and hope again, and turning them out with such efficiency as I am sure would be amazing to anyone who has not had an opportunity of looking into what is being done.





## The Boating Season

AT last the weather gave us a chance, and we seized it at once. The midday practices on Tuesdays and Fridays proved popular at once. The first start was in a bitterly cold wind, but the lady coxons stood it like bricks. The Braille and typewriting rooms supplied us with several willing volunteers to steer, and the Boy Scouts have been useful, while Bedford College ladies have again come to our aid.

We had thirty-six boats out on one occasion, and it is evident that we have got some very promising material among the new boys. We shall want all the best men we can find, as the prowess of St. Dunstan's rowing is stimulating competitors, who are already training hard.

However, we began the early morning boating on March 19th with a good muster of keen aspirants, and we shall hold our first race meeting on the Thames on Wednesday, April 25th, for home events, when we hope to have trials of strength between fours, pair oars, double and single sculls. Easter will, of course, interrupt us a little, but only for a few days, and there will be boating during the vacation for those who remain.

The proposed race between Old St. Dunsters' v. Present St. Dunsters' may take place in July; and as Rufus Shaw, Edward Bates, Tom Milligan, and William Pettit have offered to help, while we shall also have Sergeant Curtis-Willson and Spinks as reserves, the present men will have to put their backs into it to keep our colours flying. But this we feel sure that they will do.

Mr. Johnson is already taking the rowing men in hand, and Mr. Calcutt will be available as soon as we start the afternoon boating, which should be about the middle of April. All that the boating men want now is some decent weather in order to put in as much hard practice as possible.

After the April race meeting we shall

be able to see what sort of men will be the best to select for the various big events in the summer.

We shall need plenty of capable coxons, and we are relying as usual upon the ladies, who have not failed us in the past and are not likely to do now.

## The Man Next Me

I SAT and listened to a famous song,  
Each fibre of my being thrilled and  
thrilled;

Holes of remorse the music through me  
drilled,

The fork of memory pricked me with  
each prong.

My thoughts from old St. Dunstan's far  
did leap,

When lo! the man next me, in accents  
deep,

Leaned over close and grunted in my ear,  
"Say, chum, I couldn't half consume a  
pint of beer."

I sat and listened to the paper read,  
Tales of great triumph filled my happy  
soul;

I saw great armies through the desert  
roll,

I envied all the wounded—mourned the  
dead;

I looted all the harems of Bagdad.  
When suddenly I heard, with accents  
sad,

The man next me confiding to his mate  
How many sausages at meals he ate.

I sat and listened to a speaker great,  
He roused my patriotic soul to flame;  
He put all mundane thoughts of mine to  
shame,

He delved far into great affairs of State;  
He stirred my passions up to fever heat.  
Just then the man next me began to  
bleat.

He said, with husky voice and boastful  
air,

"Say, chum, my present girl has fine  
red hair!"

H. Turner.



## Reading the News

THE newspaper is read in the Inner Lounge every week morning at ten minutes to nine, and every Sunday at half-past nine. It is, so far as can be judged, a popular function, and is always listened to with attention.

It occasionally happens that the boys are in full song, with Tootell or Exall, or somebody else who can vamp hard at the piano, when the whistle blows. But however aggravated they may be at this interruption to their early morning vocal practice, they become instantly quiet and politely attentive.

Even the sisters, keen as they are on letter reading, announcements, and business generally, have been known to suspend operations to listen to the news. The boys cease typewriting, talking, even almost breathing, and the only one who ever interrupts is Horsley's little dog, and he does it more from ignorance than anything.

Of course, there is only time to skim the news, but the papers have been gone through previously, and all items deemed of interest have been marked, so that they can be found rapidly and in order. Sometimes the paper is read at too quick a rate, and the listeners have to keep their ears skinned to follow it at all; but they realise that the reader is a jumpy sort of person, who is always in too much of a hurry to do anything properly, and so they make allowances.

The newspapers have had a lot of good stuff in them in March, and the reports of the advance have been warmly received. It is perhaps a little difficult for the reader to know if he is pleasing everybody, but he would much appreciate any hints that may be given to him on any points. For instance, if there is anything that should be included that is habitually left out, and so on.

The whole thing has to be done quickly, as only a short time can be spared; but those who like to have

things gone into a little more fully can always attend the reading of the evening paper after supper, when more time can be given to it.

## The Sergeant Major

WHEN the sergeant-major calls yer,  
An' yer falls in on the  
square,

'Is keen grey eye goes 'er yer  
As 'e starts to cuss an' swear;  
An' yer stands there like a dummy  
Listenin' to 'is blessed views  
'Bout the colour of yer buttons  
Or the mud upon yer shoes.

It's the sergeant-major's duty  
To inspect the "Quarter Guard,"  
An' 'e does it with an effort  
That yer dinds so bloomin' 'ard;  
For if yer boayonitt doesn't glisten  
Like a shillin' in the sun,  
Yer can bet 'e's got yer spotted  
For Fatigue when Guard is done.

As yer stands there in a cluster,  
'E will call out loud, "Fall in!  
Rub them smiles from off yer faces,  
Stop that waggin' of yer chin.  
Now then, look to yer dressin',  
'Eads up, brace back them knees;  
Yer look a darned sight worsor  
Than a squad of V.A.D.'s."

Some say our sergeant-major  
Is related to "Old Nick,"  
'E's just the kind of demon  
Who can put it on yer thick.  
And' if yer have to go for Pack Drill  
When the bugle sounds retreat,  
It will start yer knees to tremble  
An' put blisters on yer feet.

Our sergeant-major's happy  
When he's knocking men in shape;  
He can make a smart young soldier  
From the figure of an ape.  
But if 'e sets 'is grey eye on yer,  
There's a reason to be ill,  
For 'e cuts you with 'is language  
An' tires yer with 'is drill.





An' we calls 'im "Mighty Atom"—

He's a god all on his own,  
A reg'lar "Julius Cæsar,"  
Who has lost his blooming throne.  
An' 'e smiles so kind of funny,  
Not bright with joy, or glad;  
Of course, 'e ain't the greatest blessin'  
That a sojer ever 'ad.

'Cause we're paid to do 'is biddin'  
We must stand 'is bloomin' cheek;  
After all 'e cannot plague us  
More than seven days a week.  
But when he swings you into action  
With his military pride,  
You're the sergeant-major's glory,  
It's a fact he cannot hide.

T. H. Dennison.

### Newcomers in March

Andrews, Private John	...	...	4th Royal Irish Fusiliers.
Ashton, Private Percy	...	...	67th Company, A.O.C.
Clarke, Private Stanley	...	...	2nd Royal Berks Regiment.
Costello, Private Michael	...	...	1st Battalion, Newfoundland.
Creasy, Corporal F. R.	...	...	3rd London R.F.
Diamond, Private William	...	...	2nd Sussex.
Dodds, Private Robert	...	...	9th D.L.I.
Evans, Private E. D.	...	...	1/4th Welsh Regiment.
Greenaway, Private J.	...	...	1st Royal Warwicks.
Griffin, Rifleman C. E.	...	...	London Rifle Brigade.
Hancock, Lance-Corporal E. J.	...	...	11th Royal West Kents.
Hotson, Private H.	...	...	8th East Yorks.
Lawlor, Private A.	...	...	4th King's Liverpool Regiment.
Lowrie, Private R. K.	...	...	7th K.O.S.B.
Mussell, Lance-Corporal F.	...	...	5th Wilts.
McClure, Torpedoman A.	...	...	H.M.S. "Bovic."
Nixon, Private S.	...	...	1st Royal Warwicks.
O'Callaghan, Gunner P.	...	...	R.F.A., 2nd Welsh.
Palmer, Private J.	...	...	15th H.L.I.
Printin, Private M.	...	...	1st Royal Irish Rifles.
Scally, Lance-Corporal J. E.	...	...	1st Lancashire Fusiliers.
Sheehy, Private J.	...	...	2nd K.O.Y.L.I.
Smith, Rifleman W. C.	...	...	18th K.R.R.
Smith, Private A.	...	...	5th Seaforths.
Tait, Sergeant F.	...	...	9th Royal Dublin Fusiliers.
Tomlinson, Private F.	...	...	9th Sherwood Foresters.
Trendell, Private F. G.	...	...	8th Royal Fusiliers.
Twigg, Private J. H.	...	...	1st Borderers.
Vigar, Private C. F.	...	...	31st Canadians.
Webb, Lance-Corporal W.	...	...	1st Connaught Rangers.
Wishert, Private J. G.	...	...	6th Northumberland Fusiliers.
Worgan, Private G.	...	...	13th Gloucesters.
Highet, Private A.	...	...	17th H.L.I.
Millen, Lance-Corporal G. A.	...	...	Machine Gun Corps.



### Old Boys' Addresses

Arnold, Pte. L., 61, Richmond Road, Dalston.	Davies, J. E., Blaenhowell, Prengwyn, Llandyssil, South Wales.
Adams, G., Hale House, Hale, Nr. Liverpool.	Davies, W., 48, Higson Street, Old Trafford, Salford.
Alexander, E., 63, Canning Rd., Highbury.	Davis, G., Rose Villa, Great Burstead.
Alcock, R., 6, Bank Rd., Ipswich.	Dennis, T., 31, Copnor Road, Portsmouth.
Allen, W., 53, Lord St., Leigh.	Dennison, T. H., Draycot Road, Forsbrook, Blyth Bridge, Stoke-on-Trent.
Arnold, A., 41, Wycliffe Rd., Wimbledon.	Devlin, T., 25, Liverpool Road, St. Helens, Lancashire.
Arnold, L., 61, Richmond Road, Dalston, N.	Dowson, T., 49, Welford Street, Middlesbro'.
Back, A. W., Sandy Lane, Rendham, nr. Saxmundham.	Duxbury, W., 2, Holly Bank Cottages, Ashley Lane, Mostyn Lane, Manchester.
Barley, J., 44, Dale St., Crosby, Scunthorpe.	Eaton, T., 40, Wenning St., Nelson, Lancs.
Batchelor, J., 15, Tooting Gr., Tooting.	Edmund, W. E., West Barn, Dunbar, N.B.
Bates, E., 17a, Prince of Wales Rd., Battersea.	Elborn, H., 23, Manaton Rd., Peckham, S.E.
Bell, J., The Oaks, Ewhurst, Surrey.	Evans, A., 1, Carlisle Pl., Newport Mon.
Bocking, A. J., 93, Franklin Street, Oldham.	Featherstone, P., Uplands Cottage, Ferriby, E. Yorks.
Brundrett, P., 7, Maurice St., Pandlebury.	Fleetwood, F., Tangland Castle, Tatsfield.
Berry, W. J., 38, Toyle Street, Old Park Road, Belfast.	Flett, H., 59, Woodview Rd., Golders Green.
Biggadyke, R., 41, Tower St., Boston.	Foster, F., 34, Clarence St., Plymouth.
Blaney, W., 16, West Strand, Whitehaven.	Foster, T., 2, St. Dunstan's Bungalows, Worting, near Basingstoke.
Bolton, C. E., 7, Broughton Cottages, Otford, Kent.	Foxon, W. J., 143, Valetta Road, Acton Vale W.
Boswell, E., 7, Foster's Yard, Church St., Gainsborough, Lincs.	Graves, R., 5, Inglewood Rd., West Hampstead N.W.
Bowers, W. J., 24, Lenelly Rd., Surbiton.	Goodeson, P., 66, Lower Mount Street, Dublin.
Braithwaite, F. G., 1, Chestnut Rd., Guildford.	Gordon, W., 365, Featherstall Road, Oldham.
Brown, A., East View, Weston Hills, Spalding, Lincs.	Green, Lionel, Langdale, St. Edward's Road, Gosport.
Brown, J. R., 11, Mount St., Nuneaton.	Groves, T. W., 43, Claremont Terr., Fleetwood.
Brown, G., Greenside, Ewhurst, Surrey.	Hallam, W. J., St. Dunstan's, Garden City, Sandiacre.
Brown, J., Warren Hall, Spout Lane, Brencley, Kent.	Hale, G., Market Place, Blackheath, Birmingham.
Brown, P., 2, Argyle Rd., N. Kensington.	Hale, H. W., 27, West Street, Croydon.
Carnell, W. C., Kilm Cottage, South Molton Rd., Bamton, Devon.	Hall, A. W., 150, High St., Sydenham.
Cathow, S., 32, Winning Street, Nelson, Lancs.	Hall, E. I., 170, Meyrick Road, Battersea.
Chamoniss, F., 239, High Rd., Willesden Green.	Hall, E. J., 170, Meyrick Road, Clapham Junction.
Chapple, F., Prince of Wales Cottage, Parsonage Lane, Enfield.	Halls, W. C., 42, Upper Jackson St., Hulme, Manchester.
Clarke, E., High St., Edwinstowe.	Harker, J., Vivery Cross Rd., Southwick, near Brighton.
Clarke, W. W., 94, Ilderton Rd., Bermondsey.	Harper, A., 3, Ramsay Square, Loanhead, Edinburgh.
Colle, M., 120, Dawes Rd., Waltham Green, W.	Hayes, H., Main Street, Ballincolligh, Cork.
Coles, G. B., Beckingham, Notts.	Herriot, Clifton, Bryn-y-maen Rd., Upper Colwyn Bay.
Collins, W. H., Chalkman's Knoll, Bygrave Rd., Ashwell, near Baldock.	Hicks, A. E., 145, Glengall Rd., Peckham, S.E.
Colville, H., Culross, Lancaster Av., Hadley Wood.	Hill, H. E., 212, Upper Empress Rd., Bevis Valey, Southampton.
Cooper, T. S., 42, Chestnut Av., Queen's Rd., Hull.	Hills, C., Post Office, Wagga Wagga, New South Wales, Australia.
Cook, H., 30, Haggerston Road, Wolton, Liverpool.	Holden, J., 1a, Roebuck St., West Bromwich.
Cromwell, W., Blackfriars Inn, Gloucester.	Holmes, A., 23, Mornington Road, Ilkley.
Culshaw, J. W., 12, Springwood Rd., Townley, Buryley.	Horsnell, W., 1, Broadway, Charlton — ?
Curtis-Willson, Sergt., Woodglade, New Chapel Rd., Lingfield, Surrey.	Hudson, H., c/o Mrs. Trescott, Alexandra St., Hunters Hill, Sydney, N.S.W.
Daumont, O., 61, Carlton Vale, W.	
Davidson, W., Gortmacraire, Kilsca, Co. Down, Ireland.	
Davis, C., 89, Kingsland Rd., St. Phillips, Bristol.	





- Hulme, H., 18, Iona Street, Oldham, Lancs.  
 Hurst, H., The Myres, Great Longstone, Derbyshire.  
 Hutchinson, M. A., 77a, Belmont Park Road, Leyton.  
 Johnson, E., c/o Miss Miller, 24, Melbourne Street, Carlisle.  
 Johns P., 19, School Board Lane, Brampton, Chesterfield.  
 Kerr, J. W., 180, Widnes Rd., Widnes, Lancs.  
 Kirby, H., The Hydro, Middleton Rd. Camp, Heaton Pk., Manchester.  
 Kirkby, J., 147, Wellington St., Millom, Cumberland.  
 Kitchen, F., Knott Fold, Hyde, near Manchester.  
 Kitson, A., Everingham, Yorks.  
 Knight, C., Wiggaton, Ottery St. Mary, Devons.  
 Lane, M., 1a, Ebenza Bldgs., Islington, N.  
 Lath, J. T., 19, Channing St., Sheffield.  
 Latham, G., Hyde End Lodge, Brimpton, Berks.  
 Law, A., 5, Windmill Rd., Wandsworth Common, S.W.  
 Lawlor, G., 4, Terrace Gar., St. Alban's Rd., Watford.  
 Leeman, Sergt., 89, Robert St., Great Grimsby, Lincs.  
 Lenderyon, A. F., 96, Alcroft Road, Queen's Crescent, Kentish Town.  
 Letch, S. J., Hatfield Peveril, Essex.  
 Lilley, A., Cherry Tree Farm, Unsworth.  
 Lingard, W., 6, Sunnyside Cottages, Writtle.  
 Lomas, J., 5, Lauriston Road, South Hackney, N.E.  
 Lomas, G., 297, Manchester Road, Burnley.  
 Lowden, Pte. J., 32, Grasscroft Street, Stalybridge, Cheshire.  
 Lynch, D., 4, Mayfield, Cork City.  
 McFarlane, M., Granville Canadian Special Hospital, Ramsgate.  
 Maclean, D., Cherry Tree Cottage, Unsworth, near Manchester.  
 Makin, D., 55, Thames St. East, Wallsend-on-Tyne.  
 Mapp, G. I., 7, Osborn Place, Birmingham.  
 Marks, S., 12, Weaver Street, Chester.  
 Marshall, F., 88, Finkle St., Cottingham, near Hull.  
 Matthews, C. W., 85, Belmont Rd., Maidenhead.  
 Mayell, B., 137, Fulwell Road, Hampton Hill, S.W.  
 Meares, A., 25, Osborn Road, Leyton.  
 Millar, W., Hardwick Rectory, Aylesbury.  
 McCairn, E., 17, Maybury Street, Tooting.  
 Millward, T., 11, Wentworth Terrace, off York Rd., Leeds.  
 Minchin, W., Sandfield Cottage, Pitch Place, Worpleson, Guildford, Surrey.  
 Moon, J., 1, Military Rd., Cork.  
 Moore, A. E., 75, Faraday St., Walworth, S.E.  
 Melling, D., Powell St., Clayton, Manchester.  
 McCarthy, P., 29, Kickham St., Clonmel.  
 McCarthy, D., 71a, Clarendon Rd., Notting Hill, W.  
 McCarthy, W. F., 1, Lutterworth Rd., Attleborough, Nuneaton.  
 McDonald, N., 108, Glebe St., Townhead, Glasgow.  
 McNally, G., 5, Tyson St., Pendleton.  
 Milligan, T., The Hydro, Middleton Rd. Camp, Heaton Pk., Manchester.  
 Nolan, J., Quarry Farm, Gwysaney, Mold, Flintshire.  
 Orrell, J., Wigan Rd., New Spring, Wigan.  
 Orvis, A. R., 142, Blythe Rd., Hammersmith.  
 Owen, D., Tyn-y-frith, Llanellan, Colwyn Bay.  
 Owens, J., 5, Campbell St., Newmilns, Ayrshire.  
 Owen W., 12, Ogwell Street, Bethesda, Carnarvon.  
 Pettit, W., 124, Pinner Rd., Harrow.  
 Patston, A. H., c/o Mr. Parry, Oxmead, Ewhurst, Surrey.  
 Payne, G. E., 77, Queensland Rd., Holloway, N.  
 Pell, G., 13, Gladstone St., Kettering, Northants.  
 Pugh, J., 20, All Saints Street, Caledonian Rd., King's Cross, N.  
 Pugh, I., 129, Rosoman Street, Clerkenwell.  
 Rutter, J., 10, Cross Road, Bridgewater Street, Winton, Patricroft, Manchester.  
 Roberts, J., 1, Campbell Ter., Southend-on-Sea.  
 Roddy, C., 25, New Rowas, Washington, Co. Durham.  
 Rodgers, A. C., 32, Trafalgar Road, Hightown, Wrexham.  
 Rose, G. W., 14, The Triangle, Ruby St., Old Kent Rd., S.E.  
 Saxon, J., The Cottage, Chapelfield, Radcliffe.  
 Sebbage, W., Clayhill, Stonegate, Ticehurst.  
 Selby, J., Sergeant, 1, St. Dunstan's Bungalows, Worting, nr. Basingstoke.  
 Shaw, G. W., 73, Castle Road, Cathcart, Glasgow.  
 Spinks, J., 50, Stockport Rd., Ashton-under-Lyne.  
 Spiers, C., Friars Court, Friars Entry, Oxford.  
 Sheppard, C., 141, Shear Cross, Crockerton, Warrminster.  
 Street, W., 37, Bewdley St., Evesham.  
 Spry, R., Dominican Priory, Woodchester, Stroud.  
 Sewell, C. (same as Milligan).  
 Shaw, R., 9, Arundel St., Burnley, Lancs.  
 Shepherd, Thomas, 10, Marsh Brook Fold, West Houghton, near Bolton, Lancs.  
 Shimmers, M. J., 80, Hounslow Road, Whitton, Twickenham.  
 Smith, A., New St., Retford, Notts.  
 Speight, W. G., Bridge House, Bolton-le-Sands, near Carnforth, Lancs.  
 Stanners, R., 114, Oxford Rd., High Wycombe.  
 Steel, J., 799, Springburne Rd., Glasgow.  
 Stewart, J., 74, Longfield Rd., Todmorden.  
 Sumner, P. S., 8, Norman St., Lincoln.

# St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

Edited and written by

The Staff and the Boys

ST. DUNSTAN'S MOTTO:

"What the eye doesn't see, the heart doesn't grieve about."

No. 11.

May, 1917



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# St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

No. 11.—NEW SERIES.

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## Editorial Notes.

WITH our next number we shall complete our first volume. The actual start was in June last year, but owing to the holidays we did not publish in August, so that there will be two Junes in our first year. The success of the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW has been greater than any of us hoped, and it has now become one of our institutions.

It will be remembered that the original idea was to produce a little typewritten monthly magazine to give pleasure and amusement to one blinded soldier who had a taste for scribbling, and whose health prevented him from partaking in any of our sports and amusements. From that modest start our magazine has evolved. I think that the boys, both new and old, would miss it very much now if it ceased to appear. And that is all the reward we expect.

The magazine is sent to all parts of the civilised world, with the exception of the United States, whither the Censor will not permit it to pass. Naturally, it makes no attempt to get to Germany or its attendant satellites.

What I want to say this month is that its columns are not used as freely as I should like by the soldiers themselves. I want their news, their gossip, their experiences; but I want it short. My great difficulty is want of space, and I must once more advise everybody to keep his matter as short as possible. I have several articles in hand which I cannot get in because they are too long.

I think we are going to have a fine summer, and if I am right then it will be a good year for sport. Let the new boys take advantage of it and join in our rowing and our games and get themselves as fit as possible. You have all got a long time to live, so get as fit as you can.

THE EDITOR.

## Notes by the Chief.

I MUST begin my notes by telling you something about the Great Bazaar which is to be held at the Royal Albert Hall on the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th of May for the benefit of our After-Care Branch. The gracious Patroness of St. Dunstan's, Queen Alexandra, has consented to perform the Opening Ceremony on the first day, and you will realise how much this means when I tell you that this is the only ceremony of the kind which Her Majesty has performed since the death of King Edward. Nothing could show more vividly the really true and sympathetic interest taken by Queen Alexandra in all that makes for the benefit of St. Dunstan's. Her Majesty is to be supported by no fewer than eight Princesses, and each of these Royal Ladies is to be President of a stall at the Bazaar. The other Stall Presidents are among the greatest ladies of the land; indeed, it is safe to say that no function of the kind has ever been held under such distinguished





auspices. The stalls have been furnished by many of the leading mercantile houses of London, and by private donors, some of whom have already been among our most generous supporters.

There is to be a St. Dunstan's stall, at which will be shown the best possible variety of the different kinds of work learnt here. It will be presided over by Lady Pearson—who has organised all the stall-holding arrangements—and among her helpers will be those familiar friends the Matron, Miss Power, Miss Pain and Mrs. Rose. The goods on this stall will be for show only, and orders for similar articles will be taken which will, I expect, keep the fellows who have left busy for many a long day.

Next month I shall ask the Editor to publish a full statement giving the names of the generous folk who have helped to make the 'Blinded Soldiers' Bazaar the huge success which I am sure it is going to be.

Meanwhile, I must content myself by adding that the Second Day's Opening Ceremony is to be performed by the wife of the Prime Minister, and that on the Third Day by the Lord Mayor of London, who will attend in Full State; while the Fourth Day's sale is to be opened by one whom modesty forbids me to particularise.

What should we call ourselves? St. Dunstanites, St. Dunsters, and St. Dunstanners have all been used, and it seems time that there was a definite understanding as to which is the best name for those who are or have been here. My own preference is for St. Dunstanners, and I think that we had better fix upon that as our designation.

In a recent number of the REVIEW I told you of some subscriptions which had reached us from far away and un-

usually interesting sources. This month I have some particularly good news of contributions from exceptionally interesting sources at home. His Majesty the King, whose letter of appreciation of the way in which the men of St. Dunstan's are learning to fit themselves anew for the battle of life appeared in the last number, has shown his practical approval of what he saw when he visited us by forwarding the very handsome donation of £500 for the After-Care Scheme, in the details of which His Majesty evinced great interest. Last month we also received £100 from the Queen, allocated to St. Dunstan's by Her Majesty from a sum which had been placed at her disposal by the Chicago Branch of the Daughters of the British Empire. Her Royal Highness Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, whose visit in connection with the Lord Kitchener Memorial Gift is so pleasant a memory, also forwarded the sum of £345 which she had collected for St. Dunstan's.

I was very pleased the other day to hear some most complimentary remarks as to the smart appearance of the inmates of St. Dunstan's. I do not believe in foppishness, but I do most firmly believe in the necessity for an extra degree of neatness in the case of blind folk. Untidiness goes a long way towards giving that impression of helplessness which I am sure all of you agree with me it is so important that we should take care to avoid giving. The untidiness of the blind beggar, combined with his general air of incapacity, is the main reason for the usual impression among people who can see of the helplessness of the blind. The more untidy the blind beggar looks and the more incapable he appears to be, the more pennies rattle into his little tin cup. His apparently helpless figure remains impressed upon the mind of the passer-by, and becomes the recognised standard of the capacity of those who



cannot see. And in this matter of tidiness it is not only the blind beggar who is to blame. I know several blind men who are extremely capable, but who give an entirely false impression of helplessness on account of their untidy appearance. You fellows, both now and hereafter, are going to do much to remove the idea that blindness is another word for helplessness, and personal neatness will assist a great deal in this.

What a pity it is that the world will not permit proverbs which are recognised as applying generally to human affairs, to be applied to the lives of the blind. It is very usually held to be the fact that "What the eye does not see, the heart does not grieve for," and yet most folk seem to imagine that the man who has been deprived of sight spends a great deal of his time in useless fretting about things which he has ceased to see! To me, as I expect to all of you, it is a pleasure to recall memories of things we have seen. But it is no more a cause for regret than is the fact that I am no longer able to suck my big toe, as I could in the very early stages of my existence.

Most people also believe firmly that "Practice makes perfect"; and yet they refuse to regard as an ordinary fact, the ability of the person who has been deprived of sight to perfect himself by practice. In a way it is gratifying to find one's most ordinary doings looked upon as miracles, but on the whole I think it is rather humiliating to feel that one is regarded as a wonder when one shows oneself to be possessed of all the senses but that of sight. To say nothing of having developed some faculties of which people who can see are quite ignorant.

It has been my privilege to include in

these monthly notes many very interesting letters. You will all remember those from His Majesty the King, from Lord French, and Sir William Robertson. And you will, I am sure, be proud to read this one from Lord Derby, Secretary of State for War:—

WAR OFFICE, WHITEHALL, S.W.  
9th April, 1917.

My Dear Pearson,

You write to ask me to give you a message of encouragement to the blinded soldiers and sailors. Are you not wrong in doing this, and ought I not to ask you for a word of encouragement from them?

I never shall forget my visit to St. Dunstan's and the extraordinary pluck, courage and cheerfulness shown by all its inmates; their absolute belief in the final triumph of the Navy and the Army; their willing sacrifice of the greatest gift the Almighty can give—the power of sight—and their determination under their handicap to still make themselves useful members of society, was a lesson to all of us and a striking rebuke to the pessimism which seems to be so rampant in this country.

No word of encouragement from me can, I feel, be an incentive to further courage on their part. On the contrary, their example is one which makes one feel that whatever one can do oneself for the Army is all too small, and I thank them with all my heart for that example.

Yours sincerely,  
DERBY.

I have just had a quite interesting personal experience of the fact which I am never tired of emphasising, that many more things than would be supposed which one has done before one lost one's sight, are easy to do after. Some years ago I used to ride a great deal, but when my sight failed, I came to the conclusion that riding was no longer of any use to me, and gave it up completely. During my Easter holiday, I thought that I would try what it was like to mount a horse again; and I discovered that riding was just as easy and just as enjoyable as ever it was. I don't say that I would



get upon a young one, and put him at anything that came in the way as I used to, but ordinary straight away riding came back again perfectly naturally to me, and I thoroughly enjoyed some scampers over the Sussex Downs. I am free to confess that the example was set me by some of our young officers, who have continued to ride instead of giving it up as I stupidly did. But then, they were not grandfathers when they lost their sight.

### St. Dunstan's Gossip

**M**ANY of us remember Sergeant Woods, the New Zealander, with pleasure, and the way in which he studied massage at all hours of the day and night was a tribute to his dogged perseverance. He writes to us from his home at the Antipodes, under date February 11th. He tells us that the REVIEW brings back to his mind many happy recollections of the days he spent here. He now has a good position on the Government Tourist Department, "with every indication of a happy and prosperous future." He thinks that the REVIEW is an excellent medium for keeping all the Old Boys in touch with St. Dunstan's, its work, and sport "that is being carried on after some of us are thousands of miles away." How delightful it is to find that the Old Boys of the Colonies remember us with so much friendliness.

Captain Russell Roberts is one of the very few men who have been mauled by a lion and escaped alive. One of these days we hope to induce him to tell the story to the St. Dunstan's boys. It is a very thrilling episode, but Captain Roberts is afflicted with modesty, and we cannot hope to get it out of him except by a sudden and unexpected assault when he cannot plead other

engagements. The marks of the lion's teeth on his arm prove how near a squeak he had for his life.

Miss Dorothy Tompkins was married to Lieutenant Arthur Edgar, of the 2/6th East Surreys, on April 10th. The ceremony took place at St. Martin's Church, East Woodbury, Hants. Mrs. Edgar is, however, not to be lost to us, as she promised to return to St. Dunstan's by the beginning of this month. Mrs. Edgar is one of our chief helps at our own concerts, as she not only accompanies well, but has a sweet and sympathetic voice. We all wished her every happiness on her wedding, and are glad that she thought of our happiness as well by coming back.

The death of Captain Oakden was a great grief to us all. He was a splendid fellow, full of vitality and spirits and prepared to take an active part in all our doings. He started boating with us, and as he was an excellent sculler we had built hopes upon him for our big race in the summer. He also intended to join in the debates and any other pursuits that were going. He was just the right sort of officer for St. Dunstan's, and his loss is a great one.

Miss Maud Kahn, the daughter of Mr. Otto Kahn, is, we are informed, wholeheartedly in sympathy with the Allies. She has shown this in a practical way by contributing generously to many organisations engaged in war relief and by donning a French Red Cross uniform and working actively in the cause. Mr. Otto Kahn has sent us a cheque for £50 to be devoted to the use of the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW. We are greatly obliged to him.

The Countess of Minto paid us a visit just before Easter, but unluckily she

arrived just after work had ceased. But she went round the shops and classrooms, under the guidance of Mrs. Craven, and was so interested that she promised to come again to see everybody at work. Visitors may be reminded that the working hours are between 9.30 and 12 in the morning and 2.30 and 4.30 in the afternoon.

The two Miss Pains, who helped so efficiently as V.A.D.'s, have been ordered to France for six months, where they are going to do hospital work. They were very popular. By the way, we hope that Miss Redfern will not forget that she promised to come back to us in April, and that was last month. She will get a hearty welcome.

Sergeant T. H. Dennison's poems are quite a feature of our magazine. Last month there appeared "The Sergeant-Major," which had a particularly good lift. Miss Kittie Douglas, the well-known variety artiste, has asked if she may use this as an encore number at the music-halls, as she thinks that it will go very well. We are sure it will, and we congratulate both Miss Douglas on her perception and Sergeant Dennison on his performance.

Now that the Boy Scouts have in many cases grown big enough to be put into khaki they present a very military appearance in the Hall, where they are under the command of Brown, the door-keeper. Brown has not always had an easy task, as boys will be boys, but the present contingent is so useful and so well behaved that we are sure his troubles must be lightened. Some of these youngsters cox the boats for us on the lake, and they are excellent at the job. The early rising appears to agree with them, but, of course, only the smart ones take it on.

Mrs. St. Johnston writes from Sutton Coldfield to tell us how much she appreciated her recent visit to St. Dunstan's. This lady helps us by training the sighted relatives of our men in poultry farming and finds her work most interesting. Mrs. St. Johnston's assistance is greatly appreciated by those whom she aids.

Corporal Richard Vine was married on April 11th to Miss Louie Hodgman at St. Mary Magdalene Church, Chiswick. He is starting as a telephonist and shorthand clerk with his old firm, Messrs. Bullivant & Co., and is therefore another of the ever-growing band to resume his original place in life. Vine has taken up basket-making as a side hobby, and he does not intend to give up boating with us, in which he is a keen participant. He takes the best wishes of all of us with him, and he will be greatly missed at our Thursday debates.

Clifford Scott tells us that he started his massage work at the Edgar Allen Institute, Sheffield, at the beginning of the month, and that everybody is very nice to him and the place is "simply splendid." He wants us all to know that he had an enjoyable time while he was at St. Dunstan's and constantly thinks of the old place with gratitude.

We have heard from R. Graves, the masseur, who tells us that he has obtained an appointment at Mount Vernon Military Hospital and that he is making good progress with his patients, of whom there are at present twenty. His principal work is to give them "resistive exercises" from ten to thirty minutes, but he also applies massage in several cases for flat foot, indigestion, rheumatism, and so forth. He finds his work very interesting and enjoys having regular employment.





Good news comes from J. R. Brown, of Nuneaton, the enterprising basket-maker, who sends us so many novel designs. On April 2nd Mrs. Brown presented him with a fine son, and he writes to tell us that he is very proud of him. So St. Dunstan's is now a grandfather, and we all hope that our grandchildren will cause us as much satisfaction as their fathers have done.

Quite a business is done by Sergeant Hetherington in the photographs that are taken of the men both at work and play. These are excellent pictures, most of them being groups in the Workshop or at the Poultry Farm, and as they are also good likenesses the boys like to send them to their friends. They are for the most part framed by our own joiners, under the guidance of Sammy Shields.

Miss McCullough is one of the chief persons of interest at St. Dunstan's. She keeps the cash-box! When money is wanted for any of the various things for which it is wanted—and there are many of them—she it is to whom we have to go with our fancy tales in the effort to extract it. And what a lot of money she must have, for nobody ever retires discomfited. Miss McCullough is a charming person, who has never been known to be perturbed or vexed by the many and constant demands made upon her.

We have to record our thanks to the editor of *Blighty* for sending us his cheery little paper every week so that it may be read to the men at St. Dunstan's. As everybody knows, this paper cannot be bought, and it is only by a special act of grace that we get it. Its jokes and racy anecdotes are much appreciated, and its humour appeals directly to us all.

A special farewell with musical honours was given to Russell on his departure for

the Easter holidays. Vine and Green were, we believe, chiefly responsible for the hastily improvised band that serenaded him in the Hall, the favourite instrument being a comb and a piece of paper. Russell accepted the honour with much dignity of demeanour but declined to return thanks in a set speech. For the sake of the ears of the staff it is hoped that this form of farewell will not become too general.

Our old friend Drummond is back with us again, and is now taking up massage. He graduated in joinery and diving when he was originally with us, but he has decided that these worlds were too small for him and he has elected to join the hard-working band of masseurs. We are sure that his unwearying patience will carry him safely through all the difficult examinations.

Corporal G. C. Stacy was married on Easter Sunday to Miss Mary Carpenter at St. Mary Magdalene Church in Essex Road, Islington. He gave a bachelor supper party on the previous Tuesday at 12, Sussex Place to his fellow massage students, when speeches were made and Toft presented a bouquet to Miss Carpenter.

Rufus Shaw, one of the best sportsmen we ever had, is also a father, and we send him hearty congratulations. Shaw will now have a fresh incentive to work, and we are glad to hear that he is doing well at his boot repairing trade. We all remember with pride that he was mentioned in despatches, and from what we know of him we are sure he well deserved it.

We must apologise for two misprints in names last month. The first was Mrs. Woolf, who is so useful to us at Brighton, and the second was Mr. MacLaren. The latter name was given as "McLarch,"



and Mr. McLaren pointed out that as he was at work in the joinery department it was just as well to give him the name of a tree if we could not give him his own.

Miss E. M. Bruford, the blind Braille teacher, writes to us as follows:—

After the remarks made in a recent issue of the REVIEW, perhaps my experience may be interesting. For a long time I used an unmarked watch with unstrengthened hands, and I have never known, either in my own case nor that of others, any damage done through touching the hands. As I am the reading examiner at St. Dunstan's, where the time limit allowed is twenty-two minutes and a half, I feel that a marked watch should be used and I am doing so, but I do not think that it is necessary for blind people in general to have anything unusual done to their watches. By this I do not wish to infer that our men at the Hostel do not need a marked and strengthened watch at present, as they are now only starting to cultivate their touch, but I am sure that eventually they will (most of them) train themselves to be able to use the ordinary watch, should they ever be placed in such a position to make it necessary.

Leslie Wale, of the poultry section, has been passed for general service and will have been called up by the time these lines are in print. We wish him the best of luck. He has only just turned eighteen, and he has only just recovered from a bad arm, so that he has performed his duty to his country as soon as it was possible for him to do so. He has been a useful poultry instructor, and we are sure that he will prove a useful soldier.

George Rice, of the 7th Battalion Royal Sussex, was married on the last day of March to Miss Bessie Vint at Peckham. There has been a regular epidemic of marriages in the past few weeks, and we congratulate all the ladies who have been lucky enough to get our

men for husbands. It is understood that marriage frequently follows upon an outbreak of German measles.

Miss Mead, who did so well for us at Chesham in November last, organised another Sale of Work for the benefit of St. Dunstan's at Surbiton on Saturday, April 14th. All the articles were made by our own men, and a brisk business was the result. Two concerts were given in the course of the afternoon and evening, and tea was provided. No charge was made for admission. Miss Mead is entitled to our thanks, which we gratefully convey to her.

Lance-Corporal Charles Connell, of the 7th Battalion Royal Warwickshire Regiment, was omitted from the list of "Newcomers in March." Will any other new men who have not had their names included kindly let us know so that the lists may be made complete?

Mr. Havelock was responsible for a concert, the proceeds of which were divided between St. Dunstan's and Roehampton. It was held in the evening of Sunday, April 15th, at the Southfields Lyceum Cinema under distinguished patronage. A long list of well-known artistes appeared on the programme, and the Scots Guards' Pipers and Dancers Military Band was a great attraction. During the evening Mr. Havelock put up for auction two waste-paper baskets made by Lawlor and Lane, which were eagerly bid for by the generous audience.

A hockey match, in which the teams wore fancy dress, was played at Castle Bar Park on Saturday, April 14th, for the benefit of St. Dunstan's. The opposing teams were the Great Western Railway and Selfridge's, and an excellent game was watched by a large crowd. After the match, the visitors indulged





in tea, music and dancing in the pavilion. During an interval Mr. C. E. Rose gave a short account of the work and play at St. Dunstan's, and Mr. E. E. Daws—who, with Miss Pearce, had organised the undertaking—informed him that the sale of the sixpenny tickets had produced about £15. We accord them our hearty thanks.

Miss Dorothy Pain has assumed her Commandant's red frock, and presents a brave appearance. The pleasant warmth of the colour did something to reconcile us to the inclemency of the weather in the first half of April.

Messrs. Mowatt and Passmore, who are getting together a crew of old Worcester boys to row against us on the river at Putney, arrived at the Hostel on Saturday, April 14th, to fix up the date and other matters. It has been decided to have the race on Wednesday, July 25th, and the old Worcesters would like to row against both the present St. Dunstan's Four and the old St. Dunstan's. They propose to compete in fours, pair-oars, double sculls and single sculls, and they began their practice on Saturday last, the 28th of the month. The St. Dunstan's Regatta on the 25th of July should provide an excellent day's racing, but we shall have to put our backs into it if we wish to prevent our colours being lowered. So, as the song says, "Row, brothers, row."

Mr. H. D. Black's Settlement Department is always busy, but it had an unusually active time last month, when a large number of old boys left us to set up for themselves. It is perhaps not generally realised what a lot of work falls upon the Settlement Department, where Mr. Black and his assistants are often kept hard at it from early morning until late at night.

Among our latest subscribers is Major-General Sir Francis Eustace, K.C.B., who paid us a recent visit, and who, as "The Chief," wrote in these columns, is himself now quite blind, but is taking up his new life with courage and energy, and is devoting himself to the study of Braille and typewriting.

Miss Pemberton, the energetic lady who sees to it that the outside world is kept informed of our more important doings, takes the keenest interest in our daily life, and is constantly round the shops, class-rooms and grounds with notebook and eager questions. And she sees to it that the latter get answered.

Miss Hine wishes us to say that the Whist Drive at St. Anne's Hall, Brondesbury, on March 3rd, was entirely got up by Mr. H. E. Firmin, and that while she was glad to help him, the whole credit of the enterprise was due to him alone.

Sergeant Curtis-Willson tells us that his weekly consignments of eggs to London now total over 60 dozen. He promises to pay us a visit soon, and is quite willing to take part in the old boys' boat races in July.

Some of the wounded Canadians from Vimy Ridge are already in hospital in preparation for coming to St. Dunstan's. We shall be glad to welcome them, and hear all about the wonderful day when they stormed the famous Ridge and gave the Germans something to remember for the rest of their lives.

We have heard from Lance-Corporal Bocking, who has changed his address since his marriage, and wishes us to alter it on our list at the end of the MAGAZINE. It would be a great con-



venience if any Old Boys who notice any mistakes in their addresses would let us know at once so that they may be rectified.

Henry Strawbridge has found a poem by T. Vincent, who is known as "The blind poet of Honiton." It is upon the subject of "What the Kaiser thought—and what came of it." It is a racy bit of verse, the argument of which is that the Kaiser started to make things lively for Europe and that John Bull ended by making things lively for him; we regret that space prevents us from quoting from it; but the poem has been printed and can be obtained from the author.

At last the spirit of emulation has aroused our V.A.D. Sisters, and they are determined to enter the boating lists. It is their hope to get up a four at St. Dunstan's and row both Sussex Place and the College ladies. The selected crews will go into training with vigour, and the race will take place on the Regent's Park lake as soon as everything can be arranged. The rowing men are greatly delighted at the new development, but are a little afraid that the Sisters may want to challenge them.

Mr. A. R. Bettinson, of the National Sporting Club, seeing the paragraph in last month's REVIEW, promptly sent in an invitation to go and hear the boxing. Nine of the men gave in their names and had a good night's fun on Monday, the 16th April. There were some excellent Army and Navy competition bouts and three events of from 10 to 15 rounds, which the visitors followed with the greatest interest. Jimmy Wilde, in khaki, came and chatted to us, and received a challenge from Tom Boteler for just one round for the glory of St. Dunstan's. Jimmy, however, did not like the active look

of Boteler, and declined on the ground that he was not in training and was also expecting to go out to France in a fortnight and do another kind of fighting. Cigarettes and refreshments were generously provided, and a pleasant sporting evening was passed. The blinded soldiers warmly thanked Mr. Bettinson and the National Sporting Club for their hospitality.

John Brown sends us a letter from Brenchley, in which he says: "Nothing much happens here, except a lot of scandal, one neighbour running down another, and I am sometimes placed in a funny position, as they come and tell me all their woes and I side with every-one and do my best to keep a straight face. A great saying among the villagers here is: 'Oh! them that come from London don't know nothing at all? They also think that Scotland is a great big hill with a few houses scattered about.' All of which is as amusing as it is interesting."

Here is an extract from a letter written by a man who has passed through St. Dunstan's to a newly-blinded soldier at St. Mark's Hospital:—

You have doubtless heard a great deal of St. Dunstan's; but, whatever you have heard, it cannot have been overpraised. Staying there entirely changed my view regarding the future. Within a few days of your arrival you will be quite at home, and, besides having an excellent training, you will have a very good time. I do not know what you propose to take up, but, whatever it is, you may be sure that the best that can be done will be done in the best possible and most agreeable manner.

This sort of thing is very cheering to Sir Arthur and the Staff.

Private H. Donlan, late of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, now at Blackheath, says that he has received a present of potatoes





from County Meath, which he has planted in the Annexe garden and from which he hopes to obtain a fine crop for the benefit of all of us.

Harry Hurst, of Great Longstone, Derbyshire, has gained a great reputation amongst the village poultry keepers due to the following incident. One of his hens—a white Wyandotte—eager to uphold the best traditions of the St. Dunstan's method of feeding, laid a hard-shelled and a soft-shelled egg for six consecutive days. On the seventh day, conscious of having "done her bit," she laid a "yolk" only, dying a few moments later.

Mr. H. D. Black thinks that new men would be well advised always to accept the offer held out to them of learning a second trade. A slack time for the boot repairer may prove a busy one for the same man who is also a mat maker. The idea seems to prevail that it is best to *take one thing at a time*. This is a mistake in these days when raw materials are so difficult to obtain. With two occupations to work at the chances of success are greatly improved.

We all had to thank our old friend Strawbridge on Primrose Day for neat little bunches of primroses which he had thoughtfully arranged to be sent from his home in Honiton to arrive here on April 19th. It was a kindly action and was greatly appreciated.

Lady Maud Warrender sang to the boys on one of our homely evenings that the Commandant Matron takes so much pleasure in arranging. Lady Maud has a beautiful voice, and sang a ballad and an Irish battle hymn. She also made a neat little speech, in which she promised to come again as a result

of her warm welcome. On the same evening Mr. Stuart Baynes gave us a few songs which were well received.

On April 3rd, several of our men were confirmed by the Bishop of London at Holy Trinity Church, Marylebone Road.

Miss Owen, who works in North Wales among the civilian blind, visited St. Dunstan's recently, and as she aptly said, "Had her eyes opened by the blind soldiers" as to what could be done. She had hitherto not heard of poultry and joinery for the non-sighter.

Walter Leonard was married on April 22nd to Miss Clara Pinkhams at the Roman Catholic Church in Quex Road, Kilburn, at 1 o'clock. Afterwards the happy pair went to Soham, in Cambridgeshire, where Leonard will start his mat-making business. Corporal Tarry was married to Miss Tucker on the last day of March, and the ceremony was followed by a lunch at Pagani's, at which many of his friends were present.

On April 23rd, St. George's Day, our Commandant Matron made a generous gift of roses to all the boys in St. Dunstan's and all the Annexes, as well as to the staff and everyone employed. It was a happy idea of hers—one of the many happy ideas that are always coming to her.

Mr. W. Cook, of Orpington, has made a thoughtful gift to our Blackheath Annexe. Hearing that Commandant Ommaney intended to start poultry farming on a small scale, he sent six White Leghorn hens and a cock. They arrived safely on April 18th, and the hens celebrated the fact by providing



three eggs on the 19th. It was not discovered which were the layers, but the hens all looked so pleased that the sisters had not the heart to inquire.

Swimming will begin on Friday, the 4th of May. Mr. Murray Atkins will be in charge as last year, and the motor-bus will be ready at 11.45 a.m. sharp to convey the men to the baths. The exercise will be continued on every Monday and Friday at the same time, and those who wish to take part must give in their names to Captain Roberts or Mr. Atkins before ten o'clock on each day.

Our energetic head gardener, Mr. Smith, filled with patriotism, is planting potatoes in the flower-beds instead of the usual annuals. All honour to him, and may they flourish!

At last we are to have a cloakroom for the hats, umbrellas, coats and wraps of visitors, residents, and pupils. The building will adjoin the entrance to the Outer Lounge and there will be an attendant in charge. So there should be no more lost clothes.

We have a letter from W. C. Carnell, and he asks us to say that his work at the boot trade is getting on much better, and that he "looks forward to the REVIEW, as he likes to hear all about the Old Boys who were at St. Dunstan's with him." That is the aim of this magazine, and we are always glad to hear that it fulfils it.

The prize-winners at Miss Julia Critten's competition in replying to questions by the names of persons in St. Dunstan's were as follows: Palfrey, Matheson, Marshall, and Crane. The prizes were a

stylo pen, watchchain, tiepin, and case of cigarettes. The competition was much enjoyed and proved very popular.

Another April wedding has to be recorded. Albert Chilton was married on Easter Monday to Miss Emily Read at St. Barnard's Church, Linslade, Leighton Buzzard. St. Dunstan's wishes the young couple every happiness.

We have been cheered by the temporary return for various purposes of several Old Boys. Among them Tom Milligan, William Allen, Arthur Brown, J. Saxon, and J. Owens found plenty of friends to welcome them. It is always a pleasure to us to see the old men again, and they cannot come too often nor stay too long.

An interesting little function took place on America Day, the 20th of April. The American sisters, past and present, joined together in presenting miniature Stars and Stripes flags to everybody in St. Dunstan's. The announcement was made immediately after reading the news, and the "Star-Spangled Banner" was sung heartily by all of the boys, after which three resounding cheers, and one more, were given for the United States. It was a fine idea and it was much enjoyed.

The times of the Chapel services are now as follows: Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, Wednesday evening at 8.30, and Friday afternoon at 2.15. Holy Communion is celebrated every Sunday morning at 7.30, except that on the fourth Sunday in the month; it takes place at 10 o'clock.

I have just paid a visit to our Blackheath Annexe to acquaint myself with the improvements and additions which have been made to it of late. I think





the fellows who go to Blackheath for a short restful stay are very lucky. The house is comfortable and convenient, the garden delightful, and the closeness of Blackheath Common and Greenwich Park give splendid opportunities for open-air exercise of the most healthful kind. Braille, typing, light basketry, and light carpentry are taught to a sufficient degree to prevent dulness, and Miss Ommaney has a staff and band of helpers who leave nothing undone in the way of keeping fellows happy.

The charming Mdlle. Gaby Deslys paid us a visit on April 20th and soon became friends with everybody. She made several purchases, gave everybody cigarettes, and has promised to come and dance with the boys some day when the band is playing. She was accompanied by her mother, and both ladies showed amazed interest in all that was in progress.

The officers intend to take up their boating practice on the Serpentine. It would be an interesting event if they would get up a Four and row against the men. Of course we hope that they will help us on Regatta day. None of us forget the sculling prowess of Mr. Baker and Captain Owen.

In an account of the Edgar Allen Institute, the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* alludes to Clifford Scott, the blind masseur from St. Dunstan, and expresses the hope that before long the Committee will be in a position to engage others. We quote "It seems peculiarly appropriate that this man's first duties on returning, after fighting his country's battles, to take up his life's work as a trained masseur, should be those of being instrumental in helping his late brothers-in-arms."

## Workshop Gossip

**T**HE huge new workshop has been started and is now well on the way. It should be finished by about the end of May. It has an area of rather more than twice the size of the present building, and will give plenty of room for everybody, even the insatiable Mr. Atkinson. It is to have a frontage of 125 feet and is to be built in the shape of an "E." It will be an imposing edifice with ample accommodation for 250 men at a time.

In regard to our remarks last month as to the proposed extension of Workshop hours, Sir Arthur, while anxious to encourage those who desire to work longer than the fixed time, does not think it would be advisable to make the longer hours compulsory. The Workshop, however, is open from nine in the morning until six at night, and those who want to put in more practice at their various jobs will find the instructors on duty between those hours.

We have to record the biggest order for mats we have yet had. This is for sixteen dozen of various sizes from Messrs. William Whiteley. We have had several orders for one hundred mats at a time, but this is the first time that we have had an order for nearly two hundred at once.

So many excellent mat-makers have now started in business for themselves that there will be no difficulty in executing this order in a very short time, and we shall be glad of plenty more.

Westward has been directing the making of some special mats for the Albert Hall Show, and we think that the public will be surprised when they see what our men can do in this industry. The evenness, straightness, and finish of the mats is all that the most censorious could demand.



We must say a word for the good work done by Wooding in the joinery section that is attached to the Farm. The men who go down there get on very quickly and produce everything they touch with rapidly improving results. It was at first intended to keep this entirely for poultry joinery, but it has grown out of that, and much general joinery is now taught. Improved dog kennels is one of the chief specialities.

George Pell has returned to us as a joinery pupil teacher, and he is sure to be very useful. Mr. Atkinson always regarded Pell as one of the most promising men that he ever had through his hands; his work is careful and finished, and his mistakes are few. It is a matter of satisfaction to him to know that he is now helping his comrades over the difficulties that he has surmounted.

The growing demand for American white wood tables has been mentioned by us before, but so popular have they proved that there is no doubt a man could earn a decent income by making these tables alone. Mr. Collett teaches his men well.

All kinds of new baskets are now being made, and Corporal McIntosh and Harry Green are as ingenious as was Sergeant Curtis-Willson in devising new shapes. The demand from all over the country continues brisk, and it is evident that the basket trade is as popular with the buying public as with the blinded soldier. We are glad to hear that the Portland Street Depot is doing a good business; but in the Workshop we find it hard to keep a basket in the place.

Our instructors have not escaped the various maladies that have been going about for so long. Mr. Westward and Mr. Atkinson have both been laid up;

but luckily we are so well supplied with understudies that work was not seriously interrupted.

Everybody has been very busy preparing for the Albert Hall Bazaar. Some unique mats have been made, some excellent baskets of all kinds have been turned out, and the joinery section has endeavoured to surpass itself, which is no easy task. Of course we are going to show some of the boot-repairing; but naturally orders cannot be taken for that. We all expect such a rush of orders as to keep us busy for months afterwards.

One thing that we notice is that there is not so much singing in the Workshops. This is not due to any lack of cheerfulness, but to the absence of the more ardent songsters. Culshaw occasionally breaks forth, and we have a regular Caruso in Sergeant Cordner; but on the whole there is less music than there used to be. This is perhaps not altogether to be regretted, although singing is a pleasant accompaniment to work.

## Our Entertainments

**O**UR first summer concert was held under ideal conditions—for winter. When I say summer concert, I mean it was at 1.30 p.m. instead of 5.30. In April one naturally expects something pleasant and balmy in the way of weather. But on this occasion the snow fell as it had not fallen in April for half a century, so the weather experts said. In spite of the disgraceful conduct of the Clerk of the Weather, Mrs. Ada Partidge and her party bravely came all the way from Westcliff-on-Sea to entertain us. The item which apparently took the fancy of the audience more than anything else was the cornet playing by Miss Kate Lucas, a juvenile performer of





perhaps fourteen summers. I hope that is correct, for, as we all know, it is a very risky thing to make a statement with regard to the age of the fair sex.

We do not often have a child of five to entertain us, but little Miss Estella Branson of that age was a great success with her songs. The little dance she did might very well have been done without, but the fact that she did it was not her fault, but rather that of those who brought her. The concert was given by the Carlton Society Entertainers, for whom Miss Estella Speigal acts as secretary. Many thanks to them for the interesting hour we spent on the 12th of April.

In Miss Edith Davies' Party was included Madame Bertha Moore, whose recitations delighted everybody, and Madame Ada Davies, who has on so many previous occasions entertained us.

On the 19th Mr. Victor Beigel arranged an excellent party, comprised of a comedian, violinist, raconteur, and solo singers. Those who were present said it was an hour well spent, full of enjoyment and interest.

The Band of the 1st Life Guards, under the direction of Mr. George Miller, resumed operations with us on Primrose Day after a six weeks' tour in France. The Outer Lounge regained its old crowded and animated appearance on these occasions, and the dancing was thoroughly revelled in. There is no doubt that dance music holds the premier position in the wishes of St. Dunstaners.

We can always rely on Signor Baraldi to give us something of a high-class order. We were not disappointed on the 23rd of April. Every item was good.

Other concerts were provided by Miss S. St. Quinton and Mrs. D'Arcy.

E. K.

## The Suggestion Box

THERE was the usual number of varied suggestions in the box last month; some of them were evidently not meant to be taken seriously, while others were very useful. Those of a purely domestic character are being considered by the various heads of departments; one or two of a general nature may be discussed here.

"A suggestion on Railway Fares" is to the effect that it would be nice for the totally disabled soldier to travel at the reduced prices allowed to soldiers, not indefinitely, but only for the duration of the war. It may be pointed out that the active soldier has no pension, and that the pensions of the disabled take into consideration the probable expenses. Still, as everyone agrees that too much cannot be done for our splendid disabled soldiers, perhaps the railway companies may be induced to take a generous view of the position. We will see that it is put before them.

Under the signature of "Fido," the suggestion is made that cane-chair seating should be taught. We may say that every thought was given to this by Sir Arthur at the start of St. Dunstan's, and it was then decided that it was not a profitable branch of the basket-making trade for a non-sighted man. It is fiddling and not well paid.

We shall be glad if those who make suggestions will write further if they are not satisfied with the answers and the results, as we are glad to have everything thoroughly discussed. The "Suggestion Box" has proved very useful, and we hope that it will continue to be freely used.



## Our House Concert

ON Thursday, April 12th, instead of the usual debate, a House Concert was held in the Inner Lounge to celebrate our re-assembly after the holidays. An excellent programme was provided, and owing to its length—there were twenty-four items—no encores could be given, although a good many were both demanded and earned. Tootell opened with an excellent rendering of "Sunshine of Your Smile," accompanying himself. Sergeant Jones recited a parody of "Just Before the Battle, Mother," and he was followed by Worgan, "A Long Way from Tipperary," Heeley with "Absent," and Uncle Cross with "Murphy's Hat." These all received loud applause. Exall sang "Sometimes You'll Remember" very well, and Chisholm powerfully recited "Swinging the Lead."

Sergeant Clare rendered "Somewhere a Voice is Calling" very tunefully, and Hill was in good form with "There's a Ship that's Bound for Blighty." Drummer Downes gave a spirited performance of "Robinson Crusoe," and Molloy, whose voice is always a pleasure to us, sang "If I might come to you." Alphonse Vandenbosch brought the first part to a close with some capital tunes on his cornet.

Sergeant-Major Cope opened the second part with "A Jovial Monk am I," and he was followed by Marsh, who gave us "I've travelled many weary miles." At this point we had a welcome diversion in a duet by Sisters Phillips and Smale, "Wonderful Girl, Wonderful Boy," the chorus to which was greatly enjoyed. Boteler did a comic song, "The Haddock Smoker's Daughter," and McClure followed with an amusing ditty, "Sailing Merrily Home."

Miss Day, whose fine fresh voice is always appreciated, sang "Mélisande in the Wood," and Cowen came next with

an excellent comic number, "I'm only your Husband." O'Connell's song, "The Sailor's Alphabet," was much applauded, and Wilson's ballad, "Could we Recall," was delivered in good style. Our Commandant Matron, ever ready to oblige, was the last turn but one with "Rings on Her Fingers," and, needless to say, she brought down the house, and Mrs. Ronald Fox gave a perfect rendering of "Somebody Knows, Somebody Cares." The concert concluded with the whole audience joining in "God Save the King."

It was an excellent concert, and our thanks are due to the many performers who gave us such an enjoyable evening.

## A Wonderful Cake

MRS. J. W. ROWLEY, of 6, Dyne Road, Brondesbury, has devised and made a wonderful cake which is eggless, butterless and milkless, weighs 1½ lbs. and costs under 8d. She calls it the "Manse War Cake," and she has had the recipe printed on cards which she sells at 1d. each, and is giving St. Dunstan's the whole of the proceeds. On a Sunday afternoon in the middle of April she came to see us with her husband and daughter, presented us with one of the cakes, and handed us £5 15s. in cash, which she had collected from the sale of the penny printed recipes.

We have one of these recipes before us, and we should like very much to print it; but, of course, Mrs. Rowley would not like us to do this as it would give away the secret. We do hope, however, that many readers of this magazine will write to her enclosing two penny stamps for the recipe and the reply, as we can assure them from personal experience that the cake is delicious to eat and is remarkably cheap.





## A Popular Debate

THE interest taken by the Chief in the St. Dunstan's Debating Club bore good fruit on Thursday, April 19th, when a big gathering of members and visitors listened to a discussion on the question, "Is it preferable to be naturally blind or to become blind?"

Sir Arthur himself moved the question in a telling speech, short and to the point, the main undercurrent of which was the uselessness of regret and the necessity for making the best of it. He pointed out that one who has never seen can never regret, but insisted that to the man who has become blind recollection is a valuable possession. His remarks were loudly cheered and encouraged the blinded soldiers to follow him with their own views.

Space does not permit any full record of the speeches made, but Mr. Allen pointed out that as time passes the blinded regret less; Mr. Hopper argued that the blinded man can soon equal the blind man in his capacity, and must then be superior on account of his previous knowledge; Sergeant-Major Cope believed that the new conditions of life were helped by the old conditions; and Mr. H. Green argued that the knowledge of colour was a great help to the accidentally blinded.

Mr. Gascoigne, a friend of Sir Arthur's, who said that he had been blind from birth, was strongly of opinion that it was an advantage to have seen; and Captain Appleby, in a clever little speech, took the other side, but more we suspect to make an argument than from conviction. Mr. Raylor, in whose powers of debate St. Dunstan's takes a great pride, made a forceful speech which earned general commendation; and excellent contributions to the discussion were given by Messrs. Wright, Cairns, Strawbridge, Ballantyne, McNab, Burgin, and Nicholas. Corporal McIntosh made a

useful little speech, and Mr. McDougall made a rare appearance and spoke to the point.

Sir George Riddell, the only sighted speaker, expressed his surprise at the frankness with which the subject had been discussed; and Dr. Ranger wound up the debate in excellent style, putting the issues clearly before the meeting. As Dr. Ranger could see until he was thirteen years old, he also had the advantage of looking at the question from both points of view.

Sir Arthur Pearson, in putting the resolution to the vote, complimented the speakers of the Debating Club on the great improvement in their debating powers and on the general excellence and clearness of their remarks. An overwhelming majority was in favour of the advantage of having become blind rather than being naturally blind from babyhood.

On the third Thursday in May Sir Arthur will open another debate, and it is his intention to set aside one evening a month to join our discussions.

On Thursday, April 26th, the subject was: "That Discharged Soldiers should not be called up under the new Military Service Act." It was opened by Mr. Pratt and led to an animated and interesting discussion, opinion being generally in favour of the resolution.

### WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Black: "Through the study of Braille I have been able to correct a most distressing mistake."

White: "What was that?"

Black: "Well, at home we have a pet toad which we always called Theodore. When I was home for the Easter holidays I examined the animal, and when I came to read the warts on his back I found to my horror that his name was Elizabeth."



## Boating News

THE weather has been all against our boating, but we have stuck to it whenever we could, and the lady coxons have braved the elements on our behalf in a way that fills us with admiration. The fact that the first race meeting took place on the 25th made it necessary to keep practising, and we have a splendid lot of good sportsmen to draw upon.

We have already a very promising Four in Shields, Waddell, Stokes, and Matheson, and as they are training hard under the guidance of Mr. Johnson, whose help has been invaluable, we have every hope that they will acquit themselves well, both against the Worcester Old Boys and the St. Dunstan's Old Boys, when the big July races take place.

A good second Four is provided by Welland, Green, Ballantyne, and Adams, all of whom are sturdy oarsmen and fit men. The hope of getting up a good Townshend House Four is not very promising; but the College has a lot of material to draw upon and it ought to be able to get a good crew together. If the College, however, really means business it will have to take up rowing more seriously than it has yet done, and we trust that it will begin at once.

Some good single and double scullers are already forthcoming, and we may mention Baker and Smith, Vine and Green in this connection. Among the others there are Vigar, Gover, Rowley, Andrews, Connell, Holmes, Dixon, Pratt, Howes, McDougall, Clare, and Exall, to mention a few only, and there are plenty of other promising boys who only need to give their minds to it to do well. But all must remember that a good deal of practice is necessary and a little self-denial in the matter of smoking.

It has been decided this year to give cups and medals in place of money prizes at all races, and we are sure that this will prove more generally popular.

We hope that the coxons, both ladies and boys, will turn up as regularly as they can, for without their generous help we should be in a very bad way. Happily, there is no reason to doubt their loyal assistance.

## Visitors and Workers

IN the workshops and class-rooms notices are displayed as follows: "Visitors are requested not to talk to the workers." This occasionally leads to much heart-searching and to a disposition to rebel on the part of callers who feel a natural impulse to chat with the soldiers and to ask them questions. A few words as to the necessity of this request may therefore not be amiss.

It is perhaps not sufficiently realised by the ladies and gentlemen who gratify us with their visits that the men who are learning their trades at St. Dunstan's only devote a very few hours a day to this purpose. There is also, it should be remembered, a more or less constant stream of visitors. Every time a man is spoken to his attention is taken from his occupation, and a non-sighted man does not so easily resume an interrupted task as a sighted one. If his attention is taken from his work even for two or three minutes, say every quarter of an hour or so, the continuity of his concentration is seriously handicapped. Therefore everybody who addresses a worker, except on a matter of necessity, is doing him not a kindness—as we all know is intended—but an actual bad turn. And if this is done often the man is retarded in learning the business for which only a limited time can be given him.

This should be explained to visitors by the ladies and others who conduct them round, so that any impression that it is done with an unnecessary motive





may be removed. The men themselves, when keen on their work, as they practically all are, much prefer to be left in peace during their practice hours. They are, of course, too polite to show this; but if some of the visitors who interrupt them by the addressing of remarks knew what is really thought about it by those whom they wish to please, there would be less desire to indulge in the temporary gratification of a superfluous chat.

We fully admit that the great majority of visitors see the force of all this for themselves, but as some of them have occasionally asked us why they should not talk to the men, we hope that these few words will inform them.

### Easter Holiday

**D**ESPITE the weather, which was only redeemed by a really fine Sunday, we managed to have a fairly enjoyable Easter. There was boating every morning after breakfast, which was taken at 9 o'clock instead of 8 o'clock, and this boating was made the more enjoyable by many of our V.A.D. sisters coxing the boats. How they managed to do it in the midst of all their other duties is a wonder; but they did, and Mrs. Craven, entering into the spirit of our sport, did all she could to help them.

Some nine or ten of these ladies, headed by Sister Cunningham, braved the cold winds and snow showers and steered the men with a knowledge of the water that added much to their enjoyment. Several other ladies, some Boy Scouts and school boy helpers turned up regularly, and when we were short we were lucky in picking up helpers from the water-side.

Matinée tickets were freely provided, and there was a jolly dance on Easter Monday, which was all the more enjoyable because it was not overcrowded.

Of course, most of the men had gone away for the holidays, but a good many remained, and it is not too much to say that if they had a dull moment it was entirely their own fault.

Owing to the bad weather the Workshop was opened on Easter Tuesday morning and was fairly attended; but work generally was not resumed until Wednesday, when everybody buckled to with a will after a most delightful vacation, which was cheered additionally at the close by the news of our Army's splendid advance. Quite a nice Easter, although the weather did all it could to spoil it.

### Typewriting Notes

**T**HERE are so many new men ready to commence their typewriting lessons that we shall have to increase our staff of teachers. In view of this fact, it is very much to be regretted that we are to lose Miss Morris, who is in future going to help Miss Pain in the Braille room. Her good work was much appreciated by the men, who always found her painstaking and helpful.

Vine, who took a condensed course of Braille-shorthand, left us at Easter to begin work as a telephone operator, with which he is to combine a certain amount of secretarial work. We wish him all success and the best of luck.

Corporal Hopper and Jerome, who are both practically one-handed men, have passed their tests; both of them did excellent work, and we congratulate them on their achievements.

We also congratulate the following officers and men:—Smith, Brookes, Stevens, Smith V., Turner III., James H., Potts, Lieutenant Capper, Rowley, Jakes, Shawl, Chaplain, Lieutenant Yates, Caldwell, Hill II., Dowson, Murray, Palmer II., Campbell, Pratt, Eden, Thornton.

E. McL.



### Poultry Notes

**T**HE poultry examinations were held during the last week in March, so it was not possible to publish the results in the April number of the REVIEW. A high percentage of marks was obtained, particularly by the advanced course men, and Sir Arthur sent his congratulations to all concerned. Sixteen students completed their training, if we exclude the short course of poultry joinery, succeeding the examination.

Mr. Clem Watson, the examiner, reports as follows:—

#### POULTRY—SECOND COURSE.

March 30th, 1917.

Some of the students possess a good general knowledge of the poultry industry, and this should help them in the future. Most of the men prove interesting from the way they follow the subject, and it was a pleasure to meet many of them for the second time. Maximum points, 100. Chisholm, 90; Baker, 90; Blackett, 89; Rowley, 87; Vaughan, 87; Earnes, 86; Sgt. Dyson, 85; Ameil, 84; Chilton, 81; L. Johnson, 81; Hargreaves, 80; Yates, 79; Mr. Tyler, 78; Sgt.-Maj. Shawl, 78; Wise, 75; Exall, 74.

All are to be congratulated on the very good progress they have made, particularly those who have obtained eighty marks and upwards. Chisholm, who heads the list, though a poultry farmer of previous experience, had been a comparatively short time on the St. Dunstan's Farm, only taking the second advanced course. Special congratulations are due to Sergeant Dyson, who obtained eighty-five marks. His training has been much interrupted owing to absence in hospital, but he has made light of his handicaps and has proved himself one of the keenest of poultry farmers.

Fourteen candidates took the First Course examination with the following

results. Maximum number of marks allowed, 50: Mr. Capper, 48; Jennings, 45; Stokes, 44; Sergeant Price, 41; Cocker, 41; A. Smith (5), 43; Wilding, 42; W. H. Smith (4), 41; Morton, 40; Hudman, 40; James, 31; Palmer (2), 31; Hopper, 30; Eden, 26. Marks run close, and we particularly congratulate Mr. Capper (first), Jennings (second), Stokes, Sergeant Price, and Cocker (equal thirds), and A. Smith (5, fourth). These places are well deserved; but it is realised that in some cases there are men who for one reason or another find difficulty in expressing their knowledge and do not do themselves full justice when they come up before the examiner.

A small lending library has been started, which we hope will be of use to those who wish to extend their knowledge. About thirty volumes have already been collected, including one upon the "Management of Rabbits," a profitable branch which might well be included in poultry work. Any of the books may be borrowed on application.

Leslie Wale left us just after Easter, when, to his satisfaction, he succeeded in being passed fit for the Army. He takes our good wishes with him. He will be much missed from the Poultry Farm, where he has held the post of assistant instructor for over a year, and many St. Dunstan's poultry farmers will remember the careful instruction they received from him in the incubator classes.

Mr. Neville has been succeeded in the post of poultry instructor by Mr. Gordon Guttridge, who has had a considerable amount of experience with poultry previous to serving for a year in the Army. He was discharged in January last, as his eyesight was not up to the required standard.





Mr. Neville is already employed in the business of establishing the new farm, and by the time this is in print we hope that St. Dunstan's will be in possession. The new farm is situated two miles from King's Langley. Though so near London, it is a real country place. The house, formerly known as Chipperfield Lodge, stands at the top of a hill, and the 13 acres of land adjoining consist of sloping fields, a small orchard, garden, and paddock, which should carry poultry to advantage. After much consideration of the future needs of St. Dunstan's poultry farmers, it has been decided to stock the following breeds:—White Wyandottes, Light Sussex, White Leghorns, Rhode Island Reds, Aneonas, Faverolles, and Columbian Wyandottes: White Wyandottes and Light Sussex predominating, as there is a large demand for these two. The season is too far advanced to start hatching operations on a large scale. Chicken-rearing will be Mr. Neville's first consideration, and hundreds of day old chicks will be placed out in the foster mothers. The erection of houses and laying-out of runs for the adult stock will follow later.

Mr. R. J. Calcutt, our rowing coach, has presented the farm with some sitings of White Wyandottes, White Leghorns and Rhode Island Reds. Mr. Calcutt carries on poultry farming and bull dog breeding at his country place near Stroud, and has achieved some fine records. We are greatly indebted to him.

I am glad to be able to report excellent behaviour on the part of the St. Dunstan's Home Farm hens. During the past month we have had an average of three eggs per bird per week. Prices have varied from 3s. to 2s. 9d. and 2s. 6d. per dozen. So that each bird has fairly earned from 7½d. to 9d. per week, and this under very trying weather

conditions, and on soil not favourable to poultry.

We have now secured the services of Mr. N. Bushell, who assists Mr. Thomson Brown in the capacity of visiting poultry expert. Mr. Bushell held the rank of second-lieutenant in the York and Lancaster Regiment, but was invalided out of the Army, consequent to being severely gassed. He has had years of experience in the management of large poultry farms which, we feel sure, will be of service to St. Dunstan's poultry-keepers.

Arthur Brown's report upon his poultry for March was as follows: 176 eggs from ten light Sussex, 70 eggs from ten White Wyandottes, 27 eggs from five Buff Orpingtons, and 23 eggs from six White Leghorns. He was naturally well satisfied with this result.

D. L.

### Catholic Chapel Notes

A SET of "Stations of the Cross," framed in carved oak, given by a lady helper in the Braille Room, were blessed and erected by Rev. Fr. Hitecock on Good Friday afternoon, who also blessed and distributed the palms on Palm Sunday before nine o'clock Mass.

On Easter Sunday a beautiful statue of our Patron, St. Dunstan, was blessed. It stands on the Epistle side of the Altar and matches the statue of Our Lady on the Gospel side. A silver Pyx has also been given. Our best thanks are due to the kind donors.

H. L. C.

What's the difference between a Braille expert and the holes in a set of bagpipes?—One reads the dots and the other dots the reeds.



### Braille Room Notes

JUST before Easter the Quarterly Report of the Braille Room was sent in to Sir Arthur with a true and faithful account of each man's progress, and the great satisfaction that this report gave him was a delightful close to a most successful term.

We congratulate the following officers and men on having passed their tests:—

Reading Test.—Webb, Havens, Campbell, Leonard, Gardiner, and Thornton.

Writing Test.—Harris Turner, Mr. Fraser, Mr. Barnett, Sergeant Horseley, Corporal Lloyd, Lance-Corporal Aldridge, Warden, Howell, Chamberlain, and Scott.

Stacey, Pete, Ferrand, and Webb have sent in their Writing Tests but have not yet heard the result.

We shall be very glad if all St. Dunstan's men, both past and present, will send us the names of any books that they would like to read in Braille. If amongst these there are any that are not already in the Library, a list shall be sent to Miss Austin, who is anxious as far as possible to consult her readers' tastes in choosing new books to be transcribed.

D. P.

### Netting Notes

IT is always pleasant to receive recognition of good work, and we think the recent discriminating remark of a visitor, "this is highly skilled work," was fully deserved, especially as he was referring to the fruit nets. There is a lengthening list of those who have qualified in this work—Broadbent, Evans, Gill, Gleeson, Gover, Hamlett, Pratt, Stokes and Webb all deserve honourable mention, and Latham, Maclean and Selby have

also sent from the country excellent standard strips.

It is perhaps not always realised how much patience is required in attaining skill. Anybody can learn a netting stitch, but the skill of a first-class netter is built up on patience. It is necessary to dwell somewhat on this point, because if we want to continue to find a ready market for netted work, we must keep up its quality. We can compete successfully with cheap machine-made goods both now and after the war if the patience and skill acquired during training are applied to the careful finish of every article turned out.

G. H. W.

### Settlement Notes

THE contention we have often made, that it is best to be on the spot in order to obtain the plums, has again been proved in the case of Thomas Shepherd, who, having returned home, has now been settled with a suitable farm through the agency of his old employers whose interest he had aroused. We shall be sending his outfit in the course of a few days.

Sergeant Dyson has returned home to inspect two small farms for which we have been negotiating. When he has made his selection we hope to obtain the remaining one for another man.

Fleetwood, who has felt the English climate very trying since his long sojourn in India, has now moved to Tuston, in Devonshire.

Sergeant Jones has taken a new place at Leigh-on-Sea, where Mrs. Jones will begin a small kindergarten, while he will devote himself to poultry and to





representing certain wholesale houses. Sergeant Jones having consented to stay on for a time, owing to the requirements of the Poultry Farm, has had to delay his departure, but will now shortly be leaving us.

Negotiations are practically completed for a small general store business for Purchase, who is lucky, as Mrs. Purchase has excellent business experience. This couple should do quite well.

Leonard has been down to his new home in Soham, Cambridgeshire, making preparations for his start in business. As we show elsewhere, he was married the other day and is now comfortably installed in his native village.

Two changes have recently been made—Hulme taking the farm of Saxon, while McLean has taken over the place of health. *H. D. B.*

### After-care Notes

THE shop for the sale of goods at 206, Great Portland Street continues to increase its sales, and we are pleased to report that the work sent in is of a very good standard. A very large order for mats has recently been obtained which will keep our mat-making friends busy for some time.

The Portsmouth *Evening News* publishes an interview with our old friend Gunner Dennis. It says:—

“That excellent practical training in the way of tray and basket-making, typewriting, etc., given to blinded soldiers at St. Dunstan's (Sir Arthur Pearson), Regent's Park, N.W., is evidenced by the remarkable success achieved in these directions by Gunner George Dennis, late of the R.G.A., of 31, Topner Road, Portsmouth. Our representative who called to see this

hero of the war was shown many products of the latter's skill in the manufacture of trays (oval and round of various sizes), waste-paper, dog, laundry and linen baskets, etc., also string-bags and fancy serviette holders.”

Mr. G. Stuart Palmer sends us accounts of Edmunds, of Dunbar, who is doing well; of Sergeant Mitchell, who says he “gets almost more work than he can do.” Neil MacDonald is also very busy with orders. Our Scotch friends are finding the weather very cold and are longing for the spring.

We have received financial statements from many of our men, showing what their income and expenditure have been during the last three months, and we are pleased to record that in most cases they are satisfactory. We should be glad if all men would keep accounts of their income and expenditure from the work they are doing and let us have them from time to time, as they would be helpful in deciding whether they are getting the best returns for their efforts.

Cheerful reports still come from Wales. Evans writes that he is in the best of health and has a lot of work in baskets. He adds: “I am glad to say the people here speak very well of my work, which gives me very good encouragement.”

Some of our friends in the country have been suffering very much from the wintry weather. Adams writes that he cannot get any coal, only wood, which he and his wife gather from the woods near. He is now looking about for a handcart so that he can fetch his coal himself. He says: “The weather is enough to give you the blues. The snow is about twelve inches thick; it is like a blizzard. Telegraph wires all shapes. It seems as if the winter will never be over.”

Our friend W. Pettit has moved up higher. He has taken a shop close to



Harrow School in Harrow-on-the-Hill, where he hopes to capture the trade of that large establishment. We feel sure the boys of the old school will give him their patronage, and we wish him success in his new undertaking.

We hear that J. T. Waldin has a splendid shop in St. John's Wood. Report says: “The windows are well dressed and he does a nice trade in sundries. He also has plenty of work, and so much boot repairing that he has not yet started his mat-making.”

C. Spiers, of Oxford, is being kept pretty busy with mats. He has several orders for large mats for the colleges. These are repeat orders, which are an evidence that his previous work has given satisfaction.

We are sorry to hear that J. Pugh is not very well and is obliged to be under the doctor's hands again. In consequence, he informs us that he has had to turn work away as there is more than he can manage.

T. Thorpe, of Darwen, has managed to get twenty-six chickens out of the forty eggs which were sent to him, which, considering the very bad weather we have had, and that it is his first use of the incubator, we think a very good result. He says he is also going strong with mats, and as soon as the weather is better hopes to be busy in trying to grow his own vegetables.

*T. H. M.*

### April Departures

QUITE a lot of men left St. Dunstan's in April, and big gaps are made in our ranks. We allude to Corporal Vine elsewhere. Piper Gordon Garge Maddison will take up poultry and basket-making, and intends

to be married in June to Miss Daisy Goodman. Sims, one of our regular boaters and physical drillers, Stamper, an excellent mat-maker and boot repairer, Seal, a steady basket-maker, have all packed up their tents and gone to their respective jobs.

Thomas Dowson, who takes up poultry and joinery, will be remembered by us for the excellent models that he has made of a hen-house, and for his new type of dog kennel. Purser White, one of our steadiest men, returns to Liverpool to take up basket-making, coupled with an agency for lifebelts.

William Robinson, a persevering worker at boots and mats, who will also be remembered for his poetry in this Magazine, has made his start in life, and is sure to do well. Arthur Thomas Iddiols, another excellent shoe repairer, is starting business quite close to us in the Edgware Road. He is an excellent worker at his trade; therefore he is bound to do well.

“Billy” Chamberlain, who pulled in our fours last year, and was a physical driller and a general all-round sportsman, has started in poultry and baskets, and removes a cheery personality from us that will be much missed. William Shurrock, who may claim to be among the very best shoe repairers, has made a quick study of his job, and departed to join his family and begin his new life. He also was among our early morning physical drillers, and entered fully into our pursuits and enjoyments.

H. J. Crane has also left us, and he had a very good experience on the first opening of his shop at Croydon. His takings were of a record nature, and he was pleased. His wares include papers and tobacco, in both of which he is a bit of an expert.





### The Origin of Regent's Park

REGENT'S PARK (originally known as Marylebone Park) formed a portion of an extensive tract in St. Marylebone Parish, that was seemingly connected with a small palace near the northern extremity of Tottenham Court Road. This palace was vested in the Crown, and sometimes used as a Royal residence, particularly by Queen Elizabeth. At that time the Park was well stocked with game, and hunting parties were held there. The palace was pulled down in 1791.

In 1646 Charles I. granted the Park to Sir George Strode and John Wanderforde, Esq., as security for a debt due to them for supplying arms during the Civil Wars. Cromwell disregarded the claim, and sold the Park (excluding only 2,976 trees marked for the Navy) to John Spencer on behalf of Colonel Thomas Harrison, and settled by him on his regiment of Dragoons as their pay. It was then disparked and never again stocked. The Park changed hands several times till 1784, when a Mr. Jacomb sold his interest to the Duke of Portland. A good survey was made in 1794 and premiums offered for best building plans. Two were selected, one by Mr. John Nash for a canal and park laid out in a peculiar style and partly occupied by detached villas, the other by Messrs. Levaston & Charmer, less rural than Mr. Nash's, which was ultimately adopted.

The Commissioners wisely began by planting the whole demesne; in 1820 only two villas were commenced, the rent demanded for ground being very high. In 1829 most of the terraces were completed, and Albany Cottage (where resided Thomas Raikes), Grove House, Hanover Lodge, and the Marquis of Hertford's villa, St. Dunstan's, erected. The Marquis was one of the vice-presidents of the Zoological Society, which occupied part of the Park as now.

He presented some animals to the Gardens, but other residents objected to their new neighbours.

To the south of the Park are the Church and Hospital of St. Katherine, at one time near the Tower of London (founded by Edward III., demolished in 1827, the site being now occupied by a dock), and rebuilt in the Park. The ancient church was very beautiful, and the stalls and pulpit were re-elected in the new chapel. The pulpit, given by Sir Julius Caesar in 1621, is one of the most ancient wooden pulpits now extant; it has six sides or angles, with views of the Hospital and its gates as they originally were.

R. Graves.

### The Boat Races

The first Home Race Meeting was held at Putney on Wednesday, April 25th. Thirty-eight men took part, and keen and excellent contests were seen. There were five heats in the single-scul races, for which 25 men entered. The winners were Milner, Rowley, Parker, Matheson, and W. H. Smith. In the final heat, Matheson and Smith were first and second.

In the double sculls there were six entries and two heats. The first heat was won by Rowley and Jennings, and the second heat by Waddell and Shields, Baker and Smith being very close up. In the final, Rowley and Jennings were first, and Waddell and Shields second.

The pair-oars produced a good race after Stokes and Waddell had won the first heat, Wellard and Ballantyne only beating Vine and Green by a narrow margin. The final was secured by Waddell and Stokes.

In the four-oared race, the crew consisting of Waddell, Shields, Stokes and Matheson easily won, but it is only fair to say that their opponents had not had much training.

Mr. Calcutt thinks that this four will hold its own against all comers.



### Confessions

(From an Old Boy)

MY confessions number three. I am going to speak candidly, hoping thereby to help some of those about to set out for themselves from St. Dunstan's. First of all, I must explain myself. I left St. Dunstan's in February last year, being the first picture framer to do so. I set up in one of the London suburbs. I felt like a fish out of water, as everything seemed so different to what it was under the aid and care of Mr. Atkinson, the carpenter. You boys who are now under his tuition, bear in mind what he says, as I can assure you all that it has been of first-rate help to me. The more I go on, the more I realise how he has helped me, and how much he still helps me.

I came to an empty house—a dirty one, too. I scrubbed it out myself to make it look a bit respectable. I made it as clean as soap and water could, and next day my furniture arrived. My sister volunteered to keep house for me. On the 1st of March I opened shop, and it seemed quite strange to me, as I was, and still am, very inexperienced in business life. Then my first order reached me. It was not much, but still I felt like a budding business man. It was followed by others, and, considering it was my first week, I did well. My profits amounted to thirty-seven shillings. So I have gone on since, trade fluctuating a good deal. Without St. Dunstan's I should have been on the rocks long ago, as I am filling in my spare time with making trays for them.

The second week was bad, for I ran out of stuff, only having a very limited stock to start with. I was idle for the week, and a hard go it was. I got going again, but that idle week made things very uphill work, as I felt its effect long after. Those of you who are about to start out, keep your stock up, and keep your orders well in advance of your

requirements, or you will find yourself as I was. I went on struggling, and many a time I have felt like throwing in, as nothing I seemed to do seemed to put me straight. However, a present in the shape of a £5 note set me going like one o'clock, and I have never looked back since. The donor of that cheque does not know of what value it was to me, as if it had not been for that I honestly believe I should have had to give in. In the six months' working I have increased my stock from its original £4 to over £35, and I know now that I shall make a successful business of it.

During that time I have had three complaints. One I have no doubt was due to my workmanship. Not only was it soon after I started, and I missed the experienced hand of Mr. Atkinson to put me right, but it was at the time of my darkest hours, when I was working at top pressure to put things right, and I spared myself neither day or night to get out of the rut. That rebuff taught me a lesson, and I honestly think it did me good. The second complaint was a knot in the bottom of a tray. I did not know the good lady would take a dislike to it, as I have always been taught that the figure of oak comes from the knots. However, I replaced it, and so satisfied the lady and myself in the bargain. Complaint number three was still more trifling, but none the less it brought experience with it. I had some frames ordered, and they were wanted in dark oak. I stained them a dark green, which I thought would match the pictures; but, alas! it was not right, because they wanted them to match the furniture, and wanted them brown. Had they have told me so, it would have been all right, and I should not have given them disappointment; but I re-stained them brown, and so that ended happily.

My repeat orders are increasing, and so I think that is a happy balance to the above disappointments. Perhaps you who are leaving for this trade will be





benefited by that. Ask if they want them brown, and make sure before you do them. The experience I have gained since I have been here is valuable, for I have done work which I never dreamt of, even when I left St. Dunstan's. The work I was most proud of was a frame I did in four sections, for I had never done such a thing at St. Dunstan's, and I did not know how to start on it. However, I tackled it, and did it so well that I gained my customer's congratulations and promise of further orders. He was a carpenter himself, so I count that as praise indeed, for he was sure to know something about mitres.

Other frames have been more difficult than that, and one I have had to do over again three times before I felt it fit to send out. I mention this on purpose to show you how needful it is to stick to the more difficult mouldings, which I used to fight shy of.

To close, I would emphasise an article in the REVIEW, in which the writer mentioned confidence as a great factor in a blind man's success. Though I am not quite blind, I should have fared very badly without the confidence to do some of the most teasing things in picture frame mouldings. It means much spoilt material, and, of course, a loss by it, but it is the only way to learn.

William Pettit.

### The Diary of a Simple-Lifer.

THE idea of the Simple Life burrowed its way into my brain one day as I lay in bed. The responsibility for the idea I lay upon the soul of my Chum in the next bed to me. When he happened to speak to me of his country home, I could feel the summer sun smiling radiantly down upon me. If he spoke of the Orchard, and the Chickens and the Goats, I became ob-

essed with the flimsy desire to settle down in some such place, and let life ebb itself away like water from a bottle with a perforated cork.

Anyway, it would be a change. Sandbags and shell-holes I was tired of, and that kind of life did not exactly suit my complexion. "Try it." Something within me whispered, and feeling the inspiration so strong I decided there and then that I would obey.

And so with visions of brown leggings and a large appetite I followed my desire, and here I am in fact installed amongst the glories of a Country dream.

Although there is every promise that my dream may some day be fulfilled, I must admit that the first night of my arrival was not quite up to expectations.

But I arose the next morning feverish for the fray, or, as I should say, eager for the introductory part of my dream's pursuit.

"Any brown leggings about the house?" I asked.

"Brown leggings!" repeated a chorus of voices. "Whatever do you want Brown leggings for?"

"Aren't brown leggings the usual thing?" I asked timidly, feeling a little confused at the collective interest taken in me. This time the chorus of voices seemed to pitch itself to a more pleasing note. "We have no brown leggings, but they are not really necessary."

"May be so," I answered somewhat testily, "but I wanted to make a good impression."

With that matter settled I made an attempt to find a way leading to the farm.

"Where are you going?" asked the same chorus of voices.

"Up to the farm," I replied shyly.

At this juncture I stepped boldly forward and fell over two chairs and a sewing machine. Gathering myself up, I made a complaint to the effect that fur-



niture should not be allowed to roam about the house at will.

A dozen arms clasped me and forced me to descend into the depths of an easy chair.

"You sit here and rest. We'll do the farm work. Sit there and smoke, tell us what to do, and we'll see to the management of the place."

I sat there for a few moments listlessly and groaned.

"Smoke," I repeated to myself. For several months I had done nothing but smoke—smoked in bed, on 'buses, in parks; every conceivable kind of cigarette had suffered banishment in smoke until the only cry of my soul seemed to be for something of a nature more materially profitable.

Soon, to my great joy, I heard several pairs of feet receding through the doorway. "Now is my chance," thought I. I would let them out of the way, and then, to show my independence, I would follow. To their great surprise they should find me following in their tracks.

With a smile on my face like unto a

man drawing his month's salary, I rose and began to make my way in the direction of the footsteps. But my passage was intercepted by the growl of a dog.

"Hello, Gip!" I called.

The dog only growled.

"Evidently," thought I, "being strangers to each other, I must win his confidence." And with this in mind I set out to coax the brute.

The more I coaxed the more the dog growled, until, tired of being set at defiance, I fumbled round for something in the nature of a weapon to fling at the beast. It became quite obvious to me that the dog knew the trick, and to show his disgust at such a form of strategy, he rushed forward with a snarl of wicked intention. Not caring for the idea of combat with a lower order of animal, I sought refuge, managing to clamber on to the dining table. I sat there a prisoner on my own farm, shouting wildly for succour, and the dog howling like a hungry wolf.

If this is the beginning of the Simple Life, what will the end be like?

T. H. Dennison.

### Newcomers in April

Adams, Sergeant B. T. ... ..	6th Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.
Allan, Private T. ... ..	6th Yorks Regiment.
Baker, Corporal ... ..	Northumberland Fusiliers.
Ball, A.B., John ... ..	R.N.D.
Blundell, Lance-Corporal E. J. ... ..	11th Welsh Regiment.
Bowen, Lance-Corporal H. ... ..	11th Welsh Regiment.
Brown, Private G. ... ..	9th Royal Berks Regiment.
Bull, Private S. ... ..	3rd 1st East Kent Yeomanry.
Burke, Private C. ... ..	3rd Royal Fusiliers.
Chave, Private H. ... ..	R.M.L.I.
Clarke, Private S. ... ..	2nd Royal Berks Regiment.
Clarke, Private R. ... ..	Royal Fusiliers and Middlesex Regt.
College, Private H. ... ..	8th Yorks Regiment.
Coulson, A. T. ... ..	R.F.C.
Dunning, Leading Seaman W. R. ... ..	H.M.S. King Edward Seventh.
Flatt, Private H. ... ..	A.I.F.





Garrity, Private P. ....	A.V.C.
Greenwood, Private E. E. ....	Royal Fusiliers.
Hardy, Private R. H. ....	A.I.F.
Hoey, Lance-Corporal A. ....	A.I.F.
Johnson, Private W. H. ....	2nd South Wales Borderers.
Joyce, Private J. ....	16th Yorks Regiment.
Kean, A., Officers' Cook ....	R.N.
Lowrie, Private R. K. ....	K.O.S.B.
Mackay, Rifleman S. C. ....	2/16 London Regiment.
Macaulay, Sergeant J. W. ....	9th Black Watch.
Monaghan, Lance-Corporal J. ....	6th Northumberland Fusiliers.
Moore, Private G. ....	2nd Inniskillin Fusiliers.
Myford, Lance-Corporal H. ....	11th West Kents.
McCue, Private J. ....	1st Royal Scots.
McClure, Torpedoman A. ....	H.M.S. Bovie.
McCann, Private T. ....	Royal Scots.
Norman, Private C. ....	6th Northants.
Oxenham, Private W. ....	7th Royal West Kents.
Roach, C., Private ....	D.L.I.
Robertson, Private R. ....	Black Watch.
Spackman, Private F. W. ....	4th Buffs.
Spedding, Private S. J. ....	12th Royal Fusiliers.
Verrinder, Corporal W. H. ....	A.A.S.C.
Wagg, Lance-Corporal H. A. ....	1st Norfolks.
Williams, Private D. J. ....	2nd Royal Welsh Fusiliers.
Buckingham, Private J. ....	7th Lincolns.
Birkett, Corporal G. B. ....	1/6 King's Liverpools.

### Old Boys' Addresses

Arnold, Pte. L., 61, Richmond Road, Dalston.  
 Adams, G., Hale House, Hale, Nr. Liverpool.  
 Alexander, E., 63, Canning Rd., Highbury.  
 Alcock, R., 6, Bank Rd., Ipswich.  
 Allen, W., 53, Lord St., Leigh.  
 Arnold, A., 41, Wycliffe Rd., Wimbledon.  
 Arnold, L., 61, Richmond Road, Dalston, N.  
 Back, A. W., Sandy Lane, Rendham.  
 Barley, J., 4a, Dale St., Crosby, Scunthorpe.  
 Batchelor, J., 15, Tooting Gr., Tooting.  
 Bates, E., 17a, Prince of Wales Rd., Battersea.  
 Bell, J., The Oaks, Ewhurst, Surrey.  
 Boeking, A. J., 93, Franklin Street, Oldham.  
 Brundrett, P., 7, Maurice St., Pendlebury.  
 Biggadyke, R., 41, Tower St., Boston.  
 Bolton, C. E., 7, Broughton Cottages, Otford.  
 Boswell, E., 7, Foster's Yard, Church St.,  
 Gainsborough, Lincs.  
 Bowers, W. J., 24, Lenelly Rd., Surbiton.  
 Braithwaite, F. G., 1, Chestnut Rd., Guildford.

Brown, A., East View, Weston Hills, Spalding.  
 Brown, J. R., 11, Mount St., Nuneaton.  
 Brown, G., Greenside, Ewhurst, Surrey.  
 Brown, J., Warren Hall, Spout Lane, Branchley.  
 Brown, P., 2, Argyle Rd., N. Kensington.  
 Carnell, W. C., Kiln Cottage, South Molton  
 Rd., Bampton, Devon.  
 Catlow, S., 32, Wenning St., Nelson, Lance.  
 Champliss, F., 239, High Rd., Willesden Green.  
 Chapple, F., Prince of Wales Cottage, Parson-  
 age Lane, Enfield.  
 Clarke, E., High St., Edwinstowe.  
 Clarke, W. W., 94, Iderton Rd., Bermondsey.  
 Colle, M., 120, Dawes Rd., Waltham Green, W.  
 Coles, G. B., Beckingham, Notts.  
 Collins, W. H., Chalkman's Knoll, Bygrave Rd.,  
 Ashwell, near Baldock.  
 Colville, H., 32, Cranley Gardens, Patmer's  
 Green, N.15.



Cook, H., 30, Haggerston Road, Walton, Liver-  
 pool.  
 Cooper, T. S., 36, Tavistock Avenue, Newlands,  
 Hull.  
 Crane, H. J., 109b, Church Street, Croydon.  
 Chamberlain, T. W., 4, Pine Grove, Be lamy St.,  
 Holderness Road, Hull.  
 Cromwell, W., Blackfriars Inn, Gloucester.  
 Curtis-Willson, Sergt., Woodglade, New Chapel  
 Rd., Lingfield, Surrey.  
 Daumont, O., 61, Carlton Vale, W.  
 Davidson, W., Gortmaeraire, Kilsca, Co.  
 Down, Ireland.  
 Davies, J. E., Cloth Hall, Prengwyn, Llandyssil,  
 S. Wales.  
 Davies, W., 48, Higson Street, Old Trafford,  
 Salford.  
 Davis, G., Rose Villa, Great Burstead.  
 Dennis, T., 31, Copnor Road, Portsmouth.  
 Dennison, T. H., Draycot Road, Forsbrook,  
 Blyth Bridge, Stoke-on-Trent.  
 Deylin, T., 25, Liverpool Road, St. Helens.  
 Dowson, T., 49, Welford St., Middlesbor ough.  
 Duxbury, W., 2, Holly Bank Cottages, Ashley  
 Lane, Mostyn Lane, Manchester.  
 Dyson, Sgt. F., Victoria Cottage, Pick Hill,  
 Uppermill, Nr. Oldham.  
 Eaton, T., 40, Wenning St., Nelson, Lanes.  
 Edmund, W. E., West Barn, Dunbar, N.B.  
 Elborn, H., 23, Manaton Rd., Peckham, S.E.  
 Evans, A., 1, Carlisle Pl., Newport Mon.  
 Featherstone, P., Uplands Cottage, Ferriby.  
 Fleetwood, F., Tangland Castle, Tatsfield.  
 Flett, H., 39, Woodview Rd., Golders Green.  
 Fleetwood, F., Bar View, Instow, N. Devon.  
 Foster, F., 34, Clarence St., Plymouth.  
 Foster, T., 2, St. Dunstan's Bungalows, Wort-  
 ing, near Basingstoke.  
 Foxon, W. H., 143, Valetta Rd, Acton Vale, W.  
 Girling, W., 14, Queen's Road, Brighton.  
 Graves, R., 5, Inglewood Rd., West Hampstead.  
 Goodeson, P., 66, Lower Mount Street, Dublin.  
 Gordon, W., 365, Featherstall Road, Oldham.  
 Green, Lionel, Langdale, St. Edward's Road,  
 Gosport.  
 Groves, T. W., 48, Claremont Terr., Fleetwood.  
 Hallam, W. J., St. Dunstan's, Garden City,  
 Sandiacre.  
 Hale, G., Market Place, Blackheath, B'ham.  
 Hale, H. W., 27, West Street, Croydon.  
 Hall, A. W., 150, High St., Sydenham.  
 Halls, W. C., 42, Upper Jackson St., Hulme,  
 Manchester.  
 Harker, J., Vivery Cross Rd., Southwick, near  
 Brighton.  
 Harper, A., 3, Ramsay Square, Leamhead, Edin-  
 burgh.  
 Hayes, H., Main Street, Ballincolligh, Cork.  
 Herriot, Clifton, Bryn-y-maen Rd., Upper Col-  
 wyn Bay.  
 Hicks, A. E., 146, Glengall Rd., Peckham, S.E.

Hill, H. E., 212, Upper Empress Rd., Bevis  
 Vale, Southampton.  
 Hills, C., c/o Mrs. Jim Pert, "Whangaroa,"  
 Kyle Street, Arncliffe, Sydney, N.S.W.  
 Holden, J., 1a, Roebuck St., West Bromwich.  
 Holmes, A., 28, Mornington Road, Hkley.  
 Horswell, W., 1, The Broadway, Charlton Adam,  
 Somerset.  
 Hudson, H., 64, Beach Road Russellville, Dul-  
 wich Hill, Sydney, N.S.W.  
 Hulme, H., 3, Cottage Farm Yard, Chapelfield,  
 Near Radcliffe.  
 Hurst, H., The Myres, Great Longstone, Derby.  
 Hutchinson, M. A., 77a, Belmont Park Road,  
 Leyton.  
 Iddiols, A. T., 4, The Stable, Market St., W.  
 Johnson, E., c/o Miss Miller, 24, Melbourne  
 Street, Carlisle.  
 Johnson, T., 13, Ormuz Street, Halliwell Lane,  
 Cheetham, Manchester.  
 Johns P., 19, School Board Lane, Brampton,  
 Chesterfield.  
 Kenny, J., 127, Old George Street, Cork.  
 Kerr, J. W., 180, Widnes Rd., Widnes, Lancs.  
 Kirby, H., The Hydro, Middleton Rd. Camp,  
 Heaton Pk., Manchester.  
 Kirby, Sgt., 147, Wellington St., Millom, Cum-  
 berland.  
 Kitchen, F., Knott Fold, Hyde, near Manchester.  
 Kitson, A., Everingham, Yorks.  
 Knight, C., Wiggaton, Ottery St. Mary, Devons.  
 Lane, M., 1a, Ebenza Bldgs., Islington, N.  
 Lath, J. T., 19, Channing St., Sheffield.  
 Latham, G., Hyde End Lodge, Brimpton,  
 Berks.  
 Law, A., 5, Windmill Road, Wandsworth.  
 Lawlor, G., 4, Terrace Gar., St. Alban's Rd.,  
 Watford.  
 Leeman, J. F., Riby Road, Keelby, Nr.  
 Brocklesby, Lincs.  
 Leeman, Sgt., 89, Robert St., Great Grimby.  
 Lenderyou, A. F., 97, Haydns Road, South  
 Wimbledon.  
 Letch, S. J., Hatfield Peveril, Essex.  
 Lilley, A., Cherry Tree Farm, Unsworth.  
 Lilley, G., 234, New Avenue, Acoccks Green,  
 Birmingham.  
 Lingard, W., 6, Sunnyside Cottages, Writtle.  
 Lomas, J., 5, Lauriston Road, South Hackney.  
 Lomas, G., 297, Manchester Road, Burnley.  
 Lowden, Pte. J., 32, Grasscroft Street, Staly-  
 bridge, Cheshire.  
 Lynch, D., 4, Mayfield, Cork City.  
 McFarlane, M., Granville Canadian Special  
 Hospital, Ramsgate.  
 Maclean, D., Cherry Tree Cottage, Unsworth,  
 near Manchester.  
 Makin, D., 55, Thames St. East, Wallsend-on-  
 Tyne.  
 Mapp, G. I., 7, Osborn Place, Birmingham.  
 Marks, S., 12, Weaver Street, Chester.





Marshall, F., 88, Finkle St., Cottingham, near Hull.  
 Matthews, C. W., 83, Belmont Rd., Maidenhead.  
 Mayell, B., Meadowside, Burtons Road, Hampton Hill, S.W.  
 Mears, A., 23, Osborn Road, Leyton.  
 Millar, W., Hardwick Rectory, Aylesbury.  
 McCairn, F., 17, Maybury Street, Tooting.  
 Millward, T., 11, Wentworth Terrace, off York Rd., Leeds.  
 Minchin, W., Sandfield Cottage, Pitch Place, Worplesdon, Guildford, Surrey.  
 Moon, J., 1, Military Rd., Cork.  
 Moore, A. E., 73, Faraday St., Walworth, S.E.  
 Melling, D., Powell St., Clayton, Manchester.  
 McCarthy, P., 29, Kickham St., Clonmel.  
 McCarthy, D., 71a, Clarendon Rd., Notting Hill, W.  
 McCarthy, W. F., 1, Lutterworth Rd., Attleborough, Nuneaton.  
 McDonald, N., 106, Glebe St., Townhead, Glasgow.  
 McNally, G., 5, Tyson St., Pendleton.  
 Milligan, T. (same as Kirby).  
 Nolan, J., Quarry Farm, Gwysaney, Mold.  
 O'Connell, S., 14, Culworth Street, St. John's, Wood, N.W.  
 Orrell, J., Wigan Rd., New Spring, Wigan.  
 Orvis, A. R., 60, Mastoroborough Road, Hamersmith, W.  
 Owen, D., Tyn-y-frith, Llanellan, Colwyn Bay.  
 Owen, W., 12, Ogwell Street, Bethesda, Carnarvon.  
 Pettit, W., 12, High Street, Harrow.  
 Patston, A. H., c/o Mr. Parry, Oxmead, Ewhurst, Surrey.  
 Payne, G. E., 77, Queensland Rd., Holloway.  
 Pugh, J., 20, All Saints Street, Caledonian Rd.  
 Roberts, J., 1, Campbell Ter., Southend-on-Sea.  
 Robinson, W., Welby, Nr. Grantham, Lincs.  
 Roddy, C., 25, New Rowas, Washington, Co. Durham.  
 Rodgers, A. C., 32, Trafalgar Road, Hightown, Wrexham.  
 Rose, G. W., 14, The Triangle, Ruby St., Old Kent Rd., S.E.  
 Rutter, J., 10, Cross Road, Bridgwater Street, Winton, Patricroft, Manchester.  
 Scott, W. C., Edgar Allen Institute, Sheffield.  
 Sebbage, W., Clayhill, Stonegate, Ticehurst.  
 Selby, J., Sergeant, 1, St. Dunstan's Bangalows, Worthing, nr. Basingstoke.  
 Shaw, G. W., 73, Castle Road, Glasgow.  
 Sheppard, C., 141, Shear Cross, Crockerton, Warminster.

Shurrock, W., 78, Concrete, Wombwell, Barnsley, Yorks.  
 Sims, H., 9, Queen's Street, Chertsey.  
 Speight, W. G., 28, Brook Lane, Forgate, Nr. Horsham, Sussex.  
 Spinks, J., 50, Stockport Rd., Ashton-under-Lyne.  
 Spiers, C., Friars Court, Friars Entry, Oxford.  
 Street, W., 37, Bewdley St., Evesham.  
 Spry, R., c/o Mrs. Bingham, 21, Dartmoor Rd., Notting Hill Gate, W.  
 Sewell, C. (same as Milligan).  
 Shaw, R., 9, Arundel St., Burnley, Lancs.  
 Shepherd, Thomas, 10, Marsh Brook Fold, West Houghton, near Bolton, Lancs.  
 Shimmers, M. J., 80, Hounslow Road, Whitton, Twickenham.  
 Smith, A., New St., Retford, Notts.  
 Speight, W. G., Bridge House, Bolton-le-Sands, near Camforth, Lancs.  
 Stamper, T. D., 57, Skimmer Street, Stockton-on-Tees.  
 Stammers, R., 114, Oxford Rd., High Wycombe.  
 Steel, J., 799, Springburne Rd., Glasgow.  
 Stewart, J., 74, Longfield Rd., Todmorden.  
 Sumner, P. S., Worcester College for the Higher Education of the Blind, Worcester.  
 Sweeting, R., 28 King's Street, Glossop.  
 Swingle, E., c/o Mrs. Harrison, 8, Station Terrace, George St., South Retford, Notts.  
 Tarry, S. G., 20, Mysore Road, Lavender Hill, S.W.  
 Taylor, G., 46, Coare St., Macclesfield.  
 Thorpe, T., 9, Willow Street, Darwen, Lancs.  
 Turnock, E., 32, Baker Street, Leigh, Lancs.  
 Turner, W., 15, Slater Street, Burslem, Stoke.  
 Verbrugge, Camille, c/o Mrs. Johnston, Bignor Pk., Pulborough.  
 Waldin, J. T., 15, Barrow Hill Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.  
 Wall, T., c/o Mrs. Dunning, 5, Cobden Place, Claypit Lane, Leeds.  
 Watt, W., 21, Mount Road, Montrose.  
 Wenlock, R., The Causeway, Peasenhall, Suffolk.  
 White, T. H., 26, Durham St., Albert Park, Victoria.  
 White, 56, Hartington Road, Liverpool.  
 Whiteside, W., Port Down, Co. Armagh.  
 Williams, A., Cae Gwyn, Michaelstown Fewd, Cardiff.  
 Vine, R. J., 9, Amor Road, The Grove, Hamersmith.  
 Woollen, Albert (same as Milligan).  
 Wright, R. E., 59, Caversham Avenue, Palmer's Green, N.

# St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

Conducted by CHARLES E. ROSE

(Hon. Supt. of Works and Sports).

ST. DUNSTAN'S MOTTO:

"What the eye doesn't see, the heart doesn't grieve about."

No. 12.

June, 1917



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# St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

No. 12.—NEW SERIES.

JUNE, 1917.

PRICE 6d.

## Editorial Notes.

**T**HIS number completes our first volume, and those subscribers who have saved all their monthly copies will doubtless want to have them bound. I shall prepare title pages and contents for those who want them if they will send me their names. The second volume will start with the July issue.

It has been our aim to make the REVIEW a complete record of the doings and happenings at St. Dunstan's, and although I fear some items of news have been omitted occasionally, I think that on the whole the magazine has fairly well accomplished its aim.

I depend largely on the Old Boys to keep me informed of what is going on with them, and those who send me letters will find that I always make use of them. It is of the greatest interest to those who are here to know how those who have left are faring.

What I should like every subscriber and reader to do is to send me any suggestions or advice as to how the REVIEW may be improved and made more interesting. We all do our best, but it is always possible that we may not quite suit all tastes in ways that could be amended. So please do not mind bothering us, we like to be bothered, and do not refrain from offering suggestions for fear that they may not be feasible. We will give every attention to any proposals and will adopt them wherever we can.

I do not think I have any more to say

this month, except to thank all those who have supported the REVIEW both by their contributions and subscriptions. In concluding the first year, I trust I may express the hope that the magazine has come to stay, and that it will continue to interest the Old Boys even after the time has come when the training work at St. Dunstan's is finished.

My best thanks and wishes to everybody.  
THE EDITOR.

## Notes by the Chief

**S**T. DUNSTAN'S was honoured on Wednesday, May 16th, by a visit from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and H.R.H. Princess Mary. The Prince was only home from the Front on short leave, and we should, I think, feel highly gratified that he thought fit to spend some of the brief holiday from his military duties at the Front in visiting us. His Royal Highness was greatly interested in the immense developments which have taken place since his former visit to St. Dunstan's, which was paid shortly after we started. He showed the utmost interest in all that was going on, and spoke in the warmest terms of the courageous spirit and splendid progress shown. It was Princess Mary's first visit to St. Dunstan's, and, like her Royal brother, she was keenly interested in all that she saw, and more than appreciative in the remarks which she made.

It is my great pleasure to give you this





month the following delightful letter from the Commander-in-Chief:—

General Headquarters,  
British Armies in France,  
9th April, 1917.

MY DEAR SIR ARTHUR,—Thank you very much for the copy of the "St Dunstan's Review." To all who are acquainted with the objects of the Hostel and to those who have themselves benefited by the splendid work carried on there for the assistance of the men blinded in the War, the "Review" must be of the greatest interest. I wish that it may come into the hands of as many as possible, in order that the work of the Hostel may be more widely known. I am glad to take this opportunity, through the medium of the "Review," to assure those gallant sailors and soldiers who have lost their sight in the service of their country, that neither their brave deeds nor their sufferings are forgotten. The debt that is owed to them is a great one, and can never wholly be repaid—but it is the dear duty of their fellow countrymen to do all that is possible to ameliorate their lot.—With every good wish, please believe me,  
Yours very truly, D. HAIG.

You will all, I know, feel proud of the fact that Sir Douglas Haig has found time in the midst of his overwhelming work and immeasurable responsibility to send this message of encouragement and good cheer.

Ever since the officers who have lost their sight have been installed in Portland Place Lady Haig has been one of their most welcome and regular visitors, often coming to take tea and reading aloud the evening paper.

Some months ago I told you in these notes of my personal impressions of the way in which your gallant French comrades are being treated and trained. Now I am able to give you some interesting information about German soldiers who have been blinded. For some time past I have had an uneasy feeling that German efficiency had probably evolved

methods of treatment for men who have lost their sight which might be, in some respects, superior to ours. I will not say that I am glad to discover this is not the fact, for though I do not pretend to like Germans, whether they can see or whether they cannot, it goes against the grain to wish that a man who has been suddenly deprived of sight should not have the best of care, whether he be a Hun or no.

The information which has now reached me is from official sources, and goes to show that very little is being done for the German blinded soldier. Less indeed I should think than for those of France, whose condition compares very unfavourably in all respects with that of the men of St. Dunstan's. There appears to be little, if anything, in the way of central organisation for the care of German blinded soldiers. They have been distributed over Germany, and when looked after at all seem to be under the care of local institutions for the blind. One central effort is engaging men in some of the minor operations of munition making, thus thrusting them into the German war machine and teaching them work which, so far as I can make out, is not likely to be of the least use to them in their future lives. A small effort has recently been started in the way of teaching men agriculture and poultry farming. At present it is only designed to train thirty men, and judging from our experience and that of the French, I should think it would be an underestimate to say that at least 6,000 Germans have lost their sight in the war. There appears to be no system of after-care for the German blinded soldier, unless this is being done in a small way by local institutions. I fear that practically nothing is being done for the many Russians who have been blinded in the war. There seems to be considerable activity in Italy with regard to the present and future care of the men who



have been deprived of their sight, and as their number is not at present large, I hope that really adequate arrangements may be made for their training and after-care. I am glad to say that we have been able to give much advice to those who are making themselves responsible for the blinded Italians.

The weather as I am dictating this note leads one to think with pleasant anticipation of summer holidays, and I expect that you will all of you be glad to know the dates that have been fixed upon for these. We shall break up on the 25th and 26th July and reassemble on the 20th and 21st of August. I hope that the weather will be kind, and that you will all have a jolly good time, as I fully intend to do.

The St. Dunstan's Saving Bank has made a splendid start. There is now in it the substantial sum of £1,550. I am glad that the fellows who are here are taking advantage of the opportunity of obtaining a rate of interest for their money which they certainly will never get again. The addition of ten per cent. to all amounts deposited means, of course, a very varying rate of interest per annum for different deposits, according to the dates at which they are made, but it averages out at a rate which would more than satisfy the most usurious Shylock.

In many ways (including the choice of partners for life) the men of St. Dunstan's have shown that they know a good thing when they see it, just as well as do people who see a little better than they can. The popularity of the Savings Bank is, I think, a great example of this.

As often as distance and German submarines permit I hear from Lieutenant Little, an Australian officer who was

blinded at Gallipoli, and who, besides losing his sight, was deprived of an arm, had a leg very seriously and permanently damaged, and was greatly shattered in general health. Lieutenant Little was evacuated to Cairo, and while there I corresponded with him on the subject of his future. We arrived at the conclusion that, taking into consideration his very precarious state of health, it was better for him to return to his native climate than come to England and avail himself of the advantages of St. Dunstan's. Especially was this so, as the lady who had most devotedly nursed him had agreed to become his wife. But he has always been in every way regarded as one of ourselves.

In the last letter received from Lieutenant Little he tells me that he was greatly interested in what I wrote in these notes about the, to me, very remarkable feat of the Rev. W. E. Lloyd in reading Braille through four thicknesses of a pocket handkerchief, and that he found himself able to do this. I knew already that Lieutenant Little had become a ready reader of Braille with extraordinary rapidity, but I am free to confess that this evidence of his aptitude quite amazed me. He must certainly be awarded the St. Dunstan's championship for Braille reading.

The following extract from Lieutenant Little's last letter shows that, in spite of his very severe handicap, he does not content himself with sitting at home and reading Braille with his one hand: "I have recently addressed some meetings in support of conscription. While speaking at Rockhampton a gentleman's voice called from the audience of two thousand people, 'If I could, I would gladly give you my own eyes.' Such incidents as these annoyed the anti-conscription papers, who headed their accounts, 'An appeal to sentiment,' and 'Any woman





who votes "Yes" on Saturday sends a man to his death."

Thank goodness, since Lieutenant Little wrote Mr. Hughes has been returned to power, and Australian funkies are likely to have rather a poor time.

I wonder whether you fellows are ever blind in your dreams? I never am. In my dream I can see as I used to; and if I dream of something bringing in people whom I have only known since I lost my sight, they are vague, indistinct forms, though somehow I know who they are. I have never dreamed about a place that I did not know before I was blind. I think this question of how people who have lost their sight dream is rather interesting, and I shall be very glad if any of you who care to do so will write me your own experiences about it. They will, I think, make an article which many people would like to read. I am reminded how the blind poet, Milton, saying good-night to his daughters, once observed, "May it indeed be as good to you as to me. You know, night brings back my day; I am not blind in my dreams."

I am afraid that a good many men who have received severe head wounds suffer a great deal from insomnia. In the past I have experienced a most annoying inability to get enough sleep, but I seem lately to have solved the problem, and am just now sleeping better than I have for many years. I give you my recipe for what it is worth. When I am dressing in the morning, and if I can think of doing so during the day, I say to myself, "When you go to bed, sleep till 6.30. If you wake, don't think." This I repeat over and over again and try to thoroughly impress it upon my mind. The result has been that instead of waking up and starting to

think of something which leads to other thoughts, and finally thoroughly arousing myself up, I now when I wake in the night just say to myself, "Don't think," and drop off to sleep again. Also I have almost entirely got out of the annoying and distressing habit of waking for good at four or five o'clock. At one time or another I have told most of you that ability to do things without sight is mainly a question of making up your mind to it, and I really honestly believe that ability to abolish sleeplessness is much the same thing.

This little note is intended especially for friends and relatives of the men of St. Dunstan's. Be most careful to see that things in a house where a blind man is are always in the same place. Nothing is more apt to destroy growing confidence in moving about than to suddenly find oneself barging into a chair or other piece of furniture which is in a position that it does not usually occupy. In the same way, it is quite aggravating to find that somebody has tidied up one's dressing table and carefully put everything in a different place to that occupied the day before. Those who wish to help a newly blinded man to help himself should exercise the most scrupulous care in seeing that everything about a house always, as nearly as is possible, occupies the same position.

Here is a hint for St. Dunstanners who are happy possessors of small children. It may seem a comical one at first reading, but as it was adopted by a very clever blind man of my acquaintance to his complete satisfaction, I think it is worth considering. Let each kiddie have tied round its neck or somewhere else a little bell with a different sound. Thus when the toddler runs into the room you know whether it is Pollie or Jack. Furthermore, if Pollie is crawling about



the floor, daddie is not so apt to stumble over them, or even tread upon her, as he would be if she did not carry the little protecting bell.

In the course of the Debate on Thursday, May 17th, which dealt with the question of blind people going about by themselves, I mentioned the fact that many St. Dunstanners are apt to carry sticks which are too heavy. The stick should be regarded as an elongation of the arm, not as a club, and the lighter it is the more useful it will prove. A heavy stick is all right for the blind beggar who wants to attract attention by lusty bangs on the pavement, but none of us come into that category. I have asked Captain Russell Roberts to lay in a good stock of light sticks, and any man who wishes to exchange a heavy stick for a light one can do so on application to Captain Russell Roberts. A. P.

### St. Dunstan's Gossip

THE old story of the widow's mite has been brought up to date in the prettiest manner imaginable. Mrs. Wheeler, of 24, First Street, Wandsworth, who has a son in a torpedo boat destroyer, and who is a widow, hit upon the happy idea of saving the farthings that she received from the customers in her little shop. She wanted to do something for the blinded soldiers and her means were small. The result was that she was enabled to send us 156 farthings in a box, accompanied by a nicely worded letter saying that it was all she could do for us, although she would have liked to do much more. We can assure her that we fully appreciate her kindness and are just as grateful for her good intentions as for her contribution. It is these little things that make us feel that the hearts of all Englishwomen are with us in our work.

Here is a direct result of the use of our Debating Club. Sergeant Curtis-Willson, who was one of our regular speakers on Thursday evenings, has been asked to stand as a candidate for the Rural District Council of Lingfield, where he is in business in poultry, baskets, and mats. We are sure that he will acquit himself well if he is elected.

A Bazaar on a big scale on our behalf was held in the Conway Hall, Walthamstow, on May 10th, 11th, and 12th. It was opened on Thursday by the Countess of Warwick, on Friday by Lady Pearson, straight from her arduous work at the Albert Hall, and on Saturday by Lady Fulton. It was a well-managed undertaking with plenty of attractive stalls and side-shows, and was fully supported by the inhabitants and tradespeople of Walthamstow. The latter generously provided the goods, and the former as generously purchased them.

Our paragraph upon Mrs. Rowley's "Wonderful Cake" in the May issue was quickly responded to by our readers, and we are told that orders flowed in for the recipe from all parts of the country. Both Mr. and Mrs. Rowley have been kept busy posting the replies, and our thanks are due to all those subscribers who sent in their requests. We hope that the Cake agreed with all of them.

What is the dreadful secret that is carried on in the Braille Room after working hours? Strange sounds of an alarming character issue therefrom; groans, hoots, screams, most of them half-smothered, but some apparently too painful to be kept under control, assail the ears of promenaders in the grounds. We dare not explain, for we have been sworn to silence; but the gossips declare that it is nothing worse than the practising of the St. Dunstan's Band.





## ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW



Some day, of course, we shall know the truth, and if it is really the Band we must all try and be brave when it marches forth.

The Lord Mayor of London paid us a visit on May 4th. Being a very busy man he was unable to spend as much time in the Classroom and Workshops as he desired, but he showed quick appreciation of all that was in progress, and expressed himself as both interested and impressed. His visit was quite unofficial, and we were all very pleased to see him.

Swimming started on Monday, the 4th of May, and has been taken up by a number of men. Names have to be given to Captain Roberts on the mornings of each Monday and Friday, and under the charge of Mr. Murray Atkins the procession sets forth for the Marylebone Baths at noon. Mr. Atkins, who is zealous at his job, plunged in with his clothes on the other day to continue a swimming lesson that he was giving. At least that was how it appeared to the onlookers, but Mr. Atkins' own explanation is that Matthews, whom he was encouraging from the side, suddenly gripped his wrist and jerked him in. For our own part, however, we like to regard the incident as due to zeal rather than accident; at all events, Mr. Atkins had the satisfaction of causing the onlookers some innocent amusement.

The tandem cycles have come and have been much in evidence. At present there are only two of them, but a third is on the way, which will be devoted solely to the use of the men at the College Annexe. The orderlies have been very useful in taking the men for early morning rides, and the additional work that this entails upon them is much appreciated. The usual run is in the Outer Circle, where there is not much

traffic, but longer journeys have occasionally been made as the riders become expert. A six-in-hand tandem is the latest arrival, and for this we have to thank Mr. Guy Campbell, of the Royal Normal College for the Blind. This should prove a great attraction.

The number of concerts and entertainments given for the benefit of St. Dunstan's is a large one, and we regret that space will not permit us to deal with them all as they deserve. In fact, if we were to chronicle them we should be able to find room for little else in these columns. The generous givers of these concerts must please accept our acknowledgments of gratitude for them all, and will understand, we are sure, the reason that we do not mention each of them individually.

As soon as the fine weather began in May, the Braille and netting pupils took their work out of doors and enjoyed the fresh air. The poultry men followed their example; but the Workshops and the Massage Class were unluckily debarred from following suit as their studies cannot be conducted away from their base. We all agree that May has done its very best to make up for the bad behaviour of April.

Rufus Shaw, who is now a proud father, as we recorded last month, is really settling down to work. He tells us that a Burnley alderman is going to recommend his work as a boot repairer, and has promised to put an advertisement in the paper for him. We always knew that Shaw was made of the right stuff.

We have to record an omission from the list of newcomers last month. The name of George Frank Yarrow, Master-at-Arms, R.N., was unfortunately over-



## ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW



looked. These accidents are bound to happen in present circumstances, and we repeat our request that any men who find their names not included in the lists will at once inform us. We are only too glad to rectify any error.

The Y.W.C.A. at Church End, Finchley, by means of little concerts among themselves, raised a sum of £13, which they have sent to St. Dunstan's. They are very modest about it, and regret that the amount is not more. But we of St. Dunstan's treasure the motive that raises the sum more even than the sum itself. Our grateful thanks are due to these ladies.

A cheery letter comes from Duncan Maclean, whose chicks are doing well, and who is engaged with his wife in vegetable raising. He says that he enjoys the magazine, as it encourages both old and new men to do all in their power "to be worthy of the name of St. Dunstanners." We have not forgotten the many humorous articles that Corporal Maclean wrote for this magazine, and we wish that he would send us some more.

On Sunday, April 28th, Corporal Richard Biggadike, late of the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons, one of the old St. Dunstanners of whom we are all proud, received the "Medal for Bravery on the Field." It was presented by Brigadier-General H. Clifton Brown after church parade, accompanied by a speech, in which the General recounted the heroic action which had earned it. The enthusiastic onlookers broke into loud applause, which we of St. Dunstan's heartily echo.

Private C. E. Temperton, another of our delightful Old Boys, was the recipient of a similar honour at Hull. Field-

Marshal Viscount French presented the medal on the occasion of the opening of St. John Hospital. Lord French explained that it was awarded for carrying in a wounded comrade under heavy fire. Three weeks later he was blinded by the bursting of a German hand grenade. We all remember with affection the sunny nature of "Charlie" Temperton, and we are glad to know that he has received his due reward.

It was a great day in the College Annexe when Pinner's marriage took place. The date was May 14th, and high-jinks were enjoyed by all those who were present at the wedding feast. This was the first marriage at the new Annexe, and everybody was proportionately exhilarated. All happiness to the young couple!

It was very kind indeed of the *Tatler* to give us such a nice notice in its issue of May 9th; but why did it call us the "St. Dunstan's Magazine," when our right title is the "ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW"? And why did it say that the annual subscription was 8s., when it is only 7s.? But we have nothing but gratitude for the rest of the things that it said, and a more flattering recognition of our efforts could not be conceived.

We were much interested in the visit of Mr. Frederick Coleman, the American author who wrote "From Mons to Ypres." Mr. Coleman is coming to give a little lecture to us one evening on his experiences at the Front, and it will be interesting for the men here to compare notes with him. He also intends to send an account of St. Dunstan's to the States for the magazines.

It has never been chronicled that Miss Hardcastle, now Mrs. Malcolm Bell, who was associated with Miss Pain in the





Braille Room, had the exciting experience on the voyage to India of being chased by a submarine. She gives a graphic account of the wearying anxiety of the early days of the passage, when nobody knew from moment to moment when the call might come. Happily, Miss Hardcastle's ship escaped.

Mr. T. H. Martin has changed his work. He ceases to be the Superintendent of the After-Care at 206, Great Portland Street, and is going back to the duty of visiting the men who have started in business, but will mainly confine himself to the London area. He is glad to find himself able to redeem his promises to call upon many of his correspondents. He will be succeeded in the After-Care by Mr. Hale, to whom the Old Boys will now please send their finished work and their orders for supplies of material.

Lieutenant A. B. McMahon will take up his duties in the new St. Dunstan's Annexe as soon as it opens. Mr. McMahon served in Paget's Horse in the Boer War, and was one of two survivors in a party of ten surprised in Faber's Spruit. His clothes were riddled, his life being saved by a cartridge in his bandolier, which was bent double by a bullet. He also lost his left leg. In his younger days he was a well-known steeplechase rider.

Owing to the difficulties of the narrow drive and the constant passage of our men, it has been decided that in future motor-cars, taxis, and carriages will, so far as possible, be asked to stop outside the main gates. Notice-boards will be affixed in conspicuous places requesting drivers to stop. Of course, this will not affect cars conveying our own people to and fro. This will, it is hoped, relieve the congestion at the chief door.

Miss Dorothy Lawrence, who has been so long and so valuably associated with our poultry department (of which she is the hon. lady superintendent), is about to widen her sphere of usefulness by associating herself with the control of the practice farm at Kings Langley as well as with the After-Care work. We are sure that whatever extra work Miss Lawrence may take up she will conduct with the thoroughness and ability which she has displayed ever since St. Dunstan's was lucky enough to obtain her co-operation.

Sergeant-Major Middlemiss and Mrs. Middlemiss arrived back from their United States tour on behalf of St. Dunstan's on the 12th of May. They were both looking fit and well, and were full of pleasure at the good service they had been able to accomplish. The Sergeant-Major's eloquence bore wonderful fruit among the Americans, and the After-Care funds have greatly benefited. Mrs. Middlemiss was longing to rejoin her little daughter, whom she has not seen for over a year. Sergeant-Major Middlemiss brought back some wonderful gold Braille watches, which he presented to Sir Arthur, with the exception of one that he handed to his old friend, Sergeant Davie.

The Canadian Matinée at His Majesty's Theatre on May 11th was attended by all the Canadians from St. Dunstan's, as well as by some of the Scotsmen, who were especially invited. It was a great success and a splendid programme was arranged.

It has been decided to suspend the Monday domino tournaments for the summer. They will be resumed in the autumn term.

Miss Julia Critter's latest competition was to guess the nearest to the actual sum obtained at the Albert Hall.



The winner was Horan, who guessed £19,700 19s. This lady brought Miss Nina Gordon on one of her Wednesdays, and the latter gave some very amusing imitations of Harry Lauder and other well-known performers.

It was a pleasant surprise when Mr. Louis Raemakers, the famous Dutch cartoonist, appeared at one of our Friday dances. He was much impressed with the enjoyment shown by the soldiers and their friends, and remained for some time to watch. It would be much appreciated if he would draw us his impression of it, but we fear that that is too much to ask of so busy a man.

On May 3rd some forty eminent gentlemen who are members of the Ophthalmological Society inspected St. Dunstan's and examined our work and methods. After they had completed their round they met Sir Arthur Pearson in the Outer Lounge, and an informal debate took place after the Chief had addressed them. We all felt honoured by the visit of so many eminent eye specialists.

Too late for mention in the May number was the almost historic occasion on April 27th, when Sir Arthur explained the new pension scheme to the men. The Inner Lounge was more crowded than we have ever seen it, and the Chief's speech was listened to with rapt attention, interrupted by constant applause. The increases in the payments were naturally very acceptable, and the meeting closed with a general joy demeanor on the part of the beneficiaries. It is satisfactory to us to know that all of the suggestions made to the Pensions Minister by Sir Arthur were adopted.

Among recent visitors of note must be mentioned the Duchess of St. Albans, who was brought round by her friend, Mrs. Cazalet, and Captain R. Cruise, the

eminent eye specialist, who examined the eyes of many of our men. A number of members of Parliament also inspected the Hostel.

A subscription has come to us from Wagga Wagga in New South Wales. It is from Mr. C. Harding, and he was moved to send it because he opened the REVIEWS sent to our Old Boy Charlie Hills before sending them on. Mr. Harding tells us that he had news of Mr. Glew through a mutual friend, and that it was enthusiastically in favour of his faith and courage. It appears that Hills is a member of the Wagga Wagga Branch of the Church of England Men's Society, and that through his instrumentality an "appeal circular" is being issued to all branches throughout Australia, from which great things are expected. It is remarkably kind of our old and new friends, whatever the result may be.

It appears that they have been trying to pull John Brown's leg at Brenchley. They invited him to go mushroom-hunting and told him to bring a forty-foot ladder. He retaliated by assuring them that horses in Scotland had five legs, as they needed an extra one for hill climbing. This puzzled the bumpkins so much that they have attempted no further counter-attacks; but as Brown finds that they are scratching their heads a good deal he expects further attempts upon his credibility.

Nurse Read has now got her dispensary into apple-pie order, and is always on hand to give advice and help wherever she is needed. It is not always fully recognised by the men what a lot Nurse Read does for them. The knowledge and experience, coupled with her unfailing cheerfulness, are of great service to St. Dunstan's, and what we would do without her we tremble to think. She is





helped by a number of sisters whom she has adequately trained.

Miss Neill has retired from her V.A.D. duties in the wards, and has taken up motor-driving for us. She is proving herself of the most capable value in a branch of the work of St. Dunstan's which requires much energy and long hours.

Tom Eaton suggests that our proposed Central Poultry Farm should be used as a centre where the poultry men could purchase stock, birds, food, eggs for hatching and other things necessary. He thinks that it would save the men much trouble if they could know that they would receive value for their money. This is, of course, one of the chief aims we have in view.

Walter Leonard who, as we all know, married his lady coxswain, writes to say that he has started work on his mats in his new home at Soham. He is a man who is sure to do well.

William Allen was described by an eminent surgeon as "the cleverest one-armed man that he had ever known." It was Arthur Brown who gave us this information, and we are sure that Brown is a pretty smart one-handed man himself.

An interesting letter has reached us from T. W. Chamberlain, in which he tells us of his gardening. He has got about forty rows of potatoes planted, as well as radishes, lettuces and onions. He sent to market on one day, four dozen bunches of mint, so he considers he is doing very well for a start. So do we.

Commandant Ommaney, of the Blackheath Annexe, wishes to thank Mrs. Oliver Smith for sending some of the men for drives every week, Mr. Raymond Smith for giving an electrophone,

and the officers and men of the A.S.C. for their invitation to a variety concert every Wednesday and for their kindness in conveying the men to and fro.

Sir George Riddell, who recently attended one of our debates, came on May 22nd, at 8.30 in the evening, and gave us an interesting talk on "Prominent Men of the Day and their Human Side." It was much appreciated by a large audience, which included Sir Arthur Pearson and several officers.

The Matron's Band came out into the open on Wednesday evening, May 23rd, and was a delightful surprise. It was really a wonderful achievement to get so many instruments to keep such good time, and for this Miss Bald, the pianist, must be awarded all praise. It was she who rehearsed the band and brought all the performers up to concert pitch. Our Commandant Matron was lucky to find so efficient a lieutenant. We shall hear a lot more of our band in the future.

The massage men have been very busy in their examinations, the last test being held yesterday, May 31st. The results will be chronicled in the July issue. We should be greatly obliged if the massage instructors would supply us with monthly notes as do the other departments.

There was a dancing competition at the College Annexe on Thursday, May 24th, at 5.30 in the afternoon. The first prize was won by Corporal Smith, the masseur of Sussex Place; this was for the open trial. In Class A, Pratt was given 1st place, and Murray, Pearson, and Gilhooley were 2nd, 3rd, and 4th. The winner in Class B was Tucker. The judges were ladies eminent in the dancing world. Handsome prizes were given to the winning competitors.



## The Great Bazaar.

WHAT a Bazaar! What a stupendous collection of stalls, entertainments, side-shows, and articles of beauty and value! What a gathering of all the highest ladies of the land to preside at the stalls, aided by voluntary helpers of all ages, from childhood upwards! What a generous outpouring of purchases by the public! What a huge success! And all for the blinded soldiers and sailors of St. Dunstan's, for their present and after welfare.

It was a moving spectacle from the first opening of the doors on Monday, May 7th, to the close late at night on Thursday, May 10th. Throughout that time everyone was busy—buyers, sellers, entertainers, officials, mannequins, refreshment servers, newspaper chroniclers, photographers, and others too varied in their spheres to record.

Somebody said it was "Bond Street in the Albert Hall." Somebody else, "The West End in a nutshell." (Some nut that could have had such a shell!) Yet another, "Paris in miniature," and so on. To us it seemed like the cream of Bond Street, the West End, Paris, the East whipped up into a bewildering froth of ever-moving life, variety, and busy chaffering. Everybody came, everybody bought—except the few hundreds who sold, and many of them were active buyers from the other stalls when they could get away from their own. Yet there was no confusion, no muddle, so often deemed inseparable from a bazaar on a big scale.

It went like clockwork. Order prevailed in Babel, and all moved on settled lines; the guiding hand of Lady Pearson must be held responsible. We cannot say too much about this lady in our own magazine, but at least we must say that to her organising was largely due the rolling of the Great Bazaar without hitch or flaw, and

those who know anything of the work and the pitfalls inseparable from so huge an undertaking will realise what this means.

When the moment came for the opening all was ready, and everything was arranged from door to dome. The St. Dunstan's Stall, with a replica of the famous clock behind it, presented an imposing appearance. It was in three sections and showed samples of over 150 different articles made by the blinded soldiers. In the gallery above one hundred of St. Dunstan's men waited to sing their share of the National Anthem. To the left of the stall was the huge platform crowded with the elect, and when the 1st Life Guards sounded the fanfare announcing the arrival of Queen Alexandra, the whole of the vast floor was alive with eager welcomes.

Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria, and seven other Royal Princesses, conducted by Sir Arthur Pearson, walked the full length of the Hall and ascended the platform to the strains of "God Save the King," and then the whole assembly hushed itself to hear the speeches. Sir Arthur, placed between Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria, with Lady Pearson immediately behind and other members of the Royal Family on both sides, spoke immediately after Her Majesty had opened the Bazaar, as follows:—

"I am commanded by Queen Alexandra, the gracious Patroness of St. Dunstan's, to express Her Majesty's sincere hope that this Bazaar, held for the benefit of the men who have given their sight for the cause of the Allies, will attain a degree of success worthy of its object.

The sum realised will be devoted to the Fund which is being built up with the object of securing the After-Welfare of the gallant soldiers and sailors who have been trained at St. Dunstan's, who are there now, and who will be there in the days to come.

The period of training through which they pass marks only the first step of their





journey through that new life which has been enforced upon them.

The After-Care System which this Bazaar is designed to benefit will, through the remainder of their lives, watch over their interests, and those of their families. It will smooth away the difficulties which beset the blind home worker by providing the raw material, supervising work, marketing goods, and in many other ways assisting to overcome the handicap entailed by loss of sight.

Wonderfully though the men of St. Dunstan's equip themselves anew for the battle of life, this After-Care System is essential to their permanent welfare.

Queen Alexandra bids me express the hope that those who are here to-day, and those who will attend the succeeding days' sales, will do their part towards ensuring that so far as in their power lies, the After-Care of the blinded soldier and sailor shall be placed upon a permanently satisfactory basis."

After the applause and the excitement had died down, the Royal visitors with Sir Arthur and Lady Pearson went round to every stall, Queen Alexandra making many purchases, among them being a pipe for the Chief himself. Then the whole Bazaar burst into fresh activity and a cheerful buzz of bargaining, in which the buyers frequently outbid the sellers.

There is little need to say more. Day by day the buying proceeded, and each day brought ever greater crowds, so that in the end scarcely a thing remained and our After-Care Fund benefited by over £20,000. Truly a royal result!

We must add that Mrs. Lloyd George opened the Bazaar on the second day, the Lord Mayor of London on the third. We wish we had space to print the charming speeches they both delivered. Sir Arthur opened the Bazaar on the last day. As this was in the nature of a winding-up, we feel we may record the Chief's final remarks, expressive as they were of the feelings of St. Dunstanners past and present. Here they are:—

It is my great pleasure to declare open

this concluding day's Sale of the Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Bazaar. On the first day Queen Alexandra commanded me to express her hope that the Bazaar would meet with a measure of success worthy of its object. Her Majesty's hope has been amply fulfilled. The Bazaar was organised for a cause which evoked the greatest sympathy. Its success has been the greatest on record.

The courageous, uncomplaining men of St. Dunstan's have cause to feel that, as Mrs. Lloyd George said on Tuesday, "He who has lost his sight for the Country, will never have cause to feel that the Country has lost sight of him, or forgotten the sacrifice that he has made.

And now, on behalf of these cheerful and resolute men I wish to offer an expression of sincerest thanks to those who have so unselfishly and devotedly assisted in the success of the Bazaar.

This tribute of gratitude is paid on their behalf to Her Majesty, Queen Alexandra, the Patroness of St. Dunstan's, who has since its inception, shown the most constant and helpful sympathy towards its inmates; to the Royal Princesses who have given most important assistance by their support and presence; to the other noble and distinguished ladies who have presided and helped at the Stalls; to the wife of the Prime Minister, and the Mayor of London, who opened the Bazaar on successive days; to Lady Fulton, Sir Ernest Flower and the Members of the Committee which organised the Bazaar, and to countless other kindly folk who have aided in its triumphant success, and finally a very special word of thanks must be paid to the prominent firms who have so kindly and generously given Stalls for this Bazaar, free of cost.

It was past 10 o'clock before the tired helpers could get away. Our own stall, at which Mrs. C. E. Rose presided whenever Lady Pearson's multitude of duties called her elsewhere, and which was assisted at by Lady Newnes, the Commandant Matron, Mrs. Lipscomb, Mrs. Craven, Miss Dorothy Pain, and many of our V.A.D. sisters, was the only one that showed any stock, and this was because only orders were taken and no



sample was sold outright. But they had taken over 1,000 orders, and the Workshops are now in a condition of delighted dismay.

The Great Bazaar with its wide-reaching effect was a big event for St. Dunstan's, and perhaps an even bigger event for the large-hearted public.

### Workshop Gossip

THE College men have now had their way to the workshop made easy by the guiding barriers from the front gate. A protected path is provided by a double line of railing which protects them fully from the evolutions of the motors and horse-vans in the entrance yard. It is much appreciated as a complete alleviation of any feeling of anxiety.

We have heard with deep regret that John Sessman, one of our pupil-teachers in the boot department, has just lost his little daughter, aged four. She died on May 12th from the after-effects of measles which developed into bronchial pneumonia. Poor Sessman has been having a lot of trouble lately, and we accord him our sincere sympathy in his grief. We are glad to hear that Mrs. Sessman and his other children, who have all been ill, are now recovered, and we trust that we shall soon welcome him back to his duties.

A letter from W. C. Carnell has been received, in which he asks us to state in the REVIEW that his work at the boot trade is getting on much better than it was. He says that he looks forward to the Magazine as he likes to hear all about the old boys.

Neil McDonald is feeling justifiably proud of himself and his work in Glasgow. He was given an order to fix a

letter-box in a door. This is how he describes it:—

"I was out this week fitting up a letter-box in a door. I had never tried this before, but when I was asked if I could do it, I said 'Yes.' So off I went to do the job. The worst part of the thing was cutting the hole in the door; but as I had started I thought to myself—well, I shall have to make some sort of a shape. I was going to cut it out with my saw; but as I was afraid I could not do it straight, I took my brace and bit and bored it out. Then I finished it off with my rasp, stuck on the brass plate, and the job was finished. To prove the efficiency of my job, I was the first to drop a letter through it, containing my bill; packed up my tools and went home happy."

A lady customer writes: "I have received with great admiration the hamper ordered at St. Dunstan's. I think it most wonderfully and beautifully made." This is one for the basket department.

The new big workshop, which is double the size of the present one, will be ready at the beginning of this month. We propose to start there on the 4th, and it will be necessary to suspend work on the morning of Saturday, the 2nd, to make the transfer of tools, benches, and so forth from the old to the new building. It is a splendid workshop, and we have every reason to hope that it will prove adequate for all requirements.

The large Albert Hall order for oak trays has been divided between McDonald, Marshall and Pettit. They are all good workmen and should be able to complete them within a few weeks. In the workshop we are dealing only with the normal demand.

There was a record number of visitors in the Shops on Tuesday, May 1st.





Never have we seen such a crowd! They pervaded every section for the whole of the two hours, during which they are invited. Fortunately they were all well marshalled by the V.A.D.s and other ladies, so that they were guided round with practically no interruption to the workers. Our thanks are due to the businesslike way in which the V.A.D.s look after their visitors, and conduct them round.

A large number of men avail themselves of the new order for working-time. The instructors now arrange their meal-times among themselves in such a way that there is always somebody on hand to give any necessary hint. It is encouraging to find this growing zeal among the pupils, and it has a very stimulating effect upon the teachers.

### Entertainment Notes

MRS. W. K. D'ARCY having paid a visit to St. Dunstan's, was so interested in what she saw in our little hive of industry, that she wanted to show her appreciation by supplying a little entertainment. Accordingly a date was settled, and Mrs. D'Arcy was so anxious that the entertainment should be a good one that she placed the arrangements for it in the hands of Ashton & Mitchell's Royal Agency, the result being that the audience were interested and amused from start to finish, and could not restrain themselves from giving three hearty cheers for the performers. Mr. Nelson Jackson's humour caused a run of laughter the whole of the time he occupied the stage; but the *pieces de resistance* were the ragtime songs and duets provided by Miss Lilian Hoare and Mr. Percy Kahn. Their occupation of the stage was all too short for the audience, and I think the latter would have much preferred to remain listening to

these lively persons than to answer the call of the workshops.

It was a pity that Mrs. D'Arcy was prevented through illness from being present to see for herself the enjoyment she had been the means of giving.

Orderly Brown, who comes along in the evenings to do his little bit after his usual work, was instrumental in providing a delightful evening after supper on Tuesday (May 1st). He asked Mr. Percy Collier to bring his orchestra that evening, and the result was a really happy time. A gentleman who sang funny songs at the piano (his name was not supplied), and a youngster (again no name) who surprised everybody with his performance on the 'cello, were what is often described as "great."

Another splendid Tuesday evening after-supper entertainment was given by the Polytechnic Choir. Matron said it was a "homely evening." Whether or no that is the correct description, everybody enjoyed it, and Mr. Phillips is accorded our hearty thanks for organising it.

On Thursday, 3rd May, Mr. Jack Goodson gave the first of a series of entertainments which he is arranging for us. Mr. Tom Webb, the comedian, was responsible for ten minutes of laughter, and Mr. Stanley Robins, the well-known character impressionist, supplied us with something new. At one time many of those present thought they had been transported in some mysterious manner to the Zoo, thanks to the excellent imitations of animals by Clown Argo.

Mr. George Newburn, another mimic of animals, human and otherwise, was a great success on the 10th of the month, and our old friend Frank Powell gave us a good dose of his comicalities. Miss



Dorothy Varick did a good variety turn at the piano, and with the other good people who came, the entertainment hour was crammed from beginning to end. It was a good show, but the day was hot, and I regret to say that the attendance was not so large as the entertainers deserved.

There will be no more Monday concerts until the winter season. It is pretty well agreed that during the summer months one entertainment per week is the right thing, for that enables us to enjoy fresh air, and perhaps the warmth of the sun also.

Mrs. Alistair Cameron very kindly sang two or three songs after the miscellaneous programme on the 17th. Her beautiful contralto voice filled the Inner Lounge, and the applause accorded her was evidence of the great pleasure she had given. Mrs. Cameron has promised to come again.

The bands of the 1st Life Guards and the Horse Guards (Blue) paid us their usual weekly visit during the month, and an hour of good lively dancing was enjoyed on each occasion. This midday relaxation seems to be ever increasing in popularity, and if the number of dancers becomes much greater our wonderful Outer Lounge will not be large enough for them.

E. K.

### The Chief's Debate

THE third Thursday in the month is becoming a red-letter day with the Debating Club, when we are always sure of a big attendance. On May 17th the subject was, "Ought the blind to go about alone? And if so, how they should obtain help in case of need."

Sir Arthur Pearson opened the discus-

sion in a breezy speech, in which the argument was that the blind should go about alone and take their knocks, and thus gain caution and experience. He did not advocate sitting down in the middle of the road if traffic became troublesome, but he believed in stopping on the edge of the road for a friendly hand, and he was also much in favour of a light stick being carried, but he did not allude to this until his closing remarks. The speech was of a helpful character, and was closely followed and applauded.

Mr. Nicholas was in favour of the blind man going a long way round to avoid dangerous crossings; and Mr. R. F. Wright was very humorous over the knocks that must be received in early attempts at independent walking. Captain Nobbs gave us a racy maiden speech containing some good points. He was followed by Sapper Burgin, who advocated going slow. Mr. H. Green, in some well put together remarks, advocated a whistle with a special call. Mr. Langton, an officer, gave a humorous speech, in which he took the view that the blind should not go about alone, but more to start an opposition than from conviction.

Mr. Cairns made a greatly appreciated point in declaring that half the assistance that the blind got could be dispensed with, and that it was the fair sex that was a little to blame. Mr. Hopper said that the blind often saw imaginary things in the way, and urged the necessity of courage. Sergeant-Major Cope spoke well, as he always does, and Captain Appleby made everybody laugh by his apposite remarks on the opposition side. Mr. McDougall argued that it takes a blind man too long to get about by himself, and that time could be saved by having a guide. Mr. Hyde Thompson, an officer, was in favour of training, pointing out that "the more waisted the less speed" should be remembered by all the blind.





Sir Arthur wound up the discussion by pointing out that if "you don't try you'll never succeed," and he made the opposers a sporting offer to walk alone against any blind man with an escort over any course with which he was familiar. He also announced that he would ask his friend, Sir Charles Henry, for a permit to use a special whistle for the blind; and he wound up by offering prizes for a "walking straight" competition, which he asked Mr. Rose, the chairman, to take in hand.

The debate was quite a success, and a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the Chief for his helpful speeches.

### May Debates

It was our old friend William Allen who opened the Debate on May 3rd. The resolution was, "Should food rations be made compulsory at once? And if so, what is the best way to set about it?" The subject was suggested by another Old Boy, R. F. Wright. Some excellent arguments were advanced and good speeches were made. Mr. H. Green boldly suggested that we should do away with dinner. Mr. Clark was of opinion that manual workers required more food than clerical workers, and ought to have it. Mr. Wright thought that the seriousness of the necessity should be forced upon the public, and produced an excellent argument in support of his views.

A clear little speech was made by Mr. Mayne, who, unhappily, will not be available for our discussions for some time, as he has had to go into hospital. Mr. Cairns, although suffering from ill-health, delivered a well-reasoned argument in favour of rationing; and Mr. Yates and others spoke well to the point. In winding up, Mr. Allen spoke in favour of Government taking over all food stocks, which was loudly applauded.

The resolution was carried without any dissentients.

A variation was made on May 10th, when Mr. C. E. Rose opened a discussion on "What was the fairest way to arrange the monthly boating races so as to give the best chance to everyone?"

He pointed out that the old boating men who had put in a lot of time and practice must have the full benefit of their work and must not be debarred from competing against all comers. On the other hand, it would not be exactly reasonable for men who were new to rowing to have always to race against those who were certain to win, bar accidents. The old rowing men would take no pleasure in regularly beating those who were obviously below their form.

Therefore he suggested that the rowing men should be divided into A and B classes, and that the cups awarded should be so marked.

In the discussion that followed, Mr. Stokes accepted on behalf of the Four the proposal that they should be handicapped; and Sergeant Clare, Mr. H. Green, Mr. Rowley, Mr. Chambers, and several rowing men made excellent speeches.

Luckily, Mr. R. J. Calcutt was present, and he proved very helpful both in his criticisms and suggestions.

It was finally agreed by the meeting that all men rowing in Fours should be in Class A, that any winners of races should at once be raised to the same class, while any men whose form was good should also be included. The judges of fitness were to be Messrs. Calcutt and Rose.

Class B men, it was agreed, should consist of newcomers — unless they quickly proved their merits — and losers of races. It was also decided that no men should enter for races unless they reached a certain standard, and that all men who wished to take up rowing



seriously should be well coached and coxed.

All the speeches made by the men were of the most sporting character, and the meeting was beneficial in clearing up several undecided points. It was a pleasure to see many of the lady coxons present, as well as many old rowing friends.

On May 24th a very interesting discussion was opened by Mr. Nicholas, of the Sussex Place Annexe, which he had himself suggested, after reading the speech made by General Smuts. The subject was outlined as follows: "What will be the best way to keep the British Commonwealth of Nations together on the lines laid down by General Smuts in his great speech on May 15th?"

The chief points of the speech were read at the beginning of the debate, and a lively and interesting discussion followed, at which some extremely able speeches were made by the members.

### Boating Gossip

MR. R. J. CALCUTT is as generous with his walking-sticks as he is with his time. Regularly on Wednesdays and Thursdays he appears with a brand new stick and as regularly he goes away without it, having presented it to one of the rowing men to prop him up on his way home. The walking-stick industry greatly benefits by Mr. Calcutt's soft heart.

Miss Dorothy Hazle, the lady coxswain who has helped us for two years on the lake, received news the other day that her brother had been wounded in the eyes. It would have been an odd coincidence if we had had to welcome him here; but the latest news is that the damage is not serious, and we are all glad to hear it.

The fours which Mr. Johnson laid in for us in the winter have proved so popular that it has been difficult to fit in the practising. As many as five crews have competed for the two boats, and it became necessary to fix exact times every half-hour at which the various teams could get their coaching. They all bore themselves with the greatest forbearance, and it has been a pleasure to arrange things with them.

We have plenty of talent available from which to choose our racing men for the big regatta on July 25th. Present competitors on form for the Four include Matheson, Stokes, Shields, Clare, Yates, and H. Green, of St. Dunstan's; Waddell, of Townshend House; Parker, Rowley, Jennings, Christian, and Milner, of the College Annexe. There are others who may also come along. All of these are, of course, available for the pair-oars. The single and double scullers include some of the foregoing — notably Matheson, Stokes, Waddell and Parker — and W. H. Smith, Baker and Marshall, of St. Dunstan's; Gover, of the College. Here again there are many promising aspirants, and we shall not be able to make a final selection until the beginning of July.

One of our old oarsmen, J. Spinks, writes to say that he thinks the Four is as good as any that St. Dunstan's has yet had, and should hold its own against all comers. Spinks is on the reserve of the old rowing men, and he is quite willing to come up to town if we want him.

A detachment of W.A.D. ladies now come to help cox every morning at 6.30. This is the "Women's Aid (Dulwich)," and as its members have to travel from the other side of London they have to rise at about 5 o'clock in the morning to do it. How is it that the girls can





get up in the morning while so many of the men cannot?

Much enthusiasm is displayed by the V.A.D. sisters, whose races will take place on the afternoon of June 20th at Putney, the monthly home races of the men being rowed off in the morning of the same day. The races will consist of single sculls and double sculls. It had been hoped that the Commandant Matron and Mrs. Craven would cox the boats, and this would have been done had the races taken place on the Regent's Park lake; but on the river it is, of course, necessary to have coxswains who are used to it.

It is as yet too soon to give the names of the ladies who are taking part, but we may mention Miss Phillips, Miss Smale, Miss Simpkins, Miss Marrow, Miss Day, and Miss Ash as being the representatives of St. Dunstan's, while several V.A.D.'s from the College Annexe hope to lower their colours. It should be a very pleasant afternoon, given good weather. There is no hope of a race between the V.A.D.'s and the boys, as the former are not sufficiently proficient; but we might have a trial in the autumn if the ladies improve their form.

We welcome the help of the Rev. L. G. Tucker, who now comes regularly morning and evening to coach the beginners. As Mr. Tucker is an old Cambridge rowing man, his experience is of great value, and we hope to induce him to take over the more important work of the Fours, where he would prove a useful lieutenant to Mr. Calcutt.

The St. Dunstan's rowing colours are blue and white, as will be remembered by those who saw our flags at the two previous regattas. These colours were selected by Miss Mace and Mrs. Lipscomb. It is now proposed to give colours

to the men selected for the regatta in July, which will consist of a cap and a blazer. The V.A.D. ladies will, of course, adopt the same colours.

### Our Boat Races.

**W**E had beautiful weather for our monthly races on Wednesday, May 23rd. We take the following excellent account from the *Sporting Life* :—

"Ideal weather favoured the second regatta of the season for the blinded soldiers from St. Dunstan's Hostel, which took place at Putney yesterday. A lengthy programme was carried out, the chief event being a match against a scratch Putney Four, in which the blinded soldiers, who have a fine crew this year, won with the greatest ease. The results of the racing were :—

"Single Sculls (Class A).—Trooper Mathieson (Australian Light Horse), 1; Private Fleming (Coldstream Guards), 2; Lance-Corporal Smith (Australian Force), 3; Sergeant Shield (Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders), 0; Private Milner (King's Liverpool Regiment), 0. Won by half a length.

"Fours (College Boats).—Heat 1: Parker (M.G. Corps), Christian (Cheshire Regiment), Pratt (London Scottish), and Yates (West Yorks Regiment), 1; Rowley (West Yorks Regiment), Fleming (Coldstream Guards), Jennings (Duke of Wellington's L.I.), and Milner (King's Liverpool Regiment), 0; won by a length. Heat 2 (St. Dunstan's Boats): Clare (Leicester Regiment), Chambers (Royal Engineers), Potts (Yorkshire Regiment), Dixon (Bedford Regiment), 1; Green (Australian Force), Bliss (Royal Navy), Private Welland (West Surrey Regiment), Ballantyne (Royal Engineers), 0; won by half a length. Final Heat—College Boats: Parker, Christian, Pratt, Yates, 1; St. Dunstan's: Clare, Chambers, Potts, Dixon, 0; won by two lengths.



### Poultry Notes

**A**FINE May is a great blessing to poultry farmers, providing, as it does, the very best conditions for growing stock. We are more than pleased with the St. Dunstan's Farm egg records, and we get very good reports from our friends up and down the country.

Mr. Playfoot has made a special point of supplying green food daily to all birds old and young, and to this we partly attribute the excellent health of all our stock, and the splendid egg supply. After all, there is nothing like natural food, and practically all wild birds largely patronise green stuff.

I should like to say a word as to the achievement of our St. Dunstan's Anconas. We have a pen of eight, and these birds were hatched and reared here in the spring of 1916 from sittings purchased from the Zoo Poultry Culture Exhibition. They are a fine vigorous lot, and have been averaging from three to four eggs per bird per week for the past three months. I should like to take this opportunity of recommending them to any poultry farmers who are thinking of selecting a light breed.

The hatching records have greatly improved since the cold winds and blizzards departed, and we have a fine strong lot of chickens in our brooders. We may describe them as "home-grown" as the eggs were gathered from St. Dunstan's pens, with the exception of Mr. R. J. Calcutt's gift, mentioned last month, and thirty Rhode Island Red eggs kindly sent by Mr. W. M. Golden, whose birds won the Gold Medal for the breed at the Harper Adam's Laying Contest. Also, two sittings of Bourbourg eggs were sent us from "Somewhere in Flanders," and though a few were broken in transit, we hope to hatch off the rest, which were entrusted to a Faverolles hen, under the

"Single Sculls (Class B).—Heat 1: Gover 1, Meader 0, Boyter 0, Healey 0, F. Clark 0. Heat 2: Baker 1, Maskell 0, Marshall 0, Horsley 0, McNab 0. Final Heat: Baker (Australian Force) 1, Gover (East Surrey Regiment) 2; won by a length.

"Special Fours Race.—St. Dunstan's: Stokes (Wellington L.I.), Waddell (Scots Guards), Shields (Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders), Mathieson (Australian Light Horse), J. T. Phelps, cox; Scratch Putney Crew: J. Bailey, C. Greenfield, A. Greenfield, A. Brewer, L. Beddell (cox), 0; won by two lengths.

"Double Sculls.—Rowley (West Yorks) and Jennings (Duke of Wellington's L.I.), 1; Parker (M.G. Corps) and Christian (Cheshire Regiment), 0; Smith (Australian Force) and Baker (Australian Force), 0; won by two lengths.

"Pairs.—Heat 1: Rowley (West Yorks) and Jennings (Duke of Wellington's L.I.), 1; Milner (King's Liverpool Regiment) and Fleming (Coldstream Guards), 0; won easily. Heat 2: Stokes (Duke of Wellington's L.I.) and Waddell (Scots Guards), 1; Dixon (Australian Force) and Potts (Yorks Regiment), 0; won easily. Final Heat: Stokes and Waddell beat Rowley and Jennings by two lengths.

"Special Fours for St. Dunstan's Crews.—Stokes (Duke of Wellington's L.I.), Waddell (Scots Guards), Mathieson (Australian Light Horse), Shields (Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders), 1; Parker (M.G. Corps), Christian (Cheshire Regiment), Pratt (London Scottish), Yates (West Yorks Regiment), 0; won by two lengths."

The next meeting will be on June 20th, and our Annual Regatta is fixed for July 25th, when, in addition to our own events, we meet Worcester Old Boys and St. Dunstan's Old Boys. We are all looking forward to this, and we have high hopes, as never before have we had so many excellent oarsmen from which to select our crews.





supposition that a French bird would prefer French eggs.

Mr. Harold Franklin has recently joined the staff of St. Dunstan's poultry instructors. He was discharged from the Army, being unfit for duty, owing to the after-effects of wounds received in action. Previous to his military service, he was at work on his own poultry farm, from which he gained much experience.

Mr. S. A. Cone has also undertaken the post of general assistant, so that we are now working with a full staff, which enables the classes to take a larger practical share in the routine of the farm. There have been frequent working parties out during May. These make feeding, watering and egg-collecting rounds, and deal with sitting hens, foster mothers, incubators and lamps, trap-nesting, cleaning houses, etc.

The St. Dunstan's Stock Farm is making progress. Mr. Neville has his hands full with the care of nearly a thousand chickens, as well as much other business. He is assisted by Chilton and Exall, who are helping with the pioneer work of laying out part of the farm. Mr. and Mrs. Neville, also Chilton and Exall, have been temporarily installed in a cottage. The work of "moving in" was begun the week before Whitsuntide, and it is hoped that it will have been accomplished by the time this is in print. It will then shortly be possible to develop Sir Arthur's project of providing real practical experience of poultry farming in addition to the training at St. Dunstan's, for poultry farmers who care to avail themselves of the opportunity. Naturally it will take time to establish the farm, as poultry stock and plant do not spring up like mushrooms in a night, least of all in war time.

To return to the Home Farm, Mr.

Playfoot gave an extra evening lecture on May 14th for the benefit of any who were able to attend, and especially for those who were leaving shortly, as it is always worth while to revise a little poultry theory from time to time.

With Mr. Watson's assistance we have procured two new model birds, consisting of an Indian Game and a Black Ham-burgh cockerel. These are interesting from the point of view of recognition of breeds, as they are such very distinct types.

The new Isolation Hut was completed and is a great addition to the farm. The door is in the centre of the front, with windows right and left, and inside immediately facing the door are two stories of pens placed one above the other, similarly to those in the model section. There are also two more ground floor pens on the right hand side, the top forming a table. These pens, however, are not as other pens, for they can be taken to pieces from top to bottom. The doors lift out; the walls, floors, etc., are all movable; in fact it is one of the most convenient things of its kind that we have seen. Fortunately it is quite as simple to reconstruct as to dismantle. As we have a clean bill of health on the farm, we cannot supply patients for the new hut, but it affords good stabling for birds on approval, and, should any of these strangers show symptoms of cold, we are able to house them comfortably and safely as concerns both themselves and our own birds.

The Joinery Class has turned out so much work during May that we shall not have space to enumerate it all. Yates, Eames, and Arneil are carrying out an order for a small portable poultry house, made rather like a large hen-coop. Sergeant-Major Shawl, Eames and Baker have made some self-



filling grit hoppers. Slattery, after much experience with dog-kennels, has made a cupboard and a meat-safe. Wise has assisted with a nest-box, troughs, etc.; Rowley, Chilton, and L. Johnson are responsible for more dog-kennels. Blackett and Arneil have been at work on boxes destined to accompany them across the sea. Hargraves, Exall, Eames, and Baker have supplied coops, while model-making has become yet more popular. It may be gathered that Mr. Wooding, the instructor, has had an exceptionally busy month.

The usual poultry examinations were held during the last week in May, and the results will appear in the next number of the REVIEW.

I have much pleasure in announcing that Mr. George A. Palmer, the well-known poultry specialist and breeder, of Wykin, Hinckley, who is also expert to the Utility Poultry Club, has kindly consented to deliver a poultry lecture at St. Dunstan's on Tuesday, June 5th, at 2.30 p.m. Mr. Palmer is well known as a lecturer, and is sure to have much of interest to tell us. All poultry-farmers who have finished their course, as well as those still on the farm, are invited to be present.

D. L.

## Department Reports

### NETTING NOTES.

The warm weather now allows work to be carried on out of doors, as last year, and the awning gives a most welcome expansion to the Netting Room. But even so, we all look forward to the new extension now in hand, for we have doubled our numbers during the last few months and need more elbow room rather badly.

We have several new string workers, and there is some excellent work being done. But it is necessary to point out that the Netting Room is so-called because netting is taught here. Frame-bag work is not netting, and though a pleasant enough pastime for spare moments it is not for able-bodied men of the same permanent value as netting. We want all who can to learn to net and find out what it offers as a really useful occupation, and worthy of a skilful man's employment of his spare time.

G. H. W.

### TYPEWRITING NOTES.

It is gratifying to note that the number of those learning Braille shorthand has increased considerably during the past month; three officers are among those who have started recently. Another instructress has been engaged, and this brings the total up to three. Temperton has just left us to start as a telephonist, and we wish him every success.

We congratulate the following officers and men on having passed their test: Barnard, Mullins, Heeley, Richard, Collinge, Burgin, Lieutenant Hutson, E. Owen, Parker, Llanfear, Barnett, Christian, Cairns, Pratt, A. Brown (Leeds), Eames, Andrews, Blaney and Tucker.

E. McLaren.

### BRAILLE ROOM NOTES.

Up to the present May holds the record for the number of successful candidates in the Reading Test, and we congratulate the following officers and men:—

Reading Test.—Nicholas, Rennie, Stokes, W. C. Smith vii., Millen, Eames, Jones ii., Yarrow, Sergeant Parker, Moulard, Crawford, Pratt, Benning, Mullins, Chapman, Barnett, A. Smith v., Milner, Baker, and Mr. Rawlinson.

Writing Test.—Marshall, Stacey, Fer-rand, Peto, and L. F. Webb.

The following have sent in their





Writing Tests and have not yet heard the result: Taplin, Exall, S. Hill, Rennie, Gardiner, W. C. Smith vii., Mellin, Sergeant Parker, and Sergeant Price.

All the telephonists will appreciate Mr. McLaren's kindness in offering to hold a class from 11.30-12 each morning. This will be rather a new departure, but it is very essential for them to have plenty of practice in taking down numbers, sums of money, etc., quickly and accurately, and also in using Braille telephone directories.

We have noticed lately that there has not been so much use made of the magazines, which may be largely owing to the popularity of the interlined short stories. The magazines are interpointed, but don't avoid them on that account, for change is good, and with a very little practice it is just as easy to read inter-point as interlined Braille, and many readers find that they really prefer it. So don't forget the following magazines are in the Braille Room: *Progress*, *The Hampstead*, *Hora Jocunda*, and the *Literary Journal*, and they have many stories and articles which are well worth reading.

D. P.

#### CHAPEL NOTES.

Last month's REVIEW went to press just too soon to record the visit of the Chaplain-General, Bishop Taylor-Smith, who spoke to the boys in the Lounge and took the Friday (2 p.m.) intercession service in the Chapel.

The lectern, made and presented by Mr. Pell, deserves mention again. Owing to Mr. Atkinson's zeal a brass plate has been fixed, which all visitors can see and read. We hope every ornament in the Chapel will soon be made by the boys.

Mr. Arnold Lawson, who read the lessons on May 19th, expressed genuine appreciation of the singing. The music used is by Mr. Walford Davies, which is specially written for men's voices, so that the boys undertake the whole of the

singing. Bundy, Heely, Cope, and Rowley rendered the anthem gloriously. The effect is helped and brightened by Greave's violin.

When friends are coming to take boys out on Sunday morning they are invited first to come to the service (10-10.40 sharp).  
L. G. T.

### Settlement Notes

THE settlement department would be glad if the men would look in and discuss their plans for the future at least five or six weeks before they intend to leave. Many arrangements which in pre-war days could be completed in from two or three weeks, now take twice that time, both materials and labour being very scarce. Further, suitable places, especially near munition centres (and which afford just the market the poultry-men and boot-repairers require) are difficult to find and are quickly snapped up.

Sergeant Dyson, to whom reference was made last month, has taken Croft Farm, an oft-coveted possession, every inch of which he is familiar with, having played and worked there since boyhood. The other choice offered him, Edge End Farm, has been taken by T. Johnson, who will be his mile-away next-door neighbour.

Leonard Johnson, who was married on the 12th May, has taken the Bungalow Cottage, Hare Street, Buntingford, and is already getting things shipshape.

Vaughan is another man who has been found an exceptionally good place near Honiton, this month, and our best thanks are again due to Mr. Harold Lowther (an ardent worker amongst the men) for the introduction to Sir James Monteath, whose farm it is, and in whom Vaughan



will find a very helpful, sympathetic landlord and neighbour.

The reference to "Billy" Chamberlain in last month's REVIEW has proved happily prophetic, as although he had not at that time been fixed up for other than his basket work, a farm has now been found for him. In one of its two cottages he will live with his mother until his marriage, when his mother will live in the second. He took possession on the 8th May.

Several of the men have moved from the place of their first selection—this is a tendency to be strongly discouraged, for any connection gained at the outset is thus lost and a re-start has to be made. Give us the time to find you the *right* place first, and—come and see us about it well ahead.

H. D. B.

### The Suggestion Box

Several suggestions have been made that the rowlocks of the boats on the lake are not sufficiently greased. This was certainly the case at the beginning of the season, but it is, we think, all right now. We have to remember that Mr. Johnson and his assistants are working very short-handed, so that we have to make every allowance for their difficulties. Any man, however, who finds his sculls working stiff in the rowlocks has only to ask Jack and Bob and they will put the matter right at once.

The suggestions received in regard to cars, wards, and after-care have been given to the various departments concerned, and will receive their attention. We are asked to say that everyone is glad to get these suggestions, and Sir Arthur hopes that all the men will make free use of the box in the Hall. Every suggestion that is helpful will be adopted if it is in any way possible.

The growing litter of cigarette ends and matches on the lawns has brought forth the proposal that it would be advisable to bestow this unbeautiful waste elsewhere. A good plan would be to have rubbish boxes placed at different points, as is done in some public grounds, for the reception of "fag-ends."

A suggestion about the After-Care Department is answered as follows by Mr. Black:—

"The men who have left and been set up should understand that their orders for further supplies should be addressed to the After-Care Department, 206, Great Portland Street, and not to St. Dunstan's. It would save time and expedite matters, too, if the men when ordering would state the amount of cane or other material they require, instead of, as is usually the case, saying "some." It so often happens that requests for material are mentioned in a letter to some member of the staff who is not concerned, and thus delay occurs in its being handed on to the proper department."

### Visitors and Visitors

THE French have a proverb that says, "Visitors are always a pleasure, for if it is not when they come, it is when they go"; and my experiences have proved its truth, no doubt as much when I go to other people as when they come to see me.

Sometimes on Tuesdays, as that never-ceasing stream flows through our midst, I wonder if these idlers have said to themselves, "Let me see, shall it be the Zoo or St. Dunstan's this afternoon," and St. Dunstan's gets it—nothing to pay, no wire netting, no notices forbidding them to tease the animals, and such opportunities of giving good advice! A kind-hearted lady the other day forbade me to marry, as all my children would be blind; and she was not con-





vinced when I asked her if a man with a wooden leg always had wooden-legged infants.

It was this same friend who took me out to eat oysters and fed me with a fork, apparently forgetting that about the only useful thing I could still find was my mouth. She turned the lights on as we go upstairs, that my two glass eyes might see the better; and when I said I liked Brighton because there were fewer lamp-posts than in London, she apologised because they were not lit.

Another hostess asked me hopefully if I took sugar in war time, as she never did. I truthfully replied that I did, and that there would be all the more for me; and as I left I proved yet once more that the old riddle was always true, that a door is not always a door, for it is sometimes a jar, and she was probably as glad to see the last of me as I was to go.

J. W. Mahoney.

## Our Annual Report

THE Second Annual Report of St. Dunstan's Hostel for the twelve months which ended on March 31st was recently issued. It is full of interesting information crammed into a very few pages. The inmates, at the time when the report was prepared, numbered 354, while 224 men had passed out, fully qualified, to take up the various occupations for which they had been trained.

Sir Arthur Pearson, who signs the report, refers to the great growth of St. Dunstan's in its two years of life, to its ever-growing number of Annexes in London, Brighton, Blackheath, Edinburgh, Torquay and elsewhere, to the helpful interest of the War Office and particularly of Surgeon-General Sir Alfred Keogh, and to the efficient work done

by the large staff of voluntary and paid workers.

Perhaps one of his most striking statements is that "of the men who have left St. Dunstan's and started in life, the vast majority are earning sums which prove very handsome supplements to their pensions." Another is that "there are quite a number of cases in which earnings are on a higher scale than before the men were blinded."

Special thanks are given to the eminent oculists, Captain Ormonde and Mr. Arnold Lawson, who voluntarily give their services; and to Captain R. Cruise, Drs. Mollison and Davis, Dr. Risier Russell, and Mr. Harris.

After alluding to the warm interest shown in our affairs by Queen Alexandra, the gracious patroness of St. Dunstan's, Sir Arthur points to the fact that the whole of the expenses of training and settling the men has been defrayed by generous grants from the National Relief Fund, and that the upkeep expenses are borne by the National Institute for the Blind. He refers also to the important work of the After-Care Scheme which has been carefully organised upon a permanent basis, and which includes the constant supervision of the work of those men who have been settled in their acquired occupations throughout the country. Some of the final words of Sir Arthur are as follows:—

"May I ask all who feel touched by this brief record of splendid determination and resolution to overcome a terrible disability to show their appreciation by helping us? I have written a plain, straightforward statement of the work at St. Dunstan's. I do not think it needs to be bolstered up by high-flown sentimentality. The simple expression of the endeavours which are being made to lighten the burden laid upon the gallant men of St. Dunstan's, the plain recital of their achievements, should be enough."



## On Food Saving.

ST. DUNSTAN'S, always anxious to do its bit in every way, welcomed Sir Arthur Pearson's "Hints on Saving," which were issued early in May. He accompanied them by a notice of a more general character, and when the two papers were read to the men after the morning news they were generally applauded and approved.

This is the notice:—

"The increasing success of the German Submarine campaign makes it urgently necessary that there should be no waste of any kind.

All thinking people now realise that we are face to face with a serious shortage of the most important foods.

We, who are unable to take our place in the trenches, are particularly called upon to make sure that so far as we can prevent it, the fighting men are not made to go short. It is only by preventing every little bit of waste that this can be done.

The thoughtless actions of a few ignorant people are apt to render useless the efforts of the many. So it is up to each one of us to see that no waste takes place."

Following are the hints for saving:—

No fresh loaf should be cut until all cut pieces have been eaten, crusts included.

When cutting bread, cut small pieces only. It is the cutting of larger slices than are immediately required, that is responsible for much waste.

After each meal all cut bread should be carefully collected and given in to the department.

Orderlies, when clearing the tables, must be careful not to mix any food that has not been touched with food that has, as the untouched food can be used again.

Both of these were signed by Sir Arthur Pearson and dated May the 5th.

## May Departures

Dixon, one of our most industrious men, has started work at 101, Poplar

Walk Road, and in this district should have no difficulty in finding a ready sale for the very excellent mats he is capable of turning out.

Gardiner, who left on the 5th May, has already made a good start at his old address, 159, Wick Road, Homerton. Those who know Gardiner will realise that while boots are still in fashion he will find his quota of repairing.

Temperton left early in May and has entered the employ of Messrs. Recketts, but it is only in this direction that he can be said to be in the "blues."

Boyter has been successful in obtaining a nice place near Kedlock, Fifeshire. His parents have already moved there, and everything will be in readiness for starting work in earnest when he returns home.

Hicks, who has hitherto been living with his parents, and who will shortly be married, has returned for a time to learn mats; thus he will have a double string to his bow, and we are negotiating for a new shop for him in Dulwich.

J. Davidson has obtained a small shop in his native village of Hopeman, where as a tobacconist he should be able to monopolise the local trade amongst all the sea-going folk which form the majority of the population.

Sergeant Jones left us on May 25th. Reference to him has been made formerly. He will be greatly missed in the poultry farm.

Lieutenant Tyler also left at the end of May and will take a short rest before settling down to work.





Harris Turner, the Canadian, sailed for home on May 11th. His humorous notes will be missed by the Magazine; but he has promised to send us occasional contributions.

Chapman, a steady and industrious worker at boots and mats, departed on May 25th and will carry on his trade at his old home.

### How the Ring came here

TO look at the ring, it does not appear to be anything of any particular interest, but if one knows its history it has an increased value. It is only common aluminium.

Along with more of its kind, it has travelled. It was made in Germany, where it was highly manufactured, and sent on its adventurous career, and with the idea of doing as much damage to that highly Kultiured country's enemies as was possible, but, fortunately for that enemy at which it was directed, it failed in its object.

Early one December morning in 1915, in the shape of a nose-cap of a German shell, it was fired at the British lines, not far from Ypres. The shell came screeching through the morning air and with a terrific explosion burst in our immediate neighbourhood. But it had missed its mark, for no one was hurt, and picking ourselves up out of the *débris* we found this nose-cap lying at our feet, and so we picked it up and took it away for a souvenir. In our spare time we melted it down, then ran it into a crude mould, making several rough-shaped rings. These we sent to England, where this ring got its present finished-off appearance. By this it can be said, "The ring had come direct from Germany dur-

ing war time, but in an altogether different way to what was intended."

W. Burgin.

### Hearing is Believing.

AFTER the fortune of war had deprived me of my sight, and I had become more or less used to blind life, I cultivated the art of listening in the belief that a great deal may be accomplished by substituting hearing for the more commonly used faculty of sight. I had advanced so far with this idea that I determined one day to put my knowledge to the test and started out to see what I could hear, if that doesn't sound too Irish.

A long succession of rails has a sort of broken, although regular, sound; and as I went along these on the first stage of my journey I had no difficulty in fully appreciating the friendly conversation of the iron palings. When I left their friendly presence, for some time all I could hear was the boisterous tongue of the wind as it swept over the path. It did not entirely drown the soft cooing of a lamp-post, which I avoided with success.

My skill in dodging this lamp-post attracted the attention of a gentleman who was going my way, and when I explained to him the errand I was engaged upon, he walked with me to see how my theories worked out.

I moved magnificently along a stone wall, for the stones fairly shouted at me; but when I attempted to get away from the wall I came to grief. I went solidly into a post which stood about four feet from the ground.

"Ha! ha!" said my friend, "you did not hear that."

"That," said I, "was a listening post, and is one of the dangers that beset us both here and in that dear land of France."

I thought I had explained matters very



neatly, but had no sooner got the words out of my mouth than I fell down a step and uttered a sharp exclamation. My friend said he was shocked, and went away; but he must have misunderstood me, for all I said was, "That was a dumb step," and I'm sure if his mind hadn't been looking for something wrong he couldn't have made anything else out of it.

After proceeding for some time, listening to the soft purr of houses on either side, hearing the empty roar of an open archway, and learning that a gentle swishing sound meant a shutter flapping in the breeze, I heard a shop, and went in to see what could be found.

The assistant doubted my hearing powers, and so I told him that I could even hear the time. He said that I could, of course, hear the ticking of the clock on the wall, but I could not hear the time. At this I resorted to a rather low trick, for while pretending to listen to the clock I managed to put my hand unobserved on my Braille watch.

"It is twenty-seven minutes past four," said I.

When he expressed the greatest astonishment, I assured him that it was no feat at all for a man who had made a study of such things. He still expressed surprise, and being somewhat proud of the success of my trick, I asked him what made him think it so wonderful.

"You undoubtedly have a great sense of hearing," he remarked, "for you have heard my clock tell you the exact time although it is thirty-three minutes slow."

I saw that the man was not very interesting, and so, after buying a slice of potato, I departed.

On the way home the corner of a house told me something, but it told it to my nose before my ears knew anything about it. A hydrant whispered a soft message to my shin. A window-ledge spoke softly to my chin. A motor-car held an

angry argument with my ribs. A falling brick swore fiercely at the top of my head.

Still, I think that a man can hear a lot if he doesn't try to deceive a shop assistant.

Harris Turner.

### Memories

(Lines written by a wounded officer convalescing in the country, Dec., 1916.)

SOMETIMES feel inclined to bless  
The bullet wound that brought me  
here,

To pass in pleasing idleness

The close of this offensive year.

Far from the sound of war's alarms :

From Grannie, Minnie, Archie, bomb;

From raids, patrols, and stand-to-arms;

From memories of the hectic Somme.

What care I if the laggard Sun,

Not rising now till nearly eight,

Does shine upon the blatant Hun

Indulging in his morning hate?

I slumber on till 8.15,

And then, refreshed by morning tea,

Lie musing where I might have been

Had that same bullet not hit me.

Back to that same old trench routine,

To meals of bully à la slime;

With nothing dry, with nothing clean,

And water strong of reeking lime.

To face again those long, cold nights,

Those days of constant toil and strain,  
Those horrid smells, those gruesome  
sights,

And worst of all that ceaseless rain.

We still are somewhat loth to face

Once more that grim nerve-racking  
test;

Let others go and force the pace,

Whilst we stop for a hard-earned rest.

That weakness passes. When we're fit

We'll carry on what we've begun.

That is, to try and do our bit

To crush for good the blinking Hun.

E. B.





## Newcomers in May

Benning, Lance-Corporal A. ... ..	2nd Scottish Rifles.
Bradfield, Private F. ... ..	35th Royal Fusiliers.
Brogan, Private W. ... ..	A.O.C.
Causton, Private S. H. ... ..	1st Royal West Kents.
Corboy, Private T. ... ..	46th Australians.
Greaves, Corporal C. ... ..	1/4th York and Lanes.
Green, Able Seaman G. ... ..	4th Battalion N.D.
Henderson, Private A. S. ... ..	A.S.C.
Hetherington, Private T. ... ..	13th Northumberland Fusiliers.
Horner, Private R. ... ..	6th Duke of Wellington's West Ridings.
Kinder, Private T. ... ..	2nd Royal Fusiliers.
Macfarlane, Lance-Corporal J. ... ..	4th Seaforths.
Marshall, Private D. ... ..	1st K.S.L.I.
Meador, Private R. ... ..	2nd Devon Regiment.
Moore, Private E. ... ..	7th Queen's, Royal West Surreys.
Nichols, Corporal A. ... ..	Durham L.I.
Robinson, Private W. ... ..	13th King's Liverpools.
Rogers, Private T. ... ..	2nd Devon Regiment.
Shaw, Private G. T. ... ..	2nd Worcester Regiment.
Smith, Private Garnet ... ..	12th Lincolns.
Sterno, A. Chief Cook ... ..	H.M. Transport <i>Royal George</i> .
Stone, Private R. ... ..	4th East Surrey.
Stratfull, Private T. W. ... ..	11th D.L.I.
Sullivan, Staff-Sergeant W. ... ..	A.O.C.
Sutton, Private A. ... ..	2nd Queen's, Royal West Surreys.
Turner, Private W. ... ..	3rd Lincolns.
Ward, Private W. ... ..	9th East Surreys.
Wheeler, Private C. H. ... ..	2nd Lincolns.
Yarrow, Master-at-Arms G. F. ... ..	R..N.

## Old Boys' Addresses

Arnold, Pte. L., 61, Richmond Road, Dalston.	Braithwaite, F. G., 1, Chestnut Rd., Guildford.
Adams, G., Hale House, Hale, Nr. Liverpool.	Brown, A., East View, Weston Hills, Spalding.
Alexander, E., 63, Canning Rd., Highbury.	Brown, J. R., 11, Mount St., Nuneaton.
Allcock, R., 6, Bank Rd., Ipswich.	Brown, G., Greenside, Ewhurst, Surrey.
Allen, W., 53, Lord St., Leigh.	Brown, J., Warren Hall, Spout Lane, <b>Brenchley</b> .
Arnold, A., 41, Wycliffe Rd., Wimbledon.	Brown, P., Wilson's Cottage, Borden Road, Alton, Hants.
Back, A. W., Sandy Lane, Rendham.	Carnell, W. C., Kiln Cottage, South Molton Rd., Bampton, Devon.
Barley, J., 44, Dale St., Crosby, Scunthorpe.	Catlow, S., 32, Wenning St., Nelson, Lancs.
Batchelor, J., 15, Tooting Gr., Tooting.	Champaniss, F., 239, High Rd., Willesden Green.
Bates, E., 17a, Prince of Wales Rd., Battersea.	Chapple, F., Prince of Wales Cottage, Parsonage Lane, Enfield.
Bell, J., The Oaks, Ewhurst, Surrey.	Clarke, E., High St., Edwinstowe.
Bocking, A. J., 93, Franklin Street, Oldham.	Clarke, W. W., 94, Ilderton Rd., Bermondsey.
Brundrett, P., 7, Maurice St., Pendlebury.	Colle, M., 120, Dawes Rd., Walham Green, W.
Biggadyke, R., 41, Tower St., Boston.	Coles, G. B., Beckingham, Notts.
Bolton, C. E., 7, Broughton Cottages, Otford.	Collins, W. H., Chalkman's Knoll, Bygrave Rd., Ashwell, near Baldock.
Boswell, E., 7, Foster's Yard, Church St., Gainsborough, Lincs.	
Bowers, W. J., 4, Tenelby Road, Tolworth.	



Colville, H., 32, Cranley Gardens, Palmer's Green, N.13.	Herriot, A., North View, Westerton, Nr. Glasgow.
Cook, H., 20, Walton Village, Liverpool.	Hicks, A. E., 146, Glengall Rd., Peckham, S.E.
Cooper, T. S., 36, Tavistock Avenue, Newlands, Hull.	Hill, H. E., 212, Upper Empress Rd., Bevis Valey, Southampton.
Crane, H. J., 109b, Church Street, Croydon.	Hill, H. C., 15, Southside, Skew Bridge Road, Nr. Salisbury.
Chamberlain, T. W., Melton Brickyard Cottages, North Ferribly, Yorks.	Hills, C., c/o Mrs. Jim Pert, Whangarao, Kyle Street, Arnecliffe, Sydney, N.S.W.
Cromwell, W., Blackfriars Inn, Commercial Rd., Gloucester.	Holden, J., 1a, Roebuck St., West Bromwich.
Curtis-Willson, Sergt., Woodglade, New Chapel Rd., Lingfield, Surrey.	Holmes, A., 28, Mornington Road, Ilkley.
Daumont, O., 61, Carlton Vale, W.	Horsnell W., 1, The Broadway, Charlton Adam, Somerset.
Davidson, W., Gortmacraire, Kilsca, Co. Down, Ireland.	Hudson, H., 64, Beach Road, Russellville, Dulwich Hill, Sydney, N.S.W.
Davies, J. E., Cloth Hall, Prengwyn, Llandyss, S. Wales.	Hulme, H., 3, Cottage Farm Yard, Chapelfield, Near Radcliffe.
Davies, W., 48, Higson Street, Old Trafford, Salford.	Hurst, H., The Myres, Great Longstone, Derby.
Davis, G., Rose Villa, Great Burstead.	Hutchinson, M. A., 77a, Belmont Park Road, Leyton.
Dennis, T., 31, Copnor Road, Portsmouth.	Iddiols, A. T., 4, Market Street Mews, Paddington, W.I.
Dennison, T. H., Draycot Road, Forsbrook, Blyth Bridge, Stoke-on-Trent.	Johnson, E., c.o. Miss Miller, 24, Melbourne Street, Carlisle.
Devlin, T., 61, Tontin Street, St. Helens.	Johnson, L., Bungalow Cottages, Buntingford, Herts.
Dowson, T., 49, Welford St., Middlesborough.	Johnson, T., 13, Ornuz Street, Halliwell Lane, Cheetham, Manchester.
Duxbury, W., 2, Holly Bank Cottages, Ashley Lane, Mostyn Lane, Manchester.	Johns, P., The Roost, Clanderhill, Lane, Holy-moorside, Chesterfield.
Dyson, Sgt. F., Victoria Cottage, Pick Hill, Uppermill, Nr. Oldham.	Kenny, J., 127, Old George Street, Cork.
Eaton, T., 40, Wenning St., Nelson, Lancs.	Kerr, J. W., 130, Widnes Rd., Widnes, Lancs.
Edmund, W. E., West Barn, Dunbar, N.B.	Kirby, H., The Hydro, Middleton Rd. Camp, Heaton Pk., Manchester.
Elborn, H., 23, Manaton Rd., Peckham, S.E.	Kirkby, Sgt., 147, Wellington St., Millom, Cumberland.
Evans, A., 1, Carlisle Pl., Newport Mon.	Kitchen, F., Knott Fold, Hyde, near Manchester.
Featherstone, P., Uplands Cottage, Ferriby.	Kitson, A., Everingham, Yorks.
Flett, H., 39, Woodview Rd., Golders Green.	Knight, C., Wiggaton, Ottery St. Mary, Devons.
Fleetwood, F., Kingsley Cottages, Littleham, Nr. Bideford, Devon.	Lane, M., 56, Queensbury Street, Essex Road, Islington, N.
Foster, F., 34, Clarence St., Plymouth.	Lath, J. T., 19, Channing St., Sheffield.
Foster, T., 2, St. Dunstan's Bungalows, Worting, near Basingstoke.	Latham, G., Hyde End Lodge, Brimpton, Berks.
Foxon, W. H., 143, Valetta Rd, Acton Vale, W.	Law, A., 5, Windmill Road, Wandsworth.
Gardiner, H. A., 159, Wick Road, Homerton, N.E.	Lawlor, G., 4, Terrace Gar., St. Alban's Rd., Watford.
Girling, W., 14, Queen's Road, Brighton.	Leeman, J. F., Riby Road, Keelby, Nr. Brocklesby, Lincs.
Graves, R., 5, Inglewood Rd., West Hampstead.	Lenderyou, A. F., 97, Haydens Road, South Wimbledon.
Goodeson, P., 66, Lower Mount Street, Dublin.	Leonard, W., Kimberley Cottages, Station Road, Soham, Cambs.
Gordon, W., 365, Featherstall Road, Oldham.	Letch, S. J., Moor Gardens, Hatfield Peveril, Essex.
Green, Lionel, Langdale, St. Edward's Road, Gosport.	Lilley, G., 234, New Avenue, Acocks Green, Birmingham.
Groves, T. W., 48, Claremont Terr., Fleetwood.	Lingard, W., 6, Sunnyside Cottages, Writtle.
Hallam, W. J., St. Dunstan's, Garden City, Sandiacre.	Lomas, J., 5, Lauriston Road, South Hackney.
Hale, G., Birmingham Road, Blackheath, B'ham.	Lomas, G., 297, Manchester Road, Burnley.
Hale, H. W., 27, West Street, Croydon.	Lowden, Pte. J., 32, Grasscroft Street, Stalybridge, Cheshire.
Hall, A. W., 130, High St., Sydenham.	Lynch, D., 4, Mayfield, Cork City.
Halls, W. C., 42, Upper Jackson St., Hulme, Manchester.	
Harker, J., Vivery Cross Rd., Southwick, near Brighton.	
Harper, A., 3, Ramsay Square, Loamhead, Edinburgh.	
Hayes, H., Main Street, Ballincolligh, Cork.	





## ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW



- Maclelan, D., Cherry Tree Cottage, Unsworth, near Manchester.  
Madieson, M., Stanner Gate Dairy, Broughty Ferry, Forfarshire.  
Makin, D., 55, Thames St. East, Wallsend-on-Tyne.  
Mapp, G. I., 7, Osborn Place, Birmingham.  
Marshall, F., c/o Mrs. Throup, Finkle Street, Cottingham, Nr. Hull.  
Marks, S., 12, Weaver Street, Chester.  
Matthews, C. W., 85, Belmont Rd., Maidenhead.  
Mayell, B., Meadowside, Burtons Road, Hampton Hill, S.W.  
Mears, A., 23, Osborn Road, High Road, Leyton.  
Millar, W., Hardwick Rectory, Aylesbury.  
McCairn, F., 17, Maybury Street, Tooting.  
Millward, T., II, Wentworth Terrace, off York Rd., Leeds.  
Minchin, W., Sandfield Cottage, Pitch Place, Worplesdon, Guildford, Surrey.  
Mitchell, J., 3 Tennant Street, Leith, N.B.  
Moon, J., 1, Military Rd., Cork.  
Moore, A. E., 73, Faraday St., Walworth, S.E.  
Melling, D., 22, Powell St., Clayton, Manchester.  
McCarthy, P., 29, Kickham St., Clonmel.  
McCarthy, D., 71a, Clarendon Rd., Notting Hill, W.  
McCarthy, W. F., 1, Lutterworth Rd., Attleborough, Nuneaton.  
McDonald, N., 103, Glebe St., Townhead, Glasgow.  
McNally, G., 5, Tysoe St., Pendleton.  
Milligan, T. (same as Kirby).  
Nolan, J., Quarry Farm, Gwysaney, Mold.  
O'Connell, S., 14, Culworth Street, St. John's, Wood, N.W.  
Orrell, J., 2, Wigan Rd., New Spring, Wigan.  
Orvis, A. R., 60, Masborough Road, Hammer-smith, W.  
Owen, D., Tyn-y-frith, Llanellan, Colwyn Bay.  
Owen, W., 12, Ogin Street, Bethesda, Carnarvon.  
Patston, A. H., c/o Mr. Parry, Oxmead, Ewhurst, Surrey.  
Payne, G. E., 77, Queensland Rd., Holloway.  
Pell, G., 13, Gladstone Road, Kettering.  
Pettit, W., 12, High Street, Harrow.  
Pugh, J., 129, Rosoman St., Clerkenwell, W.C.  
Purchase, E., 25, Holly Road, Hampton Hill.  
Roberts, J., 1, Campbell Ter., Southend-on-Sea.  
Robinson, W., Welby, Nr. Grantham, Lincs.  
Roddy, C., 25, New Rowas, Washington, Co. Durham.  
Rodgers, A. C., 32, Trafalgar Road, Hightown, Wrexham.  
Rose, G. W., 14, The Triangle, Ruby St., Old Kent Rd., S.E.  
Rutter, J., 10, Cross Road, Bridgewater Street, Winton, Patricroft, Manchester.  
Scott, W. C., Edgar Allen Institute, Sheffield.  
Sebbage, W., Clayhill, Stonegate, Ticehurst.  
Selby, J., Sergeant, I, St. Dunstan's Bungalows, Worthing, nr. Basingstoke.  
Shaw, G. W., 73, Castle Road, Glasgow.  
Sheppard, C., 141, Shear Cross, Crockerton, Warminster.  
Shurrock, W., 78, Concrete, Wombwell, Barnsley, Yorks.  
Sims, H., 9, Queen's Street, Chertsey.  
Speight, W. G., 23, Brook Lane, Forgeate, Nr. Horsham, Sussex.  
Spinks, J., 50, Stockport Rd., Ashton-under-Lyne.  
Spiers, C., Friars Court, Friars Entry, Oxford.  
Spry, R., c/o Mrs. Bingham, 21, Dartmoor Rd., Notting Hill Gate, W.  
Sewell, C. (same as Milligan).  
Shaw, R., 9, Arundel St., Burnley, Lancs.  
Shepherd, Thomas, 10, Marsh Brook Fold, West Houghton, near Bolton, Lancs.  
Shinners, M. J., EJ, Hounslow Road, Whitton, Twickenham.  
Smith, A., 4, New St., Retford, Notts.  
Stamper, T. D., 57, Skinner Street, Stockton-on-Tees.  
Stanners, R., 114, Oxford Rd., High Wycombe.  
Steel, J., 799, Springburne Rd., Glasgow.  
Stewart, J., 74, Longfield Rd., Todmorden.  
Street, W., 37, Bewdley St., Evesham.  
Sumner, P. S., Worcester College for the Higher Education of the Blind, Worcester.  
Sweeting, R., 23 King's Street, Glossop.  
Swingler, E., c/o Mrs. Harrison, 3, Station Terrace, George St., South Retford, Notts.  
Tarry, S. C., 20, Mysore Road, Lavender Hill, S.W.  
Taylor, G., 46, Coare St., Macclesfield.  
Temperton, C. S., 118 Dansom Lane, Holderness Road, Hull.  
Thorpe, T., 9, Willow Street, Darwen, Lancs.  
Turner, Harris, 734 Spadina Crescent, Saskatoon, Canada.  
Turnock, E., 32, Baker Street, Leigh, Lancs.  
Turner, W., 15, Slater Street, Burslem, Stoke.  
Verbrugge, Camille, c/o Mrs. Johnston, Bignor Pk., Pulborough.  
Waldin, J. T., 15, Barrow Hill Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.  
Wall, T., 30, Hanover St., Park Lane, Leeds.  
Watt, W., 21, Mount Road, Montrose.  
Wenlock, R., The Causeway, Peasenhall, Suffolk.  
White, T. H., 26, Durham St., Albert Park, Victoria.  
White, 56, Hartington Road, Liverpool.  
Whiteside, W., Port Down, Co. Armagh.  
Williams, A., Cae Gwyn, Michaelstown Fewd, Cardiff.  
Vine, R. J., 9, Amor Road, The Grove, Hammersmith.  
Woollen, Albert (same as Milligan).  
Wright, R. E., 59, Caversham Avenue, Palmer's Green, N.



