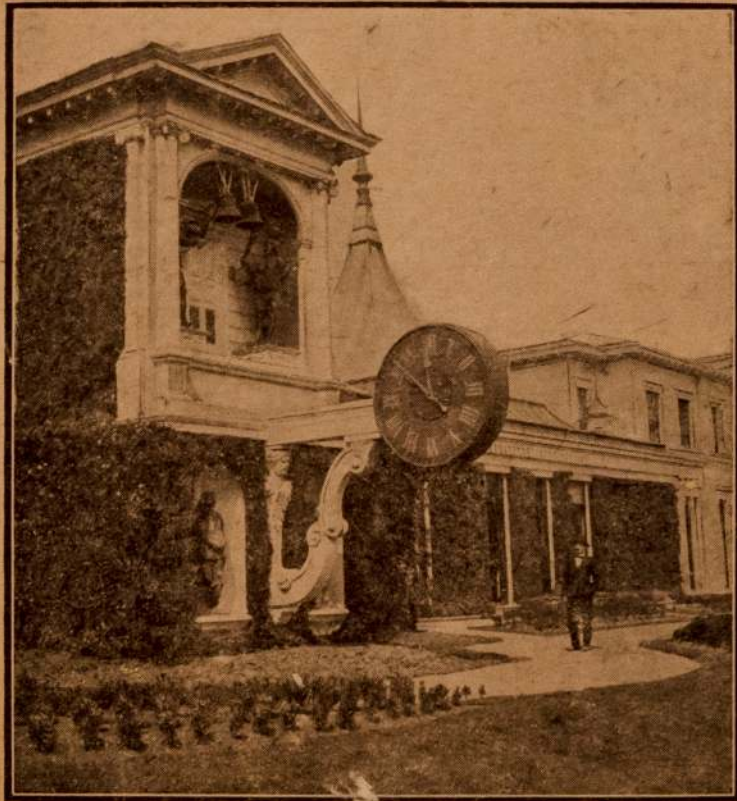


July, 1916.

St. Dunstan's



(Photo, Brunell)

Review.



No. 2.—New Series.

Price 6d.

St. Dunstan's Review.

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT.

Editor - William Gurling

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.

Contents.

	PAGE
Editorial Note	3
Appeal to the Old Boys	3
Some Notes by the Chief	4
Field Marshal Lord French: Visit of Inspection	5
St. Dunstan's Gossip	6
Workshop Gossip	9
After-Care Notes	10
Qualities. By Laphell	13
Massage by Blinded Soldiers	14
Notes of the Braille Room	15
Waltzing Competition	16
St. Dunstan's Men at Finsbury Town Hall	16
Mrs. Turnbull's Lecture	18
Short Period in a Soldier's Life. By a Soldier	19
On going to Bed at St. Dunstan's. By R. K. Huskinson	21
Tom alters his mind. By William Girling	23
The Metropolitan Peregrinations of a Sightless Pilgrim. By "Phil"	26
Our Day up the River	30
A Lay of St. Dunstan's. By Laphell	31
St. Dunstan's Debating Society	32
Newcomers in June	Cover
Boys who left in June	Cover

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 Lce.-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

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 Verbrugghe, 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 corsekense 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, untlabergasted 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.

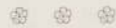
There were over thirty entries for the three prizes, and six couples at a time entered the enclosure, the best of them being chosen for the final heat. The competition was very spirited, and after a patient and careful scrutiny it was decided that Sergt. Shields and his partner, Miss Downs, were entitled 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 Lee-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.

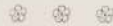
After the National Anthem had been sung, Sergt. Watt, in an appropriate and grateful speech, thanked all of our good and true friends of Finsbury for their kindness in providing us with such a rattling good time, and also added that the cigarette case would always be a true souvenir, and would at all 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 2½ 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 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 stanchied, 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.



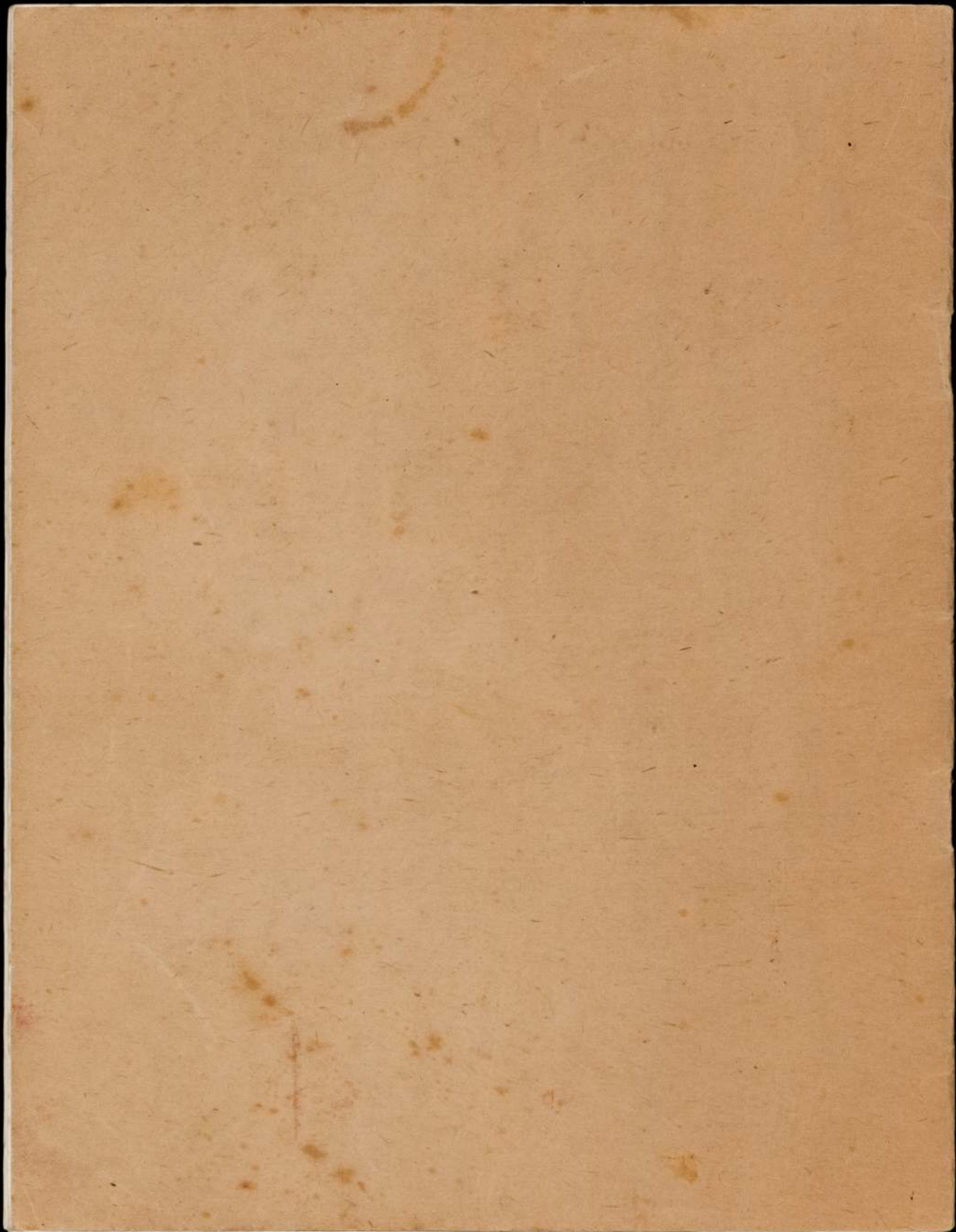
Newcomers in June.

- | | |
|--|--|
| A. R. Aldridge, 6th Queen's West Surrey. | V. Levallee, 5th Canadians. |
| I. J. Baker, A.S.C. | J. F. Lecman, 8th Lincolns. |
| A. J. Caple, 9th Royal Welsh Fusiliers. | L. Lloyd, R.F.C. |
| H. Colling, 1/6th Warwicks. | G. G. Maddison, Seaforths. |
| W. H. Collins, R.F.A. | C. Molloy, R.F.A. |
| J. Cooper, A.S.C. | F. Marshall, 4th East Yorks. |
| J. Davidson, Seaforths. | A. Morriss, 1st Dorsets. |
| Gratidge, 7th K.R.R. | H. Pugh, South Staffords. |
| F. T. Harris, 22nd Kensington Royal Fusiliers. | E. Purchase. |
| S. Hill, 9th Worcesters. | A. Randall, 13th London. |
| J. W. Hodkin, 7th K.O.Y.L.I. | W. Robinson, 7th Lincolns. |
| P. Johns, 5th Grenadiers. | C. Roddy, 2nd Borderers. |
| W. Leonard, 2nd Suffolks. | G. W. Shaw, 6th Argyll and Sutherland. |
| | W. White, Purser. |



The Boys who left in June.

- | | |
|------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Allcock, 4th Suffolks. | Mayell, P.P.C.L.I. |
| Barley, 8th Lincolns. | Milligan, 1st Irish Guards. |
| Bates, R.H.A. | Macdonald, 1st Gordons. |
| Bocking, 1/10th Manchesters. | Rutter, 9th Lancs. Fusiliers. |
| Boswell, 2nd Lincolns. | Sewell, 2nd Northants. |
| Catlow, 6th East Lancs. | Spry, 1st Coldstreams. |
| Devlin, South Lancs. | Thorpe, K.O.R.L. |
| Edmonds, 1st Royal Scots. | Camille Verbrugge, Belgian Army. |
| Emile, Belgian Army. | Woods, New Zealanders. |
| Hutchinson, 9th Yorks. | Woollen, 2nd Wilts. |
| Hurst, Royal Engineers. | Wenlock, 2nd Scots Guards. |
| Kirby, 2nd Munsters. | |
| Law, 9th Lancers. | |



This Leaflet is issued by

St. Dunstan's Headquarters

Registered in accordance with the National Assistance Act, 1948

concerning

J. COUPLAND
FOOTWEAR REPAIRER,
136, KENT STREET,
PRESTON.



Mr. Coupland was trained by St. Dunstan's as a Boot Repairer, and as he has followed his trade since that time he is an experienced Boot Repairer—capable of giving you good service. He uses the finest materials for his work, which are supplied by St. Dunstan's.



- ★ Mr. Coupland, late of the 55th West Lancashire Division, was blinded on the Somme on the 8th August, 1916.

- ★ In Mr. Coupland's shop you will find footwear sundries of all kinds, and a selection of goods made by his fellow St. Dunstaners.

- ★ Here you can buy or order Wool Rugs, Shopping Baskets and Bags, Trays, Fibre Mats and many items which are included in the products of the Nation's War-Blinded Men.

- ★ St. Dunstan's ask you to assist Mr. Coupland by entrusting your repairs to him, and to make what purchases you can from his shop.

