

September, 1916.

# St. Dunstan's



*(Photo, Brunell)*

## Review.



No. 3.—New Series.

Price 6d.

# St. Dunstan's Review.

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A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT.

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Editor - - - William Girling

Contributors - The Staff and the Boys.

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ST. DUNSTAN'S Motto:

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

No. 3.

SEPT., 1916.

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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.

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

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 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, Shiners, 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 2.30 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. DUNSTON'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 spurted, and, going right away, won by 3½ 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.); Boney Phelps (cox) ... 1  
 Surrey Station—Worcester: T. H. Tylor, 9st. 3lb. (bow); W. V. Miede, 9st. 7lb.; R. H. Allison, 10st. 3lb.; W. K. 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 spurted 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. DUNSTON'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 my 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. Bocking 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 Brenchley 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 Borroughs 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 has 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

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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

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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. B.  
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 "Mac's" 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 L.,  
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.                  |
| Grattidge, 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

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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, Raylor, 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.

Summer 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.

## Old Boys' Addresses.

**A**T 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., 74, Penton St., Everton, Liverpool.  
Alexander, E., 63, Canning Rd., High-bury.  
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.  
Bolton, C. E., 7, Broughton Cottages, Otford, Kent.  
Brown, J. R., 11, Mount St., Nuneaton.  
Brown, G., Greenside, Ewhurst, Surrey.  
Brown, J., Warren Hall, Spout Lane, Brenchley, Kent.  
Brown, P., 12, Binns Rd., Chiswick.  
Catlow, S., 62, Bradshaw St., Nelson, Lancs.  
Champliss, F., 129, High St., Willesden.  
Chapple, F., Prince of Wales Cottage, Parsonage Lane, Enfield.  
Clarke, E., High St., Edwinstowe.  
Clarke, W. W., 94, Hilderton 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., 50, Holly St., Nelson, Lancs.  
Elborn, H., 23, Manaton Rd., Peckham, S.E.  
Evans, A., 1, Carlisle Pl., Newport, Mon.  
Featherstone, P., The Grange, Willerby, Yorks.  
Fleetwood, F., Hope Cottage, Paynesfield Rd., Tatsfield.  
Flett, H., 72, York Av., Whatley Range, Manchester.  
Foster, F., 40, Exeter St., Plymouth.  
Foxon, W. F., 13, Stronsa Rd., Shepherd's Bush.  
Gordon, W., 305, Featherstone Rd., Oldham.  
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., 2, Chapman Gr., Chapman St., Hulme, Manchester.

Hills, C., Post Office, Wagga Wagga, New South Wales, Australia.  
Hutchinson, 64, Clieyne Walk, Chelsea.  
Johnson, E., 7, Elsenham Rd., Grimsby.  
Kirby, H., The Hydro, Middleton Rd. Camp, Heaton Pk., Manchester.  
Kitchen, F., 79, Georges St., Hyde, Manchester.  
Lath, J. T., 19, Channing St., Sheffield.  
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, Ebeza Bldgs., Islington, N.  
Makin, D., 55, Thames St. East, Wall-send-on-Tyne.  
Moon, J., 1, Military Rd., Cork.  
Moore, J., 73, Faraday St., Walworth, S.E.  
Mathews, C. W., 83, Belmont Rd., Maidenhead.  
Melling, D., 22, Powell St., Clayton, Manchester.  
McDonald, N., 87, Stirling Rd., 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.  
Pauston, A. H., c/o Mr. Parry, Oxmead, Ewhurst, Surrey.  
Rutter, J., 30, Lord Napier 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.  
Shepherd, C., 141, Shear Cross, Crocker-ton, Warminster.  
Spry, R., 53, Townshend Road, N.W.  
Sewell, C. (same as Milligan).  
Saxon, J., Chapelfield Cottage, Radcliff, Notts.  
Shaw, R., 27, West St., Croydon.  
Steel, J., 8, Hartfield St., 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, L., 35, Chapel St., Gosport, Hants.

