

October, 1916.

St. Dunstan's



(Photo, Brunell)

Review.

No. 4.—New Series.

Price 6d.

St. Dunstan's Review.

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT.

Editor - - - William Girling

Contributors - The Staff and the Boys.

ST. DUNSTAN'S Motto:

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

No. 4

OCT., 1916

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St. Dunstan's Review.

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK & SPORT

No. 4.—NEW SERIES.

OCTOBER, 1916.

PRICE 6D.

Editorial Notes.

I MUST once again ask all those who are actively engaged in St. Dunstan's, whether as helpers or pupils, to remember that I want all the news and gossip that I can get. Anything that interests the boys will interest me, and will be interesting to the readers of the *Review*. The difficulty of collecting news is great, and I shall be glad of all the help that can be given me.

Each issue of the *Review* is very quickly sold out, and I have had many requests for back numbers. If any reader has done with his back numbers, I shall be glad to hear if he is prepared to pass them on to others who will pay for them gladly if they are in fair condition. The June and July issues are in special request.

This is a note for the old boys. I am sending them the magazine regularly, but I am hoping they will pay me for it, as I want it to be self-supporting. I suggest that they should forward me postal orders for 3s. 6d., which covers the *Review* and postage for six months. By-and-by, if the magazine is to be kept going, it will be necessary that every copy must be paid for, or we shall be out of pocket. So will all those old boys who want to receive *St. Dunstan's Review* regularly, be good enough to send in their sixpences.

I find that some of my contributors are rather annoyed with me, because I have to cut their articles down sometimes. I assure them that

I am always sorry to do this, and it is only done because the pages will not stretch. I hope they will believe me when I say that I appreciate their work and help very much, and I never cut anything out except when I am forced to do so by the necessities of space. Of course, I like everything to be as short as possible, owing to the smallness of the magazine; and I hope that no contributors will stop sending me their articles and stories.

THE EDITOR.

o o o

St. Dunstan's Gossip.

THE event of the month was the return of Sir Arthur Pearson to St. Dunstan's, on Tuesday, September 12th. All the Boys and the Staff, headed by Matron, waving flags, gathered at the gates to welcome him on his arrival, and loud cheers were raised of a most hearty character as he walked from the gates to the entrance hall. Everybody was delighted to get him back after his long absence, which dated from the boat races against Worcester on the 12th July.

Sir Arthur was looking extremely well and fit and found plenty of work waiting for him. At dinner time he made a speech to all the men, or perhaps we ought to say addressed a few simple words to them, the most telling point of which was a reference to the new boys, pointing out that blindness is a handicap and not an affliction, and that this handicap can be overcome by application and hard work. It is only the newcomers to St. Dunstan's who require this to be told to them, as the old

ones know it only too thoroughly themselves.

Our old friend, R. W. Spry, was recently met by a member of the Marylebone Borough Council, who asked him to go down to the Central Hall at the end of August and give his experiences of St. Dunstan's. The Mayor of Marylebone and the Committee were present, and they told him of their proposal to build a new ward to St. Dunstan's, to endow it, and to call it the "St. Marylebone Ward," the money to be raised in the Borough of Marylebone only. Spry, in a grateful little speech, told them what St. Dunstan's had done for him, and how he was now able to work as a telephone operator and compete with sighted people. His remarks were received with great interest and listened to with marked attention.

The marriage bells are still very much in demand at St. Dunstan's. Sergeant-Major Featherstone was married on the 9th September, and Danny McCarthy on the 6th. Knight is coming up to town for

the same purpose. McLean is now among the happily settled, and Harker, and many others are contemplating the fateful step. We hope that they will all be as happy as they deserve to be.

Considerable interest was taken at Somerton when Lance-Corporal Horsnell was married at the end of August. The Union Jack was hoisted over the church and a large crowd cheered the bride and bridegroom as they departed. Horsnell when at St. Dunstan's devoted himself to poultry, and showed considerable aptitude in taking it up.

Much interest has been taken in the goat which has been christened St. Dunstan, and which was introduced by Culshaw and accepted by Matron on behalf of the Hostel. The goat, which is quite young, is already making friends with everybody and promises to be a general favourite.

Collins sends us an interesting little account of St. Thomas' Mount in Madras. It is a matter of regret that we have not space to insert it all, but it is interesting to know that Collins spent a long time in the barracks at Madras during his career as a soldier. He is now distinguishing himself both in rowing as a pastime and poultry as a business.

An interesting letter has been received by Mr. Atkinson, the joinery instructor, from Neil McDonald. He is doing very well with trays, supplying orders to people as far away from

Glasgow as Northampton and Birmingham. He is also very busy with string bags, of which he sells a good many. McDonald was a very handy joiner, and it is not surprising to hear that he is turning his hand to almost anything. He is now happily married and finds Mrs. McDonald a great help to him in his work.

The holidays officially concluded on August 21st, but it was not for some days afterwards that the Roll was complete. A few of the boys, like Tommy Turnock, wished that the holidays would begin again as soon as they were over, but the general feeling was one of relief to be back at work again.

Indeed, a number of the soldiers were at St. Dunstan's three days before the Hostel opened, so anxious were they to be in plenty of time for the resumption of duties.

Considerable alterations had been made in the Hostel in the short vacation of three weeks. One new dormitory had been completed and another big one commenced, while the whole place had been renovated, cleaned, and great alterations made in the various departments. How all the work had been done in the short time was something of a marvel, until it was remembered that Matron had stuck to her post throughout the hot weather, and kept the workmen on the premises, feeding and petting them all the time, so that whether they liked it or not, they were obliged to work

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hard in order to repay the consideration shown to them.

So rapidly is St. Dunstan's growing that everything is becoming too small. The lounge, spacious as it appears, is now all too tiny, not only for the accommodation of the men themselves, but for all the entertainments that take place; therefore Sir Arthur has waved his magic wand and a spacious new lounge is being erected on the lawn. This will be twice the size of the present one and will be available for dances, concerts and so forth. It is hoped that the old lounge will be used as a room for men who do not wish to indulge in either playing or listening to musical instruments or sing-songs, or otherwise comporting themselves cheerfully. We have long felt the need at St. Dunstan's of a room where those who desire it can get a little actual peace.

Matron is trying to get up a band for the winter evenings, and all those boys who can perform on instruments, or who wish to learn should approach her without delay. She has already secured the assistance of competent teachers, and the band should be a success, especially as chorus singing is also being taught at the same time. Tuesday evenings will probably be given up to the musical studies and Wednesday evening is to be devoted to competitions, little home concerts and other amusements which are so freely arranged to pass the hours.

It was a happy idea of Mr.

Kessell's to introduce the reader speakers among the men to respond for the afternoon concerts, instead of having it done as heretofore by an official. Some of the speeches made on these occasions are excellent, while there is no doubt that the performers themselves appreciate the change.

The new lighting orders do not affect the boys at St. Dunstan's so much as they do the staff, and the difficulty of illuminating the inside and preventing any light showing on the outside was a difficult problem to solve. However, like everything else here, it has been done, and done thoroughly. Dominoes on Monday nights have to be played by candle-light, and there is a good deal of peering about necessary on behalf of the staff, but this does not affect the players themselves.

The first dance on September 1st was a big success, and in spite of all necessary restrictions in the granting of invitations, the floor was unpleasantly crowded. A word must be said for the helpful attitude of the orderlies and the rest of the staff, who now debar themselves from the pleasure of dancing at all in order to minister to the comforts of the inmates by refraining from crowding the floor. The number of new boys who want to learn dancing is almost beyond the supply of teachers, but many ladies are helping to show them the first steps so that everything is sure to end happily in time. It is nice to see so many of the new

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boys keen to pick up the sports and amusements of St. Dunstan's.

The boating has been going very well and lots of new recruits have been taking it up and distinguishing themselves. There has been rather a lamentable shortage of coxons, some of the ladies evidently finding the hour a little too early for them. But grateful thanks must be tendered to those who come regularly and mostly from long distances. It is curious that the ladies who live the farthest away are the most prompt and punctual in their attendance. Happily St. Dunstan's can always help itself and the boys have been coxing each other with remarkable success. Marshall, Colley, and Collins, to mention a few of them, have been extremely useful in stepping into the breach and preventing any collapse from a shortage of steerers.

Of course the Daylight Saving measure is rather a bad thing for the early morning rowing, as it is almost too dark for rising at a quarter-to-five (old time). But it is no use grumbling on such a point as this, although it is undeniable that it has proved something of a drawback.

More than a word of thanks is due to those Birmingham Braille teachers who gave up their holidays in order to teach at St. Dunstan's during the vacation. Many of our own teachers were away, and we should have been very short indeed but for this self-denying action on the part of these ladies.

I am sorry to hear that Sumner is just about to leave off. He is going to take a place as a teacher for which he is well qualified. So far he is the only one of us who has passed in French Braille.

Talking of this reminds me that Miss Cleveland is taking up French Braille, which she intends to teach in Paris to the blinded soldiers there. We can only wish that all the French soldiers who have lost their sight could come to St. Dunstan's.

By the time that these lines are in print it is probable that Ward 5 will have been converted into a dining-room, as the present accommodation is inadequate. The food will be run along on a trolley, so that there will be no fear of it being served cold.

Miss Parker has left for America. She was very popular in the lounge and took great interest in everything that added to the welfare and enjoyment of St. Dunstan's. The boys subscribed for a little present for her, and she made a nice little speech in thanks.

Several new sisters have come to us, and they seem to be quite as nice as the old ones, which is saying a great deal. We all realise the hard and self-denying work of the V.A.D. sisters, and the lot of trouble that they take to keep things going. What St. Dunstan's could do without them it is hard to think!

By the way, it is satisfactory to record that the ladies and gentlemen who come to take the boys

out walking are happily free of that bad habit of talking about war, wounds and hospitals. None of us wants to hear anything of this kind, and curiosity is apt to become a nuisance. If the personal questioner would remember this he would find his kindness much appreciated by the disabled soldier.

Mr. Brighurst, Mr. Way and Captain Lowry are going in for the Swedish Remedial Exercise examination. They are the first male masseurs to sit for this exam, and their entry is due to the great demand for extra assistance owing to the war.

Captain Lowry was in charge of the massage department of the Middlesex Hospital while Mr. Kirby was on holiday leave.

Here is an interesting piece of gossip. Mr. Jock Anderson, an old blinded soldier who is masseur to the Earl of Meath, devoted his month's holiday to polishing up his massage. He was much interested in St. Dunstan's students.

Two more of our promising masseurs, Cook and Graves, started their examination for the certificate of the Incorporated Trained Masseurs Society on September 19th, and will continue their test on October 2nd and 4th. We have no doubt that they will pass with flying colours.

As the days draw in the boating

on the lake in the early morning and evening will come to an end. In order to keep it up a little, and not get too much out of practice, there will be boating on every Tuesday and Friday between 12 and 1 o'clock, when the weather permits. It is hoped that as many of the new comers as possible will take part, and ladies and gentlemen who will cox for us at those times will be welcomed.

Physical drill will start very shortly. It is an excellent way of keeping fit, and we have it during the winter months at 7 o'clock in the morning. We also get up one or two displays, which arouse great interest both among the visitors and the boys. We hope that there will be a lot of fellows to join these drills.

Many cigarette ends and matches are thrown about in St. Dunstan's, and Matron—who is the soul of cleanliness and order—was perturbed thereby. So she offered a reward to any person who should discover a panacea for this trouble. Steward Sawyer won it. He unearthed a small golf sponge box which went comfortably in the pocket, which opened with a spring, and which held dozens of cigarettes and matches. So now there is no more untidiness in the lounge. Just think of it!

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Workshop Gossip.

AN extra thirty feet have been added to the Workshop, which is now nearly 150 feet long.

The new part has been given over to the joinery department, and a wooden floor provided. We are

glad to see that more boys are going in for joinery, and a couple of officers are also picking it up as a hobby.

A lot of excellent work has been turned out lately. A meat safe, a book cupboard with glass doors, a big dog kennel, and a hanging wardrobe, are among the more important articles; but the output of trays is largely increasing, and picture framing has been raised to a high level by Sammy Shields. By the way, the shop greatly missed Sammy when he had to go into hospital, but he came back all the better for it, and was soon as busy as ever.

Mr. Atkinson, of the Joinery Department, wishes to draw special attention to the fact that joinery, tray making and picture framing, are proving profitable occupations, and enabling those who have taken them up to make good money. Now that the Joinery Department has been extended, there is room for more pupils and the instructors are very anxious to be fully employed.

The boot section is now where the joinery used to be, and Instructor Weekes has made a capital and compact place of it. There are benches for thirty men, and they are nearly always full both morning and afternoon. We hope that every reader of this *Review* will remember that we want work in this department, and will send us their boots and shoes to repair. They will be done well and cheaply, and only the best leather is used.

Mats have been spreading themselves a good deal and we could do with more orders in this department. The stock is growing rapidly, and numbers over 100 mats of all sizes. We have some splendid large ones with red borders, which have only to be seen to be admired, and as it is now difficult to procure coloured fibre, there will be a dearth of them as soon as the few that we have are sold. We hope that all our friends will not forget this section when they are wanting mats.

Several of the new boys are taking up mats, and they shape very well. Indeed, the excellence of the learners just now is very notable in every department. Westward and his two assistants, Waddell and Cross, have their hands very well; but they cope bravely with the rush and never seem to be too busy to give everybody full attention.

The big stock of mats is largely due to the industry of the men who have set up for themselves. Moore, Patston, Champness, Owens and Batchelor are keeping us well supplied, while we have also received batches from Kerr, Spiers (who was once a pupil-teacher himself), and Maurice Colle, the Belgian. There is scarcely a fault to be found with the making of any of the mats, and when there is a slight one it is quickly remedied on being pointed out.

Quite a rush of new basket-makers has followed upon the expansion of the shop, and Farley and Ward are busy every minute of

the day. Good work is being done by all the pupils, and the output is increasing rapidly. It is now possible to cope with any reasonable number of orders. Lawlor, Jock Brown and J. R. Brown send us constant supplies, while Corporal Lane brings up a dozen or more beautifully made baskets every week. Among others who are supplying us regularly are Percy Brown, Camille, and G. T. Dennis.

It has become necessary to make a set of sloping shelves to display the baskets to advantage, as there are now too many various makes to be merely placed upon a table. The show of baskets is well worth paying a visit to see, as we have never before had so large a stock

of well-made and saleable work of all kinds in both willow and cane.

A satisfactory point about the baskets is the number of men who are taking up the willow work. Log baskets, market baskets and hampers are now being made, and as this is all square work—the difficulty of which for the non-sighted is known—it speaks well both for the instruction and for the aptitude of the learners. So many dog-baskets are now being turned out that we are all beginning to wonder if the supply of dogs is adequate. Every lady with a dog who has not got a St. Dunstan's basket for it is treating the poor little animal unfairly.

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Country Life Section.

THERE has been a good deal of change in the poultry class. Mr. John Playfoot has taken the place of Mr. Thomas, and has begun his new work very well. Miss Illingworth has also resigned, and a new poultry instructor will shortly be appointed. Fortunately Miss Lawrence, the lady superintendent, is able to remain at her task. Mr. Wale has returned after his long absence through illness and Sergt. Jones continues to help.

The poultry joinery section is flourishing, and a new working shed is half completed. This is proving very popular, and the in-

structor is getting his men along very well. One of the officers, Mr. Yates, has lately taken up this branch of carpentry, and is making good. All the new show-coops and so forth are being made on the premises.

Duck-culture is to be taken up more thoroughly, and a run is being marked out in the high-ground close to the acre-plot where the seasons of the year are represented. There is to be a pond and a house, and everything that a duck can want, including the stuffing, which will be provided by Mr. Smith, the gardener.

We should all like to see turkeys

tackled, as they are so profitable a branch; but unluckily the ground that we have got is not of a nature to suit them. Still the theory can be explained to any who wish to take up this form of poultry-culture.

Poultry pupils are increasing every week, and this section has now very large classes both morning and afternoon. The examination in connection with the first course took place last week, but the result was not known in time for us to include it in this month's *Review*. But we have no doubt that it was

fairly satisfactory to all concerned. This examination arouses unusual interest because of the changes in the teaching staff.

The incubator examination was held on September 22nd, and the result will be published next month.

The new poultry course will begin on Monday, October 2nd, and as several boys have been waiting to make a start it should be well attended. Everybody appears to be doing well, and the whole country-life section has never looked healthier than it does now.

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After-Care Notes.

George Adams has removed from Liverpool into a nice country cottage near a village, with plenty of ground round it, and he is paying visits to other St. Dunstan's men near. He likes the place very much.

Sergt. Bolton writes, Sept. 11th, saying he is very busy making oak trays, and that his poultry are coming well into lay again.

John Brown has returned from a very pleasant holiday in Scotland; he has some Scotch soldiers working in the fruit gardens near him, and he says "birds of a feather flock together," and he goes up to help them. He is laying in a big stock of material in prospect of many orders for the winter.

Percy Brown still continues to

send us basket work for sale. They are good baskets and well made.

Chapple visited us a few days ago looking the picture of health. He is now very busy making frames and benches for men who are leaving.

Tommy Devlin, of St. Helen's, still continues to be very busy at boot-repairing.

G. T. Dennis, of Portsmouth, has sent us some well-made baskets for sale; his health is still far from good, but we hope he will soon completely recover.

Charles Davis, of Bristol, has made a fair start, and still keeps singing. His wife has been ill, but she is now better.

Evans is working hard at making

hammocks and will start basket-work shortly.

Flett has made a very successful beginning with his old firm in the city as a stenographer.

Sergt.-Major Featherstone visited us the other day and is looking very well. He has now got his poultry farm, and has recently married and settled down in his new quarters.

W. J. Foxon still continues to be successful in his work, and sends us an excellent photo of himself and his dog.

Hurst still continues to work hard at mats, and will commence with his poultry as soon as the crop is off the ground.

Brother Kitchen is still kept busy with netting, and we hope will shortly be able to commence his poultry. He has solved the question of who is to keep him by keeping himself.

Danny McCarthy has started business as a boot and shoe repairer in Notting Hill, and we hope he will soon have plenty of orders.

C. Matthews, of Maidenhead, visited us last week; he was looking very well and has plenty of orders. He was always an excellent worker, and was the only boy to make a pair of boots.

Corporal Moore, of Walworth, has been taking a short holiday lately, and we hope his health has benefited in consequence.

J. Owens, of Ayrshire, has moved into a better shop, and seems thriving in every way.

Martin Rutter, of Salford, sends us orders for leather, so that we may be sure his trade is prospering.

Stanners is starting a boot-repairing business in High Wycombe, which we hope will be very successful.

We are sorry to hear that our friend Saxon, of Radeliffe, has suffered from bad health lately, and we wish him a speedy recovery.

J. Spinks, of Ashton-under-Lyne, has made a very good start in the boot trade, and he has our best wishes for success.

T. Thorpe, of Darwen, has his poultry outfit complete and has made a good start.

Williams moves into his new poultry farm near Cardiff in the course of the next week or so.

For the first time we have been able to get almost complete lists from our poultry farmers on their doings for the month. These reports are very helpful because they enable us to see whether the best is being made of the advantages of poultry keeping.

News has been received that those two good fellows, Hills and Hudson, arrived safely in Australia at the beginning of June. Hudson will long be remembered for his painstaking efforts at physical drill.
T. H. M.

The Boat Races.

ON Wednesday, September 13th, the first of the autumn boat-race meetings was held at Putney. Twenty of the rowing men took part, and there were some excellent races. The programme comprised eight events. As there were eleven entries for the single sculling, this had to be split up into three heats. The first was made up of three new boys, Boyter, Sims, and Howes, and it was rowed over a short half-mile course. Boyter, who was coxed by Mrs. Johnson, won by half a length. The second heat had four competitors, Green, Kelly, Mann, and Marshall. Marshall, who was steered by Mrs. Damer Wynyard, won by two lengths. Both of these events provided some excellent sculling.

The next item was the much-anticipated race between Fours representing St. Dunstan's and Townshend House. The crews were —

St. Dunstan's — Whiteside (bow); Pell (No. 2); Millar (No. 3); Street (stroke).

Townshend House — Curtis-Willson (bow); Welland (No. 2); Turnock (No. 3); Collins (stroke).

Bossie Phelps coxed for St. Dunstan's and Bedell, of the Thames Rowing Club, for Townshend House. From start to finish (but for one little mishap) it was a wonderfully close race, both boats pulling almost neck and neck within a few lengths of the winning post. St. Dunstan's got the boat's nose in front, but at

that moment Whiteside unluckily caught a crab, and Townshend House dashed ahead and won a splendid race by a clear length. There was much enthusiasm over the result, but not a little sympathy for the losers. What the result might have been is of course an open question, but the best judges, viz., Mr. Calcutt and "Bossie," both declared their inability to form a definite opinion. Of course it was a fair and square win for Townshend House, who fully deserved their success, for they all rowed splendidly.

The third heat of the singles was won by Colley (coxed by Mrs. Damer Wynyard) by $1\frac{1}{4}$ lengths, the other competitors being Johns, Harriss and Aldridge.

After the luncheon interval the pair-oar heats were rowed off. In the first Collins and Curtis-Willson beat Turnock and Welland by one length, and in the second Pell and Millar got in two lengths ahead of Street and Whiteside.

The final of the singles was won by Colley (Mrs. Damer Wynyard, cox) by $1\frac{1}{2}$ lengths, and the second place fell to Marshall, steered by Mrs. Johnson. It was rowed on very rough water on a full tide.

The pair-oars final was won by Pell and Millar, who defeated Collins and Curtis-Willson by $1\frac{3}{4}$ lengths.

It was a capital day's sport and excellent all-round form was shown.

The final Home boat races of this season will be held on October 11th.

The September Debates.

THERE was a very lively debate on Sept. 7th, the subject being "Should pensions be based on pre-war earnings?"

The discussion was opened by Sergeant-Major Cope, and after him there followed quite a deluge of speakers, many of whom held decided but opposing views. The result was a good deal of friendly badinage and much outspoken criticism. The best speeches on this occasion were made by Sergeant Curtis-Willson, Mr. Wright, Mr. Holmes, and Mr. Raylor. It would be invidious to draw comparisons, but perhaps the sense of the meeting was that Raylor appealed most directly to those present. A considerable majority was against the suggestion, which, in fact, was only supported by two voters.

The debate that was held on the subject of a minimum wage for blind workers was less stormy than the former, but the sense of the meeting was against the idea as being unworkable. The speeches were to the point, and to be commended. Indeed, the level of

speaking is improving every week.

The new Committee consist of Sergt.-Major Cope, Sergt. Curtis-Willson, Sergt. Nolan, and Messrs. Wright and Raylor. They meet regularly on Monday evenings at 8.30, to settle the subjects for debate, and their programme for the coming weeks is full of variety. Each member of the Committee is an excellent speaker, and is always at hand to carry on a debate should it show signs of flagging.

The most interesting of the other debates was the discussion upon the best way for a man to keep in touch with St. Dunstan's after he has left. The general conclusions reached were, that the magazine should be continued, and that there should be a club room in London (preferably at The National Institute for the Blind), where visitors to London might make appointments with their friends, and where they could be informed of the latest news and the whereabouts of any of them. Doubtless Sir Arthur Pearson will see to this in due time.

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Trip to Woolwich.

EIGHTY of the Boys of St. Dunstan's were invited to Woolwich on Saturday, August 26th, their hosts being Messrs. Vickers, who sent motor buses to

take them down. Major Waymouth represented the firm and conducted the party, and was assisted by Mr. John Pegg, who organised the outing.

Arrived at Woolwich, Brigadier-General Bushe received the whole party at his house, gave them refreshment, music, and a most agreeable time, while the Mayor of Woolwich presented everybody with cigars, pipes, and cigarettes. Having spent an enjoyable afternoon there, the party was then taken on to Crayford, where are the works of Messrs. Vickers, and entertained to a magnificent tea, and a splendid concert in the Princess's Theatre afterwards.

Special thanks have to be given,

in addition to the names already mentioned, to Mr. T. K. North and Mr. Frederick Dale, who realising, the needs of St. Dunstan's presented every boy with a mouth organ.

It was not until 9.30 at night that a start was made for home, and it was 11 o'clock before we all returned to Regent's Park, and the worst of it was that nobody had a special permit. It was a very delightful day, and great thanks are due to Messrs. Vickers for their kindness in arranging it.

o o o

The Last Lyre.

I SAT in the lounge one morning,
Most comfortably at ease:
When I heard a poor, blind soldier,
Upon his hands and knees.
I asked him what he was doing,
And what he wanted there.
But he fixed his hard glass eye on me
With a cold and stony stare.

I trembled with great excitement:
With a wild desire to fly
From the wrath on that soldier's visage
And the tempest of his eye.
I tried to gasp out "pardon,"
But my voice refused its tone;
And methought his wrath grew deeper,
And my chance to escape was gone.

But I made for the open window,
Quite eager in my flight,
I knew if I stayed there longer
That man would want to fight;
I called for some assistance,
Nigh frantic with despair,
As I felt that stony presence
Diffuse with the morning air.

I fled out into the garden,
 And sought myself to hide;
 I knew with that stony presence
 I no longer dare abide;
 Then I heard a cry of "Hish-shoo"
 Ring loud on the morning air,
 And I knew that the poor blind soldier,
 Had just done a sneeze in there.
 I wandered about till nightfall,
 Down the steps, long the terrace tiers,
 My heart bowed down with sadness,
 My soul alone with its fears;
 Then I stole to the closed French window,
 Disguised in a Sister's cloak—
 When a startled cry escaped me,
 I fell out of bed and woke.

LAPHELL.

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Murmurings of One Who Passed.

AS a prelude to the experiences which I am about to relate I would first like to give a few details of how I came to pass and what I passed. I entered St. Dunstan's in June, 1915, and at once commenced to look around me for an occupation which would suit my temperament. After vainly trying such things as poultry farming, carpentry, etc., I at last, to the great relief of everybody present, settled upon massage. Now this word sounds simple and looks simple, but I can assure you that it contains a world of meaning to a student after several months of continual study. However, I started off with a mind as blank as a cartridge without a bullet speedily to realise that I would have to put my best foot forward if I wanted to master it. I tried hard, and after about twelve months

sat for my exams and passed, finally taking my departure from St. Dunstan's on the 8th of June, 1916.

After six weeks' contact with the outside world,—I mean being in the company of sighted people,—and three weeks of hospital work, doing massage and having to use my own discretion, I have come to the following conclusions: That sound judgment, tact, confidence, and lots of will power and a cheery disposition will be sufficient to pull you out of any difficulty you may come up against. All these points are essential if you want to succeed. You will find that on leaving St. Dunstan's everybody seems to have the idea that you are deaf as well as blind, and that you lost some part of your brain when you lost your eyes. This at first will make you irritable; later on, when you get used to it, it will

amuse you. I do not mean to suggest that they do it for any purpose save that of kindness, but if I may be allowed to tell them, it is mistaken kindness. A blind man becomes thoroughly proficient at everything he undertakes, and I defy any person to prove me wrong. I have found during these first weeks of my work that everybody has been kindness personified, and moreover my work has satisfied even the best critics, and the way in which we help others and the same time help ourselves simply astonishes everybody. By a little organisation all sorts of difficulties are overcome.

I will explain: I live about half a mile from my work in a very quiet road, which fortunately is a straight road to the hospital. My work requires my presence at 9.30 in the morning, and I leave home at 9.10, cross the road, and go quietly down it, tapping the wall or fence or side of house to see that I am keeping a straight line. I have discovered all sorts of guides to tell me the various distances I am away from the place I want to reach. These guides are different shaped gates or posts, branches of trees which line both sides of the road that I live in, and various other objects and signs that I cannot explain. On reaching the gates of the hospital I am taken in tow by an orderly, who conducts me to the massage department; or sometimes I meet one of the six masseuses who work with us, so that once in the department all is plain sailing. There I change into hospital clothes, and

wait for the head sister to bring along the lists for the day's work, after which I scramble through the door into one of the corridors. I go along until I think I am near enough to the part I want, then ask someone if it is "M" ward or any other. If I am wrong they tell me near enough how many paces to go and there we are! On going into the ward you incline either to your right or left, find a bed, and ask the sister what number bed your patient is in, mentioning the patient's name; the rest is easy, for you go along the beds until you come to the one you want. After you have finished with your patient you go on to your next ward, and so on. Of course the one thing is to practise in the various corridors until you feel sure in your mind that you can do without help, but you must not lose sight of the fact that although you are proficient in finding your way about alone you are never proficient enough to refuse help.

In all big hospitals they employ women or maids to clean the corridors. Well, just ask them to speak to you whenever they see you and ask if you are on the right track; if you are not, then all you have to do is to tell them and they will be only too pleased to do all that is possible in this way. In conclusion, let me tell you that civility, attention to your personal appearance, attention to your patient and to your work, will not only ensure you the reputation that you are trying to get, but will also give you success sooner than you expected it. GUNNER E. BATES.

Limerick Competition.

MUCH keenness was shown in the Limerick Competition on September 7th, promoted by Miss Critten. A large number of excellent jingles were written by the boys, and we wish we had the space to print a selection of them; but we must be content with producing the one to gain first prize.

It was written by Vine and ran as follows:

"At St. Dunstan's we walk by a rail,
Which we follow up hill and down dale;
But whenever we stumble,
We growl and we grumble,
And the words are not written—in
braille."

The first prize was a tie-pin, convertible into a stud. The second

prize, a walking-stick, was awarded to Sergt. Curtis-Willson, and the third prize, a match-case, was carried off by Sergt. Nolan.

A very clever little parody was written by Alfred Back on the "Little Grey Home in the West." Although not a Limerick, it was considered so good that a special prize was awarded. The concluding lines were:—

"Oh, how happy are we,
When we're out on the spree!
Bless that little blind home in Nor-
West!"

Much laughter was caused by reading the various verses, and a very pleasant evening was spent by everyone.

o o o

Blinded Heroes Day.

IT was a great day for St. Dunstan's on the 21st, when Mr. Frank Allen handed over to Sir Arthur Pearson a cheque for £11,326 19s. 10d., which had been collected by the music halls throughout the kingdom on a day specially appointed.

Before the cheque was handed over an excellent concert was provided by the Moss Empires, which was greatly enjoyed. Sir Arthur, in accepting the cheque, spoke in grateful appreciation of the generous subscription, and gave some interesting particulars of the

numbers at present in the Hostel, and those who have left.

Lord Derby, who was also present, made a stirring speech expressing his pleasure at the cheerfulness that dominated St. Dunstan's, and also expressed some optimistic views about the progress of the war.

It was a very cheery afternoon, and everybody thoroughly enjoyed it, while the benefit to the Hostel was, of course, self-evident. The St. Dunstan's Boys supported Sir Arthur Pearson in expressing gratitude to everyone concerned in the movement.

The Masseur.

(Air: "Way Down in Tennessee.")

I'm a masseur, yes a masseur, don't you pity me?
I'm in the A.P.M.C., but soon a spot of grease I'll be.
I do rubbing, oh! such rubbing, always on the go,
Although I'm weary I keep cheery as I puff and blow.

(Refrain.)

Way up at Heaton Park, I massage in the dark,
As on the bed they lay I rub them every way,
And I can picture the sight as their backs turn red and white,
They keep wriggling, say I'm tickling; I say serves you right.
There's a notice on the door, which warns them not to snore,
And if they try to flee they get seven days C.B.,
But if in the Park they should meet me,
With a walking stick they'll greet me,
And then I'll come back, yes I'll come back
To my home at the N.I.B.

I give frictions, bags of frictions round the patient's knee,
He needs no sympathy, but fairly laughs with glee.
Kaiser Bill will be so angry when he hears of me
Sending back my patients on their way to Germany.

(Repeat Refrain.)

ALBERT WOOLLEN.

o o o

Departures in September.

WE have lost several old friends in the past month.

Sergeant Watt made a neat little speech of farewell on the morning of September 15th, just before the paper was read. His loss will be generally regretted, for he was a cheery companion, with a keen sense of a joke. His recitations will be greatly missed. He has a remarkable gift of dramatic power and makes his points with a

verve and intensity which has been keenly enjoyed by us all on many occasions. He will start a poultry farm in the neighbourhood of Montrose, and is sure to do well.

Our debates will be the poorer by the absence of Arthur Holmes. He was a very incisive speaker, and always enlivened the discussions. He took the trouble to get up his speeches, and nearly always had something useful to impart. And

the debates will miss W. Allen just as much; he is a speaker who is always worth listening to.

By the departure of Street, the rowing suffers a great loss. He was one of the most regular men on the lake, and he rowed No. 2 in the winning Four against Worcester. He makes mats and baskets, and we all know that he will make good as well.

Sergeant Taylor was a very amusing companion, and his ab-

sence is cause of regret. Millward and Stanners were always cheery in the boot shop, and they are both excellent workmen. W. J. Bowers is another loss to us, and Townshend House will particularly miss Sergeant Kirkby, who was a first-rate fellow.

Every month now we have to deplore the loss of old friends, but they must keep in touch with us regularly, and send us any news of themselves for insertion in the *St. Dunstan's Review*.

o o o

Concerning Massage.

To the Editor of *St. Dunstan's Review*.

SIR,—In these times of abnormal stress one must ignore normal working hours. But there is one service which should not be overworked, and that is the care and treatment of our wounded soldiers. There is a branch of this service which touches St. Dunstan's very closely, namely massage. It has lately come to my knowledge that at some military hospitals the massage operators—both men and women—are required to treat as many as 38 and 40 cases per working day. This is wrong from all points of view. It is bad for the patient, who can only receive a hurried, scamped treatment, short of that careful individual attention without which massage is worse than useless. It is bad for the operator, for whom it is absolutely impossible to keep up this rate of

pressure—besides which such hurried work will inevitably spoil his touch—so important to the blind masseur. I have, only this week, been treating a masseur who has broken down under the strain, and is now suffering from insomnia and gastric troubles, due solely to overwork. It is bad for the profession, as it lowers the whole tone of the work. This is especially a pity now, when massage in Great Britain has the chance it has never before had, and is, as it were, on its trial before the whole body of medical men in the country.

To prove that I am not speaking without knowledge, I may mention that Dr. Mennell, who has charge of the massage at the Hammersmith Orthopædic Military Hospital, will not allow any of his operators to do more than 12 cases per day. This is, of course, adopting a very high standard, and is vastly different to

the three dozen and more cases required to be done at some other hospitals. Dr. Mennell has working under him two blinded masseurs trained at The National Institute for the Blind—and these too are to be congratulated on being associated with a medical man who takes a serious view

of massage and who thoroughly understands its possibilities.

Assuring you, Sir, that I have the interest of the blind masseur very much at heart, I enclose my card and beg to subscribe myself,

Sincerely yours,

"A RUBBER."

o o o

Embarassing Remarks.

A FEW incidents have occurred in reference to myself which may prove interesting. Shortly after arriving at St. Dunstan's I became acquainted with a lady, who since then has contracted a habit of taking me out. One afternoon we decided to go for a ride on top of a bus; whilst on that bus the conversation arose about conscientious objectors. My friend asked me if I believed in them. I told her yes, as I was one myself, and explained that I objected to being hit with a bullet as much as anyone, and that was the real objection people had. The statement caused quite a stir, and at the next stop three young men got off. Returning that same afternoon we tried to get on top once more, but there was only one vacant seat. I had a comrade with me at the time, so he went on top whilst I and the lady went inside. As usual we were chatting upon various topics, but a lady passenger opposite to me was rather uncomfortable, as, realising the fact that I was a blind soldier, tears came into her eyes. At last unable

to stand it any longer she proceeded upstairs, and occupied a vacant seat immediately behind my comrade, quite unaware of the fact that he was as blind as the man whose company she had just left, and commenced to lament to another passenger in the following strain:

"Oh, how awful! Fancy the poor men coming home blind; if I had a boy I would sooner he got killed than come home like that." My comrade, overhearing this conversation, leant over the side of the bus, professing to be interested in the various passers-by and the buildings, etc. What a shock it must have been to that lady when the conductor came up, and stopping by my comrade, said to him: "You're for St. Dunstan's; put your hand on my shoulder and I'll lead you down."

After returning from the Front I proceeded home for a fortnight to see my people. It was during the Irish crisis, and as the railway was at the back of my house the troops could be seen on their way to the landing stage to embark for that

country. I was sitting quietly in the kitchen one morning when my boy suddenly shouted: "Dadda, there are the soldiers going away," and ran outside to have a look. After the train had disappeared he returned and caused me to smile by saying, "It's a pity you ain't

got an eye, dadda; if you had you could see the soldiers going away, couldn't you?" I fancy the fact was quite evident. It is an incident which I have never forgotten, and even now often causes me a quiet smile of amusement.

A SOLDIER.

o o o

The Hammock.

HAD anyone in quest of information asked me, "What is a hammock?" I should probably have replied, "Why, it is a dinky little arrangement of string that one hangs between two trees and fills with cushions."

Other little details such as a book, some fruit, drinks, and a fair partner could be added to taste. This I say would have been my reply before I made a close acquaintance with one.

It was a very well made hammock; I made it myself, and so I ought to know, and the lady who presides over the netting-room endorsed this opinion. I felt awfully bucked about this, and what delightful pictures my fancy painted, as I worked the needle to and fro across the mesh. I painted still more glowing pictures to all my friends, and told them of this wonderful thing I was making, which was going so soon to add to the comfort and luxury of our garden.

No reference need be made to the actual manufacture (perhaps the less said the better), but the

day dawned at last which saw the completed article.

It was carefully wrapped up and tied in a neat bundle somewhat resembling an observation balloon, and with this over my shoulder I commenced my triumphal march homeward. I need not mention the whole of the innocent victims of this journey, but when I arrived at the station more trouble awaited me, and I had a very heated altercation with the lady ticket collector, who insisted that aeroplanes must travel by goods train, and were not allowed to be carried as personal luggage on a passenger train.

During the course of this little skirmish it appears that part of my parcel had become unloosed, with the result that, all unknowingly, I was trailing behind me a long loop of strong cord, after the fashion of a trawling net. I had not long to wait for a catch, which took the form of a lady of ample proportions and an exceedingly shrill voice, who was making her way along the platform, giving loud varied instructions to a porter.

This stately dame got her foot

entangled in the loop, and came to earth with a crash, which made me think the roof had fallen in, and that there had been a train collision or something else on a similar scale. I was soon enlightened as to the real nature of the trouble, for the hammock was jerked violently from my grip.

I stooped to recover it, and in so doing got mixed up with the legs of the porter, who was endeavouring to raise the lady into a more dignified position, with the result that both came down in an awful tangle on top of something soft, which proved to be my former victim. The hammock, now free from its wrappings, twined lovingly round us, and made confusion more confounded. Over what followed I am going to draw a veil. I cannot even bear to think about it. Let it suffice to say that some "Good Samaritan" rescued my hammock and myself, and put us both safely into the train.

I reached home without any further incident worthy of note, to find the whole family, including relatives and friends, awaiting the arrival of the much talked-of hammock.

Although it had rained all the morning, it had cleared up and the sun had come out, and so after the hammock had been passed round and duly admired by everyone, we proceeded in state to the garden where I gave instructions as to the fixing of it. As by this time it was in such a glorious tangle, some time was wasted before it was in position. Then, with many ad-

miring glances from the audience, I proceeded to show them how a hammock should be used. Making a dramatic pause to light a cigarette, I strolled nonchalantly towards it. I jumped into it with a light spring, to show them just how it should be done, but as the hammock responded to this treatment by turning itself inside out, I very unwillingly, but never heless very thoroughly proceeded to demonstrate how it should not be done, by coming out on the other side with a heavy thud. Unfortunately, our family poodle had felt it incumbent upon him to investigate this new and interesting addition to his particular precincts of the garden, and at this precise moment was engaged in viewing from underneath what he doubtless considered a new variety of performance got up for his especial entertainment. The dog probably softened the fall, but he left the garden post haste, denouncing in his strongest terms all such contraptions, and afterwards giving it a very wide berth. I mentioned that it had been raining, and so the lawn was rather muddy, and made one most unpleasantly moist and sticky. I rose stiffly to my feet, and quelled the sniggerers with one haughty glance, and then asked mother if she wouldn't care to try the hammock. Mother sat down in it very carefully, but alas!—perhaps it will be sufficient to say that her nice white chiffon blouse is now at the laundry, and will require some attention from the work-basket on its return.

Now if anyone should be foolish

enough to ask me, "What is a hammock?" it would no longer be "a natty little arrangement of string, etc.," but a devilish arrangement, invented by the Evil One himself.

for the express purpose of breaking friendships, damaging the family wardrobe, the family skin, and the family's reputation.

TOOARZE.

○ ○ ○

A Swan Song.

AH! beloved, say not my call is vain,
That call intense, to waken thee from sleep,
The sleep which keeps us twain so long apart,
And leaves me conscious of an aching heart.

What would'st thou?

If the song I sing thee fail,

The prayers I utter be of no avail?

Shall my own soul

Be but an empty home

Which waits a guest, and finds the waiting lone?

Pause in thy passage,

Till the whispering wind

Repeats my message of some sweet repast,

Come, break the bondage, while my love shall last.

Shall I look ever to the rising sun,

And find thee absent to my call? Oh, come!

Come, while the dew lies still upon the grass,

Or come when night hangs low upon the wold.

Come when the sun its fiercest rays shall throw

Upon the daisy smiling sweet below.

Oh! come my love, to soothe my growing fears,

Answer my call and dry my streaming tears.

I would entice thee, while thy day is young,

With flavoured dish,

Or song repeated sung,

Come to my waiting arms, I would no more than that,

Just to embrace thee, Bobs, my lost black cat.

LAPHELL.

○ ○ ○

On His Journey Home.

HERE we are again! and here
am I endeavouring to relate
to you a few of the adven-

tures which I have experienced
since I arrived at St. Dunstan's.
As a matter of fact, we all have

experiences of some sort in our daily routine, but perhaps there are none who have more exciting adventures than those whose fortune it is to reside at 12, Sussex Place, which is within easy distance of St. Dunstan's.

On one particular day I left the hostel at noon, and after having paid the usual compliment to the trees, shrubs, and flower beds on my way to the main gate, I safely manoeuvred my way on to the railings (a friend in need is a friend indeed). Then after having gone about forty yards, and thinking that the coast was clear, I left my old friend the railing, and took to the kerb as a guide, trudging along at a respectable pace when suddenly there was a terrific crash, and I found that I had torpedoed a dear old gentleman, and sent him, with a smile on his face, on all fours, into the middle of the road. After wishing him "Good Morning" and "Many Happy Returns of the Day," I manoeuvred safely to the hydrant, and when I found that the coast was clear, I ventured across the road only to fall in the loving embrace of that dear old pillar-box. Of course, we all have a pass word for our friend when we meet him, or rather, when he meets us, and at that particular moment a voice in the distance called out, "Cheer Oh Bill! that's government property." By this I knew that the hand of the law was in close attendance, and after bidding my old friend "Good morning," determined at all events to reach my abode without further mishap.

But alas, a baker's basket which was on the pavement took a fancy to my leg, and the result was that the buns, or whatever it contained, gave up the ghost in the bargain, and as to where the basket is, or where the baker found it, that is his business, not mine; but at the same time, I feel lucky that I was not in close proximity when he found his lost talent.

One would think that after all this bumping, jumping, kicking and biting, I was at least entitled to proceed without further adventure, but as the old saying goes—it never rains but it snows, and to keep the ball rolling, a few minutes later, a lamp-post bid me "Good morning" in half a dozen different styles.

Of course, I returned them in true military manner, and by this time I was feeling fine and dandy for a good lunch. I determined to make for the first door that I came to; it proved to be a gate, and for the moment, forgetting that the steps went down instead of up, I can assure you that I went down in record time, indeed anyone who saw me would have come to the conclusion that I had been practising for the last six months on the "giant stride." The confusion inside was awful, and suddenly I realised that I had landed in a bunch of happy maids who were having a hearty laugh at the pantomime at the bottom of the stairs. Half a dozen willing hands helped me to the top again, and the excitement of coming up was even greater than coming down, and I

only hope that if ever I have the fortune to take the wrong turning, I hope I may do so down those steps again.

The happy band of rescuers safely conducted me to my "Happy Home" at last, where my brow showed that I had paid the blind

man's usual compliments to lamp-posts, pillar-boxes, and all.

D. MATHESON MACLEAN.

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—Mr. Maclean, it may be said, is poking fun at us all. As a matter of fact, he is one of the best of the men at finding his way about, and we do not suppose he has ever struck a post unkindly in his life.]

Ridiculous Questions.

TO a man who has a large honourable scar ornamenting his face—

"Did you lose your sight through gas?"

To a blind man wearing black glasses and tapping his stick most energetically on the kerb stone—

"Do you want to cross over the road?"

To a man in St. Dunstan's sitting with a Braille book in his hand, and continually running his fingers over each line—

"Are you reading?"

To a man who falling on a rainy day and sitting in a rather wet puddle—

"Have you fallen down?"

To a man after showing his Braille watch—

"And is that what you tell the time with?"

After hearing the telephone bell

ring furiously for a long while, one asks—

"Is that the telephone?"

On getting out of a train your friend will ask—

"Have you only just arrived?"

After tapping a cigarette most carefully and putting it between his lips, a man is usually asked—

"Are you going to have a smoke?"

To a man on first donning khaki—

"Have you joined the Army?"

The most foolish question ever asked.

To a blind soldier—

"Were you blind before you enlisted?"

By a person after being awakened from a night's sleep and told that breakfast in ready—

"Is it time for breakfast?"

W. G.

"Fuggins' Black Minorka."

FUGGINS is the man with the bucket. If anything, Fuggins is ambitious. I remember

when Fuggins first came into the poultry class. Miss Lawrence was giving a lecture on the principal

features pertaining to particular breeds of fowls.

"Do you know anything about poultry?" said Miss Lawrence to the new comer.

"I knows what a hen is, my mother used to keep a 'Black Minorka' fer a pet? I remember it used ter stand on one leg upon the wall by the kitchen winder."

"Did it lay eggs?" asked she, trying to smother a smile.

"Not as I ever knowed of, but I know it used ter stand on one leg. Yer would have thought," said Fuggins, "as that hen had only one leg ter stand on. I never knowed it meself ter stand on both legs in once; but I know it had two legs, one in each corner, becaus I've seen it change them."

"Did you notice anything particular about the 'Black Minorka'?" asked Miss Lawrence.

"Well, it warn't a hen as liked ter be stared at. It were a pet, and yer had ter be kind of careful bow yer treated it."

"But did you notice anything about it? I mean certain points about it? Could you tell a 'Minorka' if you saw one?"

"Yer mean its beak?" said Fuggins. "In course it had a beak? And it had a habit of closing one eye, and holding of its head on one side, that is, when its beak warn't otherwise employed in stroking its tail feathers. It were an awful proud hen, was that 'Minorka.'"

"Poultry-farming is a science," said Miss Lawrence, sternly. "It is hens in relation to the produc-

tion of eggs which concerns us chiefly. The points which distinguish different breeds. The feeding, housing, and the stocking of different birds, so that in return for the expense, and the labour, the hens we keep will yield some return. How would you tell the character of a bird?"

"A hen may be known by the eggs it lays," replied Fuggins. "What yer really means is this, Miss, if yer is going ter keep hens yer is ter keep them boarding-house fashion. Yer is to treat them izactly like paying guests, feed them scientifically, in other words, give them as little as possible, and charge them as much as they will pay for it."

"Oh no! but the thing is this, if you get a hen of a good breed, you can with proper care and attention make it a very profitable thing. How could you tell whether a certain hen was a good layer or not?"

"As easy as smoke," said Fuggins.

"How?" repeated Miss Lawrence.

"By listening to it cackle, in course, and then looking in the nest fer the egg."

"If a hen lays an egg, it's there, and if it don't, it ain't; the thing's as easy as clockwork. A hen don't go about keeping secrets, and it don't hide its eggs like an ostrich, the things as plain as money is ter a Jew. Yer can't coax a hen ter lay an egg if it don't want to. I remember me mother trying that on with our 'Black Minorka,' and

it were a failure, it stood there on one leg, and closed one eye, turned its head on one side, gave a chuckle as much as ter say, Don't come it, old girl. The more she coaxed, the more it chuckled. Then it changed its leg," said Fuggins. "The one leg it had been standing on it put up, and the one it hadn't been standing on it put down. That hen had no more manners than a white nigger, and the way it appeared ter abuse me mother's kindness and hospitality made me feel as if I had got the measles."

Fuggins was wound up, and Miss Lawrence could see that it was useless to interpose, the only thing possible was to let him go on, and woman-like she did.

"It warn't no ordinary hen that 'Black Minorka,' it thought no more a-speaking of its mind than a kid thinks of throwing a stone at a rag-picker. What with me mother trying ter coax it, and that there hen a-chuckling like mad, all the neighbours come out of their houses and stood, staring same as they would at a pantomime. When that hen sees them neighbours a-gathering round, and them a-cheering of it, it chuckled louder and louder, and soon it begins to speak."

"Me mother gasped," went on Fuggins. And Miss Lawrence stifled a giggle.

"She thought, maybe, as that there hen might have said something as it didn't oughter." At this point Fuggins paused, and a pensive look flitted across his features.

The intonation of his voice

dropped as he resumed his narrative; it seemed to me as if the ghost of the 'Black Minorka' was watching him from the "wall by the kitchin winder."

"We will resume work again now," Miss Lawrence informed the class, taking advantage of the pause made by Fuggins. But after the interest aroused by Fuggins's 'Black Minorka' it seemed a queer drone of voice in which she resumed the lecture.

Suddenly she paused, affected by the very deep silence of the class, I suppose. It was very unusual for this class to be silent. "What were the chief remarks of the hen?" queried she. We thought she might be trying to pull Fuggins's leg, and we waited his reply with added interest.

"There warn't no chief remarks made, miss," replied Fuggins. "It just looked round kinder calm like, fixed his one eye on the nest-box which me mother had paid sixpence for, and then gave a chuckle as if it was clearing its throat for a long talk." "I ain't no ordinary hen, Mrs. Fuggins, and the sooner yer gets that fixed in yer craw the better for both on us." "Yer've bought me a nest-box, which I don't never intend ter disgrace meself with." "I don't never go galavanting about with other fowl, I don't foller their habits, and, in consequence, I can't fall ter the level of laying eggs, if I don't want to." "Yer've fed me well, I'll admit, I have always slept on the coal-heap, but I have always conducted meself like as any decent hen should." "There has

been times when yer caught me a-scratching about for seed in yer flower-patch, and yer hurt me dig with a broom." "But in return fer all as yer have done for me, I have stood on this wall ter the envy of yer neighbours, and if I have now and again peeped through the kitchen winder when yer was at meals; it was only ter show yer my gratioode."

"Was it a good table-bird?" asked Miss Lawrence, as a final question.

"All on it," replied Fuggins, "except the Parson's-nose."

Then we all roared with laughter, the class broke up, and we went home to dream about Fuggins and the "Black Minorka."

T. H. D.

o o o

Robinson's Zepp Bag.

BACK home in Germany
That Zepp will never be,
Count Zepp was on his knees,
He thought the world of these.
All tney could think of that night,
Were the searchlights shining bright.
Shells were wizzing,
Bombs were bizzing,
The Zepp was all alright.
The people at their doors
Were shouting loud encores.
Our airman brought it down
In a field near Enfield Town.
We were quite prepared to meet it,
And we made short work to greet it,
When it came down, when it came down,
To its doom in London Town.

SERGT. SPENCER.

o o o

Newcomers in September.

Beattie, Pte. T. R.	8th Seaforths.
Blaney, Pte. J.	2nd Garrison King's Liverpools.
Bliss, T. H.	Royal Navy.
Boteler, Pte. J.	Army Service Corps.
Bowles, Lance-Corporal L.	8th South Lincs.

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Brooks, Pte. G.	2nd Border.
Cahill, Pte. S.	20th Durham Light Infantry.
Chamberlain, Pte. T. W.	4th East Yorks.
Cobble, Pte. J.	4th Grenadier Guards.
Cocker, Gunner G.	Royal Garrison Artillery.
Cole, Pte. H.	Hants.
Dixon, Lance-Corporal J.	3rd Bedfords.
Dyson, Sergt. F.	West Ridings.
Foster, Lance-Corporal T.	12th Northm'd. Fusiliers.
Green, Pte. H.	8th A. I. F.
✓ Hindley, Pte. J.	8th Loyal North Lancs.
Holmes, Pte. W.	27th Northm'd. Fusiliers.
Howell, Lance-Corporal	2nd Queen's.
Iddiols, Pte. A. T.	8th City of London.
Impsey, Pte. A.	Army Service Corps.
Jakes, Pte.	7th Queen's.
Jerome, Pte. S. K.	2nd A. I. F.
✓ Kenny, Pte.	1st Munsters.
King, Lance-Corporal L. R.	1st Camerons.
Murray, Pte. C. G.	11th A. I. F.
Mouland, Pte.	1st Newfoundland.
Neil, Sergt. A.	5th Northumberland Fusiliers.
Palmer, Pte. A.	18th Durham Light Infantry.
Pateman, Pte. F.	York and Lancaster.
Ralph, Pte. Frank	15th Essex.
Rennie, Pte. J. A.	26th Batt. A. I. F.
Sims, Pte. H.	1st Royal Fusiliers.
Smith, Private Henry	33rd Labour Batt. Royal Fus.
Taplin, Pte. William C.	5th Reserve Coldstreams.
Thomas, Pte. R.	18th Gloucesters.
✓ Vine, Lance-Corporal R. V.	10th West Yorks.
Warren, Lance-Corporal N.	16th Manchesters.
Westaway, Rifleman F.	17th Batt. King's Royal Rifles.
Webb, Pte. L. F.	H.M.S. —

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW.

Old Boys' Addresses.

AT the request of several readers we print a list of the addresses of the old boys who have left. It is not an absolutely full list, but it will be brought up to date from time to time.

Adams, G., Hale House, Hale, Nr. Liverpool.
 Alexander, E., 63, Canning Rd., Highbury.
 Allen, W., 53, Lord St., Leigh.
 Arnold, A., 41, Wycliffe Rd., Wimbledon.
 Batchelor, J., 15, Tooting Gr., Tooting-Bates, E., 70, Earlsfield Rd., Wandsworth Common.
 Bell, J., The Oaks, Ewhurst, Surrey.
 Brundrett, P., 7, Maurice St., Pendleton.
 Barley, J., 44, Dale St., Crosby, Scunthorpe, Lincs.
 Berry, W. T., 38, Foyle St., Belfast.
 Biggadyke, R., 41, Tower St., Boston.
 Bocking, A. J., 22, Siddall St., Oldham.
 Bolton, C. E., 7, Broughton Cottages, Otford, Kent.
 Boswell, E., 8, Parker's Yard, Church St., Gainsborough, Lincs.
 Bowers, W. J., 24, Lenelly Rd., Surbiton.
 Brown, J. R., 11, Mount St., Nuneaton.
 Brown, G., Greenside, Ewhurst, Surrey.
 Brown, J., Warren Hall, Spout Lane, Brenchley, Kent.
 Brown, P., 2, Argyle Rd., N. Kensington.
 Carnell, W. C., Kiln Cottage, South Morton Rd., Bampton, Devon.
 Catlow, S., 62, Bradshaw St., Nelson, Lancs.
 Champniss, F., 129, High St., Willesden.
 Chapple, F., Prince of Wales Cottage, Parsonage Lane, Enfield.
 Clarke, E., High St., Edwinstowe.
 Clarke, W. W., 94, Iderton Rd., Bermondsey, S.E.
 Colle, M., 28, Claremont Rd., Teddington.

Coles, G. B., Beckingham, Notts.
 Cromwell, W., Blackfriars Inn, Gloucester.
 Davis, G., Rose Villa, Great Burstead.
 Dennis, T., 171, Chichester Rd., North-end, Portsmouth.
 Drummond, T. T., c/o Ford, 30, North St., Folkestone.
 Daumont, O., Maida Vale, W.
 Eaton, T., 40, Wenning St., Nelson, Lancs.
 Elborn, H., 23, Manaton Rd., Peckham, S.E.
 Evans, A., 1, Carlisle Pl., Newport, Mon.
 Featherstone, P., Fersiby, nr. Hull, E. Yorks.
 Fleetwood, F., Sun Mount, Emily Rd., Tatsfield.
 Flett, H., 39, Woodview Rd., Golders Green.
 Foster, F., 40, Exeter St., Plymouth.
 Foxon, W. F., 13, Stronsa Rd., Shepherd's Bush.
 Gordon, W., 365, Featherstone Rd., Oldham.
 Groves, T. W., 48, Claremont Terr., Fleetwood, Lancs.
 Hallam, W. J., St. Dunstan's, Garden City, Sandiacre.
 Hall, A. W., 130, High St., Sydenham.
 Halls, W. C., 42, Upper Jackson St., Hulme, Manchester.
 Hills, C., Post Office, Wagga Wagga, New South Wales, Australia.
 Holmes, A., 23, East Parade, Ilkley.
 Hutchinson, 64, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.
 Johnson, E., 7, Elsenham Rd., Grimsby.
 Kirby, H., The Hydro, Middleton Rd. Camp, Heaton Pk., Manchester.
 Kirkby, W., 147, Wellington St., Millom, Cumberland.
 Kitchen, F., 79, Georges St., Hyde, Manchester.
 Lath, J. T., 19, Channing St., Sheffield.
 Letch, S. J., Little Saling, nr. Braintree.

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- Lilley, G., Cherry Tree Farm, Unsworth.
Lingard, W., 6, Sunnyside Cottages, Writtle.
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Lane, M., 1a, Ebeza Bldgs., Islington, N.
Makin, D., 55, Thames St. East, Wall-send-on-Tyne.
Millward, T., 1, Wentworth Terrace, off York Rd., Leeds.
Moon, J., 1, Military Rd., Cork.
Moore, J., 73, Faraday St., Watworth, S.E.
Matthews, C. W., 83, Belmont Rd., Maidenhead.
Melling, D., 22, Powell St., Clayton, Manchester.
McDonald, N., 108, Glebe St., Town-head, Glasgow.
McNally, G., 5, Tyson St., Pendleton.
Milligan, T., The Hydro, Middleton Rd. Camp, Heaton Pk., Manchester.
Orrell, J., 27, Wigan Rd., New Spring, Wigan.
Owens, J., 8, Kiln Hole St., New Milne, Ayr.
Owen, D., Llysmorrton, Llasfen Rd., Colwyn.
Pettit, W., 124, Pinner Rd., Harrow.
Patston, A. H., c/o Mr. Parry, Oxmead, Ewhurst, Surrey.
Rutter, J., 13, Clark St., Smith St., Salford, Manchester.
Roberts, J., 1, Campbell Ter., Southend-on-Sea.
Spinks, J., 50, Stockport Rd., Ashton-under-Lyne.
Spiers, C., 3, Bliss Court, Broad St., Oxford.
Shephard, C., 141, Shear Cross, Crocker-ton, Warminster.
Street, J., 27, Bewdley St., Evesham.
Spry, R., 53, Townshend Road, N.W.
Sewell, C. (same as Milligan).
Stanners, R., 70, Desborough Rd., High Wycombe.
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Steel, J., 799, Springburne Rd., Glasgow.
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Williams, A., Cae Gwyn, Michaelstown Fewd, Cardiff.
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