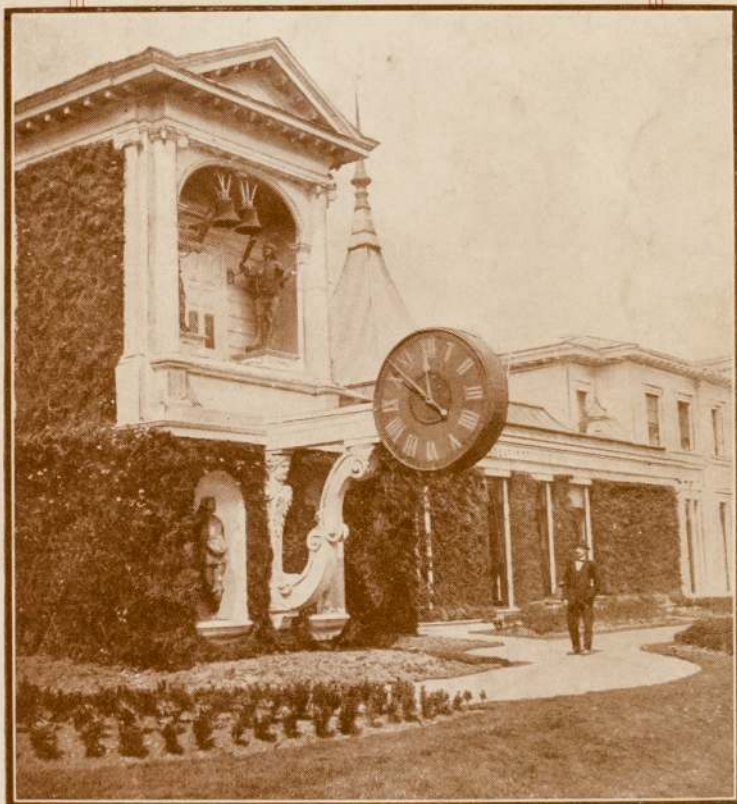


No. 5.—New Series.

November, 1916.

St. Dunstan's



— Review. —

Monthly.

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. 5.

November, 1916

CONTENTS

	Page
Editorial Notes	3
Notes by the Chief	4
St Dunstan's Gossip	6
The Last Boat Races	11
October Debates	12
After-Care Notes	13
Typewriting Room Notes	14
Notes of the Braille Room	15
Poultry Notes	15
Notes from the Netting Room	16
The Parson's Daughter	17
Our Entertainments	18
The Boys who have gone	19
The Fallen Hero	19
Roll on the Day	20
Xmas Day in the Trenches	20
Learning to Dance at St. Dunstan's	21
The Unseen	22
A Blind Man's Hope	22
Workshop Gossip	23
Our Sergeant-Major	24
A Parody	25
How I Won My Lizzie	26
A Point o' View	26
The Limerick Competition	27
The New Bean	27
A Royal Visitor	28
The Geluk's Fight	29
Newcomers in October	30
Ode to the Missing Radiator	31
Old Boys' Addresses	31

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No. 5.—NEW SERIES.

NOVEMBER, 1916.

PRICE 6d.

Editorial Notes

I HAVE to thank many old boys for the subscriptions to the REVIEW that have reached me in response to my request last month. There remain some who have not responded, and I desire to ask them if they like the Magazine and want to continue to receive it. Also I shall be glad to hear what they think about it, and if they can suggest any ways in which it could be made more useful or interesting.

I also have a great pleasure in thanking a number of new contributors for their help this month. I want as many as possible of the boys and the staff and the helpers to send me as much news as they can. Anything that happens is news, and I hope nobody will think that anything is too unimportant to record. If they will write me their letters or notes and trust me to decide upon their value for the purposes of the REVIEW, I shall be grateful.

The ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW is going very well, and the whole of the last issue was sold out in the first week. I have received some back numbers from readers who had finished with them, for which I hope they will accept my thanks; but I shall still be glad of any June and July copies, as several readers want these to complete their files.

I am afraid that the list of Old Boys' Addresses is not so correct as it should be. Will anybody who notices any errors kindly inform me, and I will have them rectified? I want to make this list a complete directory of those who have left.

THE EDITOR.



Notes by the Chief

I AM very glad to be able to resume my notes in the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW, and I hope to continue these without another break, and to use them not as hitherto merely for the purpose of making comments upon events at St. Dunstan's. Before my annoyingly long absence through illness I quite often had a general talk with you boys of the Hostel, but now, on account of our swollen population, necessitating various annexes and of the increased numbers of new-comers who go home for a short furlough, it is impossible to speak to you as a body. So I am going to have a monthly talk with you through these columns. If anything that I say leads any of you who are at St. Dunstan's to wish to speak to me, come along and do so, or in the case of any of you who have left or who are away, write to me.

First let me say how deeply touched I was at the warm welcome given me on my return last month. It was very pleasant to find how smoothly things had gone during my absence, and I am sincerely grateful to staff and men alike for the way in which the place kept going. There were no fewer than fifty-six new arrivals during the time I was away. I am glad to say that I have now made the personal acquaintance of every one of them, and that I feel very proud and happy at the admirable way in which they are battling with their handicap and taking advantage of the existence of our House of Hope. It is now, indeed, more than a house—one might almost call it a little town—and by the time the large new lounge which is being erected on the upper lawn is completed, I think we may consider it really well equipped.

I am glad to say that we shall be able

to take adequate care of the increasing numbers of men who have lost their sight at the Front, for the Committee of Regent's Park College—the very large building which comes next to St. Dunstan's on the Outer Circle—have generously placed that establishment at our disposal, and we shall be in possession of it by the time these notes appear. The College will provide ample accommodation for the men who live there, but all the work will continue to be done at St. Dunstan's. I hope that the recent additions to workshops and classrooms will provide sufficient space, if not they can easily be added to still further.

St. Dunstan's was paid a very high compliment lately. I received a communication from the Chairman of one of the largest and best known Institutions for the Blind in the Kingdom, asking me if he could bring a deputation to St. Dunstan's to discuss certain subjects with me. To this I gladly assented. The deputation arrived, and the chairman in introducing its members to me said that one of them who particularly interested himself in their workshops would act as spokesman. I asked this gentleman what we could do for one another, and he replied:

"We have come all this way to ask you to tell us how it is that you teach men in six months as much as it takes us four years to teach them?"

I am afraid I have not space to detail fully my reply. Briefly I told him that you fellows provided what I hope you will not mind my describing as the very best of raw material, and that we have very special facilities in the matter of skilled assistance and individual tuition. I said that I regarded the fact that men who had lost their sight were instructed



by others similarly handicapped as tremendously beneficial. I told him, too, that I thought our short hours of work as compared with the long hours in vogue in Blind Institutions gave the pupils a far better chance of becoming rapidly proficient, and I told him that more than all I regarded the cheerful acceptance of what I may call the "handicap ideal" at St. Dunstan's as being the main cause of the remarkably rapid progress which you fellows make. The abolition of that dreadful word affliction and all the gloomy and depressing thoughts connected with it is, I assured him, the very best of reasons for the rapidity with which knowledge is gained at St. Dunstan's as compared with other places where men are taught to be blind.

I have already told many of you something of what is being done for the soldiers of our Allies who have met with the same injury as has befallen you. I should not, perhaps, say that I am glad to know that we have better arrangements at St. Dunstan's than those in force in any of the Allied Countries, for I wish, as I am sure you all wish, that every soldier of the Allies who loses his sight in the War, whether he be French, Russian, Italian, Belgian, Servian or Roumanian, were given the very best possible opportunity of getting back into the work-a-day world. Fortunately the problem we have to face is not so serious as that which confronts Frenchmen and Russians, for our casualties have been much smaller. The French fellows who have been blinded are being well looked after, but not nearly so well as you are. Here is an extract from a letter recently received from Captain B. B. Towse, V.C., who, as many of you probably know, lost his sight in the Boer War, and who for a long while past has been doing splendid work at the Australian Hospital, Wimereux, near Boulogne. Captain Towse takes down letters in

Braille from the wounded men there, and types them to their friends and relatives, assisting in many other ways to make life in the Hospital as happy as possible:—

"I went to Paris the last month, and visited all their Blind Institutions. They are not doing nearly as much there as we are doing at Home for our blinded soldiers and sailors."

Some little while ago the Australian Authorities decided that all Australians who had lost their sight in the War were to be shipped back to Australia with the least possible delay. This was done in several cases, but I am glad to say that they have been so impressed with the advantages of St. Dunstan's that they have now determined to give their blinded men the opportunity of a training here, and this there is very little doubt the great majority of them will gladly accept.

Prominent among the efforts which are being made to secure an adequate permanent fund to enable the National Institute for the Blind to look after the men of St. Dunstan's in the best possible manner after they have left, is the Concert Party of Blind Musicians which, for some while past has been giving performances all over the Kingdom. From the musical point of view their concerts are of a very high class. Half way through each performance, Mr. Collard gives a talk to the audience about St. Dunstan's, illustrated with lantern slides. Not only do the efforts of the Blind Musicians add very materially to the permanent fund for After-Care, they also give the public a much needed proof of the capacity of blind people to do a great many things just as well as anyone else can do them. Lady Pearson supervises and manages the complicated business of arranging the tours of the Blind Musicians.

—C. A. P.



St. Dunstan's Gossip

THE most important piece of news this month is that Sir Arthur Pearson has acquired Holford House, in Regent's Park, as an important annexe to St. Dunstan's. It has hitherto been used as a training college for theological students; but it has been cheerfully surrendered for the needs of blinded soldiers.

* * *

It is a magnificent building, and will give us all that we want in extra accommodation. The builders are hard at work making the necessary alterations, and it should be ready for us early this month.

* * *

Holford House is a commanding place, and surrounded by nine acres of beautiful grounds. It will be in close touch with St. Dunstan's, the grounds of which practically adjoin, and all the work and sports will be carried on as usual at the old centre. Every effort will be made to have Holford House as comfortable as St. Dunstan's, but the boys who go there must remember that they belong first and all the time to St. Dunstan's, and must join in everything that goes on in the old place, or we shall be very disappointed.

* * *

Matron, happily recovered from her sharp attack of ill-health, returned to us on October 7th, looking very fit and full of work. Of course, she found plenty to do, for even during her short absence we were growing, like the famous bean-stalk in the story. Really St. Dunstan's begins to look something like the renowned Paris Exhibition, with its beautiful extra buildings for ever rising up around it. And at night we have the searchlights for illuminations.

Corporal Kitson—affectionately known to all of us as "Kippers"—was happily married on the 19th of this month, and everybody wishes him a long and happy life. Kitson has done very well in poultry, and despite the handicap of a damaged hand has been one of the sturdy band of early-morning rowers. He is a good fellow, and should make an excellent husband.

* * *

We are glad to announce that Graves passed his massage examination and is now entitled to his I.S.T.M. certificate, which means Incorporated Society of Trained Masseurs. We expect to have a similar good piece of news to give next month about Cook. St. Dunstan's is very proud of the efficiency of its Massage class.

* * *

It is still some way to Christmas, but everyone will like to know the arrangements that Sir Arthur Pearson has made for the holidays. These will begin on Thursday, the 21st of December, and will last until Tuesday, the 2nd of January, 1917. It is hoped that some of the Scotsmen will be able to return on that day; but we all know the difficulties that are met with in the North in dealing with the 1st of January. It is a festival that cannot be scamped. In the South we all ought to be well over Christmas by the beginning of the New Year.

* * *

Mr. Peter Sumner has successfully passed the examination of the College of Teachers of the Blind, and gained the Diploma of the College, with honours in Arithmetic, Practical Teaching, and Theory of Education.



Nurse Read returned to work too late for announcement in the September Review. She had been very much missed, and many of the boys refused to be ill while she was away. The dispensary is nearly as popular a resort as the lounge, and much gossip is indulged in the while "Auntie" (as everybody calls her) deals out doses, bandages, glass eyes, and comforts of all kinds. Nurse Read had to undergo a very painful operation, but she is now, we are glad to know, quite herself again.

* * *

Sister Evers has left us. She had to go, because her family, suffering the loss that has befallen so many other families during this sad war, needed her help and guidance at home. Miss Evers, in bidding good-bye to St. Dunstan's, made a touching little speech of farewell, and a spontaneous outbreak of cheers followed its conclusion. We all know what Miss Evers has done for the boys; she was a hard and conscientious worker, and never allowed any consideration of self to stand in the way of arduous duty. She takes our warmest remembrances with her.

* * *

Another popular sister, Miss Redfern, also departed in October; but luckily in this case we may look for her return, as she only goes for six months. An invalid brother requires her care during a winter sojourn abroad; but with the spring we may expect to see her again.

* * *

Some of the old boys have been paying us visits. Hallam came up from his poultry farm in Derbyshire to undergo a slight operation, which we all hope will prove beneficial. He attended the poultry classes while he was waiting his turn

at the hospital, and was much struck by the changes for the better which have taken place in the Country Life Section. He also joined heartily in all the old pastimes, such as the domino tournament, the debate, and the dance, and we were all glad to see his cheery face among us once more.

* * *

Albert Woollen and Horace Kirby came from their massage work at Manchester for a few days' rest, and they also entered into everything with their usual zest. It was good to see Woollen rowing on the lake in the early morning once more. He has lost nothing of his stroke nor anything of his constant good humour. One of the chief trials of St. Dunstan's is that we lose the old boys just when we are getting fondest of them.

* * *

It was a pleasant surprise to see J. R. Brown, from Nuneaton, walk into the workshop one morning to have a turn round. He was looking fit and well, and it is evident that married life and basket-making combined suit him well. He was an industrious boy when he was here, and he is no less industrious now that he is working for himself. He makes some shapes in baskets that are quite his own, and there is such a demand for them that they are sold almost as quickly as we get them. Indeed, we often have quite a number of orders for his baskets on our books.

* * *

Sussex Place has provided us with two weddings in October. On the 3rd of the month L. F. Webb married Miss Baker at Clacton-on-Sea; and on the 7th Duncan McLean was united to Miss Daisy Dowse at the Wesleyan Church in Quex Road, Hampstead. The latter, being a local function, drew a crowded gathering,



ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW



Matron and several sisters being present both at the ceremony and at the private reception afterwards.

* * *

Duncan McLean also entertained his St. Dunstan's friends to a bachelor party on the evening of Thursday, October 5th, when a musical programme was provided of exceptional merit, the ever-popular Mr. Huskinson lending his efficient aid at the piano.

* * *

A few words of praise are due to the whole of the staff for their admirable behaviour on the air-raid nights. The sisters showed remarkable coolness, with a notable variation of the "Women and children first" theory. This time it was the men who were put first, and whose safety was the paramount idea of the whole staff. The danger was, of course, never immediate; but it might have been, and every precaution was taken that thoughtful care could devise.

* * *

Diver Drummond has sent an interesting letter to Miss Leonard, of Sussex Place, descriptive of his recent doings. He was employed for a week on a wreck, and he has been diving in the Hull dock. Some excellent photographs have been taken of Drummond at work in his diving outfit, and we are all pleased to know that he is making good at his unique job.

* * *

What an epidemic of colds there has been at St. Dunstan's! Sneezing, wheezing, coughing, and choking have been in evidence from morning to night, and from the Matron downwards almost everybody has had a turn. Of course, the weather is to blame, and really it is worth having a cold, because of the kind-

ness and attention that we sufferers received. In spite of the fact that some of our nurses had a couple of colds of their own on hand at the time, they ministered to us with unflinching care, and the few boys who escaped altogether were quite vexed at their immunity.

* * *

The Rt. Hon. Reginald McKenna and Mrs. McKenna were shown round St. Dunstan's by Sir Arthur Pearson on the 9th of the month. Sir Arthur had been lunching with them, and brought them over afterwards. They were accompanied by Mr. Hayward, of the Pension Committee, who is understood to be interesting himself in some of the cases in this Hostel. Mrs. McKenna, who had paid us previous visits, was very interested in everything; and Mr. McKenna—who was very cheery—startled the boot department by confessing that he had always previously thought that his soles were sewn on to his shoes. But whether he was merely having a joke with us was not made clear.

* * *

The Right Hon. W. F. Massey, the New Zealand Premier, paid us a visit on October 18th, accompanied by Mr. Mackenzie, whom we all remember in connection with St. Dunstan's. Mr. Mackenzie is now editing a paper for the New Zealanders, and is doing very well at it. Mr. Massey was greatly interested in all that he saw at St. Dunstan's, and expressed himself as being both surprised and pleased at the evident results.

* * *

Our old friend Spiers, of Oxford, is to be married on Boxing Day. Danny McCarthy sends thanks for the clock which was given him as a wedding present by St. Dunstan's. Mr. McLaren and Miss Edith Flint are to be married at Christmas.



ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW



At St. Mark's Hospital we hear that there are over forty-five men preparing to come along to St. Dunstan's. They are all of them from the "Big Push," and from what we have seen of those who have come up on Thursday afternoons they are both promising and excellent fellows. The sooner they come the better we shall be pleased.

* * *

A party of Australians, blinded in the war, paid a visit to the Workshops and the Poultry Section about the middle of the month and displayed keen intelligence in understanding the work that the boys were doing and the various ways in which it was being taught. They struck a morning when the boys were particularly jubilant and were indulging in songs, accompanied by loud rat-tats, which, while cheering, are also a little disturbing. These young Australians were accompanied by several friends, and we understand that they were so pleased with their visit that they are looking forward to entering themselves as students.

* * *

A word ought to be said for the early morning walkers. There is quite a small section of the boys who like to get up early but who do not wish to row, and in order to give them the three-mile sprint that they desire, some of the sisters are good enough to turn out at half-past six to accompany them. Miss Day is particularly to the front in this matter, and as we all know that it is more difficult for a lady to get up early than for a man, we feel that she should have special mention.

* * *

It has been the custom at the morning reading of the newspaper to conclude with the casualty list. Of late, owing to its great increase, it has only been

found possible to give the names of those who have been killed or who have died of wounds, but even this has at length proved beyond the desire of the listeners. In order to test the need for the casualty list, it was announced that the ordinary reading of the paper would take place as usual in the Lounge, and the casualties would be given out in the adjoining Massage Room. On no occasion have more than four men transferred themselves to listen to the Roll of Honour, so that it is quite evident that it has ceased to attract general interest. This is particularly accounted for by the fact that the names are lumped together for the various regiments, and that it is very difficult to locate names to the various battalions.

* * *

A lady, who was visiting St. Dunstan's on a recent occasion, peered through the window at the Massage class engaged on a practical examination of the various bones. The pupils were handling them and holding them close to their faces. The lady gazed earnestly for a while, then turning to the sister who was accompanying her, she asked in a hushed whisper, "Are they having their dinner?"

* * *

The last marriage of the month was that of John Thomas Waldin with Miss Esther Benwell. It took place on Thursday, October 26th, at the Victoria Wesleyan Church, St. John's Wood, at 12 o'clock, and a number of St. Dunstan's and other friends witnessed the happy event and gave the bride and bridegroom a hearty send-off.

* * *

Sir Arthur Pearson has expressed himself in favour of a canteen being started in the grounds, and negotiations are now on foot to bring this about.

This evening (that is, on Wednesday, November 1st) a little supper will be given at Canuto's Restaurant to those lady coxons who have been regular attendants at the early morning boating, throughout the spring, summer and autumn. It is no small tax upon them for ladies to come from all parts of London to arrive at the lake at 6.30 in the morning, and that they have done this for so many months with scarcely any lapses fills us all with gratitude and admiration. The ladies invited are, Misses White, Novikoff, Sharpe, Hazle, Vincent, Rogers and Johnson, and Mrs. Hooper and Mrs. Damer Wynyard. Many other ladies have helped at different times and for short periods, and we are also grateful to them; but special thanks are, of course, due to those upon whom we have been able to count regularly.

* * *

Now that the colder weather is upon us, we shall be taking up push-ball, tugs of war, etc., again, and all those boys who want to join in these sports should give in their names to Mr. Rose.

* * *

Major Arthur Haggard, Veterans' Club, 47, Bedford Row, has seen the report of our September debates in the REVIEW, upon the "Best way for a man to keep in touch with St. Dunstan's after he has left"; so he now offers us the use of this Club for the boys who have gone, promising an honorary membership and the right to invite friends to certain rooms. It was remarkably kind of him to make this offer, which Sir Arthur Pearson has accepted, and we shall hope to give further particulars as to the arrangements that have been made for the reception and comfort of the old boys in our next issue. In the meantime, all the old boys will heartily

endorse Sir Arthur Pearson's expressions of gratitude to Major Haggard and the Veterans' Club.

* * *

A service is held every Sunday evening by the Hon. Chaplain, the Rev. E. N. Sharpe, M.A., Rector of Holy Trinity, St. Marylebone, or by one of his staff, at 8.30 p.m., lasting about half an hour, and all members of St. Dunstan's are heartily invited to attend and to help make the service as hearty and congregational as possible.

* * *

There is a good prospect of a St. Dunstan's Eight being trained for river racing this winter. The suggestion comes from a new member of the staff who is enabled to obtain facilities for securing the necessary boat. The St. Dunstan's Four have achieved renown, and we shall be proud to have them capped by a St. Dunstan's Eight.

* * *

Physical drill will start early this month, and Sergeants Dyson and Neill will probably help us in getting it through. We hope to have a Display in the early part of December, in the New Hall, where there should be plenty of room. These displays were very popular with both visitors and inmates last winter.

* * *

Here is an example of the rush of work that our boys get now and then. Corporal Foxon in his shop in Shepherd's Bush is remarkably busy; but on a recent afternoon he had made up his mind to pay a visit to St. Dunstan's. Just as he was starting, five pairs of boots were brought in, which had to be done at once, so that he was perforce obliged to take off his coat and sit down to them at once.

The Last Boat Races

THE last race meeting of the year was held at Putney on Wednesday, October 11th. There were eight events on the programme, viz., three heats and a final for the single scullers, a four-oared race between St. Dunstan's and Townshend House, two heats and a final for pair-oars.

For the first heat of the Singles the entries were Millar, Marshall, and Cole. The course was a short half-mile, and Millar won by 3 lengths. The second heat was competed for by Mears, Ferguson, and Boteler, the winner being Mears, by 2½ lengths.

The next item was the Fours. St. Dunstan's crew were Foster (bow), Whiteside (No. 2), Dowson (No. 3), and Chamberlain (stroke), while the Townshend House men were Curtiss-Wilson (bow), Welland (No. 2), Turnock (No. 3), and Waddell (stroke). It was an excellent race, but Townshend House drew away about half through the course, and finally won by 2½ lengths.

The third heat of the Singles followed, and for this there were four entries:—Aldridge, Green, Sims, and Leonard. Aldridge was first by 1½ lengths, and Sims and Green tied for second place. The first heat of the Pair-Oars was another good race, Turnock and Welland beating Curtiss-Wilson and Waddell by 3½ lengths; but it is only fair to point

⌘ ⌘ ⌘

As it has been found that 21, Portland Place, was insufficient for housing the Officers, an annexe has become necessary. So Sir Arthur Pearson has secured No. 20, Portland Place, to accommodate the overflow, and it is rumoured that he has his eye on the Langham Hotel.

* * *

The big new Lounge is rearing its

out that Curtiss-Wilson had been in bed for a week, and was by no means fit.

In the second heat there was a rather unfortunate occurrence. Chamberlain and Foster were well ahead of Sims and Whiteside when Chamberlain caught a bad crab, which took some time to recover. Sims and Whiteside shot past them, and, although the other boat made a plucky attempt to catch up, Sims and Whiteside passed the post ¼ length in front.

The final of the Singles produced a very good fight, but Millar finally beat Aldridge by 1½ lengths, and Mears was third. For the final of the Pairs it was found that Whiteside was too blown to row again, so that Turnock and Welland had a walk-over; but in order that the programme should not be curtailed Chamberlain and Foster, in true sporting spirit, stepped into the breach, and put up a race, for which Mr. R. J. Calcutt offered a special prize. This event was won by Turnock and Welland by 3½ lengths.

The racing, which began at 10.30, lasted just three hours, and at 1.45 the whole of the competitors sat down to lunch in the Vesta Rowing Club.

The boating season is now practically over; but rowing on the lake will be continued on every Wednesday and Friday from noon until 1 o'clock, beginning with this month.

handsome dimensions very rapidly, and we expect to have it ready for use in a short time from now. It will be particularly welcome to the dancers, who, owing to the crowded floor, have had to restrict themselves to inviting their friends once a fortnight instead of once a week. We hope that there will be plenty of room for all when the building is opened.



October Debates

THE debate on the best ways for a non-sighted man to advertise his business, brought out one or two good suggestions. Waldin opened the discussion in a neat little speech. Bowles put forward as an idea that a man should work in his shop-window. Sergt. Nolan proposed exhibitions for comparative purposes which was generally approved, and Sergt-Major Cope and several other speakers were all in favour of good work being the best of advertisement. Boteler delighted the meeting with a maiden speech, and an excellent first impression was created by Mr. Turner, the Canadian.

At the debate on October 12th, when Sergeant-Major Cope moved the resolution, "Should Compulsory Service be adopted after the War?" some new speakers distinguished themselves. Excellent maiden speeches were delivered by Sergeants Dyson and Harris, and Messrs. Price, Purchase, McIntosh, Jones, Bowles, and Turner all had something to say that was worth hearing. The resolution was carried by 37 to 19, although it was noted that several members of the Debating Club did not vote.

Sergeant-Major Cope made a direct appeal to the modest to join in the discussion, pointing out that the main object of the Club was to accustom the boys to hearing themselves speak, and explaining that a readiness to take part in debate might come in very useful to them in after life. It really does not matter at all if a man stumbles a little at first; and if he will only make the first plunge we are sure that many a St. Dunstan's boy will find that it is a much easier thing to express his thoughts aloud than he supposes. Let everybody have a try!

One of the best debates we have ever had took place on the 19th of the month,

when Mr. Harris Turner, from Canada, moved the resolution, "Should the age for Military Service be raised to 45?" Some excellent speeches were made on both sides. Sergeant Dyson was opposed to the suggestion, and put his objections very vigorously, while Mr. Langton (one of the officers) very strongly supported the motion in an interesting and well-delivered oration. The Debating Society cordially welcomed the Officers on their first visit to the Thursday meetings.

Special mention must be made of the contributions to the debate made by Sergeants Harris and Curtiss-Wilson, Sergeant-Major Cope, Lance-Corporal Bowles, and Messrs. Randell, Owen, Chaplin, Collins, Raylor, Wright, and others. We must also take notice of Boteler, who kept everybody in roars of laughter by his remarks, which were very much to the point, although he somewhat puzzled his audience by telling them in confidence that his "age was forty-four and a half and six months." Boteler adds greatly to the liveliness of our discussions. The motion was formally carried by 37 to 31 votes.

The final debate of the month was on the question "Should the Government take action to reduce the price of food?" This was opened by Sergeant Curtiss-Wilson, and provided another interesting discussion.

The Committee of the Debating Club now consists of Sergeant-Major Cope, Sergeants Dyson, Neill, Curtiss-Wilson, and Messrs. Harris Turner, Harry Green, R. F. Wright, and Lance-Corporal Bowles. They meet at supper every Thursday at eight o'clock and discuss the programme for the next week. They have sent an official letter congratulating Sir F. Milner on his energetic action on behalf of disabled soldiers,



After-Care Notes

A LETTER from J. Spinks tells us that he is now at work, and has quite a lot of orders to get through. "In fact," he writes, "I am full for four solid months; so, to tell you the truth, you cannot see me at work for the dust, I am so busy." Spinks earned 1st-class certificates for boot-repairing and mat-making.

* * *

Thomas Thorpe, who worked at mats and poultry, and was also a rowing man, has sent us some well-made mats from Darwen. Thorpe was always a steady worker, and we rejoice to hear that he is making good.

* * *

"Tommy" Devlin, whose cheery personality is much missed, tells us that in one week he repaired "over twenty-one pairs of boots," besides making some mats, for which he is getting plenty of orders. "Tommy" was always a hard and good worker, and it is nice to hear that he is keeping it up.

* * *

William Allen has settled at Leigh, and writes that he is very busy making string bags, and will settle down to poultry keeping a little later.

* * *

A. Arnold has made a hopeful start with mats this month, and we hope he is in for a good winter's work.

* * *

W. J. Bowers has now settled in Surbiton, and will shortly open in business as a newsagent. We wish him every prosperity in his new venture.

* * *

R. Alcock is shortly moving into a better shop on the main road, where we hope his trade will increase.

F. G. Braithwaite has also commenced business on his own in Guildford as a boot and shoe repairer. We feel sure he will make good.

* * *

John Brown, of Brenchley, still writes long, interesting, cheerful letters, in spite of the fact that the Zepps. have passed over Warren Hall at night. He sends best wishes to all old friends at the Hostel.

* * *

J. A. Bocking has now found a suitable house in Oldham, and has recommenced his work as a boot repairer and mat maker.

* * *

George Brown has paid us a visit with his wife this month. He was looking well, and is turning out a good many baskets now. He has also taken up poultry farming, and has about 65 birds at the moment.

* * *

W. C. Carnell has left us and is commencing operations as a boot repairer in Bampton, Devonshire.

* * *

F. W. Chapple continues to work hard in turning out boot benches and mat frames for the men who are leaving.

* * *

Maurice Colle has changed his residence from Teddington to Walham Green. He is still working hard at the mats.

* * *

G. Dennis has changed his residence, and is now at Copnor, Portsmouth. He is busy at the basket-making.

* * *

We hear that J. Goodison is working hard in Dublin. He has used up all material and is anxious for a further supply.



W. C. Halls is evidently very busy at Hulme, Manchester, as he sends us good orders for materials.

* * *

J. Kerr writes from Widnes that he is very busy with the mat work; in fact, he says that he is working like a "nigger" every day, and sends his kind regards to all.

* * *

S. Letch has begun operations as a poultry farmer at Hatfield Peverel, in Essex.

* * *

J. Moon writes that he is busy at work again and hoping to have a good winter's report to send us.

G. Lilley sends us satisfactory reports of his poultry work.

* * *

N. Macdonald writes from Glasgow that he has had very good letters respecting his work from customers.

* * *

F. W. McCarthy has also left us since our last issue and is being fixed up as a carpenter in Nuneaton.

* * *

Sergeant Watt, of Montrose, has at last succeeded in obtaining the necessary ground for a poultry farm, and has commenced operations. We feel sure he will make a success of it.

—T. H. M.



Typewriting Room Notes.

AN innovation has been introduced which did not meet with a very cordial welcome at first; this was the alteration in the time-table, which seemed to inconvenience some of the men. Happily they amended their own time-tables so as to fit in better with the new arrangement. As was anticipated, the alteration has reduced the waiting list considerably, and consequently has been entirely successful.

Last month Colville and Cooper, who were both trained as shorthand typists, left St. Dunstan's to start work on their own account in business offices. We have heard from both of them, and they appear to have "fallen on their feet." Flett, our other shorthand typist, commenced work in July, and we are glad to say is doing very well indeed.

The work done by the men reaches a very high standard, and the number of men who have passed their test recently has been very gratifying. During the last three weeks fifteen men have passed, and this beats all records. Among those who have been successful are Drummer Downes and Arthur Brown, both of whom have only one finger with which to type. They had to overcome many difficulties, and they both deserve the highest praise. The following is a list of the men who have passed recently: Johns, Caple, Welland, Best, Richardson, Sergeant-Major Cope, Sergeant Curtiss-Wilson, Taplin, Leonard, Marshall, Randall, Maddison, Shepherd, and Aldridge.

—E. F.



Notes of the Braille Room.

WE have to congratulate Miss Hardecastle on her approaching marriage to Captain Bell, Commandant of the Frontier Garrison Artillery, Kohat, and she left for India on October 27th.

Miss Hardecastle came to St. Dunstan's soon after it opened, and has done very valuable work in the Braille Room, where she will be greatly missed by one and all. Teachers and men give her their very best thanks and good wishes for her future happiness and a safe journey.

We are glad to be able to give a most

encouraging list of men who have passed their Braille Reading and Writing Tests, and we congratulate them most heartily.

Passed the Reading Test: McIntosh, Bowers, Sergeant-Major Cope, McLean, Harker, Smith II., Gray, King, Sergeant Curtiss-Wilson, and Sergeant Dennison.

Passed the Writing Test: Kitson, Stanners, Mr. McLaren, Mr. Baker, Price, Hudson, Lomas, Drummer Downes, Raylor, Rowe, McIntosh.

The following have sent in their papers, but have not yet heard the result: Street, Sergeant-Major Cope, Toft, Richardson.

—D. P.



Poultry Notes

Mr. Edward Brown examined the poultry students in Artificial Incubation at the end of September. The maximum of possible marks was fixed at 30, and the four men who entered came out in the following order: (1) Collins with 18 marks; (2) Dennison with 17 marks; (3) Kitson with 16 marks; (4) Arthur Brown with 15 marks. Mr. Brown said generally that the four students had a good knowledge of the construction of an incubator, and the theory upon which operation is based, "in which direction instruction given has been very thorough." This was a feather in the cap of Wale, the instructor, who is a very painstaking teacher, and is to be as warmly congratulated as the men themselves.

The new duck-run is now only waiting for the house, which, owing to the difficulty of the building trade, is delayed in delivery. When this is forthcoming, the ducks will be transferred to their new quarters, and will be the happier for it. They are on high ground,

with a small cemented pond and everything that is necessary. The inception of this run is due to Mr. Playfoot.

Much good work is being done in the joinery section. The men who are taking this up have, under the guidance of Woodin, built and completed a whole terrace of adjoining coops for the show birds for explanatory purposes. There were twenty-four of these coops in a double row, one above the other, with a sloping roof to cover them. To see the non-sighted men making and painting this roof attracted much notice from visitors, and it really was a unique sight. But then, as we are modestly never tired of saying, there is nothing that the St. Dunstan's pupils cannot do when they are once shown the way.

The poultry ground is being steadily extended, and some very fine birds have lately been added for breeding purposes. Notable among these are the Columbia Wyandottes, which are housed in the upper field. The stock has been greatly improved under the present control, and



thanks are due to Miss Lawrence and Mr. Playfoot for their successful efforts.

Poultry men who have passed their examinations are now busily engaged in learning other trades to fill in their spare time, for, as we all know, poultry will only occupy part of the day. Mats and baskets are chiefly favoured, but of course they have learnt the joinery as well, so that a good poultry man is veritably a Jack-of-all-trades!

Some beautiful new stock has been added to the poultry yards, for the selection of which John Playfoot must receive the credit. The Columbia Wyandottes meet with general admiration, and it will repay all those who are interested to pay a visit to the new runs.

It is the hope of the Country Life Section to induce various poultry experts to give the pupils occasional lectures to supplement the daily lessons, and these are expected to prove of considerable help. So far, Mr. Hooley and Mr. Edward Brown have been asked; and others will receive invitations in due course.

Mr. J. Thomson Brown, who comes from the North, has joined the After Care Department specially to supervise the poultry men who have set up for themselves. It has been found necessary to have an expert man for this post, and we hear that the old boys who have

taken up poultry are very pleased with the extra help thus given to them.

The new Poultry Hall was opened for use about a week ago, and it is proving a great acquisition. The great increase in the poultry classes has necessitated also an extra teacher being secured, and many additions have been made both to the stock and to runs, which are all, we hope, for the benefit of the section, and for most of which we are indebted to the suggestions of Mr. Playfoot.

The result of the examination to which we alluded last month was quite satisfactory. Mr. Edward Brown stated that several of the men had made remarkable progress in the time they had been under tuition.

The total possible number of marks was 100, and Sergt. Curtis Wilson was first with 83. The others in their order were: Purchase, 81; Jerome, 80; Ferguson, 79; Foster, 78; Herriot, 76; Hulme, 75; Sergt. Leeman, 74; Maddison, 72; Dowson, 71; and Stamper, 70. Those who got less than this number of marks cannot be regarded as having passed.

Mr. Brown made a great point of instruction in natural hatching and rearing, in addition to the incubator. Mr. Brown's suggestions are always very gratefully accepted, and the Country Life Section feels that his periodical examinations do a lot to help everybody concerned.



Notes from the Netting Room

THE large new room just completed for net work is in itself significant of the growth and increasing scope of the string industry. This began in a very humble way about eighteen months ago. A certain pillar in the lounge was the starting point for three pupils and

one teacher, who daily demonstrated what could be done with a ball of string, a mesh, and a needle.

But they did not stay there long. Passing literally from pillar to post, ever increasing in enthusiasm and in numbers, they finally attained the proud possession



of a netting room. It seemed a fine large room at first. Hammocks were made and slung in comfort. There was space to sit at ease and scatter cigarette ash freely without dangerous consequences. But after a few months the walls began to shrink, and lately they have closed in very rapidly. With about sixty of the boys in and out during the day, and a staff of fifteen ladies or so to hand round the toffee and dodge the cigarette ash, the room has grown very small indeed.

So the second larger room is hailed with delight, and there will be carried on not only all the old work which has proved so successful, but a new occupation for the winter months, in the shape of wool rug-making.

But what of the netting proper? Well, we have been specialising in hammocks, and samples of our work have gone to Flanders, Italy, Egypt, Mesopotamia,

and India. The home demand kept pace very nicely throughout the summer with our supply. It was, however, very desirable to find a market for our goods through the winter, so everyone is pleased that Messrs. Maple & Co. have taken a large quantity of our hammocks for immediate shipment to South America. We all know that this firm stands for quality, so it is felt that their approval of our hammocks is much worth having.

Now as for rabbit nets. It was remarked the other day that if every net caught one rabbit only the bunnies would be getting scarce before long!

And by the bye, our rabbit nets are not *poaching nets*, but most law-abiding models of farmers' nets. The lady superintendent fears for the character of St. Dunstan's if she continues to receive orders for poaching nets!

—G.H.W.



The Parson's Daughter

She was a parson's daughter,
An' she knew a thing or two;
Of catchin' human derelicts
An' a bringin' of 'em to.

Straight racin' ain't all honey
To a bloke what's bin in quod,
An' 'as to spend in hidin'
From the sight of man an' God.

"When your sins are not forgiven,"
An' you're broke upon the wheel;
You don't feel much like anythin'
Except to go an' steal.

Or to creep into the shadows,
When night falls deep an' black,
'Long the road again to prison,
Without even lookin' back.

But she was a parson's daughter,
With a great, big human soul,
An' a smile which set me longin'
To attain some greater goal.

She looked kind and sympathetic,
So much diff'rent from the rest,
An' she said as how within me
There was somethin' of the best.

When my life was wild and stormy,
And my sin stuck hard and fast;
She released my crumbling spirit
From the evil of its past.

That's why I'm here a fightin',
'Cause she sort of asked me to,
An' I think that "parson's daughter"
Was an Angel, mate! don't you?

—Laphell.

Our Entertainments

MISS ADA REEVE always gets a good reception when she visits St. Dunstan's, but I think her best and most appreciated turn was at the close of her last concert. Private McLean's simple words of thanks to Miss Reeve and the ladies and gentlemen who accompanied her so touched her that she immediately followed with one of the prettiest little impromptu speeches I have ever heard. Hundreds of men and women would be glad to be able to deliver such an oratorical treat after hours of preparation, and I am quite sure those who were present will long remember her sympathetic words of praise and appreciation of what the boys had given up for their country. Though Miss Reeve and her friends gave a rattling good entertainment, the speech was the tit-bit.

* * *

I felt sorry for Mr. Arthur Coke on the night of his concert, when two of his stars failed to put in an appearance. But I felt more sorry for one of his party—Lieut. Drummond—when he had to stop singing "Gilbert the Filbert." I wonder if the boys twigged the reason for the stoppage. If I tell them, I don't think Mr. Drummond will accuse me of any breach of confidence. It was because he and Basil Hallam were the two original filberts at the Palace Theatre, and, as everybody knows, Capt. Hallam was killed in action about three months ago. Once Mr. Drummond embarked on the song old memories were revived. Hence the sudden stoppage. However, he has promised to come again in December with a strong company and give us a really jolly time.

* * *

Mr. E. Howard-Jones was so fortunate as to be able to secure the services of the Australian prima donna, Madame Stralia. Her joint recital with Mr.

Howard-Jones was something worth listening to. The boys wanted more. Broadwood's very kindly sent a concert grand piano for the occasion.

* * *

We ought to have a good time in November.

Here is a list of bookings for the month:—

Thursday, 2nd.—Miss O'Hagan's Troup.
Monday, 6th.—Mayford Industrial School Band.

Thursday, 9th.—Mr. Chas. Coborn.

Monday, 13th.—Mr. Cecil Bevon.

Thursday, 16th.—Miss Esmé Beringer.

Monday, 20th.—Mr. Errol Sherson.

Thursday, 23rd.—Whiteley's Orchestra.

Monday, 27th.—Madame Sobrino.

Thursday, 30th.—Madame Alys Bateman.

* * *

It was nice to have another visit on October 19th from the band of the Horse Guards, after an absence of several months. Colonel Fitzgerald can rely on the band getting a good reception whenever he is in a position to give his permission for it to come to St. Dunstan's. All kinds of music were produced, from the old favourites of twenty-five years ago, such as "Ta-ra-boom-de-ay" and the "Belle of New York," down to the present popular "Another little Drink" and "If you were the Only Girl." Even "Tom Bowling" had a show. The boys had a rollicking hour, and showed their appreciation time after time.

* * *

Our good friend Mr. George Robey provided us with an excellent show on Monday last, the 30th October. He sang us several of his well-known sentimental ballads, but he did not—as usual—drop into grand opera. He brought a first-rate company with him, and everybody enjoyed it hugely.

Mr. Arthur Jay's party included a concertina brought along by Miss Christine Hawkes. In spite of the fact that Miss Hawkes is very fond of the concertina, she pulled it, she squeezed it, and bent it, sometimes raising it into the air above her head and at other times swooping it down almost to the floor. It was finally realised that all this was a concerted plan between the two, for at one time we seemed to be listening to a church organ, and the next moment

the far away sounds of the human voice, followed by a representation of a military band on the march, and the village bells. What Miss Hawkes doesn't know about the manipulation of a concertina isn't worth bothering about. The boys who were absent missed a great treat.

* * *

Miss Hawkes is coming again on January 8th. Meanwhile, she is entertaining the boys in France.

—E.K.

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The Boys Who Have Gone

OCTOBER has robbed us of "indispensables," as the Tribunals say.

Those two inseparable friends, Cooper and Colville, have departed, and their cheery faces and bright natures will be much missed. They were both splendid fellows, and their mandolin duets and their reporting of the debates by shorthand are among a few of their achievements. Sergeant Nolan will be much missed at the Debates. It is perhaps not too much to say that he was about the readiest speaker on all subjects that the Debating Club possessed. He also wrote very readable articles for the REVIEW, but we may still hope for some of these in future. The debonair Harker has also departed;

he was a boy who was never upset and never out of temper. Would that his example could be generally followed. Among others may be mentioned W. J. Bowers, so long the close friend of Drummer Downes; S. J. Letch, the big fair boy who was one of our steadiest workers; and McCarthy, of the Dublin Fusiliers, whose persuasive Irish tongue got him out of many a scrape. There are others on the verge of departure, and we shall be sorry to lose them. Six months of close association makes it hard to part; and the boys themselves are hardly ever in greater haste to go than we are to part with them. Which goes to show that we are all a fairly happy family.

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The Fallen Hero

For Country's cause he fought,
For Country's call he fell,
Honour the lesson taught,
He gave his life quite well.

Youthful, Honest, and True,
Yes, surely these and more;
God knows how he grew,
Knows too the love he bore.

When troubles are most near,
E'en as their course they run,
The still small voice we hear,
God gave His only Son,

—W.H.C.

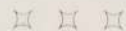
Roll on the Day

Roll on, roll on the day;
Till victory crowns the conquest of our
sons,
And songs of peace shall hush the sound
of guns;
When far and wide, across the bloody
plain,
The sun shall rise to kiss the flowers
again.
Roll on the day.

Roll on, roll on the day;
Till tears shall cease to be,
The tidal glory of War's infancy,
Till drop by drop, the blood my brothers
lost,
Is added up, and counted to the cost.
Roll on the day.

Roll on, roll on the day;
Till every corpse that lies,
With sightless eye upon the weeping
skies,
Shall find their sacrifice by vengeance
blest,
And deeper glory in their final rest.
Roll on the day.

Roll on, roll on the day;
Till babes again shall chant their even-
ing prayer,
And peasant songs float lightly on the
air;
Till steady hands shall guide the furrow-
ing plough,
And peace sublime sits on the widow's
brow.
Roll on, roll on the day. —H. Laphell.



Xmas Day in the Trenches

'Twas Xmas Day in the trenches,
The rain it was falling fast,
The Germans were shelling like blazes,
And we wondered how long it would
last.

The guns blazed away from behind us,
My word, we gave them hell;
They got their Xmas pudding,
Mixed up with shot and shell.

The sergeant was in his dug-out,
Just about to issue the rum,
When down came a big Jack Johnson,
With a burst and a mighty hum.

We thought of our poor sergeant,
We thought of the rum as well,
We tried to find them but couldn't,
And the remainder is hard to tell.

We thought of the people in England,
Of the "dull and wine" they would
have,
When "Charge!" came up from the
colonel,
And over we went like a wave.

We gave them what they had asked for,
With a little on top for luck,
We took their trenches that morning,
And since then there we have stuck.

Now that we're back here resting,
We could do with a jolly good spell,
A new draft is coming from England
To make up for those who fell.

If these lines should catch the eyes
Of any young man who is slacking,
I sincerely hope that his mother
Will give him a thorough good smack-
ing. —W. Robinson.

Learning to Dance at St. Dunstan's

IT was a glorious sight to see the brave
boys of St. Dunstan's learning to
dance. What physique they have,
what shoulders, what fine upstanding
figures, what feet! Good lord, what
feet! No wonder the British Army
stands firm! No wonder the enemy
trenches are flattened out! To watch
those brave fellows planting their hoofs
about in the dance-room, and to note
the nimble way in which the lady in-
structors skipped to avoid them—not
always so successfully, as many a stifled
scream bore witness—brought the tears
to one's eyes. How the floor stood it
was a marvel! But it was a brave floor,
almost as brave as the boys who stamped
their number nines upon it with such
unwavering force. Only twice did the
floor fail to resist, and through one of
these footholes a self-sacrificing sister
popped down out of sight with a smile
on her face to the last, never, it is to be
feared, to reappear. But what is the
loss of one brave woman compared to
the noble work of teaching these heroes
to dance? Another stepped into the
breach at once, so that the partnerless
soldier was enabled to continue to re-
volve without a check.

There were some seven or eight dozen
of these flowers of the British Army,
Kitchener's boys, old regulars, terri-
torials, Derby men, all keen as mustard
on learning to dance, and only some fif-
teen or so of willing smiling women of
England to lug them round. There were
two long rows of chairs on each side of
the room, and the plan was for the men
who waited their turns to sit on one side
and the men who had had their turns to
sit on the other. But this very con-
fusing way of doing things perplexed the
lady instructors not a little. They could
not remember from which side they had
taken a man nor on which side they had

to put him. More than one lady was
seen trying hopelessly to seat a man on
both sides of the room at once, and the
brave fellows kept on dancing to the
last. Some of the instructors found it
very hard to stick to the worrying plan
of taking the boys in the right order.
They snatched at men from the middle
of the line, from the bottom of the line,
from everywhere except the top of the
line, which was the proper course to
take. And every time a sister erred in
this way an irritable, elderly individual,
with an angry eye, blew a whistle shrilly,
and yelled in mental wrath. But the
ladies took no heed of this. Hot, pant-
ing, flushed, trying to keep their feet off
the floor to escape the ruthless tramp
of the soldiers' tootsies, seeking to smile,
to walk, to guide, to haul, to revolve
with a heroism which could only be seen
to be marvelled at, these wonderful lady
teachers struggled to the last. And when
at length the lesson was over they looked
as if they had all been at a Votes for
Women busted meeting, and had laid
out the police. But the men were
happy. They had tackled the waltz, the
two-step, the barn dance, and, although
it cannot be fairly said that they had
mastered any of them, they had not
been beaten in their attack, and it is
understood that the advance will be re-
sumed next Tuesday and every Tuesday,
so long as the casualties among the lady
teachers can be made good. St. Dun-
stan boys have fought for their country,
they have conquered in many a hot
attack, and they are not going to be
beaten by any leg-twisting tricks that
dancing mistresses can devise. But it is
understood that a cast-iron dancing floor
has been ordered by Matron, as the
neighbours have petitioned that the
underground drains should be saved at
all costs.



The Unseen

SOME time ago a friend of mine remarked to me that the loss of my sight had evidently not lessened my affection for the ladies. "It is the unseen that has always attracted me," I replied.

I was speaking from experience, as I had lived in a land where the ladies covered up all their faces except their eyes, which left matters pretty much as at present.

Many years ago I had the good fortune to be selected as one of the soldiers sent to try and reorganise the army of the Sultan of Morocco. Shortly after arrival there the Sultan decided to move his court from the Southern capital to Fez, in the North. I must explain that when the Sultan moves, all the court and ministers, with their respective harems, move as well. This, with all the hangers-on, sometimes makes the total of men, women, and children reach to many thousands.

You will have to imagine these thousands tramping along over the open plains where roads were unknown.

Being new to it myself, I watched everyone with intense curiosity, until the unknown got hold of me again in the form of the most glorious pair of eyes I had ever seen. They belonged to a native woman, who I felt must be as beautiful as she was guarded. The ever-faithful eunuch was always by her side. For 29 days I passed and repassed her on the march. I suppose it was what the war correspondents now call the bull-dog tenacity which had its reward at last.

The faithful guard left his charge for a few minutes, and my opportunity came. I went up to the maid and said, "At last I can speak with you." She replied that she had noticed my constancy. Not being able to resist any longer, and feeling that she must be very beautiful, I asked her to lift her veil and let me see her face. She did. She was certainly older than my grandmother, who had just passed her 70th birthday; she was as black as your best bowler hat, and her face was covered with scars. I fled.

—W. Appleby.



A Blind Man's Hope

To see all the flowers what would I give?
Would it be, again, my life to live?
Though this world be full of strife,
I know I am thankful for my life.

The sweet sunshine, the light of day,
The moon with its gloomy hue,
The stars like dewdrops, which guide the way,
To our home of peace and celestial day

The birds they sing a merry lay,
Which brightens our life on the darkest day:

The bees they hum with a busy drone,
But I thank my God I am not alone.

—W. H. Collins.



Workshop Gossip

A highly ingenious model for making mats by non-sighted men has been perfected by a man who is in prison, and forwarded to us by the Governor, who has taken a kindly interest in the matter. The idea of the model is to weave two mats at once and then sew them through the middle, thus saving both labour and shearing. It is being examined in the workshop with a view to being tried, and we hope for the inventor's sake that it may prove serviceable. We need hardly add that the model and the idea are both presented to St. Dunstan's by this prisoner, and we are very much obliged to him.

* * *

So many new men are taking up boot repairing that we are getting very short of work for them, and we shall be glad if our readers will remember us if ever their shoes wear out. We may point out that people who live at a distance can send their boots by post if they do not mind paying the carriage, and we will pay the return postage in sending them back. The work here is excellently done and our prices compare favourably with the retail shops. We are also glad of cast-off boots and shoes for practice purposes. These should be directed to the Workshops, and will be gratefully acknowledged.

* * *

The output of mats is now very considerable owing to the number of rapid workers who have set up for themselves. Fortunately, we have been able to secure sample orders from Messrs. Furness, Withy & Co., the well-known ship-owners, and from Messrs. Selfridge and Co., of Oxford Street, as well as other stores and wholesale houses. We are hoping to receive some good orders from

them in due course as a result of the trial. We have had to put the prices up from 1s. 3d. per square foot to 1s. 4d. per square foot, owing to the increased cost of material; but we believe we are as cheap as anybody even then.

* * *

The red bordered mats which were so popular a short time back are now almost extinct owing to the impossibility of procuring the various coloured fibres. This is one of the productions that has been practically killed by the war.

* * *

We have had orders for some big mats during the last month, and these are being tackled by our more advanced workers, and being rapidly made. Indeed, a quick worker will turn out a big mat in a very little more time than he takes over a small one. Some of the boys who have left send us orders for mats, which shows that they are getting more business than they are able to cope with themselves.

* * *

Our output of baskets is now ahead of the demand, and we shall be glad of orders for all kinds of them. This department has become increasingly popular of late, and some very excellent work is being done. The men who have set up for themselves send us every week large crates of baskets to be disposed of, and in the majority of cases their work is as satisfactory as we expect it to be. The demand for all kinds of willow work is increasing, and for the moment we find that the cane work is, if anything, less attractive to the public. We hope that readers of the REVIEW will send along any friends who are in need of basket work.



Several new designs in finished cane baskets have lately been produced. Corporal McIntosh is very ingenious in new shapes. "Wee Jock" produces a fresh variety in practically every batch that he sends up. Needless to say, it is better to produce a variety of shapes than to stick too continually to just a few.

* * *

There has been great activity in the Joinery Section throughout the month. The Poultry and Basket Shops have been needing benches, everybody appears to have two or three pictures to be framed, and orders have come in for hanging cupboards, meat safes, boxes, packing cases, and, in fact, almost everything one can think of. The result is that all the joiners have been hard at work both morning and afternoon, and the output, although big, has been well maintained at the highest efficiency. Sergeant Shields has been made pupil

teacher owing to the increase in the number of learners.

* * *

Captain Pauly came to see his old friends in the Workshop one day last month. He was looking extremely well. His joinery work, which he picked up with us, is giving him a good deal of pleasure, and he expressed special thanks to the carpentry instructors for all they had done in the way of helping him.

* * *

One of the best oak-trays ever yet turned out was made by Harriss I. It was a beautiful piece of work, and it was immediately purchased by a lady who saw the finishing touches put to it and waited while the handles were affixed. Harriss wishes it to be known that he was largely indebted to Sergeant Shields for putting him in the right way of doing such excellent work.

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Our Sergeant-Major

IN the motley ranks of Kitchener's Army there were many ludicrous personalities. Our company sergeant-major was one of these. He had been some time previously with the Regulars in India, an item which he never forgot to impress upon us; until I began to think that there was, after all, some special virtue in having been to India. He arrived in the early days when we were a rabble, rather than a unit, and lost no time in impressing upon us what a ragtime lot of soldiers we were. He had all the biting sarcasm of an old-time sergeant. When on parade, he told us to hold our heads up, and not be ashamed of our past lives, which, he said, were all forgotten when we joined the Army. If for an instant we glanced down at the stubbly ground, he would

inform us that he himself had been round the parade-ground before reveille for all stray "tanners." In short, he was almost a hero. The only thing that was incongruous with this idea was his appearance and the rumours that subsequently were circulated concerning him. He was small to the extreme, and strutted about like a turkey-cock, as though the whole world belonged to him. He was inclined to have a bow left leg, and the right leg caved in at the knee as though it did not wish to claim its fellowship with the other. Malevolent persons said this was through carrying a milk-can continuously, in civilian life; but I cannot vouch for the truth of this. Anyway, he was nicknamed "Milky," and on more important occasions "Milky Way."



Certainly, his physiognomy was somewhat lactic. His hair was white and greasy; in fact, very milky in texture. His moustache was likewise white, and seemed at some time to have been irreparably frozen, and never to have thawed again. It was so very stiff, and started out in all directions, as though afraid of the rest of his face. His eyes were shifty, and he was always glancing from side to side, as though on the *qui-vive* for a potential customer.

His voice was not the usual stentorian one, but somewhat "cracked i' the ring," and very strident. Moreover, his words of command were vague, and lost in volume, as is usual with street-criers. But this again may only have been coincidence.

To the officers he was unusually subservient; and woe betide the defaulter who tried to improvise a defence against his indictment. He had a keener sense of justice than Judge Jeffries.

When we reached the front his bearing completely changed. He was by turns forbearing and arrogant, according as we happened to be in or out of the trenches. In the trenches he wore a hang-dog, worried look, but it was amusing to see his breast gradually swell as we put distance between ourselves and the line.

In the line he kept up his spirits by frequent recourse to the rum. A

sergeant-major has so many more cares than the ordinary commonplace soldier, and therefore is entitled to more potatoes to support him. I have only one piece of evidence that gives colour to these imputations against his sobriety. One day he came down the trench with a curious magpie effect of black and white in his visage. His detractors said that he had fallen into a drunken sleep, and had pillowed his face on a soot-covered dixie.

In summer time he believed that the flies swarming round his head betrayed him to the German snipers, whose prime objective was naturally sergeant-majors. He used literally to crawl up the trench, as every corner to him was infested with snipers. The men used frequently to remind him of these perils, and he practised caution accordingly, for a sergeant-major is a very valuable person and should not unwarrantably risk his life. The night before he left us for ever he commanded the company to stand-to against an impending gas attack. We fired about two hundred rounds apiece, and it proved to be merely a fog.

His exit, I am sorry to say, was rather inglorious. He went sick the next day with toothache, and was ordered back to base duty. There I still see him in my mind's eye. He will knock thousands of men into the shape of soldiers, yet never become one himself. —P. S. Summer.

A Parody

Air: "The Tarpaulin Jacket."

Have you seen Bob? He's our boatman,
He takes us all out on the lake;
When other scullers see us coming,
They tremble with fear and they shake.

We are the Boys of St. Dunstan's,
We whistle, we sing, and we shout,
When we hear all the visitors coming,
To take all the brave heroes out.

We get on our knicks and our sweaters,
The coxswains, then show us the way,
We feel just so gay and so happy;
And we beat all that come down our way.

We get aroused up every morning,
To go on this boating, you see,
But as all the clocks have been altered,
It seems a big puzzle to me.

—W. H. Collins.



How I Won My Lizzie

I used to go courtin' my Lizzie
In the days when there wasn't no war;
When people were happy and busy
With things that they don't do no
more.

We used to walk out, then, together,
My Lizzie and me, arm in arm,
We didn't care much 'bout the weather—
I bet I could keep her quite warm!

We fell out one day, she and I did,
The reason would cause you surprise.
"I can't marry you," she confided,
"'Cause you 'aven't a pair of blue
eyes."

"My 'usband," she sez, "must have
blue eyes."
Sez I with a horrible frown,
"Since I can't get myself any new
eyes,
You'll 'ave to put up with the brown."

But she wouldn't—the obstinate 'ussy!
"Very well, miss," I sez, "Then we
part."

And because I don't like bein' fussy
I won't tell you the state of me 'eart.

When the war came I took the King's
shillin',
And soon I was dressed in khaki.
I'm sure I was ready and willin',
Didn't care much what 'appened to me.

Well, I got to the Front—fought at
Wipers,
It really was rather a lark,
But it landed me, thanks to the snipers,
At St. Dunstan's, in Regent's Park.

"What colour," they sez, "were your
eyes then?
We'll get you the same as you've lost."
"A beautiful blue," I replies then—
You bet that my fingers were crossed.

Then I gets them to write to my Lizzie,
"Would you come and visit me still?
That is, if you ain't much too busy—
Your always devoted friend, Bill."

God bless 'er, she wasn't too busy.
"What 'ave you done, William?" she
cries.

"I've been to the Front," I sez,
"Lizzie,
To get you a pair of blue eyes."

A Point o' View

You wish to know my notions
On sartin pints that rile the land,
There's nothin' that I so much shuns
Ez bein' mum or underhand.
I'm a straight-spoken kind o' erectur
Thet blurts out wot's in his head,
An' ef I've one peculiar feature
It is a nose thet won't be led.

So to begin at the beginnin',
An' come directly to the point,
I think the country's underpinnin'—
Is considerably out of joint.
I ain't going to try your patience
By sayin' who done this or that,
I don't make no insinooations,
I jest let on I smell a rat.

As fer war, some call it murder;
There you have it plain an' flat;
I don't want to go no furdur
Than my Testyment fer that.
God hez said so plump an' fairly
A wink's as good as any nod,
An' you've got to git up airly,
Ef you want to take in God.

Ain't it cute to see a Germ-Hun
Take such everlastin' pains,
All to git the Devil's thank-you,
Helpin' on 'em with their chains?
Wy it's jest ez clear ez figgers—
Clear ez one an' one make two—
Huns thet make black slaves o' niggers
Want to make white slaves o' you.

—L. Havens.



The Limerick Competition

THE October Competition which Miss
Critten organised resulted in some
amusing and clever attempts.
The first Limerick was as follows:
"At St. Dunstan's, that Home in the
Park,
Live the boys who are making their
mark.
They're the merriest folk,
And can all see a joke——"

The first prize (a watch-chain) was
awarded to H. Hulme for his final line—
"I think it's a second Noah's Ark."

The second prize (a tie-pin and stud)
was won by Mr. H. Turner for—
"And their bite is much worse than their
bark."

The second Limerick was:
"Said the poet I suffer no pain,
But acute intellectual strain;
This last line I'll write
If it takes me all night——"

H. Hulme's last line was—
"And then I shall miss the last train."
While H. Turner's last line was—
"Now the doctors are scraping his
brain."

Other prizes were awarded to Sergeant
Curtiss-Wilson, Millar, Gardiner and
Cowan for other lines which were too

good not to be rewarded, but which did
not gain the first or second prizes.

Wilson's line was—
"May their star of hope never grow
dark."

Millar's—
"For it's there you'll find light in the
dark."

Gardiner's—
"And those searchlights start shining
again."

Cowan's—
"In thus trying to follow Mark Twain."

* * *

Parodies on popular songs were sub-
mitted on Wednesday last, and some
very amusing skits were written by the
boys. Unfortunately, space does not
permit us to reproduce them; but we
must record that the first prize went to
Corporal McIntosh for his parody on "A
Little Bit of Heaven," and the second
and third prizes were tied for by Messrs.
Gardiner and Harris Turner. An extra
fourth prize was awarded to R. Vine.
Miss Critten was greatly pleased with the
results, and considered that the prize-
winning verses were worthy of publica-
tion anywhere. We shall try to find room
for them next month.



The New Bean

By A. B. H.

JACK JONES is an old St. Dunstan's
man. He lives in a tiny village,
the silence and quietness of which
seem as far away from such a tragedy
as war as the "Mouse Trap" Ward
seems from the lounge to a man just up
from St. Mark's. And yet, this village
has its Great War "relic"—and a very

curious relic it is, too—of one of the
great battles of history. It isn't a relic
of iron, nor yet a German helmet, nor
yet a bomb. It isn't anything like that.
It's just a bean—a simple bean—and I
dare say it is as easy to boil as any other
bean, and just as tasteless if you don't
put a bit of butter with it.