

No. 6.—New Series.

December, 1916.

# St. Dunstan's



— Review. —

Monthly.

Price 6d.

# St. Dunstan's Review

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A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

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Editor - - - William Girling

Contributors - The Staff and the Boys

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ST. DUNSTAN'S MOTTO:

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

No. 6.

December, 1916

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# St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

No. 6.—NEW SERIES.

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## Editorial Notes

**T**HIS number completes our first six months, and I desire to say that I am as surprised as I am pleased at the success of our Magazine. We have now over 130 subscribers on our list who have paid for the REVIEW to be sent to them regularly by post, and we have made a small profit on each issue. At the end of this number you will find a subscription form, if any readers wish to avail themselves of it.

It has been my aim to make the Magazine self-supporting, so that it should not be in any way a tax on our funds, and next month I hope to be able to state the exact sum that we can hand over as our contribution towards the support of St. Dunstan's Hostel.

I want to thank all those old boys who, in response to my remarks last month, have sent me letters of appreciation of the REVIEW and expressive of the pleasure they derive from reading about the things that are happening to us here. They evince the greatest interest in our doings, and show how glad they are to keep in touch with St. Dunstan's in their new homes.

I want everyone who is connected in the present or in the past with Sir Arthur Pearson's Hostel for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors to remember that I want to hear from them constantly as to how they are getting on and what they are doing. The more often they write to me the more I shall be gratified. Any letters which are intended to be useful to the Magazine should reach me not later than the 20th of each month. The least thing that happens to any of our boys, old or new, will interest the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW.

I hear that some of the subscribers, owing to the conditions of the post, do not always receive their Magazines. They are all posted from here not later than the 3rd of the month, so that they should be received on the 5th at latest. Anyone who does not receive his copy by the morning of the 5th should write to me at once.

All that I have to do now is to wish you a happy Christmas holiday and the best of good luck throughout the coming year.

THE EDITOR.



## Notes by the Chief

**D**URING the last month I have had several very interesting letters from Colonial St. Dunstanners. Lieutenant Baker, who, I think, taking him all round, adapted himself to his new conditions with greater speed and adeptness than any other officer, non-commissioned officer, or private soldier who has been with us, has since his return to Canada been given an important appointment on the staff of the Hydro-Electric Power Company. This is one of the biggest concerns in Canada, and its business is the manufacture of electricity from power derived from the great Niagara Waterfall and the distribution of this electricity over a wide area. Sir Adam Beek, who is president of the company, said many complimentary things in public of the wonderful way in which Lieutenant Baker had adapted himself to his new conditions, and predicted for him a brilliant future in the service of the Hydro-Electric Power Company.

Sergeant Woods, who has returned to New Zealand, to practise there the art of massage which he learnt with us, sent me a most interesting letter, telling of his experiences on his voyage out on a hospital ship. He had twelve regular patients to treat during the voyage, and was highly complimented by the medical officer in charge for the improvement which he effected in their condition.

Hills writes from Australia, saying that those who have to do with blind folk there have never heard of poultry farming as an occupation for blind men, and have done all they could to dissuade him from going in for it. Hills, however, says that he is not going to allow himself to be discouraged, and intends to utilise the poultry instruction he gained here. He proposes to spend a few weeks at an Australian poultry farm in order to

familiarise himself with any alteration in method which the difference of climate and other considerations may make necessary.

Hills tells me a very gloomy story of seven blinded Australians who have returned to either Victoria or South Australia and who do not care to enter the blind institutions there. He says he has never met seven more miserable men. These are men of whom I told you last month as having been sent direct to Australia without being given the chance of entering St. Dunstan's. He tells a brighter story of some others who have entered the admirably conducted Institute for the Blind at Sydney in New South Wales. But these, he says, are quite different to the men of St. Dunstan's, adding, "I often shudder when I think of how near I was to missing St. Dunstan's, and I shall never be tired of singing its praises wherever I am." The Sydney Institute for the Blind is one of the very best in the world; but as I am never tired of stating, St. Dunstan's is not an institution for the blind in the ordinary sense of the term. It is a special place, specially planned for very special circumstances, and those in control of blind institutions throughout the kingdom cheerfully admit that fellows who lose their sight at the Front have much better opportunities and a much better time here than they could possibly have at any ordinary institution for the blind.

Several people have spoken to me about the last month's note in which I wrote of "handicap versus affliction." I dare say that you may be interested to hear of an experience in this matter which I had nearly a twelvemonth ago. I was visiting a very large school for blind children in the North of England. Its pupils number over two hundred,



and it is quite a model school of its kind. The children were all collected in a large hall and sang some songs very charmingly. Then the chairman asked me if I would say a few words to them, and on my consenting introduced me in a little speech, in which he referred to the children as "these afflicted little ones," and to me as "sharing their affliction."

When my turn came I began my remarks by saying, "Now children, I am going to ask your chairman as a personal favour to me, and as a memento of my visit here to-day, to promise never to mention that beastly word affliction when speaking of or to a blind person again."

Those two hundred little blind children clapped and shouted and stamped, and in spite of their teachers blowing whistles and running about among them with cries for silence, they continued the uproar for several minutes. The chairman was very much upset. He quite broke down, and said that in all the thirty years during which he had worked for blind people he had never realised how he and others had unwittingly hurt their feelings. He added that he should make it his special business to see that there was as little as possible said about blind people being afflicted at this particular school in future, and I am quite sure that those conducting it will find the children respond in a remarkable manner to treatment which places them on a level with other human beings.

Last month I said something about the activities of the party of blind musicians who are touring the country for the benefit of St. Dunstan's. They recently gave a performance at Aldershot, and this is an extract from a letter received by Lady Pearson from Colonel Brooke, commanding the cavalry there: "Everyone thought your blind musicians quite excellent, and the regimental sergeant-major told me he had never known the soldiers so keen before. They

all said it was by far the most interesting concert given in Aldershot since the war began." The organisation of the tours of this concert party is no joke; something is always going wrong somewhere, and leading to elaborate rearrangements. Lady Pearson and her staff are kept very busy in securing the smooth running of the enterprise.

I daresay many of you have derived as much amusement as I have from the wonder expressed by people who perceive in our accomplishment of quite simple things something almost miraculous. An interesting instance of this came my way the other day. I often go for a trot to the top of Portland Place and back before breakfast. There are three side streets to be crossed, and the other morning just as I was nearing one of them I heard a cart approach. I slowed up, the cart stopped just in front of me, I walked round it and continued on my way. A few yards on a friend caught me up and said,

"By Jove! It was wonderful to see the way you avoided that cart. I made sure you were going to run into it."

"Why?" said I.

"Because of its unusual length," was the reply.

"Well now," said I, "think for a minute of what I had to do. When the cart stopped I knew that the horse was immediately in front of me, for I could hear him breathing. I smelt the coal, and therefore knew that the cart was a long one, so I made a good wide detour, and here I am."

"Wonderful!" he said. "You blind people really are marvels."

To which I replied, "We are nothing of the kind. We simply utilise senses which your possession of sight leads you to leave almost unused." And that, I am sure you will all agree with me, is all that there really is to most of the apparently wonderful things which fairly expert blind people can do.

—C. A. P.



## St. Dunstan's Gossip

HERE is a piece of good news for the rowing men. Mr. Johnson, the owner of the boats on the lake, has promised to get a couple of short four-oared rowing boats, so that we shall be able to get along with the St. Dunstan's Eight in two batches instead of four. Our thanks are due to Mr. Johnson for this and for all the help he has given us throughout the year.

Bedford College has come to our help again, and supplies a goodly number of lady coxswains on Wednesday and Friday morning. The great advantage of the College ladies is that they know what they are doing, and can be relied upon both to steer and to coach with a certain amount of aquatic knowledge. Miss Simpson is the captain of the Bedford College Rowing Club.

\* \* \*

The Tuesday dancing lessons are a great success. Miss Prescott, with her able assistant, Miss Kent, and helped by a number of good dancing ladies, is getting the men along splendidly. The lesson lasts from 8.30 p.m. to 9.30 p.m., and is all too short for the learners, although possibly quite long enough for the teachers. We are really badly in want of some extra instructors, as it is now necessary for the pupils to be taken in two lots, so that about half of them have to wait while the others go through their evolution. We should very much like to be able to have all the learners dancing at once, as it would be so much more interesting for them. Will any ladies be so good as to volunteer?

\* \* \*

Corporal Moore, one of our expert mat-makers, is an old boxing man, and he is ready to challenge any non-sighted

man of any weight to a boxing contest for a purse, the winner to hand the purse over for the benefit of St. Dunstan's. Are there any offers? It is only fair to say that Corporal Moore weighs a good fourteen-stone and is extremely hard; but, of course, we do not want to alarm unnecessarily any sporting taker.

\* \* \*

A little type-written magazine, "La Trentaine," which is prepared at the Contract Department of the War Office, has some very kindly reference to St. Dunstan's in its November issue. It asks for boot repairing work for us, having seen our note on the subject, and it is also encouraging the sale of "Mascot" pin-cushions, which are made by its contributors for our benefit. All the profits from the sale of the magazine—which is a very bright and amusing little production—are also devoted to us. Miss Dunford, the editor, must please receive our grateful thanks.

\* \* \*

It will be seen in the report of our debates that some of our men would like to practise tandem bicycle riding. If any readers care to help in this matter they will confer a favour upon us. The Outer Circle will provide quite a good running track.

\* \* \*

Physical drill, which is held on four mornings of the week in the Braille Room, is going very well. Corporal Payne gives the orders clearly and well, and is popular with the participants. There is a good muster of the hardy for tea at quarter to seven, and the exercises last about half an hour. There is to be a



Display on Tuesday, December 12th, at 5.30, in the new Lounge Hall, to which everyone who is interested is cordially invited. It will be remembered that these displays last winter proved very popular.

\* \* \*

Sergeant-Major Bell, who was so successful as drill instructor last year, is taking the greatest interest in our physical drill, and we are hoping that he will manage to be present on the occasion of the coming Show. Sir Arthur Pearson will, of course, be present, and will deliver prizes to the men who acquit themselves best at the various exercises. There will be a musical accompaniment provided by Mr. R. K. Huskinson.

\* \* \*

Lord Beresford and Sir Gilbert Parker paid St. Dunstan's a visit early in the month and took a very close interest in everything that was going on. Sir Gilbert bought a copy of the REVIEW, and Lord Beresford chatted with the naval men. We were all pleased with their quick grasp of the various trades and studies.

\* \* \*

Madame Alys Bateman has been giving a series of afternoon concerts at the Æolian Hall in New Bond Street in aid of St. Dunstan's, where some very talented artistes have been appearing. The last one will take place on Saturday, January 27th, 1917, at 3 o'clock.

\* \* \*

We have received the following letter from Miss Evers:—

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

If you can spare me a wee space in your magazine I should so like to thank all those whom I did not see again before I left St. Dunstan's, for the beautiful little clock they so kindly gave me. I shall always love to

have it as a "Reminder" of the many friends I was so sorry to leave. My "bit" at St. Dunstan's has been a very happy one for me.

I hear the two sisters who chose the clock, had great difficulty in parting with it, and I don't blame them! it is a *Beauty*.

With all good wishes and very warm thanks to everyone.

Yours very sincerely,

GLADYS H. EVERS.

\* \* \*

On November 1st an Exhibition and Sale of St. Dunstan's Work was held in Chesham. It was opened by Lady Susan Trueman, and a short account of the way in which the men were trained was given by the Hon. Superintendent of St. Dunstan's (Mr. Rose), and was listened to with close attention. Afterwards there was a tea and concert, and the net result of the afternoon was a cheque for some £30 for the benefit of the Hostel. The credit for this little enterprise is due to Miss A. M. Mead, who managed everything in the most capable way.

\* \* \*

The supper to the small band of regular early morning lady coxons on the 1st of last month was a cheery little affair. An excellent meal was provided by Canuto's, and Sir Arthur Pearson sent a personal present of a brooch to each of the gallant nine with his grateful acknowledgments of the services they had rendered.

\* \* \*

We wish to express our deep sympathy with Corporal Biggadyke, now living at Boston, in the loss of his infant son, who died from brain fever on November 10th.

\* \* \*

Miss Ommancey has placed her house at Blackheath (No. 40, The Terrace) at the disposal of Sir Arthur Pearson as a



rest-home for St. Dunstan's. There will be 40 beds available, and the men who need a little recuperation will benefit much from the breeze of the famous Heath, which is close to the house. Miss (Commandant) Ommaney will preside over the house, which should prove a valuable addition to our comfort.

\* \* \*

Mr. Howard-Jones gave his choir and St. Dunstan's generally a little treat on November 21st, in the shape of a sing-song in the Lounge. The Choir, which is progressing very well, headed the singing, and gave potent evidence of the service that Mr. Jones is rendering to those who desire to learn a little of the theory of music. Those who are in the Choir know how much it adds to the enjoyment of singing to be able to produce their voices properly.

\* \* \*

The College Annexe is nearing completion, and the men who are to reside there will find a charming matron in Miss Power and a delightful companion in Mr. R. K. Huskinson. It ought to be a very happy abode.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Cooke-Smith, one of the Braille teachers, is a breezy lady, who has hit upon the pleasant habit of taking three or four men for a sharp walk down the Outer Circle before lesson time. Anyone who has seen Mrs. Cooke-Smith and her companions marching along at four miles an hour, all of them bubbling with laughter and enjoyment, will realise how much this kind of simple extra pleasure is appreciated.

\* \* \*

Miss Flint tells us that in the type-writing room the following men have passed their test: Bliss, Turner, King,

Herriot, Harris, Sessman, Chamberlain, Purchase, Foster, Davis, Vine, Lloyd, Moulard, Osmond. They all did exceedingly well.

\* \* \*

Richard Vine is learning the telephone business in our own private exchange. He gets our numbers for us, switches them on and disconnects them under the guiding hand of the lady telephonist in charge. He is becoming expert very rapidly, which is creditable both to himself and his instructor.

\* \* \*

The Rev. David Griffiths, Chaplain to the National Institute for the Blind for Wales and Yorkshire, paid us a visit on November 17th. Mr. Griffiths is himself blind, but he examined the work with the greatest manual care, and expressed pleasure at its excellence.

\* \* \*

At a concert at the Chiswick Empire, given in aid of St. Dunstan's early in November, Lady Pearson, who was in charge, received a surprise visit from the Queen of Portugal, who expressed herself as charmed with the programme and the work.

\* \* \*

We are all glad to hear that Lady Pearson's concerts are making splendid progress, and should benefit our funds quite a lot in the course of the year. She has a party of ten touring the country, of whom six are blind, and each day they give a concert in a different town. The party enjoy the life, and the work not only gives employment to the blind musicians, but also a happy and interesting life. Many blind musicians of importance are constantly applying to Lady Pearson to be permitted to join the parties, and, of course, she does all that she can for them. Apparently the great joy to them is that they are helping others who are similarly handicapped.



As many of the men in St. Dunstan's would like to make suggestions in regard to various matters, such as small alterations or other things that may appear to them to need attention, it has been agreed to have a "Suggestion Box" fixed in the hall, into which written proposals may be dropped. Every such communication will receive careful consideration.

\* \* \*

At a concert given at Brighton, at the New Road School, on Saturday, November 4th, William Girling, the Editor of this Magazine, was called upon to explain to the audience all that was happening at our Hostel. He did this in an excellent little speech, emphasising what each one of its inmates owes to Sir Arthur Pearson, whom he compared to a great general, who had overcome the fight for the blinded men of the war, helping them over all obstacles and placing each man on his feet. It was an excellent little oration, and we are proud of our Editor.

\* \* \*

Matron has been busily presenting and procuring badges of the different regimental colours, which have been given to all the men at the Hostel. These badges have the colours on the front and the battalion and regiment on the back, and they are worn on the coat above the regimental badge itself. They present quite a gay appearance.

\* \* \*

We have not yet had any mention of the big concert given by Mr. George Robey at the Alhambra on Sunday, October 29th. Mr. Robey, as the result of this entertainment and his exertions beforehand, was enabled to hand over a big cheque for the benefit of St. Dunstan's. Mr. Robey must be classed as one of our very good friends.

On Saturday, November 18th, one hundred of our men were entertained at the Comedy Theatre by the invitation of Captain Arthur Elliott. The stalls were reserved at the matinée, and at the end of the show the boys showed their appreciation by three hearty cheers. The afternoon proved a very enjoyable treat to all those who were present.

\* \* \*

Mr. Robert Stuart has recently delivered a series of lectures to the officers at Portland Place on his method of memorising facts and figures and, incidentally, of names, telephone numbers, and many other things. In a very short time Mr. Stuart proved that long lists of names and dates could be memorised with ease, and the officers who followed the course and intend to adopt the system are grateful to him for the opportunity afforded them of becoming acquainted with a subject which, besides being interesting, must be useful in everyday life. Everyone is sorry that Mr. Stuart has had to return to America.

\* \* \*

The great Fancy Fair at the Savoy Hotel, held by the Emergency Voluntary Aid Committee of the Empress Club, will this year divide the proceeds between Queen Mary's Convalescent Auxiliary Hospital and St. Dunstan's. Lady Pearson will be in charge of the stall displaying the work that is done by us; and among others who are helping are the Duchess of Rutland, Lady Diana Manners, the Countess of Portarlington, the Countess of Drogheda, Lady Tree, Lady Lever, Lady Nairn, Mrs. Lipscombe, Mrs. M. James Burn, and Miss Lily Elsie. The Fair will be held on December 6th, 7th, and 8th, and the price of admission has been fixed at 5s., including tea and light refreshments.



At the Brighton Pavilion an Exhibition was held early in November, and Miss Pearson arranged a show of St. Dunstan's work. Several prizes were awarded to us, the first being for a 7s. 6d. oak tray, the second for a bookcase, and various others for baskets. The makers of the articles, of course, received the prizes, which were in money.

\* \* \*

On Thursday, November 30th (that is last night), the Metropolitan Special Constabulary gave an Amateur Boxing Tournament at the Ring, Blackfriars Road. The boxing began at 7 o'clock, and some excellent events took place. The profits from the Tournament are to be divided between St. Dunstan's and the Metropolitan and City Police Orphanage, and it is understood that both will benefit to a considerable degree.

The new chapel on the lawn is approaching completion, and our Hon. Chaplain, the Rev. E. N. Sharp, has arranged a Consecration Service to take place on Thursday, December 14th. The Bishop of London will officiate. The time for the service will be 4 o'clock, and it will be followed by the confirmation of several St. Dunstan's men.

\* \* \*

We have received a letter from Sir Frederick Milner thanking the Committee for the resolution that they passed in recognition of the good work that he has done on behalf of our disabled soldiers. Sir Frederick adds that he will be glad to become a subscriber to the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW, at which we are much gratified.

## The St. Marylebone Fund

ON Monday, November 20th, a Carnival Ball was given at the Central Hall, Marylebone, in aid of the St. Marylebone Fund for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors. This was a wind-up to the various efforts made by the Mayor and the Committee for some time past to provide the necessary money to endow a new ward at St. Dunstan's. The Mayor, Mr. Fettes, in the course of the evening, made an interesting speech, explaining the work that had been done and the excellent efforts of everyone concerned, including Captain Harry Turner, Mr. Charles Pannell, Mr. P. O'Connell, and many others. In handing over the cheque for a large amount to the Hon. Superintendent of St. Dunstan's, he

explained that this was only a first instalment and that more was to come. Mr. Rose, in reply, said how sorry Sir Arthur Pearson was not to be able to present himself, and that he sent his warmest thanks and congratulations to all concerned for their splendid work. He pointed out that the Hostel is now giving accommodation to 237 officers and men, 100 were in hospital awaiting admittance, and that 150 had had their education completed and were started in business for themselves and doing well. The Carnival Ball was evidently a great success, many pretty costumes being in evidence, and dancing was continued until 3 o'clock in the morning.



## Notes from the North

DURING the last month, with heavy rain falling incessantly, the country has been more or less under water; but the St. Dunstan's spirit has risen above it all, no one has grumbled, and the boys have been very cheerful.

W. Kirby is settling down happily at his home in Millom, Cumberland. T. W. Groves, at Fleetwood, is better in health than he was, though not strong yet, and is hoping to get on with his carpentry. J. W. Kerr, at Widnes, gets many mat orders, and hopes to be married before Christmas. T. Devlin, St. Helens, and J. Orrell, at Wigan, are both flourishing; while G. Adams has attained his heart's desire, and found a house quite in the country, two miles from a station, in a pretty neighbourhood, where he has several orders for work. R. Sweeting, at Rochdale, hopes to do well with mats. T. Thorpe, at Darwen, has just moved into a new house, where he is near his poultry, and is getting on well.

T. Eaton, at Nelson, and S. Catlow, who has been able to find a house in the same street, are busy with their fowls, and hoping for a good time later. G. Lilley, at Unsworth, is another hard worker, getting on well with his fowls. So is D. Melling, at Clayton, though he expects to find a better ground for his poultry after Christmas. W. C. Halls

does very well with his boot repairs and mats, and has quite settled into his new shop. P. Brundrett has unfortunately had much sickness in his home, but hopes now that things are looking brighter to be able to go ahead with his mats again. G. McNally does well with bags, also T. Allan, at Leigh; while J. Rutter is also kept busy with boot repairs. J. Spinks, at Ashton, flourishes and does well with mats. W. Gordon, at Oldham, finds plenty of work.

A. J. Boeking has taken a nice house in Oldham, and by the time this is in print will have settled in with his wife. He has received many presents and congratulations. D. Makin, Wallsend-on-Tyne, has an ideal spot for his poultry, open to the sun and with a brook running at the foot of the slope; but, alas! water rats have found their way in, with sad results; otherwise he is well.

C. Temperton, Hull, hopes to take up telephony; and P. Featherstone is another fortunate individual, who has a delightful "cottage in the country," where he is sure to do well. J. T. Lath, at Sheffield, expects to get on better still when he moves into another house and shop, which he hopes to do soon. T. Milward, Leeds, is also "settling in," looking forward to plenty of work; and A. Holmes has moved back to Ilkley, where he hopes his fowls will do well.

—M. E. S.

Sister: "Why didn't you make your bed?"

Early Riser: "I did have it made, sister, but one of these new chaps mistook it for his necktie and tied a whole bunch of knots in it."

By a regrettable oversight, the fact that Charles Warner Wise passed his typewriting test in July has not been recorded in these pages. The fact that there was no August issue may have had something to do with this omission.



## November Debates

THE first meeting of the month was devoted to a discussion on "What are the best Hobbies and Amusements for the Blind?" This was not a fresh subject, but as there are now so many new men with us, it was deemed a suitable time to renew it. Mr. R. F. Wright opened the debate, and it led to some very interesting suggestions and some excellent speeches. The chief point brought out that was at all novel was the desire for tandem-cycling. This cannot obviously be enjoyed unless there is a sighted partner, and we should be glad if any readers who can procure machines, and who are willing to help the men in this way, would let us know. There were many other suggestions, among the most likely being elocution, toy-making, detection of sound, physical culture, angling, music, canary breeding, and book-binding. It was quite evident with so many possible hobbies that there was no occasion for a blind man ever to have a moment's dulness.

On November 9th there was a very animated debate upon "Should Field Punishment No. 1 be Abolished?" This was opened by Sergeant Harris, who made a vigorous speech in favour of retention. Private Hindley, who admitted that he had undergone this punishment for a trivial offence, was keenly opposed to it; and excellent speeches, both for and against, were made by Messrs. Nicholas, McLean, Raylor, R. F. Wright, Vine, Collins, Sims, Johns (another victim), Marshall, and Harris Turner. It should be said here that Mr. Turner's remarks are always worth hearing. They are terse, witty, and to the point, and invariably help to lift the discussions. Our old friend Boteler enlivened the proceedings, to the delight of his listeners, and it is perhaps no exaggeration to say that no

speaker is listened to with greater appreciation. The result of the debate was a big majority in favour of the abolishment of this particular punishment, except where it may be an alternative to the death penalty.

At the third meeting of the month the subject was "Should all men on Active Service be given the Vote?" This was an interesting discussion and produced some good speeches. The Australian, Harry Green, opened the debate in a clear and lucid speech, and he was followed by Messrs. Curtiss-Wilson, Cope, Raylor, Jones, Harris, Collins, McLean, Girling, Vine, and Boteler. The level of the discussion was quite a high one, and the subject was dealt with on a broad and intelligent level, which was encouraging to everybody concerned in the promotion of the debate. The majority was in favour of votes being given, but there was a good minority, as the difficulties in the way of collecting such votes was fully recognised.

The last two debates of the month were upon "The Best Way of Getting the Men to Speak," and suggestions for an alternative penalty to Field Punishment No. 1. The former was opened by Private G. E. Jones and the latter by Sergeant-Major Cope. Both of them produced lively and interesting discussions.

### The Plague.

First Newcomer: "Say, Bill, what's this 'ere Brale?"

Second Newcomer: "Well, they give us a book as is taken bad with measles, and yer have to feel it all over and get it right."



## After-Care Notes

JACK ORRELL tells us that he is getting on very well with his boots and mat-making. He had orders for thirty mats in hand at the end of October, so, as he says, "You can see I have plenty of work to get on with."

\* \* \*

F. Fleetwood, who will be remembered for his excellent physical drilling and his ability in playing the bugle, has received an order to fit out two ships with mats. He is also doing well with string bags, but finds that his hens are not laying very well at present. This, however, is a common complaint at this season of the year, and is nothing to be surprised at.

\* \* \*

Thomas Thorpe, one of the tallest and biggest men that we have had, writes to the Editor that he finds plenty to do with his mats and poultry farming, and he is "thankful that he has learned such useful work." He has decided "to keep on smiling and make the very best of things." This is the right spirit—but we all do it at St. Dunstan's.

\* \* \*

The past month has been an eventful one in the After-Care Department. The large number of men going out to start life again under new conditions has necessitated a rearrangement of the work, with the result that the settlement of the men is now managed by Mr. H. D. Black. The After-Care Department work begins when the men are settled and is being carried on as before.

\* \* \*

The weather, too, has been an important feature in this month's work. On all sides the poultry farmers have suffered by it. From Lancashire one

writes: "We have had a terrible downfall of rain this last fortnight and have nearly been washed out. The poultry have been up to their necks in water, and I think by this time should have learned to swim." From Essex, where the weather culminated in a whirlwind, Letch writes: "As no doubt you have heard there have been some very bad gales down this way. About half-past two this morning it blew a terrible gale, and it has blown all my laying sheds to pieces, and I fear it has broken the best part of both of them and smashed some of the glass. It seemed to me as if there had been an earthquake or a Zeppelin raid." Lingard, who was really in the centre of the storm, came off more lightly, for he writes: "I have repaired all the damage done by the recent whirlwind," so I conclude he was not so badly hit. Some of our poultry farmers are turning their attention to keeping pigs and rabbits, and no doubt will make a good thing of it.

\* \* \*

In spite of all this Mr. J. Thomson-Brown, our expert visitor in poultry keeping, is able to report: "I have gone carefully over the poultry reports for October which have come in lately from those men I have already visited. I notice a number of the men complain of the bad state their ground is in owing to the recent heavy rains, but there seems to be a slight improvement in egg production. I have no doubt after we get floors fitted to the houses, and the men are able to confine their birds during wet and stormy weather, that there will be a further improvement all round. I am hurrying on with the floors."

\* \* \*

Yet it is an ill wind that blows no one good. From the boot repairers we hear





the welcome news that the recent heavy rains have increased orders. One writes: "The wet weather has brought in a pile of work."

The basket-makers have had no lack of work, and some of them are trying new shapes and models with success. Cheerful news has also been received

from Ireland. Our friend Moon, at Cork, writes: "I am getting orders rapidly, and I wish I had another pair of hands so as to be able to get through the work." This statement is borne out by a friend who lately visited him and found him hard at work. From Dublin also we hear that Goodison is kept busy with his netting.  
—T. H. M.

## Braille Room Notes.

LAST month proved an unusually busy one, and we were glad to welcome many newcomers to the Braille Room.

The Stainsby Wayne Braille typewriters are now being delivered, which will be good news for the old boys, who have been wanting them for some time. We have received forty this week, ten of which we must keep for use at St. Dunstan's to allow for the increasing number of Braillists; the other thirty are on their way to the men whose names are first on the list.

The girls of St. Pancras School, Lancing Street, have given us a delightful present of books, consisting of several copies of the following: "The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard," by Conan Doyle; "The Chronicles of Don Q," by K. and Hesketh Pritchard; "Adventures of Captain Kettle," by Cutcliffe Hyne; "Dr. Nikola," by Guy Boothby.

One of our men volunteered to type a letter to express our gratitude, and he has just received the following reply:—

OUR DEAR SOLDIER FRIENDS,

We have been so proud to be able to do one little thing more for our sailors and soldiers. You say you look on blindness as

a handicap. 'Tis good to know that it is always the best man who is most handicapped.

We just wish you and all the St. Dunstan's boys health and strength to go on in your new sphere of life.

Thanking you for what you have done for us.

We are, sincerely yours,

ST. PANCRAS FRIENDS.

Four short stories are now being stereotyped in interlined Braille, and we hope they will be published by the time this appears in print. One is taken from the "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," and another from Hornung's "Stingaree." They will be half the ordinary book size (like the *Times* broadsheets), and I can recommend them as excellent companions for the Christmas holidays.

We congratulate the following men on having passed their tests:—

Reading Test.—Robinson, Crane, Hodkin, and Waldin.

Writing Test.—Smith ii., Toft, and Corporal King.

The following have sent in their papers, but have not yet heard the result: Gray, Crane, Robinson, Glew, and Sergeant Dennison.  
—D. P.



## The Braille Writing Test.

"WELL, and are you prepared to take your writing test?"

With these words the Braille teacher addresses her pupil, knowing too well that he has not the pluck to answer her "Nay."

Everything is accordingly settled, and on the fatal Monday morning the paper arrives, and amid much trembling on the part of both teacher and taught it is opened.

As a preliminary move the teacher slowly and deliberately reads through that terrible paper. Having gone through this performance, both settle down to "dot four W."

First there is the heading, which must be absolutely in the centre. After having wasted about a dozen sheets of paper on this heading and at last managing to get it right, both "carry on" to the script of the piece. Gaily the dots are knocked into the paper for about half a line, and the writer begins to pride himself that "It's not so bad after all." But what is that cry of

despair arising from behind a heap of waste paper? It is only the poor misguided youth seated before the dot-making machine dismally repeating to himself, like one possessed, "An I for an E," "An E for an I." Gamedly he struggles on; rewriting for small slips, such as a missed space, or perhaps because he has introduced a letter of his own and is afterwards not satisfied that the examiners would like the look of it. It may seem foolish, but rewriting is essential in a Braille test. "I've had some, so I know," as our friend Sam sings.

At last, however, after having wasted about a hundredweight of paper, the terrible test is finished as far as the pupil is concerned. It is sent in, and the trembling fellow awaits the verdict of his Tribunal. Is it to be "Total Exemption" or "Braille on?"

Oh, comrades! take the advice of one who has "had some." Take the Braille writing test as a writing test, and not as a wrist exercise.

Leslie King.

## Poultry Notes

WE have to correct an error made in these notes last month. It was stated that Mr. Edward Brown examined the poultry students in Artificial Incubation, and that the maximum of possible marks was fixed at thirty. This should have been twenty, so that Collins, who came out first with eighteen, was within two marks of the best possible. We regret the error, which we hasten to amend at the earliest opportunity.

A new poultry instructor having been found necessary owing to the ever-growing applicants, Mr. John Neville has been appointed as an assistant to Mr. John Playfoot.

Mr. Will Hooley, F.Z.S., the well-known poultry expert, judge, and journalist, gave a lecture on November 2nd to all the students. He proved a very interesting talker; but what was perhaps most appreciated was the permission that he gave to question him.



Many of the learners bombarded him with questions on all possible points, and from his ready and well-informed answers attained much information of the greatest service to them. It is the intention of Miss Lawrence and Mr. Playfoot to induce other experts to give lectures from time to time.

A first course Poultry Examination was held on November 9th and 10th by Mr. Clem Watson, the well-known poultry expert. He told us that most of the students evinced a keen interest in the work and seemed to have a good general idea of the subject, which reflected great credit upon the tuition. The maximum number of marks was 50, and the results were that Sergeant-Major Cope came out top with 49, while Captain Walker was second with 48. The third place was tied for by Johns and Colling with 43 each. The others were as follows: Sims and Murray 42 each, Cobble and Chamberlain 39, Moulard and McLean 36, Boyter 34, Shaw 28, Pell 27, Cole 25, and Hayes 24.

Mr. Watson also conducted examinations of sixteen of the advanced students on November 16th, 17th, and 18th. This went more deeply into questions such as artificial and natural hatching, artificial and natural rearing, preparation of table poultry, and so on. The results were regarded by him as most satisfactory.

The advanced class under Mr. Playfoot has been carefully studying the business side of poultry keeping, while Mr. Wale still discourses on incubators. Sergeant Jones assists both with instruction and general work on the farm. In fact the teaching is now conducted on lines which cover all branches with, we hope, completeness.

The joinery class has been busy as usual. They are responsible for the fine new duck-house, where the ducks are

now installed in great comfort; also for the dust bath boxes with which the St. Dunstan's hens are now equipped; and chicken runs have been constructed in preparation for extended chicken-rearing operations next spring. Many coops, feeding troughs, etc., have also been completed.

Mr. W. P. Cardew kindly presented a pair of Croad Langshans—handsome black birds with feathered legs. A gift of twelve pure and cross-bred faverolle pullets and a Rhode Island red cockerel was also received from Mrs. George Hicks.

The St. Dunstan's Farm has now acquired a fine pen of the popular Light Sussex, which rival the Columbian wyandottes. Besides the above first-class birds, the poultry farm also possesses one pen of Carn's noted white wyandottes and another of that well-known breeder's white leghorns.

On Friday afternoon, November 17th, a party of over twenty of the advanced poultry farmers visited Liverpool Street Station, where the Egg and Poultry Demonstration Train was on view after its tour through the Eastern Counties. Though arriving soon after 2 o'clock, the flight of steps leading down to the platform was already densely crowded, and one member of our party made the helpful suggestion that we might rush the barricade. However, the crowd moved along before it became necessary to carry out this proposal.

For the benefit of those who have never come across an egg and poultry train, it may be described as a long corridor formed of several carriages, fitted with tables along one side, on which are ranged model hen houses, food samples, and many other objects of interest pertaining to poultry.

Mr. Edward Brown, F.L.S., who has several times visited the St. Dunstan's



Poultry Farm, was in charge of the Demonstration. As soon as he became aware that a party of St. Dunstan's visitors had arrived he received us most kindly, and gave us all possible facilities for examining the various poultry wares.

The first car contained a large selection of beautifully made model houses of various types—hen's doll's houses, somebody called them. We could all have spent a long time over them, but there was more ground to cover, and we had to "move along." The foster-mothers, different from those on the St. Dunstan's Farm, the many patterns of egg boxes, the egg barometers, and the egg testing section were among other points of interest which Mr. Brown and certain members of the Demonstration kindly showed us.

Finally we detrained at the farther end of the platform, and made our way out past a long queue of anxiously waiting people, who were hardly likely to be as fortunate as we were in being allowed to

linger on our way through the exhibition.

Some of us wished that we could have brought a few of those very attractive little model houses "way back" to the St. Dunstan's Farm, where they might have been planted in the classrooms and received our more critical examination.

The train sets out on its travels again ere long, and may it have a successful journey.

Mr. Clem Watson examined the second course men on November 16th and 18th. He said in his report that the knowledge displayed by the men was most excellent; that they had a grasp of things required to be done, and showed fairly clear ideas of how to do them, all of which he considered "reflected the highest credit upon the instructors." The maximum of marks was 100, and the men came out as follows: Curtiss-Wilson 97, Jerome 88, Price 86, Latham 84, Foster 84, Millar 82, Ferguson 82, Dowson 82, Stewart 81, Johnson 81, Leeman 80, Marshall 79, Stamper 78, Hulme 74, Roddy 68, Veal 63.

## Proposed Poultry Development

THERE is no more popular section of instruction in St. Dunstan's at the moment than the Country Life Department, and none perhaps which offers such a wide field for development, though perhaps I am prejudiced in this respect through being a poultry farmer myself. I am sure, however, that its progress is being watched with increasing interest by many outside folk, who see in its success a step in the right direction towards the solution of the nation's food supply. Our men are particularly well served by their present instructors, and every one who passes through their capable hands is well

qualified to enter into his new life in competition with his sighted fellows.

Kceness is the keynote of our farmers, and to foster that spirit, and to encourage them to take pride in their calling, I would suggest that a poultry club be formed amongst those who have received their training in the Hostel. It is, of course, very difficult for our boys to be able to define correctly the various dominant show features of the breeds they keep, and it may frequently occur that a particularly fine specimen may be in the flock of one of them without the owner being aware of the prize he possesses. All our students leave here



with the makings of really first class stocks, and it seems to me to be quite practicable to form a club, and to arrange that an annual show be held to which the boys could send their favourite birds to compete with their fellow-students on equal lines.

Our very good friends, Mr. Playfoot, Mr. Thomson-Brown, and others, would be only too pleased, I am sure, to act as judges at such an exhibition, which would be to them a source of particular interest as showing the fruits of their labours. Prizes could be awarded, made up from the entrance fees which would be charged for entry into each class, and one of the greatest benefits would be that the boys who possessed really first-class birds would have the experience of

our tutors to guide them with regard to showing them in the ordinary poultry shows throughout the country.

With the number of pupils who have passed and who will pass through this course of instruction a really strong membership ought to be obtained, and all will see what great benefit it would be to be able to exchange ideas and to place our own particular experiences at the disposal of our fellow-members. The interchange of sittings of eggs and of stock cockerels, the building up of breeds, and similar aids to our mutual progress, suggest themselves as useful offshoots of the show idea; but I leave the suggestion in the hands of my readers and await with interest their views on the subject. —C.W.

## Workshop Gossip

THE most important news in the Workshop last month was that further extension was necessary, owing to the growth of both the Boot and Joinery Departments. When this extension is completed the shop will be just double the size that it was before the summer holidays. We are hoping now that this will be large enough to accommodate all claims that are likely to be made upon it.

One of the first changes resulting from this extension is that a new and very direct path has been made from the main building to the Workshop. The men can now come nearly straight from the house to their jobs without any of the winding paths and sharp turns which before were apt to puzzle newcomers.

In regard to joinery, this section,

which was somewhat inactive for a time, has now blossomed out into considerable life, so much so that all the instructors (of whom there are now three) are busy both morning and afternoon with their pupils. Some exceedingly good work is being turned out, and special mention ought to be made of a large table for the Basket Section which was the sole work of Sergeant Harris. Not only was it first-class work, but it was almost the first job that he took up, and the result is satisfactory in every way.

The enormous demand for oak trays and picture frames is straining the resources of both the men who work here and those who have settled down for themselves. It looks as if we really cannot make enough of these trays to supply the demand, for no sooner do we accumulate half a dozen or so than they



are immediately bought by visitors. Nor is this to be wondered at, for when the perfect way in which these oak trays are made is borne in mind, both with and without handles, they form very attractive presents.

Things are moving apace in the Mat Department, as Westward, the chief instructor, tells us that he has orders in hand sufficient to last him three months. Among these orders may be mentioned one from Messrs. Furness, Withy & Co., the well-known shipowners, for one hundred mats for their liners. These have for the most part been given out to the men who have started for themselves, so that the whole order will it is expected be completed in about a fortnight.

It was with great regret that Sir Arthur Pearson had to refuse a large order for £200 worth of goods for America. But it was found quite impossible to deal with this and with the number of orders for sales of all kinds that are now coming in. The approach of Christmas naturally increases the demands of those who are organising bazaars and sales of work, and many of these are good enough to think that the work of the men of St. Dunstan's will prove an added attraction.

There is, however, one point that customers are apt to overlook, which is that the Workshop is a school and not a shop at all. It is where the men are learning their jobs, and naturally they do not want to make too many of the same kind of article. They wish to acquire the knack of perfecting several articles, so that when they have learnt one they can go on to something else. Buyers seeing a particular basket or tray or mat that they like wish to continue to give orders for the same thing. Their demands can be supplied only by the men who have left us and started

work on their own account. Really the best way for people who want £2 or £3 worth of goods that we make is to give us an open order to send them such an assortment as we have in stock. If they would do this they would never be disappointed, and would not run the risk of forcing the men to continue making articles which they have already fully learned to produce.

Thanks to the paragraph inserted in last month's issue we have received a great many orders for boot repairing, so that all the men employed in this section are now full of work. We are greatly obliged for the response to our paragraph, and are pleased to find that the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW has such a large circle of useful readers.

We were a good deal troubled in the early days of November by the Lighting Order, which made it necessary for us to cease all kinds of work at 5 o'clock. Although the official hour for stopping work is 4.30, there are always several keen workers who wish to continue. The difficulty of getting material for the blinds kept us in a state of unsettlement for several weeks, but at length the day arrived when the blinds were forthcoming, and now the learners can stick to their jobs as long as they like.

The demand for baskets just now is extremely great, as may be gathered from the foregoing paragraphs; but fortunately so many of the old boys are working at them at their places of business that we never find our stock running too low. George Brown and Martin Lane are two of our chief stand-bys, each of them supplying us with from twenty-five to thirty baskets a week, while the output in the shop is now considerable. As we have pointed out on one or two previous occasions, there is quite a lot of money to be made both from cane and willow baskets.



Maurice Colle, the Belgian, who learned both baskets and mat-making with us, returned at the end of November for a few weeks' instruction in boots. It is very gratifying to know that the Belgians who have been here are doing so well that they have thought it

advisable to remain in England and sacrifice their pensions rather than return to claim them. It is after all better for the men to be self-supporting where possible, and the independence shown by these young Belgians is greatly to their credit.

## Our Entertainments

"SHUT up!" For a moment there was silence. Once more the injunction was heard, and a mighty cheer broke forth from about two hundred throats, for this time it was realised that Mr. George Robey was in this way announcing his arrival.

For half an hour Mr. Robey and "Old Violet Lorraine," as he called her, rendered some "Bing Boys'" populars, which, of course, brought forth prolonged applause.

Then Mr. Robey described what had been done in connection with his wonderful entertainment at the Alhambra the previous night, and Sir Arthur Pearson thanked him on behalf of everybody. More cheers from the audience arose at this point, and even little Tip, the fox terrier, set up a howl of delight when he heard the splendid news.

Miss Clarice Mayne and "That" gave the boys a delightful quarter of an hour, and as Miss Florence Shee and her party followed, it can be described as a first-class evening.

\* \* \*

A merry evening was provided by the A.S.C., Short's Gardens Depôt. Messrs. Sam Mayo, "Kilbey," and Albert provoked screams of laughter, and sometimes tears of laughter.

The entertainment was the outcome of a cricket match at Walthamstow on August 26th between the A.S.C. Depôt

and the Associated Equipment Company.

Major Dickenson was present on behalf of Colonel Brander, and handed a cheque for £175 to Sir Arthur Pearson for the After-Care branch of the work in connection with St. Dunstan's. He also gave a cheque for £150 to the Secretary of the Variety Artistes' Benevolent Society. These two amounts represented the profits realised by the cricket match. Therefore, as I said at the beginning of the paragraph, it was a merry evening, and everybody was in the best of spirits.

\* \* \*

The Wayford Industrial School Band gave an interesting performance when they visited us. The band was composed of boys all under 14½ years of age, who in due course are drafted into military bands. This fact added to the interest displayed by those who heard them.

\* \* \*

It was a happy thought of Mr. Miller to bring with him Madame Gleeson White when the band of the 1st Life Guards paid us a visit on Lord Mayor's Day. The boys so much appreciate everything the band renders that they begrudge missing any single item; but when Madame Gleeson White commenced they realised they would be compensated for anything they missed in the way of instrumental music.

Twelve o'clock Thursday is a time



looked forward to now, and it will be a sad day if anything happens to prevent a band coming to us any week. The three cheers given at the end for Mr. Miller and the members of his band will, I think, be remembered by them for a long time.

\* \* \*

I shall be glad if helpers and visitors will please remember that it is rather disquieting to the bandmaster and his men when groups stand just behind him conversing in unmodulated voices. Particularly is this so when soft pieces are being performed.

\* \* \*

Mr. Charles Coborn's party the same evening was tip-top. Of course, he rendered "The Bank of Monte Carlo" and "Two Lovely Black Eyes," much to the joy of the boys, who delight in a chorus. There was general astonishment and conjecture when Miss Mabel Mavis announced that she was about to play the Hydrodaktulopsychich-Armonica, or in other words, as Mr. George Robey would say, musical glasses. Extraordinary as it may seem nobody appeared to know the meaning of the word until it was explained!

\* \* \*

It was a very foggy night when Mr. Cecil Bevan came along with his friends. Some of them got lost in the fog, but we had a pleasant evening for all that. I don't wonder they got lost, for I found myself making W's from one side of the road to the other when I left for the night, and I can assure you it wasn't because of anything I had taken before starting out.

\* \* \*

"House Full" should have been placed outside the lounge on the occasion of the Misses Esmé and Vera

Beringer's visit. But there were no boards bearing the legend so beloved of theatre managers, and so there was standing room only for many who came in to listen to the splendid variety programme which they provided.

It was remarked that when the history of St. Dunstan's is written they deserve a special page devoted to them for the many delightful hours they have given us. I wonder if they will get it. And if so, who of us will be left to write it. Sounds a bit pessimistic, doesn't it? But I don't mean it that way.

\* \* \*

The printer says he cannot wait for notes dealing with entertainments arranged by Mr. Erroll Sherson, Messrs. William Whiteley, and Madam Sobrina. The visit of the Huddersfield Madrigal Society will be dealt with next month.

\* \* \*

Here is the programme for December: Monday, 4th.—Madam Ada Davis. Thursday, 7th.—Miss Gambogi. Monday, 11th.—Miss Lloyd-Jones. Thursday, 14th.—Messrs. Wm. Whiteley. Monday, 18th.—Mrs. Coleridge Taylor.

I hear that Miss Carrie Tubb has promised to be present on the last-named date.

—E.K.

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While on the matter of entertainments, I should like to tell you something of the efforts made on your behalf by Mrs. Turnbull, who gives a most interesting lecture on St. Dunstan's, illustrated by lantern slides. Mr. Turnbull has been of great help to us in the poultry section, and Mrs. Turnbull has thoroughly familiarised herself with the work-a-day life of St. Dunstan's. Her lecture is much in demand and is greatly appreciated wherever it is given.

—C.A.P.



## Our First Naval Wedding

ON Saturday, November 11th, the first naval wedding from St. Dunstan's took place. Alfred Back was married to Miss Kitty Titmouse, and a very striking affair it was. A guard of honour of bluejackets from H.M.S. *Spanker*, under the command of Captain Corbyn, provided a triumphal arch with their cutlasses from the church to the motor, and then hauled the happy pair back to St. Dunstan's by ropes. Flowers bedecked the motor, and "Jackie," as everybody here calls him, beamed happily in full uniform by the side of his pretty bride.

Matron had made all the arrangements with great care and foresight, and everything went without a hitch. Our Hon. Chaplain, the Rev. E. N. Sharpe, performed the ceremony, and it was unanimously pronounced one of the

prettiest marriages that had ever been seen at Holy Trinity Church. An appetising spread was provided at St. Dunstan's for 11.15, and when "Jackie" rose to respond to the health of the bride and bridegroom the bluejackets burst lustily into singing "Every Nice Girl Loves a Sailor." The cake was cut by the bride with a ship's cutlass, and many jovial speeches were made. The wedded pair left by motor shortly after 12 o'clock to spend the honeymoon at Brighton. Congratulatory telegrams were received from Sir Arthur Pearson, Commandant Ommancey, and many private friends. It was one of the jolliest weddings that we have yet had, and "Jackie"—who is one of our best workers at mats and boots—took everybody's hearty good wishes with him for a long and happy life.

## November Departures

OUR old friend Lionel Green has gone, and we all miss him, for he had been with us a long time. He was an excellent fellow, who suffered a good deal at one time from the after effects of his wounds (he was an artilleryman, who was blown up with his gun, the sole survivor of his battery), and he had to give up massage and take to basket-making, at which he became very proficient.

Sergeant Lomas, an excellent worker at boots and mats, has now started for himself; and Sergeant Selby having mastered poultry farming and joinery is beginning his new life.

Hicks, one of our very best shoe repairers, a quiet and decent fellow; Shimmers, who was for ever working overtime at his mats and baskets; A. Smith, an excellent boot repairer and

mat-maker (at the latter he greatly excelled); and W. H. Minchin, one of our cleverest basket-makers, have all gone. We shall miss each one of them.

Arthur Brown, the one-armed poultryman, who was generally liked and popular, is widely regretted; while Herriot, another careful poultry student, hailing from Scotland, has settled down in Colwyn Bay. And last we have to chronicle the departure of R. Graves, a quiet and studious young man, who distinguished himself at massage, and is sure to do honour to us and to himself.

St. Dunstan's give best wishes and hearty thanks to all of these for their thoughtful conduct throughout their stay with us and their general habit of making the very best of things. Good luck to them all!



## A Good Suggestion

Sergeant Curtiss-Wilson sends us the following note, which we print with pleasure:—

"I would suggest as a solution of the difficulty at present experienced in the care of overcoats, hats, etc., that a cloakroom similar to those at theatres and clubs be erected in the main building. The present boot-room might prove suitable with very little alteration. It should be all enclosed with a large window and counter, over which the articles would be passed to an attendant (a Scout could well manage it), and the attendant would place these articles in a

numbered locker or hang them on a numbered peg. Every man on arrival would be allotted a number, and the procedure would be that the man would call out his number when handing the goods over, and call the same number when asking for them again. This would avoid the inconvenience of discovering when going for one's overcoat that another man had mistaken it for his and gone out with it. All parcels, sticks, musical instruments, etc., could be dealt with in this way, and losses would be thereby reduced to a minimum."

## The Best Way of Advertising

NOTICE in the November number of ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW that this was one of the discussions for a debate recently, and as an old boy, who has been in business since February last, perhaps a word or two from me may prove helpful on the subject, and I hope it may prove of some use to those about to leave and set up in business for themselves.

The ideas put forward are all very good, but to stick to one thing is as bad as nothing at all, and one must always be on the outlook for fresh ideas that will attract and draw the attention of the crowd.

As a picture-framer I will deal with the matter from my own point of view, and as fitting the business I have taken up. It must be understood that different trades must be treated differently; and because a basket-maker is going to make things hum on one advertising scheme, it is not going to follow that it would suit a boot repairer; so what I say will

be all from my own point, and from what little experience I have gained since I have been here.

The first essential to good advertisement is a good position, and a few extra pounds in rent is going to be of full value to get it. A small window is better than a big one, the reasons for which I will give. If possible get next door to a big firm, such as Boot's, Lipton's, Home and Colonial, for they are always doing business, or they would not be there, and to get next to them is always sure to bring a good trade. The rent, of course, will be high; but I think in the long run it is worth it, especially if a good class side line is run with the picture-framing.

A shop window is a good advertiser, and for this reason I chose a small one, as it is much better to have one that you can fill and make look nice than one which takes too much to fill. To-day I have got nearly ten pounds worth of goods in my window, and it does not



look full, and it is always spoiling, and naturally in the small way that I am in it is a big debit and a handicap.

The window should be made attractive, and a constant change should be kept up. With a small window this can be done much better than with a large one. Never keep one article in long, for it will grow stale and naturally the people will soon get tired of looking at it. Besides it does not give sign of trade, and you must always strive to look busy even if you are not. Keep the windows clean. There again the small window has the advantage. I myself change my window once a week. Had I a smaller one I should do it twice. Sometimes I have it full, and sometimes I only put one good article in, but I always insist upon change. I find the less there is in the window the more attractive it is.

Undoubtedly a great help to good advertising is good workmanship, and one must always strive to keep up the standard, though this is hard, especially where woodwork is concerned, for it varies so much in its working qualities that you never get two pieces alike; and the prettiest wood is almost always the hardest to get up. Nevertheless, one must always strive to keep work up to top pitch, and more advertising can be done in this way than by all the papers in the kingdom.

Another good way is to get in touch with some influential people, for a friend gained in that way will do much to bring trade to your door, especially when he knows that you are handicapped by doing

## My First Dance

ONE Friday night, together with my partner, I entered the dancing room at St. Dunstan's. I may say that I had previously told my partner that my experience of dancing only consisted of watching others in the past,

your bit for the old country. Another way is to mix with the social side in the parish you are in, and get well known in that way. There are always social evenings, and such like, and a visit or two there is never lost.

I think these are the main essentials; but there is always something you can do to brighten up your advertising schemes, and one must be on the watch for it and take advantage of it when it comes along.

Never be afraid to give a good article in exchange for one that has a flaw when the customer brings it back to point out to you, and which you yourself have inadvertently missed. It will not only disappoint the customer if you do not, but it will get spread abroad, and bad news always runs faster than good.

The idea of exhibitions would certainly be an excellent idea, as it would bring the blind, and the work done by the blind, into more prominence, and not a tenth of the population of the country knows what a blind man can do for a living. London has had several exhibitions in that way helped by St. Dunstan's, and I think it could well be followed in the provinces. If any reader or readers would care to go further with this idea, I would willingly lend a hand to perfect a scheme to hold exhibitions in different parts of the country.

Let me wish all those who are starting in business every success, and I hope they will find one or two of the tips given here beneficial in some way or other.

—William Pettitt.

and that most probably I should prove myself a very clumsy partner; but like a brick she said that she was prepared to run the risks of my clumsiness, and do all in her power to teach me.

We commenced with a waltz, in which



I must congratulate my partner on the skilful manner in which she steered me through what seemed to my inexperienced mind a regular sea of humanity, and beneath thousands of feet, which seemed to get in my way at every swaying turn. I cannot describe my feelings on this first attempt, but I felt rather embarrassed, imagining that many eyes were watching my none too graceful turnings. However, I escaped without tripping any poor unfortunate couple up, and for my efforts I received the praise of my partner, who seemed fairly satisfied with the progress of her pupil.

It was some time after this, when I had cooled down a little, that I tried again. This time a kind sister offered to risk herself with me, and full of confidence I commenced to dance, and within a few seconds I was going round first-class; and it was this waltz which gave me the courage to say that I would risk a waltz anywhere.

Later on, a little against my will, I was enticed by a sister to attempt the Military Two-step, and within a short time I wished I had not, for my difficulties increased greatly. I remember that sister's instructions as to taking two steps forward with the right foot, and then repeat the action with the other foot, and it seemed to me that it was necessary to mix a little of waltzing in the evolutions. The sister persevered, and consoled me by saying that everyone had to learn, but I had to give in, and I decided to specialise on my great achievement of waltzing.

Despite all the reverses and bumps which I experienced on my first dance night, I am convinced that no finer form of sport is to be found, and that with time and perseverance I shall be able to do my best at all kind of dances, and I am full of enthusiasm, and can recommend any of my friends to take this up if they are looking for a very enjoyable way of spending their evening.

—W. Girling.

## Over the Telephone

HELLO! Is that St. Dunstan's?"

"Yes. What is it?"

"Have you a chap by the name of Simpson or Bennett, or something like that?"

"No; I do not think we have anyone with a name like that."

"Well, that may not have been his name; but this chap was in the Coldstream Guards or the Cheshire Regiment."

"We have no men from either of these regiments, I'm afraid, but we have some Royal Artillery men here. How would they do?"

"But the man I mean used to work for Lipton's Tea at Cardiff."

"Are you sure that the man who want is here?"

"Well, I'm almost sure."

"Did he lose his eyesight?"

"Yes, I think he lost the sight of one eye; I'm sure that he lost a leg, and he may have a scar on his back. I'll tell you how you'll know him: his brother was a cook in a summer hotel in Wales before the war."

"I'm afraid I cannot do anything for you."

"Well, it's a pity they don't get someone there who knows something. Good-bye."

H. Harris Turner.



## The Choir

A DEFINITE attempt is now on foot to form a choir amongst the men at St. Dunstan's. The objects in view are: (1) To give musical education and recreation to those who attend its practices; (2) to teach to the members a number of our beautiful national and folk songs; (3) to help them, by quickening and improving their musical sense, to lead the singing at the "Singsongs," and to enable every man to take a personal and intelligent interest when these songs are performed. Every man is eligible who is willing to go regularly to the Tuesday and Wednesday evening practices. As the choir gets on it is hoped further to develop part-singing. But it will only be possible to make the choir a success if those who join will attend regularly. When it is fully realised that the success of the choir as a whole depends so largely upon the efforts of each member individually, we feel sure that there will be a great improvement in the attendance.

The songs which up to date have made

the best progress are "Men of Harlech," that fine Welsh tune; "Dashing Away With the Smoothing-Iron," an amusing old English folk-song; and the American marching song, "John Brown's Body." The solo parts of the last two are sung in turn by various members, the whole choir joining most effectively in the chorus.

The most regular attendants up to now have been Sergeant-Major Cope, Sergeant Caple, Sergeant Dyson, Corporal Lloyd, and Private Colling. Lance-Corporal Smith has been rather seedy, but we hope to hear his excellent tenor voice again soon. Osborn, Turner, Pete, Harris, and Green are also members, and have all good voices. The baritones have to accommodate their voices to the bass parts occasionally, as we are badly in need of some basses. The choir is being trained by Mr. Evelyn Howard-Jones, an eminent professor at the Royal Academy of Music, and one of the best-known of our British pianists.

—L.M.H.

## "Vision."

"Halt! Who goes there?  
I'm posted here to challenge all who pass,  
My duty is to guard against surprise;  
Advance one step, that I may recognise.  
Thine is no measured tread of men who fight.  
Why art thou here? And by what right?"  
The figure paused;  
He whom I challenged stood,  
I saw his once white garment stained with blood;  
I saw the brow which crowned the noble head  
Down which the blood drops trickled rich and red.

"Thou art the Christ!"  
My voice was low and dull,  
My eyes were wet with tears,  
My soul was full.  
I waited for the Messenger to speak,  
I thrilled with shame  
That I should dare to speak so sweet a Name.  
As stood the Vision 'fore my half-closed eye,  
And spoke no word, nor uttered any cry;  
But slow, receded as the coming dawn  
Gave silent message—this was "Easter Morn!"

H. Laphell.



## The Cry of "Sister"

IT is heard from morning until night and from all parts. "Sister!"

The sister flies in response to the quarter whence the sound arises. "Sister!" comes from behind as she goes, and if she is a responsive soul, as she invariably is, she pauses and turns. "Sister!" comes peremptorily from the first voice; "Sister!" sounds plaintively from the second; "Sister!" bleats a third from somewhere; and "Sister! Sister!" comes persistently from various quarters. A letter is to be read for one, two letters for another, a typewriter is wanted, notepaper, a box of matches, an inquiry as to what word is the last one written, string for a bag, a brace button has gone, nails want manicuring, a dozen small needs demand instant attention.

The sister flies from one to the other, and woe betide her if she cannot do all these things at once! She must read, she must sew, she must dig at the nails, she must get passes, she must minister without a moment's delay or she gets called hotly over the coals by the lords of creation, who will not be kept waiting no matter what anyone else may desire.

"Coming!" cries the sister, all too anxious to oblige; and with a rush and a flutter she darts from point to point, breathless, anxious, willing, and only handicapped by a shortage of hands and absence of the ability to be in six places at once.

"I called you before," complains Tom as she bustles up. "I've been waiting for you," growls Jack. "It's never any

good calling," declares Harry. "There might as well be no sister at all," says Dick. All the time they know she is doing her best, and the best of half a dozen people, and they realise fully that everyone cannot be first, and that someone must be last, and each man is quite reasonable about it so long as he is the first and somebody else is the last.

Sometimes, but only sometimes, the sister gets tired. "I can't be everywhere at once," she states positively, and then everyone who needs her points out that of course that is so, but that she might at least come to him before the others. Then she jokes with him, and he laughs, because everybody is really quite good humoured at bottom and knows the truth of the position well enough. But although he knows all about it he still calls "Sister!" without ceasing from every part of the lounge, and sister flies from point to point in the vain endeavour to do everything at once, and most wonderfully of all she rarely gets cross about it.

It has been whispered that the sisters have nothing to do. Let anyone who thinks that drop in any morning at about 9 o'clock and watch the sisters skipping around with the activity of terriers and the duties of universal providers; and if he does not change his mind at once it is because he has no mind to change. The sister is a wonderful person, and if she does not do seven things at the same time it is because Nature has only provided her with half a dozen hands.

## Funny Story Competition

MISS CRITTEN'S "Funny Story" Competition was a great success. There were six prizes given altogether, the first going to Millar,

the second to Sergeant Jones, the third to Vaughan. Of the extra prizes, Osmond was awarded one for the "biggest thumper," Sergeant Harris



another for the "most topical," and F. L. Green for the "most extraordinary." We are finding room for the first prize, for which Millar received a watch chain, but we regret that it is impossible to squeeze in any more owing to the pressure of our space. This is the story:—

"There was a young man swinging the lead. He wanted to get out of the army, and pleaded bad eyesight. The doctor commenced to test his eyesight. He asked "What can you see?" and the man replied "Big buildings and tramcars, etc." The doctor brought a card with letters on it from small to large and told the man to read what he

could. The man said he could not read any letters. The doctor brought another card with larger letters on it, but still the man could not see the letters. Big black letters were brought in, but still the man said he could not see them. The doctor angrily rushed out to the garden and seized hold of the round lid off a huge dust bin and rushing in with it held it about two inches in front of the man's face. "Can you see this?" "Yes," the man, "It is either a shilling piece or half a crown."

It had been our wish to print some of the parodies alluded to last month, but space unfortunately will not permit us to do so. We are sorry, but we cannot stretch the pages.

## A War Poem

Dark is the outlook this winter,  
For all, at home and abroad,  
But there's a purpose for all that is  
happening,  
Though it seems to us just a big fraud.

The sleepless nights, and anxious days,  
On many a face leave traces,  
Each thinking of loved ones far away,  
And longing to see their faces.

In France, and Serbia, and the other  
fronts,  
Those brave khaki lads are fighting,  
Immeasurable gratitude we give,  
To them in their duty delighting.

Oh! Where is the 11th Division,  
Amongst us a short time ago,  
To face the odds, to pay the price,  
Proudly we saw them go.

They have laid down their lives for their  
country,  
Just a few left to tell the tale,  
How they fought, how they fell, to  
protect us,  
As they meant to do, when they set  
sail.

Strong men of Britain, fill their places,  
As brave men only would,  
March fearlessly, patriotism showing,  
Go and fight, as an Englishman  
should.

Save us from the fate of Belgium,  
From the horrors of German hands,  
Make England still a free country,  
Our good old native land.

The 30th Division, God bless them,  
In France they are doing their share,  
For England, home and justice,  
The perils and hardships they bear.

So we must leave them bravely fighting,  
Fighting for you and me,  
For when they come homeward march-  
ing,  
We shall all be safe and free.

One day they will come, we are hoping,  
They will freedom and victory bring,  
Back to the strain of the Marseillaise,  
And God Save the King.

William Robinson.



## Coxing on the Lake

By a LADY COX

ONE morning when the sun began to shine, and the birds began to twitter, and the cold was not so bitter—the athletic boating men came out to row; and the athletic maidens came to steer them round the lake. Then was it pleasant indeed to the coxon to find herself sitting in the boat while a strong man in a sweater pulled her round the lake; it felt so safe, too, to hold on tight to both the steering ropes, and so charming to be able to tell a beginner what to do—till the Manager called across the water that she was doing it all wrong. Then she would try to look as if she knew, *really*, what to do, but was doing it the other way for fun. It was great sport, too, to steer the boat for the landing-place at full speed, to finish with a delicious "biff" that made her scream with excitement, and nearly fall into the water. Till she found out that that was wrong, too, and that the correct way to steer a boat in was to say, while yet a long way out on the lake, and in a clear, business-like voice, "Easy rowing—ship oars!" and then to pull gracefully at one rope at a time, glide in without a scrape or a scream, and step daintily ashore without upsetting the boat. Sometimes the other boats got very much entangled indeed, and the boaters became rather upset about it. A lady was so upset about it once, that she got into the water, and, her dress billowing out round her, forming a sort of "equatic parachute," which kept her afloat—she sped quickly across the lake till she was blown inshore, where she landed with her stockings wet, as if from an unpremeditated paddling expedition, but otherwise dry and composed, having much enjoyed her sail across the waters of the lake. Yes; there is certainly much

pleasure to be got out of coxing for soldiers on the Regent's Park Lake.

Coxing for a double, for instance. That is really WORK, and the coxon feels her position acutely. Sitting on the extreme edge of the seat, she leans forward and backward, and says, "One, two—One, two," quite like Mr. Calcutt does it. Kitchen and Hall were an excellent pair, and they flew through the water and got up the Dardanelles in next to no time. Spinks keeps his coxon working, too. He doesn't believe in slackening, and takes the boat round at a spanking pace. He sometimes takes a breather, but before long is at it again, and the coxon is never idle long, but has to keep busy with the steering ropes as they pass the less vigorous rowers. Different rowers for different times! In the morning the coxon feels energetic, and likes plenty of go in the pulling. In the evening, Pell, in his non-racing mood, is delightful to cox for. His long, easy stroke sends the boat along with a restful, soothing motion, which, with the warm sun pouring down and the gentle breeze fanning her face, is quite delightful to the coxon after a hard day's work.

What a lot of nonsense one can talk about coxing on the lake, to be sure! I could go on a long time, and say a lot of things about a lot of rowers—but all there's time to say now is: the coxon's job is a ripping one; she will miss it when the winter comes—miss it as she will miss the faces that have disappeared from St. Dunstan's by then. She wishes that all the rowers could stay there all the time—always to be there to answer her "Good morning" in the mornings, and her "Hullo!" in the evening.

—I.M.H.





## Newcomers in November

Ackland, Private H.	... ..	19th London Regiment.
Alvey, Private P. G.	... ..	1/15 London Regiment.
Branegan, Private J. M.	... ..	5th Division A.I.F.
Brockie, Private E.	... ..	4th Gordon Highlanders.
Brown, Corporal A.	... ..	1st Gloucesters.
Cairns, Corporal F. V.	... ..	13th Royal Welsh Fusiliers.
Eames, Lance-Corporal H. S.	... ..	7th Bedfords.
Ferrand, Lance-Corporal H.	... ..	1/6th West Yorks.
Hamlett, Private A.	... ..	9th Cheshires.
Harding, Rifleman G.	... ..	1/6th London Regiment.
Hargreaves, Private H.	... ..	K.O.R. Lanes.
Heeley, Rifleman G.	... ..	21st K.R.R.
Horsley, Sergeant R.	... ..	2nd Rifle Brigade.
Lewis, Private D.	... ..	1st S. Wales Borderers.
Marshall, Private A.	... ..	16th Batt. A.I.F.
McDougall, Private D. J.	... ..	P.P.C.L.I.
Pratt, Private W. T.	... ..	14th London Scottish.
Smith, Lance-Corporal W. H.	... ..	22nd Batt. A.I.F.
Stevens, Private C.	... ..	3/1st East Kent Yeomanry.
Turner, Private E. J.	... ..	29th Canadians.
Tyler, Sergeant-Major S. S.	... ..	2nd Canadian Mounted Rifles.
Barnett, Private F. H.	... ..	29th Batt. A.I.F.

## Old Boys' Addresses

Adams, G., Hale House, Hale, Nr. Liverpool.	Biggadyke, R., 41, Tower St., Boston.
Alexander, E., 65, Canning Rd., Highbury.	Bocking, A. J., 22, Siddall St., Oldham.
Alcock, R., 6, Bank Rd., Ipswich.	Bolton, C. E., 7, Broughton Cottages, Otford, Kent.
Allen, W., 53, Lord St., Leigh.	Boswell, E., 8, Parker's Yard, Church St., Gainsborough, Lincs.
Arnold, A., 41, Wycliffe Rd., Wimbledon.	Bowers, W. J., 24, Lenelly Rd., Surbiton.
Barley, J., 44, Dale St., Crosby, Scunthorpe, Lincs.	Braithwaite, F. G., 1, Chestnut Rd., Guildford.
Batchelor, J., 15, Tooting Gr., Tooting.	Brown, A., East View, Weston Hills, Spalding, Lincs.
Bates, E., 17a, Prince of Wales Rd., Battersea.	Brown, J. R., 11, Mount St., Nuneaton.
Bell, J., The Oaks, Ewhurst, Surrey.	Brown, G., Greenside, Ewhurst, Surrey.
Brundrett, P., 7, Maurice St., Pendlebury.	Brown, J., Warren Hall, Spout Lane, Brenchley, Kent.
Berry, W. J., 19, Disraeli St., Crumlin Rd., Belfast.	Brown, P., 2, Argyle Rd., N. Kensington.



Carnell, W. C., Kiln Cottage, South Molton Rd., Bampton, Devon.	Herriot, Clifton, Bryn-y-maen Rd., Upper Colwyn Bay.
Catlow, S., 62, Bradshaw St., Nelson, Lanes.	Hicks, A. E., 146, Glengall Rd., Peckham, S.E.
Champriss, F., 239, High Rd., Willesden Green, N.W.	Hill, H. E., 212, Upper Empress Rd., Bevis Valey, Southampton.
Chappel, F., Prince of Wales Cottage, Parsonage Lane, Enfield.	Hills, C., Post Office, Wagga Wagga, New South Wales, Australia.
Clarke, E., High St., Edwinstowe.	Holden, J., 1a, Boebuck St., West Bromwich.
Clarke, W. W., 94, Iderton Rd., Bermondsey, S.E.	Holmes, A., Elm Tree Cottage, Askwith, Nr. Otley, Yorks.
Colle, M., 120, Dawes Rd., Walham Green, W.	Housnell, W., North Field, Somerton, Somerset.
Coles, G. B., Beckingham, Notts.	Hudson, H., c/o Mrs. Trescott, Alexandra St., Hunters Hill, Sydney, N.S.W.
Colville, H., Culross, Lancaster Av., Hadley Wood.	Hurst, H., The Myres, Great Longstone, Derbyshire.
Cooper, T. S., 42, Chestnut Av., Queen's Rd., Hull.	Hutchinson, 64, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.
Cromwell, W., Blackfriars Inn, Gloucester.	Johanson E., 7, Elsenham Rd., Grimsby.
Daumont, O., Maida Vale, W.	Kerr, J. W., 130, Widnes Rd., Widnes, Lanes.
Davis, C., 89, Kingsland Rd., St. Phillips, Bristol.	Kirby, W., The Hydro, Middleton Rd. Camp, Heaton Pk., Manchester.
Davis, G., Rose Villa, Great Burstead.	Kirkby, W., 147, Wellington St., Millom, Cumberland.
Dennis, T., 171, Chichester Rd., Northend, Portsmouth.	Kitchen, F., 79, Georges St., Hyde, Cheshire.
Devlin, S., 61, Tontine St., St. Helens, Lanes.	Knight, C., Wiggaton, Ottery St. Mary, Devons.
Drummond, T. P., c/o Mr. Debeer, 18, High St., Hull.	Lane, M., 1a, Ebeza Bldgs., Islington, N.
Duxbury, W., 2, Holly Bank Cottages, Ashley Lane, Mostyn Lane, Manchester.	Lath, J. T., 19, Channing St., Sheffield.
Eaton, T., 40, Wenning St., Nelson, Lanes.	Law, A., 5, Windmill Rd., Wandsworth Common, S.W.
Edmund, W. E., West Barn, Dunbar, N.B.	Lawlor, G., 4, Terrace Gar., St. Alban's Rd., Watford.
Elborn, H., 25, Manaton Rd., Peckham, S.E.	Leaman, Sergt., 89, Robey St., Great Grimsby, Lincs.
Evans, A., 1, Carlisle Pl., Newport Mon.	Letch, S. J., Hatfield Peveril, Essex.
Featherstone, P., Uplands Cottage, Ferriby, E. Yorks.	Lilley, G., Cherry Tree Farm, Unsworth.
Fleetwood, F., Sun Mount, Emily Rd., Tatsfield.	Lingard, W., 6, Sunnyside Cottages, Writtle.
Flett, H., 39, Woodview Rd., Golders Green.	Lomas, Sergt., 89, Robey St., Great Grimsby, N.
Foster, F., 40, Exeter St., Plymouth.	Lynch, D., 4, Mayfield, Cork City.
Foxon, W. F., 13, Stronsa Rd., Shepherd's Bush.	Makin, D., 55, Thames St. East, Wallsend-on-Tyne.
Gordon, W., 365, Featherstone Rd., Oldham.	Matthews, C. W., 85, Belmont Rd., Maidenhead.
Graves, R., 5, Inglewood Rd., West Hampstead N.W.	Mayell, B., 115, Hampton Rd., Hampton Hill, S.W.
Green, Lionel, Langdale, St. Edward's Road, Gosport.	Millward, T., 1, Wentworth Terrace, off York Rd., Leeds.
Groves, T. W., 48, Claremont Terr., Fleetwood, Lanes.	Minchin, W., Sandfield Cottage, Pitch Place, Worplesdon, Guildford, Surrey.
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Harker, J., Viveny, Creso Rd., Southwick, near Brighton.	McCarthy, D., 71a, Clarendon Rd., Notting Hill, W.



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Orvis, A. R., 142, Blythe Rd., Hammersmith, W.  
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Wenlock, R., The Causeway, Peasenhall, Suffolk.  
White, T. H., 26, Durham St., Albert Park, Victoria.  
Williams, A., Cae Gwyn, Michaelstown Fewd, Cardiff.  
Woollen, Albert (same as Milligan).  
Wright, R. F., 5, Hopper's Rd., Palmer's Green, N.

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