

No. 7.—New Series.

January, 1917.

St. Dunstan's



— Review. —

Monthly.

Price 6d.

St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

Edited and written by
The Staff and the Boys

ST. DUNSTAN'S MOTTO:

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

No. 7.

January, 1917

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No. 7.—NEW SERIES.

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Notes by the Chief

BY the time these notes are in print I shall probably be farther away from St. Dunstan's than any of you who read them, for, as I told those present at the opening ball in the big new lounge, on December 15th, I am just off to France, and, possibly, Italy, to visit the various places at which the blinded soldiers of our Allies are being cared for. I shall hope to have something interesting to tell you about them in the next number of the REVIEW. Meanwhile, I send you and yours the best possible wishes for the New Year.

An interesting acquisition has just been made by the National Institute for the Blind, for the benefit of past, present and future inmates of St. Dunstan's. It is a large house and garden at Brighton, facing the sea, and within 100 yards of it. It is situated about one-third of a mile on the east side of the Palace Pier. The house will accommodate about forty men. There will be two or three large rooms beside the dining room, and also a very large place in which Braille, typing, netting and light basket-making will be taught, for I think that many fellows who stayed at Brighton in the past have found time hang rather heavy on hand. West House, as it is called, will take the place of 104, Queen's Road, so far as those fellows who are pretty well are concerned, and Queen's Road will

be used solely for those fellows who are really under the weather and want a completely quiet time. Miss Pearson and Miss Fox will transfer themselves to West House, and will at the same time maintain a general supervision over 104, Queen's Road. In days to come West House will be used as a holiday home for men who have been at St. Dunstan's, and if they are married, for their wives as well. There will also be another holiday home consisting of a large mansion and beautiful estate situated near Chester, but this will not become available until after the War.

Talking of Brighton reminds me of various degrees of asking for assistance out-of-doors used by blind men. There are four typical specimens along the Front. First there is a fellow who, though he holds some bootlaces in his hand, is frankly nothing but a blind beggar, typical of many thousands throughout the country, and in my view a very serious blot upon the blind community. People of this kind should be cared for in the way in which they are in Bradford. Those in this wide-awake city who attend to the needs of the blind obtain from the Guardians 15s. per head for blind people who are incapable of work. They are housed in very comfortable style, well looked after, and if capable of it do some light work, such as wood-chopping for the men, and knit-



ting for the women. The result is there are no blind beggars in Bradford, and there should be none anywhere.

Then at Brighton there is a blind lad on the Front who sells newspapers to passers-by, and I believe earns quite a decent living by so doing. He is no more a blind beggar than any other newspaper seller. The third man I have in mind is down on the beach, close to the West Pier. He shouts loudly and very slowly words from a Bible printed in raised type. Though he lost his sight a good many years ago he is still a strong, active fellow, and should have been trained to some form of employment. The day, I hope, is not far distant when such a man as he is will find none of the difficulty which he tells me he experiences in obtaining a training. As it is, of course, he is nothing more or less than a blind beggar. Fourthly, there is blind Harry, who stands about a quarter of a mile from the West Pier and plays a sort of accordion and sings quite delightfully. He gives pleasure to thousands of people every year, and I think well earns the good living he makes. I do not think that he should be regarded as belonging to the begging fraternity any more than is a music-hall favourite.

We have often had laughs together about the way in which many people seem to think that because one cannot see one cannot stand, or, so far as movement is concerned, conduct oneself like a quite normal human being. I had a funny example of this the other day. A little boy, grandson of Mrs. Burn, who was the principal organiser of the Savoy Fair, held mainly for the benefit of our After-care Department, presented me, on behalf of the Committee, with a silver cigarette box when I opened the Fair.

Mrs. Burn told me that afterwards he said to her, "Why, Grannie, you told me Sir Arthur was blind. What a fibber you are; he walks along just like anyone else."

You will be interested to hear of an extraordinarily expert Braille reader whom I met a little while ago. He is the Rev. W. E. Lloyd, who works in a parish in the West End of London. He dined with the officers at Portland Place the other day, and after dinner I asked him whether he read Braille fast. He said, "Yes, pretty fast, I think. About 80 or 90 pages an hour." That, you will agree with me, is quite fast enough for anyone. Then he went on, "I found out rather an odd thing about my Braille reading the other day. Have you a Braille book and a handkerchief?" Both were produced, the Braille book being Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn," which is written in various American dialects, and consequently does not afford by any means simple reading with the fingers. Mr. Lloyd opened the book at random, found a full stop, and read a few sentences as quickly as his tongue could go, and it was evident that his fingers were well ahead of his tongue. He then asked for one thickness of handkerchief to be placed over the page. Through this he read just as fast as before. Two thicknesses did not diminish his speed in the least. When three thicknesses were put over the dots his rate of reading slackened slightly, and when he attempted the seemingly impossible feat of reading through four thicknesses he still read faster than the average clergyman reads the lessons in church. The handkerchief, mind you, was not a smooth, well-ironed one, but a crumpled one produced by one of the officers from his pocket, and the pieces read were in all cases quite disconnected. This seemed to me a perfectly marvellous



feat. I read Braille fairly well myself, but through the four thicknesses I could scarcely distinguish the fact that there were any dots at all, much less make out what they meant.

I was interested, and I am sure you will be, too, in some figures given me by Miss Pain the other day. They showed that 202 men at St. Dunstan's have passed their typing test, 66 their Braille-reading test, and 45 their Braille-writing test, which latter, as you know, necessitates an absolutely accurate knowledge of the Braille system. Quite as many men as those who have passed their reading test read quickly enough to thoroughly enjoy a book.

And now I am going to end up with a little earnest advice to you on the subject of string bags. String-bag making is an excellent thing in the preliminary stages of blindness. It is very easy to do, and at the same time yields such good results that a man is at once given the feeling that blindness does not mean industrial helplessness. As practice increases speed there is quite a good deal of money to be made out of string bags, and I am all for men occupying their leisure time at St. Dunstan's, or after they have left, in increasing their income by this way. But I am all against doing what I fear is being done in one or

two cases, and that is the neglect of a real, solid industry for string-bag making. You must remember that the bags which you sell now are sold at a much higher price than that at which they can be bought in shops, and while public sympathy is specially centred on the disabled soldier, as it is at the moment, there is no difficulty in making a very good profit out of string bags. Some may reply to this criticism that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, but that has always seemed to me to depend entirely on circumstances. If the bird in the hand is a skinny sparrow, and the two in the bush are fat pheasants, and you have a double-barrelled loaded gun in your hand, I think the birds in the bush are worth much more attention than the one in the hand. String-bag making can be looked upon as a bird in the hand. The fat pheasants in the bush a trade which you have learned at St. Dunstan's, and which should bring you in good money so long as you are strong enough to work. The loaded gun is the training which you have obtained at St. Dunstan's. I hope that you will not allow the temporary and quite easily made profit which can often be secured from string-bag making to induce you to neglect your trade, and find one day when the string-bag purchasers fail in their enthusiasm that you have lost the art of pursuing your steady occupation.

A. P.

St. Dunstan's Gossip

THE College Annexe was made all ready by the middle of December, and the beds and everything else are now ready for use. It has been a great work to complete it, and Messrs.

Kent, Matron, and the Staff generally are to be congratulated on the result. There was a very great deal to be done, but it has all been accomplished, and overcrowding at St. Dunstan's may now



be regarded as at an end. One of the features of the new Annexe is that the kitchenmaids are all V.A.D.'s.

A word should be said for the Blackheath Annexe, under the control of Commandant Ommaney. It has been found very useful for men requiring quiet and rest, and as there is a daily motor service to and from St. Dunstan's, those in residence can keep up their work and their studies here without interruption. It is merely a question of sleeping out in unusually comfortable surroundings.

It is proposed to open a Roman Catholic chapel in addition to the one we now have. When ready it will be consecrated by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

We now have an assistant chaplain in the person of the Rev. Mr. Tucker, and it is hoped to start daily services early in the New Year. Sunday morning services at 10 o'clock are another welcome innovation.

Sir Charles and Lady Wyndham invited twenty men from St. Dunstan's to tea and the Criterion Theatre on Saturday, December 2nd. The play, "A Little Bit of Fluff," was much enjoyed by those who were lucky enough to be among the twenty, and nothing but praise was heard for the tea.

Mrs. Parker, the sister of the late Lord Kitchener, visited St. Dunstan's in the early part of December, and went round the shops, Braille room, and other sections. Mrs. Parker, who bears a strong resemblance to Lord Kitchener, expressed herself as greatly impressed with all that she saw, and made several purchases from the different departments.

The Suggestion Box, which has been placed in the Hall, has already been used pretty considerably by members of the Hostel. In another column, under a special heading, we deal with the actual notes received. We hope that plenty of suggestions will be made both by Old Boys and New Boys, visitors and the staff, so that the advantages of a number of heads may be used for the benefit of the place.

A word must be said about the new Lounge which was opened in the middle of last month. It is built on the lawn and is approached from the old Lounge by a sloping passage in which there are no steps. It is an extremely handsome building, and will be very useful for dances and all entertainments. The Church is on the south-east corner, and on the opposite side there is a new Massage Room. This was rendered necessary owing to the growth of the Massage Class. We had all hoped that the new Lounge would have been opened sooner, but the fates decided otherwise.

A Sale of Work was held at Oxhey on the 9th of last month in aid of St. Dunstan's, and a stall was arranged upon which the work of the men here was displayed. We understand that the result was very satisfactory to all concerned.

Major Arthur Haggard, of the Veterans' Club, has now set apart a room for the use of the Old Boys of St. Dunstan's when they are in town. Sir Arthur Pearson accepted the offer so kindly made, which was the result of a suggestion in the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW. The address of the Veterans' Club is 47, Bedford Row, W.C. The object of the room is to give those old Boys who may be visiting London a central meeting place where they can in-



vite their friends and transact any business they may have to do.

George Adams, who has written us some cheery little verses for this number, says that he finds the REVIEW most interesting, and hopes that it will continue as long as St. Dunstan's may last. Our hope is that the REVIEW will keep on very much longer and be the means by which all men who have passed through St. Dunstan's will keep in touch with each other.

A Cinderella Dance in aid of St. Dunstan's was held on December 14th at the Hamilton Hall, Woodford Green. It was under the patronage of Lord and Lady French, and we are told that it was a great success.

We hear from Albert Woollen at Manchester, that Sewell is to be married in January to Miss Coles. We are all glad to hear this, as we know that Sewell, who is a modest fellow, was not at one time hopeful of a happy ending to his suit.

John Brown, the sturdy Scotsman, who makes mats and mends boots at Brenchley, goes in for long walks in the country with his wife, averaging from 12 to 15 miles a day. This he imputes to the fresh taste for athletics given to him while at St. Dunstan's by the boating, walking, and other exercises in which we indulge. Bravo!

Mrs. C. E. Rose read a paper descriptive of St. Dunstan's before the Chalcot Discussion Club of Hampstead, on Monday, December 11th. It was listened to with much interest, and the whole of the members of the club propose to pay a

visit to us in consequence. We shall be glad to welcome them.

There was a very cold snap in the early days of December that stopped our boating on the lake; but it fortunately did not last long, so that we were enabled to try the "fours" that Mr. Johnson has introduced for us. Naturally, the first trial or two were in the nature of experiment; but there is little doubt that we shall soon get used to them, and that the boating men will have an extra inducement to stick to this most attractive of sport. It will not be long before we shall be thinking again of our before-breakfast rowing.

Tandem cycles will soon be available for those who want to ride them. Sir Arthur has ordered them, and they ought to be here early this year. Several orderlies have volunteered to help as guides, and those boys who want to take up this sport should give in their names as soon as possible to Mr. Rose, so that they may be dealt with in turn.

The St. Dunstan's chauffeurs deserve well of us. They are Austin, Mitchell, and Martin. From early morning until late at night they are running their cars to and fro on the various errands and journeys that are necessary, and they never complain of the length of their hours, or of the demands made upon them. Mitchell and Martin have been with us ever since they were Boy Scouts, and have done good service, and Austin was our first car-driver and has taught both the others. St. Dunstan's is well served in this department.

Many concerts and sales of work on behalf of St. Dunstan's are frequently



taking place all over the country. The organisers are in most cases so modest that we never hear anything about them until they are over. We should be obliged if, in every case, they would send us particulars, so that notices of them may appear in this REVIEW. We all like to know of these things, and it will be a kindness to inform us.

Major Isaacson, who has the welfare of the Australians at heart, has paid us more than one visit of inspecting inquiry. He desires to keep in close touch with the boys from Kangaroo-land, and his intention is to do all that he can for them on the reports that he receives. It is not too much to say that every Australian that we have, or have had, does us all the credit that is possible. The Australian is as keen a worker as he is a fighter.

I want to ask all Old Boys to see if their names, initials and addresses are rightly put down in the list on the last page. I know that mistakes creep in, and I am very anxious that there shall be no errors of any kind. Will anybody who discovers anything that is not quite right please let me know, so that it may be corrected?

The practice dances came to a temporary end on December 12th, but will be resumed on January 9th, 1917. These are very encouraging little affairs, as all the boys who desire to learn are so keen, and all the ladies who come to teach them are so willing. The average class is over 25, and we could still do with a few more instructors.

Arthur Brown wishes me to give his thanks through these columns to all of his friends who subscribed for the wed-

ding present that was given him from St. Dunstan's. "Brownie," as we all called him, may be sure of an equally friendly gift every time that he commits marriage.

I must also record that Miss Mace, the devoted personal secretary to Sir Arthur Pearson, has accepted a seat on the St. Dunstan's Care and After-Care Committee. Her help is valuable, because she has a sympathetic insight to the welfare of the men, with whom she is deservedly popular.

Mrs. Bates has earned a well-merited promotion in being made Secretary-General to St. Dunstan's. This was proposed and heartily carried at a recent committee meeting. The work done by Mrs. Bates is too diversified to be easily appraised, but I am not saying too much in stating that she fulfils a most onerous collection of tasks without hitch or failing.

I have received from the editor of "The Norwood Review" a copy of his paper dated December 9th, 1916, in which he quotes several paragraphs from our November issue, under the heading of St. Dunstan's. I also have to thank the Rev. Pemberton Lloyd for some kindly and thoughtful remarks upon the Hostel in the same paper.

An excellent concert was given on December 16th in aid of the Union Jack Club Extension Fund, and several of the St. Dunstan's men were invited. It was held at the Great Central Hall, Bermondsey, and among the artistes were Miss Margaret Cooper, Madame Agnes Nicholls, and Mr. Herbert Cave. It was an excellent entertainment, and was much enjoyed.



One by one the old Sisters who have done so much to make St. Dunstan's the success that it has become are leaving us. The latest to go is Sister Wood, our Assistant Matron, whose unflinching good temper endeared her to us all. To take up her work and carry it through to the general satisfaction as she has done will be no light task for her successor. We shall all miss Sister Wood very much, and it is a keen regret to the old workers that she found herself unable to remain with us. But conditions change, and Miss Wood, who was as conservative as she was invaluable, decided to go elsewhere. St. Dunstan's and the old members of the staff send their warmest thoughts with her.

Jock Steel, our first stroke in the St. Dunstan's four, is getting his sight much better—at which we are all very pleased—and is now working in a hospital in Glasgow and receiving a good wage. Another of our rowing men—Matheson, the Australian—has also had his sight fractionally improved by an operation, and paid us a visit just before Christmas to tell us the good news. I am glad that rowing is evidently beneficent.

Miss Edith Flint wishes to thank all those people of St. Dunstan's who joined to give her a wedding present. She says that she will always remember the kindness that has been shown to her, with the most profound gratitude. Miss Flint will return after Christmas to renew her duties, when she will, of course, be Mrs. McLaren.

Sergeant-Major Sidney Tyler, 2nd Canadian Mounted Rifles, has been gazetted a full lieutenant in recognition of his services. St. Dunstan's is very proud of this. Lieutenant Tyson is an

Englishman, who has spent fourteen years of his life in Canada, so that both countries may feel honoured by his promotion from the ranks.

We have received a letter on behalf of 28 blinded Russian soldiers in Moscow, which space unfortunately does not permit us to print in full. In effect it says that the writers want to know all about the men at St. Dunstan's, and would like to keep in touch with them by writing. Needless to say, the soldiers here reciprocate their desires and kindly feelings to the utmost.

It was a great business getting everybody off for the holidays; but thanks to a number of kind offers of motor-cars from the Canadian Red Cross and others it was successfully accomplished; but the staff was glad that Christmas only comes once a year.

A small room, opening out of the typewriting room, will shortly be completed, and is to be used as a quiet place in which to give the men their typewriting tests. The following have passed their typewriting test recently:—Pugh, Arniel, Stacey, Hill, Shaw, James, Howell, Green, Sergt. Leeman, Payne, Cowen, Davidson, White, Stamp, Sharplin, Capt. Appleby, Sergt. Mitchell, Rogers, Exall, Stewart, Jones, Oliver, Peto, Cobble, and Lieut. Fraser, Webb.

On Saturday, December 16th, the foreign section of the G.P.O. gave a concert and dance at the Holborn Town Hall. The chairman was Sir Robert Bruce, who, in an excellent speech, made reference to the splendid work that was being carried on at St. Dunstan's. There was a long programme of talented



artistes, among whom was one of our own men, Corporal S. C. Tarry, who was enthusiastically received and cheered to the echo. Just before the dance Corporal Tarry gave a short speech, outlining in brief the particulars of St. Dunstan's, and saying what a good time he himself had had during the past twelve months.

It has been found impossible to prepare the audited accounts of the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW for this issue. But they shall certainly be ready for the February number. There was so much to do in the short portion of December that was available for work, that the preparation of this balance-sheet had to be postponed.

C. E. R.

The Suggestion Box

The following suggestions were received during last month:—

That artistes who come to entertain the men should be supplied with refreshments.

The artistes themselves do not desire this, or it would be done.

Place strips of cocoa-nut matting 18 inches wide, side by side with a similar strip of carpet, so that men going in one direction shall keep on the carpet and vice-versa.

This idea is already carried out in another way. This suggestion, if adopted, would lead probably to considerable confusion.

We find when we have had St. Dunstan's boys to stay in the country, that a sighted person riding beside one on an ordinary bicycle, with just a hand on his shoulder is quite sufficient to guide him. Tandem bicycles are difficult to manage unless one is used to them—also mounting and dismounting present difficulties.

All this is under consideration; but we should be glad to hear what the men who wish to cycle think of it.

Another suggestion has been received about tandem-cycling. We may say that Sir Arthur Pearson has ordered six tandem cycles. As soon as they arrive we will try the various ideas and decide which is best.

May I make the suggestion that some of the note-paper should be stamped with the address instead of printed, so that the men can discover the right way to place the paper in the typewriter for themselves?

This is quite a good notion, and may be adopted.

I suggest that a considerable sum of money could be saved by buying everything in large quantities direct from the wholesaler, instead of buying in small quantities from the retailer.

This is good common sense, and is adopted as far as possible.

For the comfort of St. Dunstan's would be a small strip of carpet placed by the side of each bed.

No doubt the Matron will give this her attention.

St. Dunstan's men should have a special handshake for purposes of mutual recognition.

In regard to this, C. Wise will be pleased to show how it should be done.

As a means of relieving the congestion at the dispensary, that one Sister should be engaged in dispensing medicines only.

Nurse Read acknowledges this suggestion with thanks.



Netting Room Notes

DECEMBER was a very busy month for everybody in the Netting Room, and it has been remarked that we fairly "bagged" the Christmas market this year. A real novelty is our washable bag. In view of the scarcity of coloured twines we are glad to have other material to fall back on, and these self-coloured bags are becoming very popular.

We should like to make it more generally known that we can turn out any amount of strong hammocks, and if

friends will kindly give their orders now for the coming fine weather season we shall be glad of the work during winter.

Apart from work, we can report general cheeriness, and as yet, in spite of the sugar difficulties, sweets have not yet failed to make their usual rounds. The following joke was dropped recently, and it is thought too good not to be picked up and put into print: During a spell of mixed singing, somebody plaintively begged for less noise, "because the teachers can't get to sleep"!

G. H. W.

December Departures

SEVERAL old faces will be missing from among us when we meet in January. There is Sergeant Denison, whose poems under the signature of "Laphell" have been so much admired in this magazine. There is Turnock, affectionately known as "Tommy," whose boating ability will be greatly missed, and who was never known to be out of temper.

How are we to get on without Ferguson, who ever belied the exploded idea that a Scotsman could not see a joke? He will be sadly missed. "Jacky" Back is another great loss. It is safe to say that no boy ever gained more

friends in St. Dunstan's than he did, and his delightful nature was only equalled by his wonderful capacity for picking up knowledge of all kinds of usefulness.

Latham and Lomas were both quiet steady-going fellows who worked well and were a pleasure to have with us, and the same may be said of Roddy, Marks and Selby. "Taffy" Davies is another loss to us, both at play and in the workshop, where he was a credit to his teachers. Collins, a keen boater and hard worker, has also gone.

We shall miss them all, again and again, and St. Dunstan's will be the poorer for their absence.

The Christmas Raffle

AT the suggestion of the cheery Burge, a Christmas Raffle was got up. The entrance was fixed at one shilling, and exactly eighty subscriptions were received. This provided a sum of £4, which was judiciously ex-

pendent by Miss Hacking, our adjutant, in 2 turkeys, 2 geese, 1 ham, and 2 Christmas puddings, which together cost £3 19s. 6d. So that the eighth prize was a lucky 6d.

The drawing took place on the after-



noon of Monday, December 18th, in the old Lounge. Eighty slips of paper, on which were written the names, were carefully rolled up and placed in one box, and similar slips of paper (of which 72 were blanks and 8 were prizes) were placed in another. Two ladies officiated, one drawing a slip from the name-box and the other at the same time drawing a slip from the prize-box. The lucky winners were Corporal Lane (the basket-maker, who has set up for himself) and

E. J. Turner, the Canadian, who each drew a turkey; Corporal McIntosh and Blaney, who each got a goose; C. W. Wise, who acquired the ham; Sergeant Pugh and Foster, who each received a Christmas pudding; and Murphy, who drew the lucky sixpence. The only drawback to the complete success of the Raffle was that everybody did not get a prize; but it was generally realised that this was inevitable.

The Christmas Concert

ACCORDING to custom, the boys of St. Dunstan's had a concert all to themselves and supported entirely by their own talent on the eve of the holiday. On Monday, December 18th, at 8.30, it began, and although there were no encores and each man only performed once, it took two hours, going as hard as we could, to get through the programme. Sergeant Curtis-Willson, accompanying himself, gave "My old Shako"; Molloy, who has an excellent voice, sang "Mifanwy," the Welsh ditty; Walter Speaight rendered "Sincerity" in excellent style, and J. H. Smith, Exall, Robinson, Hill, and Davies—who are all possessors of very good voices—sang some excellent songs.

There was a strong element of comic talent to contrast with the sentimental. Wise gave his "Laughing Song," at

which he accompanied himself; Sergeant Tarry, following our old friend Teddy Bates, sang "In These Hard Times" and Drummer Downes, Uncle Cross, Sergeant Jones, Sergeant Horsley, and Lionel Wilson all contributed to our amusement in true buffo style.

A new-comer, Alphonse Vandeboss—a Belgian—played cornet solos to everybody's pleasure, and among others who contributed ditties we must mention Blaney and Cowan. Funny stories were told by Harry Jobe and Sergeant Harris, and Corporal McLean recited "Kitchener of Khartoum" with excellent intonation.

Miss Vincent and Mr. R. K. Huskinson were unflagging accompanists, and the whole entertainment was one to remember.

The Consecration of our Chapel

THE Bishop of London, assisted by the Rev. L. J. Percival and the Rev. E. N. Sharpe, performed the ceremony of consecrating the St. Dunstan's Chapel on Thursday, December

14th. The time fixed was 4 o'clock, and at that hour the congregation was so big that it filled the chapel and overflowed well into the Lounge beyond. Among those present were Sir Arthur and Lady



Pearson, Lady Jellicoe, Lady Beatty and Lady Newnes, and many other distinguished people. When a hymn had been heartily sung, the Bishop dedicated the Chapel to the service of St. Dunstan's.

After this the four candidates were confirmed, their names being Dowson, Foster, Harriss, and Randell. The class would have been larger but for illness. The Bishop of London then gave a short and telling address, and the service was concluded by the singing of the National Anthem. It was an impressive

gathering which will long be remembered by all those who were privileged to be present. It should be said that the altar was decorated with white York roses.

The final hymn, "Abide with Me," was chosen because its author was Sir Arthur Pearson's great grandfather; and it should be added that a valuable gift was made by Mr. Arnold Lawson, the ophthalmic surgeon, through whose hands so many of our men have passed.

Braille Room Notes.

WE begin next term in an enlarged Braille Room. An extension is rising like a noisy mushroom to correspond with the Netting Room at the other end. This will enable us to have many more tables at a good distance apart, which will appeal to both teachers and pupils.

Our last week's work was not very peaceful, owing to perpetual hammering, and it was unfortunate that during the coldest spell of the year, huge holes kept on appearing in walls and roof. However, the work of the builders will be quite finished by the New Year. We

are expecting a general rush for tables in the new room.

We congratulate the following men on having passed their tests:—Reading test: Mr. Wilson, Molloy, Lloyd, Stacey, Westwick, Vine, Mears. Writing test: Sergeant Dennison, David Gray, W. Robinson, Henry Crane, Elmer Glew, J. W. Hodkin, Sergeant-Major Cope, and Sergeant Curtis-Willson.

During the term 21 men have passed the reading test, and 22 men the writing test; which make a most satisfactory total for four months' work.

Queen Amelie's Letter

THE Editor of the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW has received the following letter from the Conte de Fiyueno, the Grand Master of the House to Queen Amelie of Portugal.

Sir,

Her Majesty the Queen Amelie of Portugal charges me to thank you very much for your pleasant article, entitled "A Royal Visitor," in No. 5 of the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW.

Her Majesty is very sensible of your kindness, and feels profoundly the compliment that has been paid to her. Please accept the assurance of my extreme consideration.

We need hardly say that we enjoyed Her Majesty's visit here as much as she appears to have done, and we are extremely gratified that the little notice in the magazine should have attracted so kind a response.



Our Big Dance

THE dancing season came to an end with the usual big ball. This was on Friday, December 15th, and both the new and old Lounges were used. The band of the 1st Life Guards played in the former and Mr. Hollyman's string band in the latter. Both rooms were crowded to excess, but everybody who wanted to dance managed to do so, and good humour generally prevailed.

There was a relaxation of the rules found to be necessary by reasons of space on ordinary dance nights, so that the staff and many friends helped to swell the crowd of dancers. If anything, there were more ladies than men, but matters were equalised by the ladies dancing together.

The Savoy Fair

MONEY poured into the laps of the fair ladies who presided at the various stalls at the Savoy Fair, which was held at the Savoy Hotel on December 6th, 7th, and 8th. It was under the control of the Emergency Voluntary Aid Committee of the Empress Club, and half the proceeds were given to the St. Dunstan's Fund for the After-care of the Soldiers.

So successful was the enterprise that it had to be prolonged for an extra day. The St. Dunstan's stall, which was presided over by Lady Pearson, helped by Mrs. Atkins, was a great attraction, and the many samples of the excellent work

Our Entertainments

MADAME ALYS BATEMAN has organised several entertainments on behalf of the Hostel, but it was only last month that she was able to come along to St. Dunstan's and

Sir Arthur and Lady Pearson arrived about 9 o'clock and walked through the dancing rooms. Sir Arthur addressed a few words of farewell to the boys, as he was on the eve of departing for the Continent, on a tour of inspection of the means adopted for dealing with the blinded soldiers of our Allies. Everyone will be anxious to hear the results of his researches.

An excellent supper was provided by Messrs. Whiteley, and dancing was kept up until well past 11 o'clock. It may be mentioned that nearly 200 tickets of invitation were issued to ladies, and that all of them were presented at the doors.

made by our men brought in numerous orders, so that our workshops will be busy executing them for some weeks to come.

Mrs. M. James Burn was the honorary secretary, and upon her depended chiefly the measure of success of the enterprise; so that to her must be awarded much of the credit for the gratifying results. The opening of the Fair on the first day was performed by the Princess Patricia of Connaught, on the second day by Sir Arthur Pearson, and on the third day by Lady Haig. Dancing was enjoyed after each day's work, and was kept up until a late hour.

show us all what excellent parties she can get together. We expected something high-class, we got it, and appreciated it. The violin playing of Chevalier de Stuers was wonderful. So was



that of the Russian, Mr. Sacha Lasserion; whilst the performances of Mr. Herman Klein's ladies' choir were just the thing we always enjoy.

Mr. Ben Davies always gives us a treat when he comes, and our thanks this time are due to Madame Ada Davies for including him in her party. It is more years ago than I like to admit that I first heard Mr. Davies sing, but he can still give me that shivery feeling down the spine which I suppose we all experience now and then. Mr. Nigel Playfair was of the same party. May he come again!

Private Peter Graham had four days' leave from his military duties, and did not forget us. He came along at lunch time, on one of those precious days, and gave us a pleasant hour, rendering one song after the other, every one of which was given in his usual masterful manner. Miss Down was an excellent accompanist.

The band of the 1st Life Guards, under Mr. F. Miller's able leadership, paid a regular weekly visit to us, instead of coming on alternate Thursdays. This was because the Horse Guards (Blue) band was "somewhere in France," and Mr. Miller did not wish us to be disappointed. The 1st Life Guards Band will be "somewhere in France" during February, and then I hope it will be possible for Mr. Bilton to come along with his band each Thursday.

The first "all-women" party was brought by Miss Lloyd-Jones. The whistling solos of Miss Russell and the recitations of Miss Sutton brought forth round after round of applause.

The entertainment provided by Messrs. Wm. Whiteley was excellent, and was the first held in the new Lounge. There was a little bit of everything. Each one

of the rollicking pieces rendered by the W.R.A. orchestra, under the direction of Miss Hughes, the President, led to shouts for encores. One of the items was an Irish jig, and our juvenile Matron could not resist the temptation to get up and dance to it. Mr. Will Dellers' comic songs were greatly appreciated.

Miss Debenham and her lady orchestra gave us a delightful concert, and Mr. Howard Jones's "homely Tuesday evening concerts" have been going very well. Miss Emerson's violin quartette were much appreciated on Saturday, December 9th. We have a number of extra concerts now, and St. Dunstan's is well treated in the way of surprise music.

The Ragtime Sextette paid us a lunch-time rush visit on the 18th. It was a good Christmas prelude, and gave us the real Christmassy feeling.

Mr. Philip M. Pileer was in charge not only of the Sextette, but also of 62 instruments attached to his big drum, and he treated them all unmercifully. Nevertheless we all enjoyed the extraordinary music he got out of them, and he and the party have promised to come again in January.

The last concert before the holiday break-up was organised by Mrs. Coleridge Taylor. Heartly congratulations are due to her for providing so fitting a conclusion to our pleasant gatherings, for the party included Miss Lillie Aston, Mr. Charles Tree, and Mr. Jock Walker.

Our next entertainment will be on Thursday, January 4th, and on that occasion Sir George Alexander and Company will act a little play, lasting about half an hour. Sir George says the play is of particular interest to blind men. It will commence at five o'clock. The usual concert will take place immediately afterwards. E. K.



The Physical Drill Display

ON December 12th, the physical drill display took place, for which the boys had been steadily preparing for a couple of months beforehand. The new Lounge was used for the first time, and it proved a warm and comfortable place of entertainment. Sir Arthur Pearson had sent out a number of invitations, so that there was a good crowd of spectators when punctually at 5.30 Drummer Downes gave the "Fall in" on the bugle. The men selected for the competition then marched from the Hall to the Drill Room, keeping step wonderfully well, and by placing their hands on each others shoulders the line was maintained just as if they were on parade. Corporal Payne was the instructor. The evolutions that followed were of the usual kind, half of them being physical and half Swedish. At the conclusion of each item there was loud applause.

The judging was extremely difficult owing to the general excellence of the competitors. It was hoped that on future occasions efforts should be made to obtain the guidance of a proper drill

instructor for these displays. The whole show lasted about an hour and the men marched out to the bugle "Disperse." The prizewinners were divided into two classes. First, physical, in which Green was awarded first place, Foster second place, and Price and Chilton tying for third place. In the Swedish Section, Dixon came out first, Arneil second, with Milner and Chaplin tying for third place. It will thus be seen that England, Australia, New Zealand, and Canada were all represented in the prize winning list. Honourable mention was accorded to Johns, Peto, Sims, Smith, and Yates.

The men were dressed in white duck trousers, singlets, belts, and "gym" shoes, and presented a smart appearance. Corporal Payne, while giving the commands, went through many of the exercises himself, and it may safely be said that he did them in a way that commanded general admiration. It is hoped that there will be another display early in February, which will wind up the drilling season preparatory to the resumption of the early morning boating.

December Debates

IT had been intended on December 7th to have a debate on "Should Conscription be Enforced in Ireland?" but the dramatic change of Government that took place just then caused the subject to be altered to "Is Mr. Lloyd George the most desirable Premier?" This was opened by Sergeant Curtis-Willson, and led to an exceedingly interesting discussion. Excellent speeches were made by Sergeant Harris, Messrs. Rowley, Ballantyne, Harry Green, Vine (who opposed),

Vaughan, and Boteler. Considerable knowledge of the position was displayed by the speakers, and Curtis-Willson's brilliant wind-up will not soon be forgotten.

When put to the vote the resolution was carried by 51 to 0, and the Chairman was instructed to send a "vote of the utmost confidence in Mr. Lloyd George's capacity to deal with the war in the most efficacious way." Much enthusiasm was shown in the change of Government, and



hopes were evidently high that it augured well for the country.

This debate will be memorable for Sergeant Curtis-Willson's farewell speech. He stated that it was the last debate he would attend, as he was about to start for himself as a poultry keeper and a mat and basket maker. Curtis-Willson will be greatly missed. As a debater he was in the very front rank, as a hard and keen worker he forced our admiration, as a rowing man he aroused our envy, and as an all-round good fellow he received our affection. His loss to the Debating Club cannot be over-estimated.

We wish to record our welcome of the number of new speakers that promise to make our debates interesting. Among them we may mention Messrs. Wilson, Ballantyne, Rowley, and Ullyett. These four are excellent, but there are others of whom we expect great things, and their names will be mentioned in due course.

As the debate upon the subject of "An Alternative Penalty for Field Punishment No. 1" was not fully commented upon in the December magazine, it may be interesting to state that among the suggestions were: (1) A man should go on dangerous duty. (2) Be given an extra turn in the trenches. (3) Have his discharge suspended for two years. (4)

Solitary confinement. (5) Be debarred from drink rations. These were all considered to be good alternatives for the unpopular crucifixion.

The final debate before the holidays was on December 14th, when Boteler, in a racy opening, introduced the suggestion "That the Army Service Corps is the most important Section of the Forces." This led to an animated discussion, in which Sergeants Dyson and Harris, and Messrs. Green, Ballantyne, and Chilton took part. We understand, however, that the debate was continued nearly all night in some of the wards. Feelings were permitted to run rather high; but this is perhaps inevitable in controversial subjects, although everyone should remember that it is argument and not strength of language that tells most. No resolution was submitted, as it was pretty generally agreed that there was no real opposition.

The debates will not be resumed until January 11th, by which time it is hoped that a new and representative Committee will be formed. Each ward is to be invited to elect a member, and the various annexes will be entitled to nominate a committeeman. The duty of the Committee will be to meet once a week and decide upon the subjects for discussion.

Massage Notes

SIR RICKMAN GODLEE, the eminent surgeon, who is on the Advisory Board of the Almeric Paget Massage Corps, paid a visit to the Massage Class recently, and afterwards saw the advanced class at practical work at the N.I.B. He expressed himself as greatly interested in the work of the blind masseurs, and was astonished at

the aptitude displayed by most of the men. He intimated that there will be plenty of work for all who pass the I.S.T.M. Examination, and wanted to know how many St. Dunstan's masseurs he could reckon upon during 1917. So it is "up to" all the students to take their work seriously and to reap the advantage of all the instruction pro-



vided. One point upon which he laid great stress was that students should cultivate a quick, decided style for setting about a case, so as to avoid any appearance of "feeling" the patient.

We are pleased to announce that Cook has successfully passed his last examination and now holds the I.S.T.M. Certificate.

Mr. Way, our assistant instructor, took to himself a wife on December 27th. The members of the Massage Class subscribed towards a wedding present, and all wish Mr. and Mrs. Way every happiness.

Graves has started in private practice in West Hampstead.

The Duke of Connaught spent some little time in the Massage Room on his recent visit. He spoke to several of the students, and in the dim light of a winter's afternoon mistook Gray's regimental colours for the ribbon of the D.C.M.! "Anyway," said His Royal

Highness, "I'm sure you deserved it," and asked Gray if he were a Scotsman.

The new Massage Room is now finished and in full working order. The extra accommodation and quiet are much appreciated by both students and instructors. The small room is arranged with desks and typewriters, so that students may have experience of doing written examination papers under the same conditions that apply to the real examination.

Girling, Scott, Tarry, and Jobson are putting in their last few laps at training, and are working well. They all feel pretty hopeful of passing the February-March examination. We wish them all the best of luck.

Marvellous to relate, although the massage students have been working at the Middlesex Hospital for over eighteen months, there has not yet been a single inquest! When the patients will not lie still "Tiny" Toft comes in very usefully. He carries great weight.

Royal Visitors

THE Duke and Duchess of Connaught paid us a visit on the afternoon of Thursday, December 7th, and under the guidance of Sir Arthur Pearson visited every department and took the keenest interest in each of them. They spent over half an hour in the Workshop, and made some purchases of baskets and oak trays. The Royal visitors conversed freely with the men, the Duke being naturally interested in those Canadians who had been members of Princess Patricia's Regiment.

The Braille Room, the Poultry Farm, and the other sections were taken in turn, and their Royal Highnesses expressed their surprise and wonder at the happiness of the men and their proficiency in their various tasks. The Duchess expressed her intention of sending her shoes to be repaired by our men and of having her pictures framed by us in future.

St. Dunstan's much appreciated the honour paid and the interest evinced in all that we do.



Workshop Gossip

THOSE men who have left us and set up for themselves should always be careful to mark their parcels of mats or baskets or trays with their names. In one or two cases we have received goods without any name, and we can only guess at the senders by the railway marks. It would be better in every case to send a postcard at the same time giving particulars of the contents of each parcel despatched.

The new Bootshop is now in active working order, and there are forty benches available. This means that we can find places for eighty a day at boots alone. Mr. Weekes, the chief instructor, is helped by Mr. Plumpton and several pupil teachers, so that no extra instructors will be necessary.

Neil Macdonald has sent us a dozen oak trays from Glasgow, where he has settled down as a joiner. They were remarkably well made, and we were very glad to have them in readiness for the Christmas demand. Mr. Atkinson, who examined them carefully, was quite pleased with them, and we all know that he is a most impartial critic.

A letter has also come from Macdonald, in which he says: "Your words of praise for my work were nice and encouraging. I received the money and receipted the form. I have just got the box back, and I must thank you very much, as the whole business was carried

Father (to little son after a Zeppelin night): "And where do you think you would go if they came over here?"

Little Son: "I'd go into the graveyard; for they will not drop bombs where the dead people are, because it won't hurt them."

out with express speed." We like to be prompt in the Workshop, but it is pleasant to have it noticed by our old comrades.

While on the subject of trays, I may mention that Captain Walker, who has become an enthusiastic joiner, made an exceedingly good oak tray at his first attempt. The corners were true, the joinery was correct, the handles were accurate, and the polish was perfect. Mr. Ellis, who is also taking up indoor carpentry, is a hard-working pupil who is going to do us as much credit as he is doing himself.

Some of the men seem doubtful as to whether they may change their work and occasionally continue with a job that they do not like. This is never necessary. Any man who finds that he is not getting on well with any particular work has only to mention the matter to Mr. Rose, who will at once make arrangements to transfer him to some other branch. It is waste of time for anybody to stick at a trade at which he is unlikely to make good.

The basket-making department will be transferred to the new extension of the Workshop, so as to make room for the joinery, which has again outgrown the space allotted to it. Both of these sections are flourishing, and we shall always be ready to give them all the room that they need.

Doctor (to blind masseur who is carefully feeling a multitude of pimples on the arm of a patient): "What are you finding out now?"

Masseur: "Braille, sir. I am just reading prescription as stated."



Poultry Notes

THERE were no further examinations during the month of December, and the Poultry Farm, though welcoming new students, has regretfully parted with those who did so well in the last one.

It may easily be imagined that the weather during the past month has not been ideal either for poultry or poultry farmers. However, St. Dunstan's has not time to pay much attention to the weather. It might have been thought that the Poultry Joinery Class would have been unable to carry on, owing to the fact that it is practically an open-air workshop, but both instructor and class keep warm by keeping busy. They always find plenty to do, as chickens have innumerable wants. A large new henhouse is in course of construction. It is of the semi-intensive type, and Mr. Playfoot has suggested several improvements which the ordinary poultry house builder does not generally offer to the public. The improvements consist of a boarded floor, weather-board, door on the right-hand side of the wire front, more practical shutters, and so on.

Dowson, the ever-industrious, has made a small and very attractive model of the above house. It is six inches high and on a scale of an inch to the foot. The advantage of such a model is that it can be carried away and copied to the required scale whenever and wherever necessary.

More and more hencoops have been turned out, and the fittings for the new house, nest boxes, perches, shutters, etc., are also going forward. Woodin, the instructor, is one of those who like plenty to do, and his pupils keep him busy.

A few words are called for on the

subject of table poultry; but we must begin with the fattening section, which is immediately on the left on entering the farmyard. On each side of the section are placed the fattening coops containing the victims, who frequently attract the interest, and sometimes the pity, of visitors to the farm. The said victims do not, it is thought, realise the fate that awaits them, and live pleasantly enough on the fat of the land. If by chance any of them should guess what it all means, they have evidently decided that "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die!" To pass on, I think it would surprise many to see how neatly plucked and trussed are the best specimens prepared by the class.

Sir Arthur has made an arrangement which will be of great benefit to St. Dunstan's poultry farmers when they start on their own account. A relative of each man may take a course of poultry on the Annandale Poultry Farm, the property of Mrs. St. Johnston, at Sutton Coldfield. Mrs. Johnston is an expert in all matters pertaining to utility poultry farming, and her prosperous farm of six acres is an example of what may be achieved by good management, sound knowledge, and hard work. Poultry is the main line of development at Annandale, but any who care to may also learn what a profitable addition rabbits, geese, ducks, pigs, and market gardening may be.

The St. Dunstan's Poultry Farm stock has been increased by another pen of Light Sussex, purchased from Mr. A. J. Falkenstein, of Dallington, who has recently carried off the challenge cup for the best bird in the Sussex Club Show held on December 7th. This enhances the value of the St. Dunstan's birds, which are, of course, of the same strain.



May I point out a printers' error in last month's Poultry Notes, which state that "the Poultry Farm possesses one pen of Carn's noted White Wyandottes, and another of that well-known breeder's

White Leghorns." For "Carn" please read "Cam." As poultry farmers know, E. Cam's Pen 19 of White Wyandottes holds the world's record for winter laying. *D. L.*

After-Care Notes

SERGEANT - MAJOR FEATHERSTONE has 1,000 preserved eggs for sale, and has received an offer for the lot at a good price.

D. Melling writes: "I think I shall soon start sailing along with my eggs, as my White Wyandottes are now coming into lay, for I have had three lovely eggs this morning; they are my first three in one day."

T. Thorpe writes: "I am very pleased there is someone to look after our welfare. I am enclosing last month's report (which is fairly good). The weather is still very trying, but we must look on the bright side of things. I can assure you that I shall continue to do my best and try and overcome all difficulties."

All the basket-makers have been very busy. Martin Lane continues to bring a load of well-made baskets every week, which have been ordered by customers at St. Dunstan's. G. Lawlor, J. R. Brown, G. Brown, P. Brown, and when his health permits G. Dennis, also successfully carry out the orders they obtain through Mr. Rose. Neil Macdonald has had little sale for his wooden trays in Scotland. He sent a dozen to St. Dunstan's and they were sold immediately. W. Pettit also continues to flourish in this particular branch of the trade. Among the bootmakers, Braithwaite, Devlin, Stanners and McCarthy,

Halls, Hale and Matthews appear from their letters to be very busy, and Hicks and Bocking have made good starts.

Mr. Clayden has lately visited Ireland, and says: "I travelled to Ireland at the beginning of the month with Davidson and Whiteside. I left Whiteside at Portadown and went on to Belfast with Davidson. While in Belfast I called on Berry, and found that he had run out of yarn. I then went on to Dublin and visited Goodison. He is going along very straight now, but is dissatisfied with the Old Country and wishes to come to London. The Soldiers' Help Society buy the hammocks that he makes. He is about to give some lessons in bag-making to some neighbours. I then went on to Cork and found Moon very bright and merry as usual. He has been a teetotaller since last St. Patrick's Day and has stuck well to work. He makes very good mats, but finds he cannot border them without the assistance of his father. He also would like to come to live in London."

J. R. Brown is doing splendidly with his baskets. He is a very ambitious fellow, steady and hard working, spending each day seven or eight hours in his workshop. The first three months after settling down he did not get much work, but now he has plenty, both making new baskets and repairing old. He undertakes any odd job that comes along, if he thinks it is at all possible for him to do it. He has repaired several baskets



and chairs that looked almost beyond repair, but Brown has made them quite presentable, and his customers have been more than satisfied.

A. Evans, Newport, has not settled down to much work at present; he is just having a good time, but means to set to work in real earnest in the New Year. There is every prospect of him doing well, for his baskets are nicely made, and he, like most of the St. Dunstan's men, is very bright and hopeful.

H. Hurst is another man whom it is a pleasure to visit. He is always cheerful, and says he is as "happy as a king." He lives with his wife and six children in a delightful little spot in Derbyshire, and works hard and is making a good living. He is a poultry farmer and mat-maker, and has as much work as he is able to undertake; and as a side line he makes string bags, which have proved very profitable. All his work is sold locally. Hurst says that he has many accomplishments, but the one in which he most excels is nursing the baby!

F. W. McCarthy has settled down at Nuneaton. He, fortunately, has a good deal of sight, and has obtained a post as carpenter in some neighbouring works, where he is doing very good work. He has a nicely fitted up shed at home, where he spends his evenings doing work for local customers. He undertakes picture framing, tray making, or anything in the joinery line that comes his way.

C. Spiers, Oxford, is one of the first that came to St. Dunstan's. He is one of the cheeriest of men, nothing seeming to daunt him. He is another mat-maker and does splendid work. He has also undertaken repairs, which have been very creditably done. By the time these

notes are in circulation he will have joined the married ranks. His partner is keenly interested in his work and will be a real helpmate to him.

W. Street, Evesham, has only been home a few weeks, but there is every prospect of him doing well when he gets quite settled down. He is a basket and mat-maker, and also undertakes orders for hammocks; he has several orders in hand already. He is making good use of his typewriter, writing to the many friends he has left behind him in London.

R. Stanners is busy boot repairing. His work is well done, and his customers have made many gratifying remarks. His shop is nicely fitted and is in a busy thoroughfare; so far he has done a brisk trade. He is an enterprising young man, and means to introduce other saleable articles into his shop; he has started with a supply of tobacco and cigarettes, and he is hoping to get quick returns.

Coles is improving in health daily. His fowls are coming on to lay, and he is looking forward to a good season this coming year. May his hopes be realised to their fullest extent. He recently gave a Black Leghorn cockerel to a sale for sending parcels to our prisoners of war in Germany, which enriched the proceeds by forty-one shillings.

Biggadyke is unwell, and owing to a series of domestic troubles has been unable to work for some time past. He would like it stated that the little boy he has recently lost, instead of being an infant, as reported in last month's REVIEW, was almost six years old, and was his constant companion, both at home and abroad. We can understand what such a loss means to him, and send him our heartfelt sympathy and trust that his wife and himself will soon be restored to their wonted health and strength.

T. H. M.



Miss Critten's Competition

MISS JULIA CRITTEN'S Wednesday evenings maintain their popularity. They are made up of sing-songs, competitions—at which this lady's ingenuity never seems to tire—and other jovialities. Miss Critten is a great asset to St. Dunstan's, and her cheery entertainments are highly popular.

The latest of these was called "Musical Fill-ups," and resulted in the greatest number of competitors yet experienced.

A topical story was told, each pause being filled in by the music of well-

known songs to complete the sense of the yarn.

The boys were provided with pencils and papers, while a sister or friend took down their guesses of the titles of the ninety-two songs played.

The prizes were awarded as follows: First prize, Cairns, 83 out of 92; second prize, F. Marshall, 81 out of 92; third prize, Vaughan, 79 out of 92. An extra prize to Crane for his first night's result, which was excellent, and two special prizes to Lewis A. Wilson and Charles McIntosh for their very sporting effort in writing their papers entirely unaided.

His Beautiful Eyes

By Mrs. KESSELL.

HE met her at a concert given in his village. She was his sister's friend, and had come down for the evening to play and sing. He fell in love with her at first sight, but it was as "the love of the earth for the star." She was peerless, in his eyes, and so far above him that it did not enter his head to expect her to have any warmer feeling than friendship for him.

It puzzled him that she was still unmarried, for surely any man with anything to offer must at once desire to have her for his own. Unfortunately, he had nothing that could make a suitable setting for such a pearl amongst woman.

He knew, only too well, how plain and uninteresting he was; he had not even a comfortable income to make an offer of marriage worth her consideration. Truly he did not show to the best advantage; he was almost dumb in her presence; he could only look, and wonder, and worship.

She stayed with them for the night, returning to her own home the next morning. But the world had been transformed for him. He could not forget her.

"Mab says she thinks you are a dull old stick, but she could almost love you for your beautiful eyes," his sister said to him that evening.

He was astonished at the curious sensation her words gave him, as though something alive had suddenly fluttered up into his throat, causing him to feel giddy and top-heavy. His beautiful eyes! Could she possibly—? But no; the idea was ridiculous. He managed presently to say, "She is very beautiful and accomplished. Why is she not married?"

"I don't know. When people tease her about it she always says she is waiting for a man with plenty of money. I am afraid she is rather worldly."

It seemed like Fate that he should be



called into his chief's office next morning and offered a position with a large increase of salary. Sometimes the "dull old sticks" prove useful to their employers.

With his brightened prospects, his imagination and his dreams for the future ran riot. If he could save the extra salary he would receive for twelve months, he would have a substantial balance in the bank, and something worth while to offer his queen.

Shortly after this the war broke out, and volunteers were called for. Duty said "go," but that meant the end of his dream. Duty on one side, his queen on the other!

He held out until the sinking of the "Lusitania." That, to his mind, was the limit for any man who was unmarried. He hesitated no longer. Anyhow, he told himself with a smile, he would get a chance to rest "his beautiful eyes," for his work called for their constant use.

His sacrifice was doubly great, inasmuch as She had of late been sending friendly little messages through his sister, and had expressed great delight over his improved prospects, so that he had begun to form a definite hope with regard to her. Well, that was all over now.

He offered himself as a recruit, and was accepted. In course of time he was sent out with others to the front. Still he dared to dream of her. He might have a chance to distinguish himself; he might even win the V.C. There was always the chance. Surely if he could win some distinction and honour she would listen to him, and give him some hope. Even if he could not get back the old position after the war, his employer had promised to set him on his feet again, and with the prospect of winning her he would soon make good.

He had only been in the trenches three weeks when a German sniper caught him full in the face.

When consciousness returned he was in hospital, with his head swathed in bandages, and in too much pain to care about anything.

One day he said to his nurse, "What happened to me? Are my eyes injured?"

"Yes," she answered, "but don't think about it now. I want you to get well, and I'll tell you all about it later on."

"Shall I—shall I be blind?" he insisted. "Tell me the truth."

"I am afraid so," she acknowledged, sympathetically patting his hand.

He was silent for some time, evidently turning the matter over in his mind. He remembered blind men he had come across whose eyes looked as normal as those of other men. The beauty and expression still remained in them, and one had to be told of the infirmity before it could be realised.

"Tell me just one thing, nurse, and I won't bother you any more. Have I only lost the sight, or were my eyes—destroyed?"

"Don't worry yourself about it now. You shall know all when you are a little stronger."

"Tell me that; just that," he persisted. "I promise you I won't ask another question."

Reluctantly, then, she told him. His eyes had been completely destroyed.

So it was all over! That was the end of his dream. Good-bye to Love. Good-bye to Hope. He had lost his one attraction for her—his beautiful eyes!

But Mab thought otherwise.

She accompanied his sister on her first visit to the hospital, and after that became his regular and constant visitor. She talked hopefully and encouragingly to him about his future, planning what occupation he should follow now that a new aspect of life presented itself.

As he became convalescent she devoted every moment of her spare time to him, helping him over his difficulties



in a thousand and one little ways. Selfishness now had no part in her, she thought only of him, and of what she could do to make his handicap less hard.

In some subtle and indefinable way, she gave him to understand that she meant to take a definite part in his future. His infirmity made her bold, and she did not hesitate to make it clear that she now considered her life belonged to him, and his to her. His blindness brought him a sweet and unselfish love from her, that would never have been his, but for his injury.

Life was not over. Hope was not

gone. Love had come to him in spite of all.

"Why are you so good to me?" he asked her one day. "I can't understand it. I had little enough to offer you before, I have nothing now."

"Oh, what can I say to make you understand? How can we ever repay you, or ever do enough for you? You gave up so much for us. Some give their lives, some their limbs—you have given your eyes."

"Dear little girl," he answered, "I don't regret. I can do without them, now that I have you. You are my eyes—my beautiful eyes."

Trials of One with a Little Sight

NO doubt it is a grand thing to be possessed of a little sight, but it is not all honey, I can assure you. I will attempt in this article to prove my statement by giving a few cases where a little sight has not been what one could term a blessing.

The man who is the proud possessor of this sight is sitting in the lounge and suddenly thinks a walk would "do him good." He gets up to leave the lounge via the boot-room. At the door he bumps against something soft, and, thinking he has knocked against one of the fairer sex, he is profuse in his apologies, and satisfied that he has done the right thing he proceeds on his way. It may be some time before it strikes him that the soft thing at the door was only a padded pillar.

Now imagine him on his way round the park. He is careful to keep the rails in sight, but wishing to avoid the curious gaze of passers-by, he walks with an easy stride and an air of independence, when he is suddenly halted with a bump. What has happened? He has collided with another passer-by, who angrily exclaims, "Why on earth don't you look where you are going?" With a muffled

"Wish I could," and more expressions of sorrow, the St. Dunstan's man passes on, hoping that he has come to the end of his trials.

But not a bit of it! When he comes to the corner by the gate he stops and listens, hears nothing, and thinks all is clear. He is half over the road, when "swish!" he feels his coat-tails twirled round, and at the same time his heart going bump! It was only an electric car passing! But what a fright!

That escapade forgotten, he enters a shop, gives his order, and dips his hand into his pocket for some money. On withdrawing it he finds in his hand what he thinks is a silver coin, which he quite unconcernedly offers to the girl behind the counter. Judge his dismay when that young lady sarcastically remarks, "Excuse me, but this is a penny."

These are just a few instances of what happens to a fellow who is partly sighted, and I think they prove my words with regard to its not being an absolute blessing.

I happen to be one of those with a little sight, and speak from experience on "the trials of the partly sighted."

L. K.



The Passport

By DUNCAN McLEAN

A FEW days before holidays commenced at St. Dunstan's the military authorities made an order prohibiting anyone from entering the extreme North of Scotland without a passport. I thought it would prove an exciting holiday to go to a certain village up in these suburbs of the North Pole, and, equipped with my blue "goggles," inspire the local policeman with all the ambitions of a Secret Service sleuth-hound, for there is nothing that arouses the spy-hunting country bobby to a sense of his duties like a stranger with blue glasses. Not that I was stranger to this particular policeman. Years ago there was a dispute as to the ownership of certain green apples—but that is another story.

In due course, in company with the late Secretary of St. Dunstan's, I went to a West End police-station to make the necessary arrangements about obtaining the passport.

"What's the charge against this man?" said a gruff voice. Evidently he mistook the secretary for an official of Scotland Yard and me for the prisoner.

"He wants a passport to go to Ross-shire." "Russiar," said the gruff voice. The owner of the voice was an inspector. "Can't possibly go to Russiar," said he. "Just had word from the Czar this morning that they've got too many Austrian prisoners to feed without looking after trippers."

"Ross-shire, I mean," said the secretary.

"Oh, you mean that county where they've closed all the pubs. What on earth does he want to go there for? Supposing he should get thirsty when he arrives? Well, I expect he knows his own mind best. It's his holiday, not mine, that's certain."

After a little more conversation the inspector began to take down particulars.

"Your name?" he asked me. I told him.

"You were in the Army, I suppose. What rank did you attain?" "L.C." I said, briefly.

"Lieutenant-Colonel!" he gasped. "My word!"

"No, only lance-corporal. If it had been as you suggest the war would have been over by now. I should have—"

"Um, yes, it *would* have been over—with the Kaiser installed in Buckingham Palace."

He asked other particulars. "What's your nationality?"

"I'm Scotch myself," said I, "What are you?" "Don't waste time," he said, shortly. "Well now, we require a couple of photographs, you know. One to gum on to the passport, the other for the authorities."

"What do the authorities want with one?"

"Can't say, my lad. Possibly to fill up an empty frame in the National Portrait Gallery."

Thus we had to go to a photographer's just up the street, who put me into a chair, told me to look pleasant, put his head under a black cloth (at least, I suppose he did), and then announced, all within thirty seconds, that he'd send the things round in the afternoon.

How I got to the Arctic Circle eventually I don't know. I have faint recollections of being awakened 715 times, while sitting in the corner seat of a smoker, by the demand, "Tickets please," and at least once by a fog signal in the shape of a human voice saying something like, "Changehereforballochmylofindochertyanddrumnadrochit." I



got to the end of the journey at last, but if Shackleton had as arduous a job in getting to the South Polar Seas as I had in getting to the Far North of Scotland he won't want to go again.

The first man I met after landing at my destination was the oldest inhabitant. He didn't know me until he had been told who I was.

"Man, Mac, it's yersel'," he said, as if he had made a great discovery.

"Or somebody like me," I admitted.

"An' ye've been through the war, man?"

"A little bit."

"Ye didna get the V.C., though."

"No, but I almost had one."

"Is that so?"

"That is so. Sir Douglas Haig was counting out a pile of them, and I thought he was going to turn his back for a minute, but he didn't."

"Mac Duff's a V.C.," said the Oldest Inhabitant. "His name was in the papers."

A Smoke for Tommy

WHEN you read your *Dispatch*,
under tiled roof or thatch,
In your cosy front room on a
Sunday,

Just make up your mind a sixpence to
find

For tobacco for Tommy on Monday.
We cannot all go to the trenches, I
know,

Although nine out of ten would be
willing,

Without bunkum or brag, for the old
tattered flag,

Or to fill up each space that needs
filling.

Now you chaps in your digs., with your
case full of cigs,

And a pouch you can always lay
hands on,

Think of Britain's brave sons who are
working the guns

Without cigs or cigars with red bands
on.

"Yes," I replied. "A.V.C.—Army
Veterinary Corps."

"MacRory's lad got a V.C. He's in
the Balmoral Highlanders."

"Poof, there's nothing in that. I
once almost got C.B. The sergeant said
he'd get me it in two ticks if I carried
on as I'd been doing."

"Man, ah'm thinkin' C.B. 'll be a
great thing."

"Great? Nothing like it."

"Man, ah'd tell the policeman that.
He thinks there's naeboddy like himsel',
just because he's got a stripe. He's
comin' along the road now."

"Don't tell him who I am. I want
to fool him a bit. I'll talk Cockney, and
he'll think me a German."

But when the policeman hove along he
paused no more than a couple of
seconds.

"Hullo, Mac, and is this yersel'?
About yon green apples noo—"

Well, after that I reckon I should
make a rotten spy.

Think how each mother's boy ever longs
to enjoy

A whiff while Jack Johnsons are
falling.

They have gone through and stuck
fighting General Von Kluck;

From the lion's cubs he's had a
mauling.

It's your duty, you bet; and this point
don't forget,

While at home or at work at your
benches

Tommy's pipe to refill; yes, do it you
will,

While he fights for you out in the
trenches.

From your safe little thatch send the
Weekly Dispatch

A tanner at least—don't forget it;
And you will earn thanks from the man
in the ranks,

And I'm sure you will never regret it.

G. ADAMS.



The Provost Sergeant

THIS provost-sergeant was a worthy fellow,
'Twas fine to see him, and to hear him bellow
Until defaulters in their shoes did shiver
Like men possessed with ague on the liver.
He was as huge as any old-time giant,
Which caused his prisoners, hardened and defiant,
To feel like dwarfs of Dean Swift's Lilliputia,
And hang their heads and tremble—like a fuchsia.
His bulk appalling was; his face was more so;
He'd seen as many latitudes as Crusoe.
The lines upon his face in each direction
Did fright one into thoughts of vivisection.
His face his fortune was. I've heard from several
They'd sooner face the Kaiser or the Devil.
Prodigious grown, his sway became infernal,
Men feared him more than e'er they feared the colonel.
But though 'mongst men he was as bold as Hector,
His wife his terror was, and his director;
Like ship at sea was this poor husband henpecked,

The Hand of Fate

ONE morn, as boldly I stepped forth
To tread the beaten track,
The carpet slipped from 'neath my feet,
And laid me on my back.
I sat in mournful attitude,
To muse of ways and means,
Thro' indignation's pointed course,
To stop such painful scenes.
I rose as best my rank could vie
To rub my limbs so sore,

And she the rock on which he daily shipwrecked.
A very shrew was she, worse than Xantippe.
'Twas monstrous cruel such a ship should be
For ever storm-tossed, exiled from the harbour;
No soldier might he be, but say—a barber.
He would have liked for just a mess of pottage
To have foregone his wife, but kept his cottage;
Then might he once again lord his domain,
Which he dared not so long as she remain.
The truth was this—I will no longer glose,
That with a pint pot she had broke his nose;
And as a consequence of this contusion,
He left the fort to her without intrusion.
And so it was that thus, alack the day,
His after-life was one long tragedy—
Condemned to wander o'er the earth alone
A dupe of circumstance, his beauty gone.
Take this example, if you would not roam,
Be sure and let your conquests start at home.
—P. S. Sumner.

When from a hundred thousand throats
Burst forth a great encore.
I gasped, I fumed, then held my breath,
To curb my trembling wrath;
Then slowly moved one foot about
To find that hated path.
When lo! my agony grew worse,
That carpet's keen evasion
Had clothed my pride with ridicule
And encores loud and brazen.
Then I a challenge to the room



Flashed from my fiery eye,
That they who dared to shout so loud
Should come and have a try.
But not one soul within that room,
Adventurer or rover
T'was true, who dared to trust his back
To anything but clover.
As silence claimed that vanquished throng,
I strode with martial air,
Unmindful of that drugged guide,
I bumped against a stair.
I gripped its polished banister,
And wondered where it led,
P'rhaps to some place of punishment,
Some chamber dark and dread.
Should I go up? Should I remain?
To wonder and to wait,
To chance some mystery unknown,
Of human love or hate.
When hark! Was that a muffled groan
Which caught my listening ear,
Wrung from some soul in dread of pain,
Of agony and fear?
A mystery to be dissolved,
I climbed the winding stair;
Again an encore of that groan
Came ringing on the air.

That's the Spirit

AS all soldiers say that "they carry a field marshal's baton in their haversack," I was some years ago delighted to find that the Navy had a fellow feeling towards an admiral's pennant.

Some long time ago I stood on the steps of the Grand Harbour at Malta, when I saw coming towards the boats a Jack Tar who had certainly done himself well, if not too wisely, the previous evening, and had evidently not completely recovered. As many will know, the only means of getting to the battle-ships is by means of the small boats that ferry one across for a small fee. Jack pulled out his money, and found himself the possessor of a sovereign. He hailed a boatman and asked how much to the

I paused before a door half closed,
Through which I peeped between,
Oh, mercy! what had met my eye—
A most uncanny scene.
Had I the power just to relate
What eye and brain discried—
A man stretched out upon a bed,
Yet neither bound nor tied.
Stripped from the shoulder to the waist
The moaning victim lay,
While o'er his back at some grim task
A large strong hand did play.
Thanks to the trick the carpet played
Within that crowded room,
My wounded dignity and pride
Might prove this victim's boon.
The fascination of that hand,
As round about it played,
Held me deep rooted to the spot,
Lone, helpless, and dismayed.
Then in that room with just one bound,
As though my weight had wings,
I tumbled o'er a battery
And lots of other things.
O Fate! upon this strange account
I will no more enlarge,
Except to say the victim there
Was having his massage.

LAPHLELL.



Newcomers in December

Abbs, Private J. W.	8th Norfolks.
Baker, Private P. A.	19th A.I.F.
Bosche, A. V.	7th Regiment of Belgian Infantry.
Bundy, Private A. W.	1/5th Gloucesters.
Chambers, Sapper W.	1st East Lanes R.E.
Day, Private A.	Middlesex Regiment.
Deegan, Private M.	2nd Dublin Fusiliers.
Eames, Sergeant G.	15th Cheshires.
Fooks, Private G.	5th Somerset Light Infantry.
Gleeson, Private M.	24th City of London Regiment.
Higson, Private R.	4, Spring Gardens, Wigan, Lanes.
James, Private W. J. W.	16th A.I.F.
Jennings, Private	5th West Ridings.
Jose, Private W. C.	1st D.C.L.I.
Marley, Private T.	2nd Scottish Rifles.
McNab, Private J.	16th A.I.F.
Nelson, Lance-Corporal H.	1st Somerset Light Infantry.
O'Carroll, Private M. J.	4th Royal Irish Regiment.
Owen, Lance-Corporal E.	20th Royal Welsh Fusiliers.
Pinner, Private G. T.	7th East Surreys.
Price, Sergeant W.	2nd Royal Warwicks.
Robinson, Private B.	17th West Yorks.
Robison, Corporal A.	1/4th Royal Fusiliers.
Rowley, Private A.	22nd West Yorks Regiment.
Russell, Private W.	3rd Manchesters.
O'Keeffe, Private M.	Irish Guards.
Sattary, Private T.	1st South African Infantry Regiment.
Shurrock, Private W.	6th Oxford and Bucks.
Stokes, Private E.	1st Wellington Infantry, N.Z.E.F.
Swayne, Private E. E.	1st Seaforths.
Thomas, Private L. T.	8th K.O.Y.L.I.
Tootell, Private T.	A.S.C. Remounts.
Ulyatt, Private A. S.	3rd Lincolns.
Webb, Private A.	11th Royal Warwicks.
Williams, Lance-Corporal	1st Queen's Royal Rifles.
Wilson, Private L. A.	1st Northumberland Fusiliers.
Yates, Private P.	2nd K.O.R. Lanes.

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 Allen, W., 53, Lord St., Leigh.
 Arnold, A., 41, Wycliffe Rd., Wimbledon.
 Back, A. W., Sandy Lane, Rendham, nr. Sax-
 mundham.

Barley, J., 44, Dale St., Crosby, Scunthorpe,
 Lincs.
 Batchelor, J., 15, Tooting Gr., Tooting.
 Bates, E., 17a, Prince of Wales Rd., Battersea.
 Bell, J., The Oaks, Ewhurst, Surrey.
 Bocking, A. J., 93, Franklin Street, Oldham.
 Brundrett, P., 7, Maurice St., Pendlebury.



Berry, W. J., 19, Disraeli St., Crumlin Rd.,
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