

No. 8.—New Series.

February, 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. 8.

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No. 8.—NEW SERIES.

FEBRUARY, 1917.

PRICE 6d.

Editorial Notes.

THE actual net profit made by ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW in its first six months was £8 19s. 11d., a cheque for which has been handed to the Treasurer of this Hostel. There remains in hand a sum of just over £17, but this has to be held against the supply of future numbers to subscribers, payment for which has been made. I think that readers of the Magazine will be glad to know that a small profit was earned; for the usual experience of a periodical of this kind is that it is run at a loss. Mr. Kessell very kindly examined and checked the account.

The demand for the REVIEW shows such a steady increase that this month we are printing an extra 250 copies, and if this does not prove sufficient we shall have to print more. I can assure you that the greater the inquiry the better I shall be pleased.

This month, instead of printing the subscription form on the last page, we are having it on a special slip, which is inserted in each copy. This is in deference to a hint from some subscribers that as they intend to have their REVIEWS bound they do not like to mutilate them.

I am always glad to receive any hints or suggestions, and I can assure everybody that I shall adopt them wherever it is feasible. Please do not forget that I am hungry for letters from all Old Boys.

THE EDITOR.

St. Dunstan's Gossip.

IT will be remembered that in last month's "Notes by the Chief," Sir Arthur Pearson promised to tell us in this issue of the way in which French soldiers who lost their sight in the war are being treated and trained. I have just received a letter from Sir Arthur, written from the south of France. In it he tells me that he will not have finished visiting the various centres where French blinded soldiers are cared for in time to enable him to send his impressions for this number of the REVIEW, as we have, of course, to go to press in advance of the date of publication. Sir Arthur, it may be said, arrived home on January 21st tired but hearty and full of work.

It has now become an institution to read the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW on its appearance to those boys who care to listen. Some forty or fifty of them gather in the new Lounge to hear it, and it occupies something like an hour and a half. A couple of readers take turns at the job, which is kept going without pause.

Nurse Read has a new dispensary which is altogether after her own heart. It is where the old massage class used to be, but it has been considerably enlarged and altered, and now has every convenience that even she could desire. It adjoins the Lounge, and is therefore



handy for the patients, who no longer have to wait their turn in an outside passage.

Miss Gardiner, a Southampton lady, who is 101 years old, bought a basket from us, which she uses to despatch apples to men in the Fleet. She was so pleased with it that she sent us a present of lavender to sweeten the maker's sleep. She also enclosed a sprig of deodar taken from a tree that Admiral Jellicoe and his brother used to climb when they were boys. Miss Gardiner is a cousin of the Admiral's.

St. Dunstan's now boasts a motor-bus of its own. It cannot compete for size with the street monster, but it takes eight men comfortably. It is very useful for station work and long distance runs. It is a very handsome car, and we are all quite proud of it.

Captain Owen, finding that his escort was not allowed on railway platforms without a ticket, appealed to Sir Arthur Pearson to take the matter up. Practically every company has now agreed to allow escorts of blinded men to accompany them on the platforms free of charge. This is a reasonable concession, and we congratulate the companies on making it.

Mr. Ernest Kessell, who for nearly two years acted as Treasurer and Secretary to St. Dunstan's, was obliged to relinquish the double post owing to the enormous increase in the work of the Hostel. As we announced last month, Mrs. Bates took the duties of Secretary from his shoulders, and Mr. Kessell now gives his chief attention to us as Treasurer. Mr. Kessell also superintends the entertainments, and we have to thank him for the capital succession of concerts and so forth with which we are all so greatly pleased. Mr. Kessell

has other multifarious duties which are too diverse to schedule, and he is one of the busiest of people in this busiest of places.

Sergeant-Major Middlemiss writes from New York to Sergeant Davie to say that he was off to Chicago early in January, and from thence to many other towns in the Middle-West. He says that he now has a correspondence list of many hundreds, and it takes him all his spare time to keep pace with it. Sergeant-Major Middlemiss, who was blinded in the war, is touring the United States lecturing upon St. Dunstan's. He has been very successful, and has been the means of procuring a great many subscriptions to the Hostel.

Miss Wood writes me a nice letter of thanks to all those who joined in giving her the handsome clock as a parting gift. She says she was very touched by this mark of kindly feeling, and that she will always remember St. Dunstan's as long as she lives as giving her the happiest of times.

Leslie Wale, of the Poultry Department, who has just attained military age, has been trying hard to join up, but he has been put back for three months owing to the recent operation on his arm. Wale, all honour to him, has refused to seek exemption and is determined to do his duty to his country if his country will have him. Would that others would follow his example!

Percy Brown, who has been turning out some very good market baskets, has returned to us on a visit to improve himself at his work and also to pick up a knowledge of poultry, as he is going to live in the country in future. We were glad to see him. Wenlock, one of the old boys, has also been a visitor, and a very welcome one.



The first batch of six-monthly subscriptions to the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW have run out, and we are pleased to find that in every case they have been renewed. This looks as if our readers find the magazine interesting. Most of these subscribers are unconnected with the Hostel, so that their appreciation is all the more welcome. We naturally realise that our news must be largely local and limited.

Captain Appleby tells us that the two buff linen-baskets he ordered from Lawlor were splendidly made, and he thought them too cheap at 9s. 6d. each. He said that he paid recently 11s. 6d. for the same kind of basket at a shop and that it was not a patch upon Lawlor's either in shape or finish. But we all know that Lawlor is a first-rate workman at his trade.

Complaints are still received that the magazines do not reach subscribers by post. They are all despatched from the office within the first few days of each month, but posts are now not only irregular but sometimes unreliable. I wish that any subscriber who does not receive his copy by the 6th of the month would at once send me a postcard and I will have the necessary inquiries made without delay. If a copy should get lost in the post, another shall be sent.

Sergeant Hetherington, late of the Northumberland Fusiliers, is the Cerberus in charge of our front gates throughout the day, and who regulates the traffic with one arm as well as any policeman can do with two. Sergeant Hetherington was in the Mons retreat and the battle of the Marne, and left his right arm in France. He it is who sells our magazine at the gate with such success to the publishing department that our circulation has had to be increased. He also disposes of any num-

ber of tickets for concerts and so forth in aid of St. Dunstan's, and is altogether as useful as only an old soldier knows how to be. Sergeant Hetherington is also an expert in antiques, and when the time comes for St. Dunstan's to close he proposes to set up as a dealer in this line. We are sure that everybody who knows him will flock to his store.

In the January number of "La Trentaine"—the excellent little magazine issued by the Contracts Department of the War Office—there appears a poem by Sergeant R. W. Horsley, of St. Dunstan's. It is called "My Stay in France." Sergeant Horsley has promised his next production to us.

We have had a letter from W. H. Collins, who has only just left us, saying that he spent his Christmas digging in the garden for the coming seed-time. He was always an industrious fellow, and an ardent oarsman, and he makes the proposal that we should get up a race this year between four of the old boys and four of the new ones. This would be an interesting test, and there is no reason why it should not come off; but the old boys will have to come up for a week's practice beforehand. Sir Arthur would be very pleased to put them up, so will those who would be willing to take part let me know their names? About the middle of July would be the best time for the race.

William Allen has sent us a pair of Sandow's dumb-bells and two spring chest-developers for the use of any of the boys who feel that they want exercise. I am afraid that a good many of us need exercise even if we do not want it, and dumb-bells and developers are a good means of keeping fit. It is very good of our old friend Allen to remember our needs.



Rowing men will be interested to hear that in the 1916 season they had out no fewer than 3,054 boats on the Regent's Park lake. This makes practically an average of 10 for every working day in the year, and as we all know there are many days when the weather will not permit us to row at all, it means something very much higher. It will not be long now before the early morning boating will start anew, and the boys will begin practising for the first racing, which will be held in April.

Mr. Claude Meynell, of Dewar House, Haymarket, gave a delightful entertainment to the men of St. Dunstan's, the College Annexe, and Sussex Place on Saturday, January 13th. The party of thirty was divided into two, one half going to the "Bing Boys" and the other half to "High Jinks." Everyone was conveyed to and from the theatres in a motor-bus, and after the performances both parties met at Canuto's popular restaurant in Baker Street, where a splendid dinner was given. In answer to a letter of thanks, Mr. Meynell says how pleased he was that his treat was so greatly appreciated, also that he hopes soon to give another.

Matron tells me that she is going to have a notice-board affixed in the hall upon which will be posted the dates and times of all events that are taking place in St. Dunstan's, so that the news can be carried to the various annexes and dwelling-houses which are run in connection with us. St. Dunstan's and its offshoots have now become a considerable colony, and rumour has it that we may even be known in the end as a postal district. Certainly, if we grow much more we shall overshadow Regent's Park altogether.

Mr. Curtis, the chemist of Baker

Street, who disposes of a number of *ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEWS* to his patients, has been able to do us a very good turn. Two of the people who bought magazines from him were so struck with the contents that they there and then wrote out cheques for £100 each, which Mr. Curtis was delighted to be able to hand over to us. This was very pleasing news to the Editor.

I am indebted to Mr. Herbert Black, of the "Settlement Department," for the following extract from the "Daily Mirror," which is too good to overlook, although it is against my rule to eulogise anything from other journals. Still, I hope that this amusing extract will justify the exception:—"A friend who has gone in for poultry and was at first unsuccessful in obtaining eggs solemnly says that he is using auto-suggestion with good results. Piles of china eggs lie about, pictures of nests full of eggs are hung on the hen-coop, and in the hen-yard is a phonograph which every quarter of an hour imitates a hen cackling and recalls the hens to their daily duty!"

Princess Patricia of Connaught came to St. Dunstan's on Monday, January 15th. She arrived at half-past eleven and went the usual round, expressing interest and pleasure in all that was shown her. She of course asked for any of her own regiment, which was raised in Canada, and received Mr. Harris Turner and Mr. McDougall in friendly talk for some minutes. Her Royal Highness bought an oak-tray and a basket in the workshop and spent a considerable time in thoroughly inspecting every department. She was attended by several ladies and was shown round the Hostel and grounds by Lady Pearson and Matron.

A whist-drive in aid of St. Dunstan's



is to be given at the Stanley Masonic Hall, Lavender Hill, on Saturday, February 3rd, starting at 7 o'clock. Among the prizes to be won are an oak-tray, an octagonal table, and a waste-paper basket, all of which have been made at the Hostel. Mr. Rose will, at the end of the drive and before the prizes are distributed, give a short account of the work and play of St. Dunstan's.

Orderly Robert Douglas, who is now in Roumania with a Red Cross unit, has written a cheery letter to the men at St. Dunstan's. This was read in the Lounge after the newspaper one morning and was much appreciated by all his old friends. He told them in this letter that food was very scarce and that black bread was the chief diet. Orderly Douglas served with the Colours for nearly two years and was discharged from the Army for defective eyesight. We hope to hear from him again.

We are all glad to welcome the return of Charles Temperton, who has come to learn telephone operating. Arnold and Vine have now perfected themselves at this occupation under the tutorship of Miss Nash, and Conlan has been learning it as well; so that now we have four telephonists who are all apt pupils. It will be remembered that Spry has turned out an expert operator and is in a very good situation.

The Rev. Mr. Pemberton Lloyd writes to say that he was responsible for the whole of the article upon St. Dunstan's that appeared in the "Norwood Review" on December 9th, 1916. I am glad that he found so much to quote in his article from our magazine, and I am sure we are all much obliged to him for his kindly interest in us.

Herbert Kirby, from Manchester, paid

us a visit in the middle of the month, and Tom Milligan, accompanied by Orderly Robin, also arrived on a short holiday. The Manchester masseurs are doing exceedingly well, and we are sorry to hear that Albert Woollen came up in the Christmas holidays, only to find St. Dunstan's closed.

Captain Owen tells me that he is now getting eggs from practically all his birds, and that he has a busy time in front of him in the coming spring, as he intends to hatch out about 400 chicks. By the way, Captain Owen is so pleased with the result of his agitation for the free passes for escorts that he is now thinking of trying for "free tickets" to travel anywhere about the universe.

The Hospital Winter Bazaar on the premises of Messrs. Harvey, Nichols & Co., Knightsbridge, is proving so great a success that a special shop is to be taken to carry it on until March. It is under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A., and Miss Cheyne has devoted special attention to the St. Dunstan's Stall, at which a satisfactory output from our workers has already been sold.

There is to be a Sale of Work at Trinity Church House, Great Portland Street, on Tuesday, February 20th. There will be a special stall for St. Dunstan's work, and the Sale will be opened by Lady Pearson at 2.30 in the afternoon, and the doors will not be closed until 9.30 at night.

Mr. Jarvis, one of our helpers, read some translations from French magazines dealing with the work of the blind to an audience of St. Dunstan's boys on Tuesday evening, January 16th. This made an interesting preface to Sir Arthur Pearson's address, which is referred to elsewhere.



Mrs. Maxwell, the Matron of the Temporary Hospital, No. 27, at Beau-lieu-sur-Mer, visited us on January 18th, and was very interested in us. She said that she was looking forward to telling the French wounded of all she had seen at St. Dunstan's, and she was sure that they would be impressed by her account of what England was doing for her blinded soldiers.

The names of several orderlies who are ready to instruct the men in tandem-cycle riding have been given me. They are Cannell, Wittridge, Thatcher, Webb, and Dawson. We are much obliged to them, and we hope that it will not be long before their services will be required.

The Friday dances were resumed on January 15th, and as is now always the case there was a big gathering. Miss Prescott has increased her staff of voluntary instructors, Mr. Hollyman has enlarged his band, and Mr. Collett has laid in a large supply of dancing shoes. On behalf of the ladies, I ask all the boys to wear dancing shoes instead of their ordinary boots.

I must say a word about the Tuesday evening dancing classes for beginners. These are not intended for ordinary practice, but for teaching the steps; and it is embarrassing for the instructors when ladies and some of the boys will insist on disporting themselves among the learners. I do hope that they will see our difficulty and help us to cope with it.

The new building for the After-Care Department is nearly finished and will be occupied at once. Mr. Black will then be brought into closer touch with the Workshop, in which, of course, he is largely interested. This department has

grown very much in the last few months. The old After-Care hut will be converted into a Roman Catholic chapel.

Mr. T. H. Martin has a splendid shop at 206, Great Portland Street all ready for the St. Dunstan's Old Boys' output of work as soon as they are ready for him. The weekly consignments of mats, baskets, joinery, and so forth that now reach us are assuming such big dimensions that we shall shortly have to transfer our selling department to the new Central Depot. There is some talk of starting this on March 1st.

Danny McCarthy and his pretty little wife paid us a visit the other day. He is busily employed with his boots and mats, and works from breakfast time until late at night in order to complete his orders. Mrs. McCarthy, who is a very capable young woman, helps him with all his jobs, and is able both to weave mats and mend boots herself. The result is that all their joint work is "promptly executed."

We have received the first number of *The Beacon*, a monthly magazine devoted to the interests of the blind. It contains many allusions to St. Dunstan's and much interesting matter. It is published by the National Institute for the Blind, and is full of the many interesting developments that are now taking place in bettering the conditions of the non-sighted. It is edited by Mr. Le Breton Martin.

Among the newcomers recently the name of Sergeant-Major S. Shawl, 5th Canadians, was unfortunately not included. Sergeant-Major Shawl is a great acquisition and is useful at our debates. I am glad that he called my attention to the omission of his name, which I much regret.



A concert was given on Tuesday afternoon, January 23rd, at the Central Hall, Westminster, in aid of Queen Mary's Hospital at Roehampton and St. Dunstan's. Nearly one hundred of our men were invited, and the concert was a huge success. Mr. Harry Lauder, Miss Lily Elsie, Miss Gleeson-White, Miss Edna Thornton, and many other artistes gave their services.

Although it is fully dealt with in the Poultry Notes by Miss Lawrence, I cannot refrain from a mention here of Mr. John Playfoot's kindness in giving extra lectures on three evenings a week to the pupils who desire to make special progress. These take place at 5.30 on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and have been well attended, thus showing the keenness of the men to take advantage of the thoughtfulness of Mr. Playfoot. No wonder the Poultry Farm is popular.

On Saturday, January 20th, a large party of men and sisters were lucky enough to be the guests of the Painters' and Stainers' Guild. They were made very welcome, and after cigarettes had been provided, a splendid programme of song and music was given, preceded by an interesting speech from the Master of the Company, who unfolded its history. After the concert tea was served, which proved to be as excellent as the entertainment, and then a few more songs and other items wound up the afternoon. At the conclusion Sergeant Jones, speaking on behalf of St. Dunstan's and also for the Chelsea boys who were invited from St. Mark's Hospital, thanked all for their great kindness in providing such a grand treat.

Mr. Charles E. Rose has relinquished his post of Honorary Superintendent of St. Dunstan's, which he has filled since the start of the Regent's Park Hostel.

He hopes, however, to be privileged still to help in a less onerous way.

Our old friend Mr. W. G. Sewell, the masseur, was married on Sunday last, January 28th, to Miss Coleman. We made a mistake last month in referring to this lady as Miss Coles. The ceremony took place at St. Paul's Church, Westminster, at a quarter to ten o'clock in the morning, and many St. Dunstan's and other friends were present.

Workshop Gossip.

THIS is an appeal to the Railway Companies, to which St. Dunstan's hopes that they will be good enough to give consideration. The men when they have learnt their trades here settle down in their various homes and are supplied with their tools and their materials by us. These are put on the railways and are often a very long time in reaching their destinations, in some cases many weeks, and in one or two instances even months. During this time the expectant blinded soldiers have to wait in idleness, which is particularly irksome to them, and of course they are not only idle but are earning no money. Could not the Railway Companies be good enough to expedite the delivery of the goods, which are always clearly marked for the use of St. Dunstan's men?

An encouraging sign is the growing number of men who do not wait for the whistle to blow before starting work. Many of them come to the shop twenty minutes or half an hour before the official time, both morning and afternoon, and it sometimes happens that when the signal is given hardly anyone remains to answer it. This is excellent, and just as it should be.



Boteler and Sergeant Harris were the first men in the workshop after the holidays. The former said that he had been dreaming of the big mat he had to make all through the vacation, and that he was longing to be at it. Harris, of course, is a born carpenter, and never seems to be happy when he is away from it. The instructors rejoice in pupils of this kind.

Our necessities increase every day, and it has now been found imperative to have a special delivery car for the workshop business. And not before it was needed. Our mats have to be sheared, our goods have to be delivered, our stocks have to be fetched; and when the workshop has nothing for the road there are the after-care and poultry departments. There will be plenty of work for the car, and the driver will not suffer from lack of employment. But then at St. Dunstan's we are used to making up for starting early by leaving off late.

George Pell, one of the very best joiners we have ever had—and who, unfortunately for us, has just left to start business for himself—has completed a lectern for the chapel, entirely unassisted. It is made of the finest oak and is a remarkably well finished piece of work. The shop is very proud of it.

Sydney Stockbridge, our hard-working and indispensable boy-scout, underwent an operation on the 18th of January for adenoids. It was successfully performed at the Middlesex Hospital, and Stockbridge is now back again, feeling much improved in health. We all missed his cheerful assistance very much while he was away.

The officers show a decided liking for the joinery, and there are now five of them busily hammering, sawing and planing every day. They buckle to in

most workmanlike manner and put as much energy into it as they ever could have done into their soldiering. They are making trays, boxes, benches and hen-coops, and most of them are exceedingly promising pupils. Joinery is one of the most attractive hobbies for anybody, and it has the added advantage of being profitable as well.

Ernest Matheson, the Australian, has come back to us after a long sojourn in hospital, and is now taking up boot repairing, after having mastered the making of mats. He is a quick worker and a pleasure to teach, and gives his whole mind to any job that he takes up. Matheson received the silver cup that he won at Putney last July, and which had been kept in the safe awaiting his return.

Afternoon tea in the workshops has become quite an institution, and Mr. Walter Collett, the joinery instructor, brews it from a recipe of his own. There is no tea like it, the imbibers declare, and it provides a cheerful close to each day's work. Mr. Collett also makes tea for the early risers for drills and boating, and it is said to be one of the chief inducements to join in these sports.

The New Workshop.

THE Workshop is now doubled in size, and some 150 men are now busily employed each day in learning their various industries. For the moment the boot section has the largest number of pupils, and the mats come next. Both of these trades are popular, and each of them is turning out excellent work.

When in both sections the men are busy with their hammers at the same time the noise is somewhat distracting to the more thoughtful basket-makers,



who are sandwiched between them. The shops are now comfortably warmed, and we no longer hear any complaints of cold feet. Indeed, "cold feet" in every sense are rarely met with in the Workshops.

The output of boot repairing is very large, and customers can almost have their footwear repaired while they wait; that is to say, if they wait long enough. As to the mats, we are sometimes hard put to it to find space for the ever-accumulating stock, and we shall all be glad when the Central Dépôt is ready to relieve us. Every frame has its occupant both morning and afternoon, and the new men in almost every case are shaping well.

The growth of the Joinery Class is of the most encouraging character to the instructors, and it is not too much to say that the cheerful hammering of the pupils vies very heartily with the boot workers at the other end. Visitors are observed occasionally to display alarm at the din when they enter our domain; but those who are used to it find that they can do everything but telephone without inconvenience.

The Workshops are our unfailing source of interest to all comers, and what apparently surprises the visitor is to find that all the workers are so cheerful. We are sometimes tempted to wonder if they expect to find most of us in tears, judging by their expressed amazement at the whistling, singing, and smoking with which the men accompany their tasks.

It is believed that the Workshop is now large enough to accommodate all the blinded soldiers who need instruction; and as we can find room for 200 men a day, the belief is reasonable, especially when we remember that poultry, netting, massage, typewriting and shorthand claim a large number of workers.

In the Workshop the small band of instructors who have been with us from

the first often contrast present conditions with the small beginning, when they worked in the stable, with a loose box for each department.

The Princess Louise's Visit

HER Royal Highness Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, paid St. Dunstan's a visit on Wednesday, January 29th. Sir Arthur Pearson, with Sir Philip Hutchings and officers of the League of the Empire, met Her Royal Highness in the Hall, and Sir Philip Hutchings presented the Prime Minister of New Zealand, Miss Bonar Law, Lady Doreen Long, and other representatives of the League to Princess Louise. Sir Arthur Pearson then presented the principal officers of St. Dunstan's to Her Royal Highness and conducted her to the Lounge, where he welcomed her on behalf of St. Dunstan's.

Sir Sidney Lee then made an offering of the volumes of Shakespeare to the Princess as gifts for the disabled soldiers, and Her Royal Highness, after graciously accepting the books, proceeded to pass down the lines of soldiers and presented each of them with a copy of the handsome book, accompanied by a few kindly words. The men heartily cheered Princess Louise at the close of the presentation, and were greatly delighted with the gifts.

During the afternoon Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson gave a recitation from Shakespeare with all his old power and charm, and Sir Philip Hutchings thanked the Princess on the part of the League of the Empire.

Sir Arthur Pearson subsequently gave an interesting account of his visit of inspection to the blinded soldiers of France, of which a full resumé will appear in our next issue.



His Master's Voice.

"TAKE your foot off my tail,"
Said the Devil to Bill,
Who was scratching his head
On the point of a quill;
They were chatting together
(Old friends, I presume)
In the quick fading light
Of a grim little room.

Bill paused in his scratching
And silently stood;
His face showing white,
And his hands showing blood.
"Your losses at Verdun?"
The Devil then asked,
And Bill's trembling fingers
Began the sad task.

He grunted and stammered, then
grunted again,
As he read out his losses
By number and name.
"Your defeat on the Somme?"
Said the Devil once more,
As the wind shrieked aloud
Through a crack in the door.

"The figures are great,"
Then the wind screamed again,
At the total recorded
In wounded and slain.
Bill sighed very deeply.
Said the Devil, "Ah, well!
What you've lost in those regions
You'll find down in Hell."

T. H. Dennison.

Our Concerts and Shows.

SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER provided part of the first entertainment after the Christmas holiday, which took place on Thursday, January 4th. With Sir George appeared Mr. J. D. Beveridge and Mr. Charles Glenney in a performance of "Howard and Son," a fine little patriotic play,

every word of which was listened to with rapt attention. The stage had been erected in the Old Lounge, and when the play commenced there was scarcely standing room for late comers.

Sir George Alexander, Mr. Beveridge, and Mr. Glenney got to work at once, and at the end nothing short of three hearty cheers would satisfy the boys in expression of their enjoyment.

Sir George addressed a few words to the audience, stating that they were all glad to come and act their little play as a token of gratitude for what the boys at St. Dunstan's had done for them.

But the presentation of "Howard and Son" was not the only treat that evening. It was immediately followed by a very excellent miscellaneous programme provided by Messrs. William Whiteley, Ltd. Our thanks are due to that firm and to Mr. Medlicott, who was in charge of the party.

After spending some weeks in France, where she had been entertaining the troops, Miss Christine Hawkes came back, practically speaking, straight to St. Dunstan's, and brought her concertina with her. With her usual ability Miss Hawkes performed on her instrument to the delight of everybody present. Mr. Cornil Bard, the "Original Entertainer," did a couple of good turns, and with the addition of the Misses Violet Oppenshaw, Crocker, and Helen Spicer an excellent programme was provided.

A special treat was given on January 10th by Mr. Vickof. He not only provided all the good things for a real New Year's tea, including crackers to pull after, but arranged for an orchestra to play during the meal, and followed on with a musical entertainment, in the programme of which were many well-known entertainers. Hearty thanks were accorded to Mr. Vickof.



It goes without saying that if there is any man who ought to be able to organise an entertainment of the first grade, that man is Mr. C. Douglas-Stuart, of the Variety Artistes' Benevolent Fund. We had it on January 11th, and the New Lounge was packed from one end to the other. Miss Maude Mortimer was at her best, and Morton & Bowman, in their comedy sketches, were enored time after time, which was also the fate of Coram, the ventriloquist. His little dummy figure, dressed as a private in the Dragoons, was made to say some very droll things regarding those about him, and hugely delighted all the soldiers with his criticism of his superiors.

Mr. Douglas Stuart has promised to arrange an even better entertainment for March 1st, but really I don't very well see how it can possibly be done.

The Ragtime Sextette Band paid us a second visit just after dinner on January 15th. It was the cause of great hilarity. Perhaps the cleverest thing they did was the imitation of a train leaving a station, puffing through the streets of an American town with the bell clanging and dimming away into the distance, presently getting louder until the puff and clang and escaping steam ran into another station and stopped. Mr. Philip Pilcer's Band will perhaps come again one day before it returns to America.

It is a great pity that some artistes promise to assist at an entertainment and then fail to keep the appointment. Miss Gladys Anderson was disappointed in this way. Nevertheless she and the ladies of her company who did arrive gave quite a neat little concert, which was well spoken of by the audience.

I would like to announce here that at 1.30 on *February 6th*, and at the same hour on the *7th*, Miss G. E. Mitton, the

well-known authoress, is going to do something quite new. It is no less a thing than the extemporaneous relating of a serial story. She will go from chapter to chapter just as one finds a story unfolded in a six shilling book, and she is confident that she will make it so interesting that those who hear her on the first day will be present again on the second occasion. It seems to me to be a novel idea, and I hope she will have a good audience on the first day. I have told Miss Mitton that the second day's gathering will depend entirely on the powers she displays at the first sitting. *Don't forget.*

A monster programme was provided by the "B" Glee and Concert Company of the 5th Battalion Surrey Volunteer Regiment. It comprised part songs, humorous songs, and ordinary solos. The first were rendered by the Glee Party, the second by Mr. Dan Godfrey and Mr. Stanley Parsons, and the third by various ladies and gentlemen. The part songs were somewhat of a change and were greatly enjoyed. It is a pity that we don't get more of them included in the various programmes. The New Lounge was full right up to the singing of the National Anthem.

The Band of the 1st Life Guards, under the direction of Mr. George Miller, paid us a weekly visit, and as they were able to make use of the New Lounge there was naturally more floor space, to the delight of those who took the opportunity of having an impromptu hop, skip, and jump. By the time these lines are read the band will be "Somewhere in France." Let us all wish them a happy and safe journey. They have been good friends to us, and we shall be glad when the time arrives for them to come again and play to us.

Messrs. J. Lyons, Ltd., provided an excellent orchestra on January 22nd;



and on the 25th Mr. Douglas Watson, of the Kilburn Empire, brought a splendid miscellaneous party of performers, who gave an enjoyable and much appreciated entertainment. E. K.

Newspaper Conundrums.

MISS JULIA CRITTEN conducted a novel competition on Wednesday, January 17th. This was called "Newspaper Conundrums," and was worked as follows: A question was set down, the answer to which had to be the name of a newspaper.

Here are one or two examples. "What is the scarcity of sugar a sign of?" The answer to which was given as "The Times." Among other smart replies we may quote: "What is the Kaiser most anxious to obtain?" Answer: "The Globe." "Who saw the Zeppelin brought down?" Answer: "The Observer." "What might every member of St. Dunstan's be called?" Answer: "Sportsman."

There were thirty-eight questions set down, and three prizes were awarded for those who answered the most of them according to the names set down by Miss Cretten. Heeley guessed eighteen correctly and won the first prize, a watch chain; Wise was second (seventeen replies), and secured a regimental match-box; O'Connell was third (fifteen answers judged right), and gained the third prize, which was a walking-stick.

Miss Critten proposes to have a competition on the same lines with the names of magazines in place of newspapers; but in this case she thinks it would be a good idea to let the boys ask the questions and the ladies have to guess the replies. Really Miss Critten's fertility of invention is inexhaustible.

The Suggestion Box.

HERE is a selection from the month's suggestions:—

I wrestled successfully with an old (sighted) opponent of mine during the Christmas holidays. Could it be introduced as a sport at St. Dunstan's? Also Ju-jitsu, which is a fine exercise?

There is no reason whatever why wrestling should not be taken up if the men dress themselves suitably and arrange to have a sighted person to referee.

Would it be possible to start a course of piano-tuning for a few boys who would be willing to pay the larger part of their pension towards their keep? As the course would be long and might cause misunderstanding if St. Dunstan's were to provide for them for all that time, I suggest a separate small house, where luxuries would be avoided and where we should live more the life that our own homes provide for us.

If further particulars of boys who desire to learn piano-tuning can be given it would be easier to deal with this suggestion. Experience has proved that piano-tuning is a very difficult and unprofitable thing to teach.

I think it would be a good idea to allow men who wish it to have a drink of stout with their meals. As I for one don't drink beer or lemonade, I have to go out to a hotel to get my stout.

If all those men who desire to drink stout will give in their names to Matron, she promises to see what she can do.

We suggest that all helpers who come up to take out the men in the morning, or read to them, or help in any such way, should have a badge to show that they are doing their "little bit." A small sun, such as 3d. or 6d., could be charged.



This is quite a good idea, and we shall be glad to hear from the helpers whether they also desire it.

Since this place has been enlarged quite a few of us boys who live in the far-away wards have at times failed to hear the meal bell rung, therefore have been late for some of our meals; so I think it would be a fine idea to have a large bell hanging from a bracket somewhere on the outside of the building, so that we should be able to hear it from all parts of the building.

This suggestion shall be given consideration. It is quite a good idea, but it should not be forgotten that some of the wards are on one side of the house and some the other.

I suggest that no motor vehicle is driven up to St. Dunstan's after dusk, but remains outside.

This proposal will also be given consideration; but, of course, it will be recognised that there are difficulties in the way of arranging it, owing to arrivals with luggage at all hours.

That a strong spring should be placed on the double doors leading from the old Lounge to the new one.

This is being inquired into.

The Gunner.

THE Gunner smiled as his breach-block closed,

His arm was steady, his grip was tight;

The Gunner smiled, and his face beamed bright

In the twilight flush of an autumn night. Silent columns of moving men

Moved to a point in a neighbouring glen, And the Gunner smiled.

The Gunner smiled as his gun spoke loud,

With deafening crash and darkening cloud;

The Gunner smiled as the darkness fell, Smiled at the wreck of shot and shell.

The Gunner smiled, with firm fixed eye On the field of Death, where brave men die.

Then he sank down slowly beside his gun,

And smiled, though his course was nearly run;

Though his heart beat faint in his wounded breast,

The Gunner smiled as he went Out West.

T. H. Dennison.

January Debates.

THERE was a good meeting of members at the first discussion of the year, which was held on January 11th. The subject was: "Should Railways, Mines, and Shipping be Nationalised after the War?" It was opened by Sergeant Harris, who made a dashing speech in favour of nationalisation and displayed strong Socialistic tendencies in his remarks. He appeared to be well informed on the subject, and was successful in carrying his listeners with him.

Interesting speeches were made by Messrs. Harris, Green, Corp. Macintosh, and Sergeant-Major Shawl. We were particularly interested in the maiden speech of Mr. McNab, the Australian, who, although he admitted that he felt a little nervous, showed no signs of it in his telling remarks. Other interesting contributions to the discussion were made by Messrs. Leonard, Chambers, Vine, Girling, and Yates. The whole debate was carried on at a high level, and was closely followed by the sixty or so members who were present, besides several of the sisters. In the result, the resolution was carried by 86 votes to 24 votes, so it will be seen that opinion was fairly divided, which, of course, is



what makes a good debate, and we were all much gratified by the promise shown.

A particularly good debate was that on January 18th. The subject was: "At what age is a man too old to be of use in the Army?" It was opened by Sergeant-Major Cope, whom we were all glad to welcome back, in a telling little speech, in which he suggested forty-five as the outside limit; but Sergeant Harris, who is nothing if not original, fixed upon ninety, so long as a man was fit and well. Mr. Murray, the Australian, in a few clear and well-reasoned remarks, gave it as his experience that men of from forty-five to forty-eight from his colony lasted better than younger men; while Mr. Chambers, who confessed to forty-one, but looks no more than thirty, was all in favour of the older man.

Mr. Collins, another new debater, helped us with a very neat little speech; and Messrs. Jobe and Boteler—two Army Service Corps men—asserted that the man up to fifty was as good as anybody. Mr. Pink, who also spoke for the first time, was very interesting and informative; and Mr. Hindley spoke up well for the young men, and argued that they were better on the whole when they were under thirty. Mr. Vine gave us one of his well-reasoned little speeches. Quite one of the best contributions to the discussion was made by a new speaker, Mr. Broadbent, who was clear and well informed, and should prove a great help to us in the future.

Among the speakers who must be commended were Mr. Girling, Mr. O'Carroll (another fresh speaker), and several others. Sergeant-Major Cope, in winding up the debate, congratulated the Club on the quantity of fresh blood introduced and complimented the fresh speakers. The voting was thirty-four in favour of not older than forty-five, while fifteen men voted for the age of fifty;

but the whole meeting was prepared to make it more a question of fitness than of age.

The last debate was upon the question, "Should women be expected to go back to their pots and kettles after the War?" Mr. H. Green was the opener, and excellent speeches were made by Messrs. L. Wilson, Vine, McNab, Cowan, Broadbent, Cope, Pink and Harris. The resolution was carried unanimously.

What is an Argument?

[A report of a debate of which St. Dunstan's has no record.]

THIS was the subject of a recent discussion by the St. Dunstan's Debating Club, which has already made itself famous by its habit of selecting one subject and talking about another. It was opened by Sergeant Harris in a few burning sentences.

"What is an argument?" said he, glaring fiercely round the Lounge. "If you don't know that, what are you here for? All you fellows want your eyes opened, and I'll soon do it. I'll put it in a nutshell. When I say a thing is so, and one of you chaps says it isn't, that's an argument. Then we fight it out; but we don't know who's got the best of it until the other fellow gives in. Then he may live to argue another day, or he may not. It depends where you've hit him and how hard. That's all I've got to say."

Sergeant Davie followed, and he was inclined to doubt if any kind of force was a good argument; but Mr. Hindley, rising to a point of order, observed that the gallant sergeant could never have encountered a post on his way round the outer circle, or he would think otherwise.

Mr. Harry Green chipped in with the remark that in his opinion the more



force there was in an argument the better. He said that in Australia they believed in strong language, and plenty of it and often. He added that he had won many a debate by knowing more swear words than the others.

Mr. Boteler, rising in some anger, said "that if force was no argument, then there couldn't be force in an argument. At least if that wasn't sense, what was? When he was in the Army Service Corps they all had to eat dog biscuit or go without. Some of the chaps wanted to argue about that; but, bless you, it didn't do any good. Therefore he didn't think there was any sense in an argument; but if there was any sense, you'd got to put it there first. And he wasn't going to waste his time putting sense into anybody else's argument—and they could all put that in their pipes and smoke it."

Loud applause followed these remarks, which was discouraged by Mr. Vine, who said that whatever an argument was it wasn't noise. "There were many points of view about an argument. His point of view he regarded as the right one, but it was possible that others might think differently." (Cries of "Hear, hear.") "He supposed those cheers were sarcastic; but he would like to let them know that he had never yet found his point of view to be wrong."

"What is your point of view?" inquired Mr. Harris Turner, rising to order.

Mr. Vine replied that he could not say exactly what it was in this case, because there was no argument before them. But if there had been an argument, he would very soon have shown them his point of view, and he was prepared to bet anyone that it would have been right.

Mr. Burge, awaking suddenly, declared he would take that bet, as he liked anything for a bit of sport. He would sooner have a raffle than an argument any day; and he suggested that if

they'd got anything they couldn't agree about, let them raffle it and see who won.

Mr. Ulyatt broke in here and said that he wished everybody would talk sense; and if a man couldn't talk sense, let him shut up.

"If anybody wants to shut me up," said Mr. Burge, "let him try." And he added that a man would have a better chance of success at this than a monkey. He also stated that he wanted to go on making his string-bag, and that he didn't believe in argument anyhow unless the other man carried a stick.

Sergeant Jones suggested that some people did not know an argument when they saw one.

Mr. McNab agreed with this, and said that it was sometimes hard to know what was an argument and what wasn't. He remarked that in his younger days he had tried arguing with ladies for practice, but he had given it up, because it was so trying to the ears. It wasn't that ladies argued so particularly well, but they said the same thing so often and so quickly that if you didn't get out of the room sharp something was sure to be broken.

Mr. Girling observed that his idea of an argument was to say a thing and stick to it. "Make up your mind beforehand and then you know where you are."

Corporal McLean declared that he should call that obstinacy. He regarded an argument as convincing another fellow who was wrong that you were right. This was a hard thing to do, but you should keep on trying. "Remember," said he "King Bruce and the bad half-croon."

Mr. Maddison considered that no man ever was right unless he was a Scotsman, and then it depended on what part of Scotland he came from, and if he was in the ministry or not. So far as he was concerned, he had never known himself



wrong, but he was not bigoted, and he was prepared to live and learn.

Sergeant Sammy Shields, rising just before closing time, said that his view of the case was short. "The best answer to the question 'What is an Argument?'" he declared, "was marriage. Get married, and if you don't soon find out what is an argument, then you've married the wrong girl."

Whereupon all the married men present sadly declared that they supposed they would never know now what an argument was, and the debate was suspended.

The New College Annexe.

THE new College Annexe was opened on January 1st. It lies about three hundred yards away from St. Dunstan's along the outer circle. Howell was our first arrival, and Caldwell (now happily quite recovered) our first invalid. About thirty boys from St. Dunstan's volunteered to come along with me when the idea was first mooted, and this number has happily been considerably swelled since then. As an old St. Dunstan's man, I cannot say how pleased I was to see so many familiar faces during the first few days when, to me, as much as to the boys, so much was new and strange. At the time of writing there are about sixty boys there, and a further twenty who are still away on their first holiday after hospital.

The Matron (Miss Power) has already won all the hearts of the boys, and nothing could be more capable than her management of the large staff, or more splendid than her untiring efforts to make the house a "home" in every sense of the word. Sister Cope (whom many of the St. Dunstan's boys will remember) plays "auntie"; Miss Butler, a familiar figure at St. Dunstan's, is the

very popular Lounge sister; Miss Howell, another old St. Dunstan's worker, looks after our clothes; and Miss Kenrock is the new and popular dining-room sister. We have been fortunate enough to get a music sister as well, Miss West, medallist of the Royal Academy of Music, and presently I hope there will be a full-blown musical society and band.

One thing that pleases everybody is the fact that many St. Dunstan boys come to join us in the evening, so that the two houses are thus made one big happy family, and the three hundred yards of outer circle cease to prove a barrier even on a muddy night. Life otherwise is much the same as at St. Dunstan's, and presently I hope to have some jolly Tuesday evening concerts, at which Miss Esmé and Miss Vera Beringer, Miss Constance Drever, and Mr. Harry Champion have all promised to assist.

R. K. H.

A Scrap of War.

OH dear, what can the matter be?
The boys are so long at the
Front;

They went out the day that war was
declared,

The Germans to kill and to hunt.

They started from Belgium, and then
into France,

With good work and courage we led
them a dance;

And yet still the cry is for more men
and guns

To try and abolish the terrible Huns.

How proud we shall be when the fight-
ing is over,

And all our brave boys come steaming
to Dover.

We'll shout and we'll sing, as we
welcome them in.

For we know they won't leave till
they're sure they can win.

George Brooks.



Poultry Notes.

IT cannot be supposed that anybody has enjoyed the sample of winter weather meted out to us this January. Fog, rain, sleet, and snow have been the order of things, and came especially hard on the poultry farmers. The general routine of a farm must continue, but during very severe weather the birds must to a large extent be kept intensively. In this way the classes are deprived of a certain amount of the outdoor interest to which we look forward in the spring. It is fortunate that the farm is well equipped with classrooms, though between the storms students may be seen braving the elements from time to time and examining various breeds in the model section.

Mr. Clem Watson has kindly consented to hold the next First Course Poultry Examination on February 6th and 7th.

The Second Course Examination may be held the same week, or possibly the week following, subject to Mr. Watson's arrangements. A list of candidates for this advanced examination is not yet forthcoming.

Mr. Playfoot is always more than anxious to pass on to others the knowledge that he has gained during a lifelong experience of poultry. He has therefore embarked upon an extended course of lectures, intended primarily for those who have completed their training and are keen enough to wish for a little more, but also for the benefit of any of the present students who care to take the opportunity of increasing their knowledge. Mr. Playfoot amplifies his previous instruction and emphasises the various features which require the special attention of those who look for success in poultry culture.

Poultry farmers will unanimously appreciate the fact that Mr. Playfoot is always ready to expend time and thought on any matter that may be of advantage to the students. He is well assisted in his endeavours by the other instructors.

During the past few months the Poultry Farm has in a small measure become a depôt for birds supplied to men who have left St. Dunstan's. The system is as follows: Really first-class stock is obtained and delivered at St. Dunstan's, where the birds are carefully vetted by Mr. Playfoot before passing on to their final destination. Unfortunately accommodation for birds over and above the permanent stock is very limited, and although the farm is much more elastic than formerly, it is necessary to have very definite information as to when the poultry keepers will be ready to take over their birds in order to avoid overcrowding at St. Dunstan's, and to keep in touch with dealers, who naturally prefer to deliver birds as soon as ordered.

It must be pointed out that while very great care is taken in the selection of the birds, which are only purchased from well-known dealers, even the best—more especially highly bred stock—are always prone to colds, chills, and similar troubles contracted on the journey at draughty railway stations, etc., especially during the present severe weather. Even the change of conditions in feeding, housing, climate, etc., may on occasion have adverse effects. It is certainly extremely trying to have a new flock of birds troubled with severe colds, and Mr. Thomson Brown is taking measures to reduce the risks of travelling by giving special advice as to the treatment of the birds on arrival.

Alterations and improvements continue. The old food shed or granary—



the first on the left on entering the yard—has now been converted into a really well-appointed incubator room, as planned by Mr. Playfoot. The old shed door has been removed, and a double entrance contrived in the form of an inside porch. Stepping into this porch, the door is on the left in order to prevent a rush of cold outside air from blowing directly upon the incubators with harmful effect, as was the case in the old incubator shed next door. The new room has been fitted with a proper ceiling, and all cracks in the walls have been patched up, thus shutting out the draughts so fatal to the would-be chicken. In place of draughts proper ventilation has been secured by means of a reconstructed window and sliding shutters fitted in the panels of the door. The incubators are ranged perfectly steady and level on long benches or tables against the wall. Thus equipped we may look forward to an interesting time in the hatching season.

The old incubator shed now serves a double purpose. It stores the food and tools, and contains four large emergency pens, each capable of housing about a dozen birds. The pens are used to accommodate what we may describe as the birds of passage, which come from the poultry dealers and are passed on to men who have left, as already mentioned. The upper half of the shed door has been fitted with a wooden framework, covered with wire-netting, following a suggestion of Mr. Neville's, so that the birds need never be deprived of light and air.

There has been no further addition to the St. Dunstan's stock lately, beyond the kind gift of a Rhode Island red cockerel from Mrs. Hicks, of Holly Lodge, Heathfield. It will be remembered that Mrs. Hicks previously presented the farm with a pen of Faverolle pullets.

The new and improved henhouse has been completed by Mr. Wooding and set up in a new pen to the left of the new classrooms. It is at present the abode of a fine flock of Cam's White Wyandotte pullets. In addition, a useful type of fattening coop was made to order and recently despatched.

The Joinery Class has so far been low in numbers, but this has given Mr. Wooding time to carry out the various alterations about the farm buildings. Maddison and Shaw may be seen busily employed every morning, and Mr. Capper, who is taking up poultry, has lately joined the class.

For the rest, the beginners' classes have been well filled up, and altogether the farm has the prospect of a busy season ahead of it. D. L.

Poultry—Spring Hints.

SPECIAL care should now be given to the selection of the breeding stock; use only healthy, well-developed specimens; yearling hens are to be preferred to pullets for breeding purposes. Give special attention to the male bird, and see that he is given one good feed a day by himself. Don't force breeding stock to lay. During sharp, frosty weather, or while cold winds prevail, nests should be well lined with clean fresh hay; the baskets in which the eggs are gathered should be lined, and the eggs collected early and often.

When keeping eggs for hatching, place them in a small box or basket in the same position as they are usually found in the nest, and in a temperature as near fifty degrees as possible. Turn the eggs gently twice a day. After a railway journey eggs should be rested for twenty-four hours before being placed in an



incubator. Don't put eggs straight from the nest into the incubator, but wait till they are at least twenty-four hours old.

The best place for the working of an incubator is one having an equable temperature day and night of fifty degrees, a steady supply of fresh air without draughts is advisable, and freedom from noise and vibration.

Those who wish early chicks should lose no time in filling their machines with eggs from any of the heavy breeds, and so have a hatch off before the end of this month. They should get a second hatch off in March and a third off in the middle of April. The machines should then be filled with eggs from any of the lighter breeds, and kept going till the end of June. Chicks from heavy breeds will command high prices for table purposes in April and May; hatched in March and April they should be kept for stock purposes; and those hatched in April, May, and June from light breeds should come on to lay in autumn.

Any of our poultry farmers whose hen houses have been delayed on the railway, and in consequence have not yet had their breeding stock sent to them, need not necessarily lose valuable time. Provided their incubators and foster-mothers have arrived, they can at least make a start with artificial incubation. By communicating with the Settlement Department or the Poultry Farm they can be supplied with hatching eggs till such time as they have their own breeders. J. T. B.

Another Poultry Suggestion.

I WOULD like to suggest that we have a poultry farm run by a branch of the After-Care on co-partnership lines; that is to say, that all the poultry farmers from St. Dunstan's should be

invited to hold shares in it. This farm would be a centre from which we could work. The breeding of the excellent stock that we are now using could still be carried on, so that when men wanted to purchase or exchange they would be able to do so without any risk of being cheated in dealing. It would be a centre of market produce supply where we could send our surplus stock of eggs at current market prices, which could be sold again to dealers.

We could also purchase our poultry food at fair prices, which would be a great boon to those who only needed small quantities. It would also be a place where we could procure a bird at any time, or if we had a large order we could depend upon getting the necessary stock to make it up. From this farm we could also at any time obtain expert advice upon any matter that was troubling us and we could borrow temporary appliances. The idea also would be for us to obtain stock and appliances on the gradual payment system. I think this poultry farm would prove a good investment, and if all the St. Dunstan's poultry men would take a keen interest in it it would be to their own advantage and advancement.

A. Vaughan.

Massage Notes.

HARRY COOK, as recorded last month, successfully passed his massage examination (I.S.T.M.) with the excellent percentage of 67. His position in the pass list is number 56 out of a total of 225 successful candidates. One hundred and five candidates failed to pass this examination.

Billy Woods, of New Zealand, has secured an excellent post as masseur and medical electrician at the Clarence House Hydro, Hammer Springs, New Canterbury, New Zealand, and is giving every



satisfaction. On the voyage home he filled in his time by doing massage on his fellow voyagers; the ship's surgeon gave him eleven patients, all of whom benefited greatly by his treatment.

In recognition of their good work the massage students were granted a rather longer holiday than usual at Christmas, with the understanding that they would all report as ready for work on a specified day. All the students reported up to time with the exception of two, and they had excellent reasons for their absence.

Another batch of students has started work at the Middlesex Hospital, and finds the duties very interesting and instructive. There is all the difference in the world between actual cases and make-believe.

Among the newcomers to the afternoon class are Lieutenant Thomas and Mr. Bellis. The latter went through the Boer War and was engaged in this war in transporting munitions in what was lately called German East Africa.

Netting Notes.

DURING the Christmas holiday quite a lot of netting was done by the men who were away, thus proving how satisfactory this string work is as a home occupation. Since a hook on the wall is the sole requisite needed, netting can be done anywhere at any time, indoors and out of doors. This should be borne in mind when the question of fruit netting is discussed and too often abandoned as dull.

It is undoubtedly tedious to work on end day after day at a large length of small mesh netting; but if a piece is kept on hand, together with the more lively

hammock work, its sober company will be found very welcome for odd and empty hours all the year round.

Fruit netting is in such steady demand that we must take care not to despise it as slow and dull as compared with the rapid finishing of small articles. We mean to standardise on strips of a certain size, which can be sewn together after purchase, in order to accumulate stock in readiness for the spring orders we are sure to get. This is work which can be carried on also very well by those men who have left St. Dunstan's, and if they will write for materials and instructions they can start at once.

G. H. W.

January Departures.

AMONG the boys who have left us for good during the past month there are several who will be missed. For instance, W. Millar, who is taking up poultry, joinery, and mats for a living, was one of our finest oarsmen, dancers, and all-round games man generally. George Pell and Percy Johns were both regular early morning boaters and first-class workmen.

Pell was one of the most painstaking joiners that was ever in the shop, and his work would compare favourably with any sighted man's. He and Johns are joining together at poultry and carpentry, while Johns adds boot repairing to the partnership. These two ought to get on very well together.

We shall miss E. J. Hall, who was known last year as the constant associate of dear old Kitchen and rowed in the double sculls with him in several races. He was a steady old sportsman, and we hope he will do as well as he deserves.

We have already referred to the going of Sergeant Curtis-Willson, but as he



returned for two days in this month he must be chronicled here. He is a man who is sure to do well, for he was full of ideas in his work, and he picked up basket-making in a few weeks to add to his poultry, joinery, and mat-making. He was a keen participant in all recreations, and his debating powers will be greatly missed.

We omitted to chronicle the going of Harry Cook just before Christmas. He was a capital fellow, a keen worker at his massage, and a good dancer and boater. He is now working at the Red Cross Hospital for Officers in Park Lane.

We must also refer to Sumner, who will be greatly missed; to Speaight, who was one of the most studious of boys, not only at poultry, but at typewriting and other things; to J. T. Waldin, one of the best boot repairers that has ever passed through the Workshops; and to J. Stewart, the sturdy old poultryman who had a gift for straight speaking.

Chapel Notes.

THE new Chapel is always open for any and all to come in and out as they wish. To the Wednesday evening service, at 8.30, all are specially invited, and to the 10 o'clock morning service on Sunday the boys are invited to bring their friends, and other visitors will also be welcomed.

The Choir intends to do great things before long. So far it has at least managed to obey the psalm which says "Make a joyful noise."

On Sunday, January 21st, the beautiful oak lectern was used for the first time, and St. Dunstan's is proud of the art and skill with which George Pell has constructed it. The Chapel is also

indebted to Foster for a useful and ingenious almsbag.

A new chime of bells has also been added to summon the congregation.

The Assistant Chaplain hopes that any suggestions intended to help and improve his work will be placed in the Suggestion Box in the hall.

It is encouraging to note that the St. Dunstan's congregation is steadily growing, and it should be explained that the Sunday morning service only lasts for half an hour.

The Poppy.

AT the break of a sunny morn,
When fields are ripe with golden corn,
You'll find the poppy all alone,
Like a king upon his throne;
When in its prime, so gay and sweet,
All suddenly its doom will meet.
It looked so proud when in its bed,
Its colour was of brightest red;
But now its beauty fades away,
And never more will charm the day,
Among the waving golden corn
Upon a sunny summer's morn.

E. Owen.

Our old friend Cronk at table was in a difficulty with a Russian who spoke no English. "What am I to do?" said he. "I want to ask him if he'd like any pudding."

"Try him in Cockney," said Sergeant Davie. "All Russians speak that."

"Right," said Croak, in all innocence, and turned to the Muscovite. "Blimey!" he shouted. "Going ter 'ave some duff."

But the Russian still preserved a blank expression, while the boys roared in laughter, sisters dropped plates in helpless mirth, and Cronk perceived that his leg had been pulled.



After Care Notes.

THAT busy basketmaker, G. Lawlor, says that he rises at six in the morning and starts work at seven, having had his breakfast. He goes on until twelve, when he allows himself a quarter of an hour for dinner. For tea, at five o'clock, he takes another fifteen minutes, and does not leave off work until eight o'clock at night. He then takes an hour's walk in his garden, devotes an hour to having the newspaper read to him, and so to bed. This is the way for a man to be sure of being prosperous.

At length we have heard from Sergeant Nolan, who has settled in North Wales, where he works at mats and poultry. It will be remembered that he also took up joinery, and he has already found this very useful both in arranging his house and in settling his shop. He appears to be very well occupied, as not only is he fulfilling orders for mats and starting his farm, but he is also turning his attention to gardening for providing himself with food produce.

It was nice to hear that W. H. Minchin is comfortable in his new home, and that he is kept busy making mats, hammocks, and string-bags, and that his work is pleasing his customers. He says that he finds the Magazine very interesting and that he always longs to receive it each month.

Culshaw, who has settled as a boot repairer in Burnley, says that he is getting plenty of high-class work and that his customers are pleased with what he does. Two shops in his road have had to be closed owing to the owners being called up, and this is also giving him extra work. Culshaw proposes to pay us a visit when he has become "a millionaire boot repairer"; but we

cannot help hoping that he will come and see us before then.

T. Millward writes: "I opened my shop about three weeks ago, and took in enough boots to last me all my lifetime. I am sorry, however, the doctor will let me stay only two hours a day at the work, as the hammering makes my head bad. I think, therefore, of starting a tea business, as then I shall be always in the fresh air. I wish you would note my fresh address. I am at No. 11, and not No. 1."

Our old friend Rufus Shaw writes: "Just a few lines in answer to your very welcome letter, which came to hand on Sunday last. I must wish you a very happy New Year and may it be a prosperous one to you. When it is possible for you to have the few tools I left sent on, I can assure you that I will make a good start and make up for the time I have lost."

T. S. Cooper writes from Hull: "I am well established and everything runs smoothly. I am delighted to hear of the vast improvements in the lay-out of St. Dunstan's Estate, and feel that the new Lounge will satisfy a want that was felt last winter, and the dedication of the Church should meet with the approval of all. . . . I am in touch with quite a lot of the boys whom I met at St. Dunstan's, and rejoice to hear of the headway they all seem to be making."

A. E. Moore writes: "I am very pleased to tell you that the training I received at St. Dunstan's has been a great blessing to me, as it helps to pass away what would have been a dreary time, and the money that I earn at my mat-making, added to my pension, helps to keep home without any worry or trouble, so I have something to bless St. Dunstan's and its Staff for. . . . And when this war is over, I think Sir Arthur



Pearson should have a monument erected quite as high as Nelson's."

T. Eaton writes from Lancashire: "I will own I have found the conditions very different from what they used to be; but still a lot of happiness is left in the world for those who have lost their sight in a noble cause. And again, Sir Arthur Pearson has been splendid. He has made me what I am. The training has also been a blessing, without which I should have been a miserable man, but as things are, I am a respectable citizen. Please give my best wishes to the Staff and accept the same yourself."

John Brown writes from Brenchley: "If anyone had told me when I was lying wounded in hospital that I could be taught mat-making, cobbling, and how to work the typewriter, I would have called for the doctor, and I would have asked him to examine the person's head who told me I could learn these things. I have learned differently now, thanks to the Staff of the 'Palace of Hope.' I must say that if I am able in any way to help any of my comrades who are down I will do all in my power to give them a leg up."

T. P. Drummond tells us that his work in the carpenters' shop has so far not been put to any use, as he has been moving about so much in connection with his business of diving. Weather conditions are just now also against the latter class of work, and he has not been able to practice at it. He hopes to resume his carpentry as soon as he gets settled down.

T. H. M.

The Editor's Thorns.

THACKERAY once wrote that there were many thorns in an editor's chair. I find that there are quite a few in mine. The first is the difficulty

of getting notes on the happenings in the various departments. The superintendents frequently meet my request for "copy" with the reply that there is nothing to write about, and then they will promptly turn round and discuss a dozen interesting things and many items of news. I really think that if they would not allow themselves to be obsessed with the difficulty of composition, and would just write me a letter telling me what had taken place, they would see there was plenty of news.

Another thorn is provided by the irritation of those who find that every word they write is not faithfully reproduced. One irate lady told me that she should never write anything more as I had compressed her last notes. A gallant sergeant also called me over the coals for not inserting in full a long letter that he had given me. Another contributor—a lady again—conveyed her views that it was not for me to pick and choose, but to print the whole of whatever she gave me.

I can only apologise humbly to all contributors, and beg them to believe that I do not edit their notes from motives of spite, as I fear some of them think, but solely from motives of expedience. An editor is only human, and he wants his magazine to be as interesting as possible to its readers. He is also limited by space. He may err in his selection, and he may reject some genius of authorship, but he is generally above petty considerations, or he tries to be.

So will all my contributors please let me have letters upon their departments for the benefit of the Magazine; and if they find that they have ground for complaint in my incompetence, will they send a round robin to Sir Arthur Pearson, who will no doubt promptly sack me?

THE EDITOR.



News from Canada.

I HAVE received a very interesting letter from Mr. A. G. Viets, who was the first Canadian at St. Dunstan's and who was one of the best fellows we ever had here. He is in daily touch with Mr. Baker, whose charming personality will be remembered by all those who had the happiness of meeting him, and whose sculling for us will long be remembered. He was certainly the fastest oarsman we have yet had. I feel that this letter is so interesting that I quote rather extensively from it, although, as all readers of the magazine know, our space is very limited.

"Baker is now holding a good position with the Hydro Commission, an Ontario Government concern of considerable size which looks after the electric power brought from Niagara Falls, the biggest thing of the kind in the country. He is in what they call the 'trouble department,' and has to take down trouble reports from different places along the line which he gets over the 'phone, and which he has to make up into various reports. He also does a good deal of the office correspondence, mostly by the distaphone, which he finds very convenient and enables him to get through a lot of work. He likes the place very much and is thrown in with a lot of young fellows and girls who have been very good to him and see that he has lots of reading and walking. His rooms are so conveniently situated that he can get to his office without a guide.

"I am with the Imperial Life Assurance Company and am out practically all the time with my assistant, meeting people and talking business, which I find very congenial occupation and have done very well at it for a start. Last month (November) was my first month of actual work, and I

did very well indeed, and can say the same for this week, too. Have most of my tables of rates, etc., done up in a Braille pocket-book, and can get along with it first rate.

"Baker and I have both been elected Directors of the Free Library for the Blind here and are taking interest in the work it is doing. Being returned soldiers we get quite a number of opportunities to speak in public about the work, and through us they are working up quite a lot of interest. We were talking things over the other night, and it struck us we would like to know what the Canadians at St. Dunstan's are taking up now. This would be rather valuable information to us, and I would be very much obliged if you could let me know just how many Canadians you have and what they are going in for. We also thought that it would be a good plan if you could speak to the Canadians some time when you get a chance, and tell them for us how important it is for them to learn all they can about what the blind are doing for themselves with you and what you are doing for them, and any information outside St. Dunstan's that they can get in connection with the work for the blind generally. The reason we say this is that when they come home here they will be asked all sorts of questions about St. Dunstan's and its work, and, like us, will get opportunities to speak to a great many people. The care and education of the blind in Canada generally and in Ontario in particular, is in a very bad state at present, more especially as it concerns the adult blind; and we think it will be through the returned blinded soldiers that considerable interest will be aroused, and when the war is over a lot of good can be done in our own line in educating and interesting the general public.



"I notice that you have a flourishing debating society, and we would like to see every Canadian taking an active part in it, as it will be one of the best trainings they can get for the future. We must remember that the public interest in us and the work will be the keenest during the war and for a period thereafter, and that it is up to us during that time to get as much publicity as we can before the people forget these matters, and it is to our own advantage, in whatever line of business we may be, to be able to make the most of our present opportunities to get well known and established. If I had known when with you what I do now, I could have absorbed a lot more information outside of St. Dunstan's than I did, and we want to see that all the Canadians with you make the best of their opportunities of learning all they can about the work. I figure that there are about twenty-three or four blinded Canadians now, most of whom will have gone through St. Dunstan's, and they can be a great power over here if they know how to go about it and have the right kind of grounding. Everybody we meet is very much interested in us and about the work at St. Dunstan's."

Concerning a few Bores.

DEFINE a bore? Well, it's a hard thing to do in print and remain respectable. Von "Storkey" is an authority on bores. He is a lanky Australian on the other side of the ward. In the train he was officially designated "a sitting officer," but, so far, has hatched nothing but a profound misanthropy, directly due, he says, to the machinations of hospital bores. For lucidity and variety of speech I commend you to him after a session with one of

this species. But I could not print his opinion. No! not on this paper. It's not asbestos. He says a bore is a lurid affliction from the nether regions, whose parents were amphibians when the sea was boiling mud. And the bar sinister is an inevitable part of their heraldic get-up.

My personal opinion is that he—or she—is an unique development from a hypnotised hen, having, also, something of the matter-of-fact inevitability of the bad gramophone next door.

There is the Yankee bore. He takes up a strategic position commanding the public car, and expounds his views of the proper conduct of war. Generally, he has the physical appearance of an elderly and anæmic cab horse. He is hidden in heaving billows of cloth and angular leather. He inspires his victim with a rude desire to revert to school-day habits and "spit on it and rub it out." Just such a one was received with scant courtesy recently. Entering a train his eye lighted on a much swathed Tommy. Perching opposite the bandaged one, he commenced: "Say, lad, 'some' fight." "Yes," said the lad, "and some don't." It was quite three minutes before he recovered.

Another is the kind old person who gathers round a returned hero and pours out a torrent of mixed pity and tearful incoherency. It rushes out in a deluge, engulfing the poor victim, and he emerges, dazed and astonished, only when the "experience" is disappearing with strange clucking noises and dolorous head shakings. Then, if he is not stricken with a mad melancholy, he despairingly looks for a restorative to fit him for the next affliction. This is in the nature of a charming young visitor who is determined to "buck him up." He can see it in her eye. She starts off, gushingly: "Now I'm not going to talk shop, because you'd be miserable." She discourses fluently of plays, races,



sports and dances, and, departing, leaves behind her memories of a bore sublime, for her victim is a compulsory bed ornament for a few months, with a wound in his—well, never mind that—and it's a long story, anyway.

The bore who asks obvious questions has already been well investigated in print, but I beg you will let me tell you of one such. She was inflicting a gratuitous visit on a blind man, and, as she approached his cot, conversed in stage whispers with the nurse. (All blind folk, by the way, are quite deaf, dumb, and paralysed. These things are necessary corollaries, like the cap of the jester, or a barber and hair oil.)

She evidently knew this quite well. Her fluttering whispers tickled the atmosphere and things. "Oh, how dreadful!" "And he can't see?" (Wonderful intuition.) "Would it hurt his eyes to talk?" "A New Zealander?" "But he is quite white!" (Frigidly.) "Oh! are they? Thank you very much, Sister." Then, turning to the victim, she shouted: "Oh! how are you?" The patient bounced a foot in the air, and answered feebly, "Fine thanks." "And just fancy, you are quite blind." "Yes, madame, quite blind." In ten minutes she said, "I wonder if you would like to tell me how it happened?"; and then the victim had his innings.

"It was at Ypres. We were preparing for a raid, and the enemy wire had to be blown up. My pal and I volunteered to do it. On a dark, pitch black night we crept over the parapet, dragging with us a hose full of explosive. Half-way across we stopped, panting for a rest. Around us the flares threw their ghastly brilliance. Suddenly one soared up directly in front of us, and sped through its brilliant arc to fall, hissing and sputtering, right behind us. We were thrown up in a deadly black silhouette, and suddenly machine-gun and

rifle began to spit venomously at us. Hardly stopping to think, we grasped the hose and dashed madly forward in the ensuing darkness.

"Falling flat under the enemy's wire, we began to worm the hose forward. It was then that my comrade proved himself a hero. A huge bomb crashed into the wire and we could see the fuse fizzing madly. My eyes started from my head and got tangled in the wire. With a swift movement he cut me free, and, taking me by the arm, led me swiftly away, just in time. That, madame, is how I lost my eyes."

There was a profound silence for some seconds, then madame rose, and, with an ice-bound "Good afternoon" to the ward, sailed majestically into oblivion.

EDWARD BATES.

A Short History of St. Dunstan's.

ST. Dunstan was born near Glastonbury in the tenth century. Two of his kinsmen were bishops and others attached to the Court, while his brother as "Reeve" looked after the business interests of Glastonbury Abbey.

St. Dunstan began his Court and monastic life quite early. Glastonbury was then an abbey only in name, served by married secular priests, but very famous and frequented by Irish pilgrims at its shrine of St. Patrick.

Dunstan reformed the place in the interest of education. He was proud and rather meddling, and he persuaded Edred, who succeeded Edmund, to treat the secular monks very harshly. But his political advice was so good that it resulted in great success for the West Saxon and ended in the conquest of Northumberland from the Danes and the assumption of the title of Cæsar by King Edred in 995.



Dunstan refused preferment, and remained as a teacher at Glastonbury; but his influence ceased at the death of Edred, as the West Saxon nobility disliked the idea of the unity of England, which was Dunstan's great aim. Thus even in those days there were "Little Englanders," and it was their policy which eventually led to the Norman Conquest.

When Edney succeeded Edred, Dunstan was banished, because he, with Odo, the Archbishop of Canterbury, said it was sinful for the King to marry his cousin. He went to Flanders, where he shared in a great monastic revival. When Edney died, it was said of a broken heart, Edney became King, and Dunstan was recalled. He became Bishop of Worcester and also of London, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. The accession of Ethelred again put power into the hands of his enemies, and ended his political career, but he lived on till 988, devoting his last years to the government of his diocese, and in the pursuits of literature, music, and the finer handicrafts; so that he may be considered as an appropriate patron saint for the busy Hostel of St. Dunstan's.

Some curious tales are related with regard to the saint. When he was a boy he was supposed at one time to be dying; but an angel appeared and cured him, and he jumped out of bed and ran towards the church to give thanks. The Devil, with a number of black dogs, met him, and tried to frighten him back, but St. Dunstan cared nothing, and drove them away with a stick. He got safe to the church, but the door was shut; an angel, however, popped him through a hole in the roof. Another time, after he became a monk, he had built himself a little cell on the outside of the church wall, where he amused himself by making useful things in brass and iron. One day the Devil, this time disguised as a man, popped his head in at

the window, and asked for some article. St. Dunstan seized him by the nose with his red-hot tongs, and made him roar horribly. After that, Satan left him in peace.

R. Graves.

Our Musical Society.

NO doubt you wonder what on earth I am speaking about when I mention Musical Society, and I can imagine you reading the title of this piece with a very concerned face and muttering to yourself, "Musical Society! Well, I've heard of no such thing being formed at our place." Now I must admit that I am doubtful as to this same title being correct, so I must leave the reader to judge for himself.

A casual visitor entering our Lounge is met by sounds—I am almost licensed to say noises—which infer that the shades of Irving Berlin & Sons have been let loose. A gramophone wearily grinds out the refrain of the "Long, Long Trail," and to add to the effect of the piece renders it in a series of jerks and jumps. But that is nothing to the attempt of two budding pianists to render a double turn on two pianos of "Take me in your arms and say 'I didn't want to do it.'"

Far away in a secluded corner an evil spirit has tempted a man to practice on a tin whistle, with an opposing mouth-organ competing.

It certainly does seem a trifle noisy, but "Let the boys enjoy themselves" is the motto of our Lounge. Besides, what is the use of complaining, for the music is nothing like finished.

Of course, while all this has been going on the visitor has been making his way down the Lounge. When about half-way he catches sight of the large French windows, and, quick to seize his opportunity, he proceeds to bid "Adieu" to the Lounge to the strains of a concertina

rattling out "A little bit of Heaven." Once outside the visitor turns to have a last glance into heaven and is just in time to see the Matron entering with about a dozen accordians tucked under her arms. With a long-drawn-out "Phew!" he rushes in to the new Lounge, sinks into a chair and mops his

poor perspiring forehead. But what is that! Surely it is a delusion! But no; it is someone within the Chapel practising on the organ, and the poor tormented soul is rocked to sleep to the beautiful refrain of "Peace, Perfect Peace."

L. K.

Newcomers in January.

Broadbent, Lance-Corporal J. W.	...	2nd H.L.I.
Campbell, Private N. W.	...	1st Wellington Infantry, N.Z.
Christian, Private W.	...	1st Cheshires.
Collins, Private B.	...	1/6th Warwicks.
Eden, Sapper A. E.	...	62nd Field Company, R.E.
Fisher, Driver A. H.	...	R.H.A.
Fleming, Private J.	...	3rd Coldstreams.
Geoghan, Private J.	...	2/5th K.L.R.
Gill, Bombardier C. E.	...	R.F.A.
Gover, Private H.	...	9th East Surreys.
Hill, Corporal F.	...	4th Gloucesters.
Hopper, Lance-Corporal W. J.	...	1st East Yorks.
Horan, Private E. P.	...	7th Leinsters.
Jennings, Private G.	...	A.S.C.
Kennedy, Private J.	...	3rd Royal Scots.
Lawton, Private W.	...	18th Middlesex.
Lees, Private T. A.	...	12th Yorks and Lancs.
Lillie, Private J.	...	7th Yorks.
Llanfear, Private R.	...	Welsh Regiment.
Mullen, Private V. I.	...	7th A.I.F.
O'Keefe, Private M.	...	Irish Guards.
Parker, Private W. G.	...	6th Northants.
Pearson, Sergeant	...	7/8th K.O.S.B.
Pink, Bombardier A.	...	R.G.A.
Potts, Private D.	...	6th Yorks.
Price, Private H.	...	M.G.C.
Read, Private W.	...	4th Suffolks.
Singleton, Private A. H.	...	1st R.M.L.I.
Smith, Private A.	...	14th Durham L.I.
Snedker, Rifleman J. F.	...	2/18th London Regiment.
Walton, Private W.	...	East Lancs.
Warden, Lance-Corporal G. D.	...	2nd Essex.
Warton, Private W.	...	3rd King's Liverpool Regiment.

Old Boys' Addresses

Adams, G., Hale House, Hale, Nr. Liverpool.	Davis, G., Rose Villa, Great Burstead.
Alexander, E., 63, Canning Rd., Highbury.	Dennis, T., 31, Copnor Road, Portsmouth.
Alcock, R., 6, Bank Rd., Ipswich.	Dennison, T. H., Draycot Road, Forsbrook, Blyth Bridge, Stoke-on-Trent.
Allen, W., 53, Lord St., Leigh.	Devlin, S., 25, Liverpool Road, St. Helens, Lancashire.
Arnold, A., 41, Wycliffe Rd., Wimbledon.	Drummond, T. P., c/o Mr. Deheer, 18, High St., Hull.
Back, A. W., Sandy Lane, Rendham, nr. Sax- mundham.	Duxbury, W., 2, Holly Bank Cottages, Ashley Lane, Mostyn Lane, Manchester.
Barley, J., 48, Dale St., Crosby, Scunthorpe, Lincs.	Eaton, T., 40, Wenning St., Nelson, Lancs.
Batchelor, J., 15, Tooting Gr., Tooting.	Edmund, W. E., West Barn, Dunbar, N.B.
Bates, E., 17a, Prince of Wales Rd., Battersea.	Elborn, H., 23, Manaton Rd., Peckham, S.E.
Bell, J., The Oaks, Ewhurst, Surrey.	Evans, A., 1, Carlisle Pl., Newport Mon.
Bocking, A. J., 95, Franklin Street, Oldham.	Featherstone, P., Uplands Cottage, Ferriby, E. Yorks.
Brundrett, P., 7, Maurice St., Pendlebury.	Fleetwood, F., Tangland Castle, Tatsfield.
Berry, W. J., 19, Disraeli St., Crumlin Rd., Belfast.	Flett, H., 39, Woodview Rd., Golders Green.
Biggadyke, R., 41, Tower St., Boston.	Foster, F., 34, Clarence St., Plymouth.
Bocking, A. J., 22, Siddall St., Oldham.	Foxon, W. J., 13, Stronsa Rd., Shepherd's Bush.
Bolton, C. E., 7, Broughton Cottages, Otford, Kent.	Foxon, W. H., 143, Valetta Road, Acton Vale, W.
Boswell, E., 7, Foster's Yard, Church St., Gainsborough, Lincs.	Graves, R., 5, Inglewood Rd., West Hampstead N.W.
Bowers, W. J., 24, Lenelly Rd., Surbiton.	Gordon, W., 365, Featherstall Road, Oldham.
Braithwaite, F. G., 1, Chestnut Rd., Guildford.	Green, Lionel, Langdale, St. Edward's Road, Gosport.
Brown, A., East View, Weston Hills, Spalding, Lincs.	Groves, T. W., 48, Claremont Terr., Fleetwood, Lancs.
Brown, J. R., 11, Mount St., Nuneaton.	Hallam, W. J., St. Dunstan's, Garden City, Sandiaca.
Brown, G., Greenside, Ewhurst, Surrey.	Hall, A. W., 150, High St., Sydenham.
Brown, J., Warren Hall, Spout Lane, Brencley, Kent.	Halls, W. C., 42, Upper Jackson St., Hulme, Manchester.
Brown, P., 2, Argyle Rd., N. Kensington.	Harker, A., Blennerhasset, Aspatria, Cumber- land.
Carnell, W. C., Kiln Cottage, South Molton Rd., Bampton, Devon.	Harker, J., Vivery Cross Rd., Southwick, near Brighton.
Catlow, S., 32, Winning Street, Nelson, Lancs.	Herriot, Clifton, Bryn-y-maen Rd., Upper Col- wyn Bay.
Champness, F., 239, High Rd., Willesden Green, N.W.	Hicks, A. E., 146, Glengall Rd., Peckham, S.E.
Chapple, E., Prince of Wales Cottage, Parson- age Lane, Enfield.	Hill, H. E., 212, Upper Empress Rd., Bevis Valey, Southampton.
Clarke, E., High St., Edwinstowe.	Hills, C., Post Office, Wagga Wagga, New South Wales, Australia.
Clarke, W. W., 94, Ilderton Rd., Bermondsey, S.E.	Holden, J., 1a, Roebuck St., West Bromwich.
Colle, M., 120, Dawes Rd., Walham Green, W.	Holmes, A., 28, Mornington Road, Ilkley.
Coles, G. B., Beckingham, Notts.	Horsnell, W., North Field, Somerton, Somerset.
Collins, W. H., Chalkman's Knoll, Bygrave Rd., Ashwell, near Baldock.	Hudson, H., c/o Mrs. Trescott, Alexandra St., Hunters Hill, Sydney, N.S.W.
Colville, H., Culross, Lancaster Av., Hadley Wood.	Hulme, H., 18, Iona Street, Oldham, Lancs.
Cooper, T. S., 42, Chestnut Av., Queen's Rd., Hull.	Hurst, H., The Myres, Great Longstone, Derby- shire.
Cook, H., 97, Victoria Rd., Kilburn, N.W.	Hutchinson, M. A., 77a, Belmont Park Road, Leyton.
Cromwell, W., Blackfriars Inn, Gloucester.	Johnson, E., 7, Elsenham Rd., Grimsby.
Culshaw, J. W., 12, Springwood Rd., Townley, Burnley.	Johns, P., 19, School Board Lane, Brampton, Chesterfield.
Curtis-Willson, Sengt., Woodglade, New Chapel Rd., Lingfield, Surrey.	Kerr, J. W., 180, Widnes Rd., Widnes, Lancs.
Daumont, O., Maida Vale, W.	
Davis, C., 89, Kingsland Rd., St. Phillips, Bristol.	
Davies, J. E., Blaenhowell, Prengwyn, Llan- dyssil, South Wales.	



ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW



- Kirby, W., The Hydro, Middleton Rd. Camp, Heaton Pk., Manchester.
Kirkby, W., 147, Wellington St., Millom, Cumberland.
Kitchen, F., Knott Fold, Hyde, near Manchester.
Knight, C., Wiggaton, Ottery St. Mary, Devons.
Lane, M., 1a, Ebenza Bldgs., Islington, N.
Lath, J. T., 19, Channing St., Sheffield.
Latham, G., 20, Lead Works Lane, Chester.
Law, A., 5, Windmill Rd., Wandsworth Common, S.W.
Lawlor, G., 4, Terrace Gar., St. Alban's Rd., Watford.
Leeman, Sergt., 89, Robert St., Great Grimsby, Lincs.
Letch, S. J., Hatfield Peveril, Essex.
Lilley, A., Cherry Tree Farm, Unsworth.
Lingard, W., 6, Sunnyside Cottages, Writtle.
Lomas, J., 5, Lauriston Road, South Hackney, N.E.
Lynch, D., 4, Mayfield, Cork City.
Makin, D., 55, Thames St. East, Wallsend-on-Tyne.
Marks, S., 12, Weaver Street, Chester.
Marshall, F., 88, Finkle St., Cottingham, near Hull.
Matthews, C. W., 83, Belmont Rd., Maidenhead.
Mayell, B., 137, Fulwell Road, Hampton Hill, S.W.
Millar, W., Lowhill, Hurworth-on-Tees, Darlington.
Millward, T., 11, Wentworth Terrace, off York Rd., Leeds.
Minchin, W., Sandfield Cottage, Pitch Place, Worpleston, Guildford, Surrey.
Moon, J. I., Military Rd., Cork.
Moore, A. E., 75, Faraday St., Walworth, S.E.
Melling, D., 22, Powell St., Clayton, Manchester.
McCarthy, P., 29, Kickham St., Clonmel.
McCarthy, D., 71a, Clarendon Rd., Notting Hill, W.
McCarthy, W. F., 1, Lutterworth Rd., Attleborough, Nuneaton.
McDonald, N., 108, Glebe St., Townhead, Glasgow.
McNally, G., 5, Tyson St., Pendleton.
Milligan, T., The Hydro, Middleton Rd. Camp, Heaton Pk., Manchester.
Nolan, J., Quarry Farm, Gwysaney, Mold, Flintshire.
Orrell, J., Wigan Rd., New Spring, Wigan.
Orvis, A. R., 142, Blythe Rd., Hammersmith, W.
Owen, D., Tyn-v-frith, Llanellan, Colwyn Bay.
Owens, J., 8, Kilnholm St., Newmilns, Ayr.
Pettit, W., 124, Pinner Rd., Harrow.
Patston, A. H., c/o Mr. Parry, Oxmead, Ewhurst, Surrey.
Payne, G. E., 77, Queensland Rd., Holloway, N.
Pell, G., 13, Gladstone St., Kettering, Northants.
Rutter, J., 13, Clark St., Smith St., Salford, Manchester.
Roberts, J., 1, Campbell Ter., Southend-on-Sea.
Roddy, C., 25, New Rowas, Washington, Co. Durham.
Rose, G. W., 14, The Triangle, Ruby St., Old Kent Rd., S.E.
Saxon, J., The Cottage, Chapelfield, Radcliffe.
Sebbage, W., Clayhill, Stonegate, Ticehurst.
Selby, J., Sergeant, 1, St. Dunstan's Bungalows, Worting, nr. Basingstoke.
Spinks, J., 50, Stockport Rd., Ashton-under-Lyne.
Spiers, C., 3, Bliss Court, Broad St., Oxford.
Sheppard, C., 141, Shear Cross, Crockerton, Warminster.
Street, W., 37, Bewdley St., Evesham.
Spry, R., Dominican Priory, Woodchester, Stroud.
Sewell, C. (same as Milligan).
Shaw, R., 9, Arundel St., Buruley, Lincs.
Shimmers, M. J., 143, Stephendale Rd., Fulham, S.W.
Smith, A., New St., Retford, Notts.
Speight, W. G., Bridge House, Bolton-le-Sands, near Carnforth, Lincs.
Stanners, R., 114, Oxford Rd., High Wycombe.
Steel, J., 799, Springburne Rd., Glasgow.
Stewart, J., 74, Longfield Rd., Todmorden.
Sumner, P. S., 8, Norman St., Lincoln.
Sweeting, R., 7, Wilkinson's Yard, Rochdale.
Swingler, E., c/o Mrs. Harrison, 8, Station Terrace, George St., South Retford, Notts.
Taylor, G., 46, Coare St., Macclesfield.
Thorpe, T., 9, Willow Street, Darwen, Lincs.
Temperton, C., 12, Spyvee St., Hull.
Turnock, E., 32, Baker Street, Leigh, Lincs.
Turner, W., 15, Slater St., Burslem, Stoke-on-Trent.
Verbrugghe, Camille, c/o Mrs. Johnston, Bignor Pk., Pulborough.
Wall, T., Clayhall Rd., Gosport.
Watt, W., 20, Patons Lane, Montrose, N.B.
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, E. F., 5, Hopper's Rd., Palmer's Green, N.

