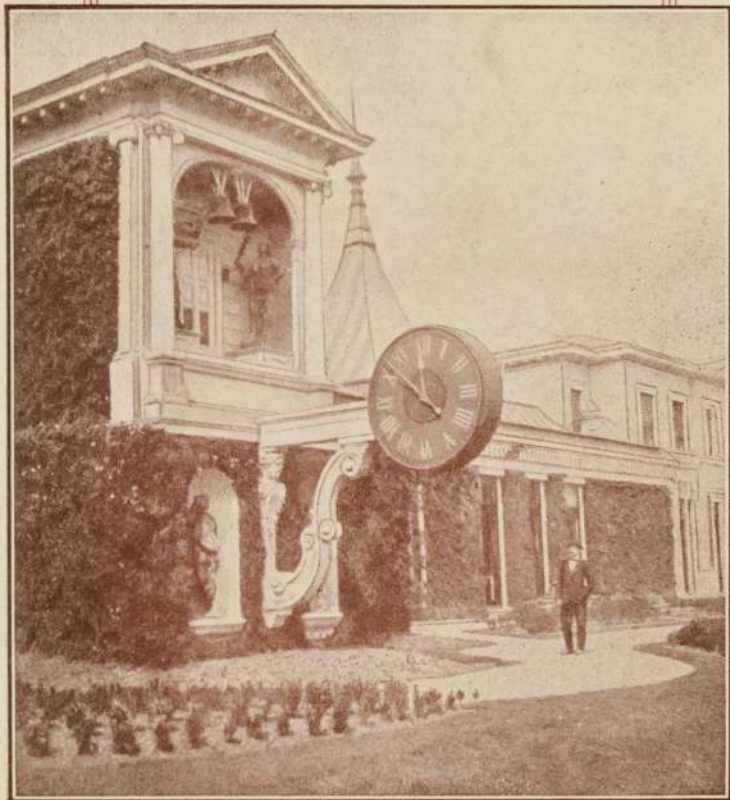


No. 9.—New Series.

March, 1917.

# St. Dunstan's



— Review. —

Monthly.

Price 6d.

# St. Dunstan's Review

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A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

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Edited and written by  
The Staff and the Boys

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ST. DUNSTAN'S MOTTO :

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

No. 9.

March, 1917

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# St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

No. 9.—NEW SERIES.

MARCH, 1917.

PRICE 6d.

## Editorial Notes

THE most pleasing thing I have to record is that we have now over 250 half-yearly subscribers to the REVIEW. This gives us a feeling of confidence that we are turning out the right sort of magazine.

I cannot too strongly remind the Old Boys that I want letters from them telling me how they are progressing. I find that the newcomers take the greatest interest in the doings of those who have left. It lets them into the secret of their own subsequent fates and is, of course, of much value.

I shall also be glad of any hints from the Old Boys that will help me to increase the interest of the magazine for them. Any suggestions are acceptable, and I will promise to make use of them whenever I can. Further, I want them to let me know any changes or mistakes in their addresses.

It is encouraging to find a growing desire among the men themselves to send me contributions. I always give their poems and stories the fullest consideration and print them whenever possible.

How should our boys describe themselves? It is suggested that "St. Dunstan" is too cumbersome; and a proposal has reached me that they should dub themselves "St. Dunsters." I shall be very glad of opinions upon this point.

THE EDITOR.

## Notes by the Chief

ST. DUNSTAN'S has received many charming messages from distinguished people. You will all of you, I am sure, agree with me that none has been more appropriate than this one which Her Royal Highness Princess Louise left with me when she said "good-bye" after she had so kindly and graciously presented the Lord Kitchener Memorial copies of Shakespeare to the men in residence:—

"The world is full of happiness and plenty, if we are only willing to take the kind that comes our way. The whole secret is in being pliable."

In the last number of the REVIEW a note appeared to the effect that I would say something in this number about the condition of things which I found to exist in France with regard to the French soldiers who have lost their sight at the Front. I had an opportunity of telling all the present inmates of St. Dunstan's and its Annexes a good deal about this on the occasion of the distribution of the Kitchener Memorial copies of Shakespeare by H.R.H. Princess Louise. So these few lines are for the benefit of the fellows who have left St. Dunstan's, and who, I am sure, will be interested to hear a little on the subject.



Owing to a complicated variety of circumstances, into which there is no space to enter here, the French authorities have unfortunately found it impossible to deal with the question of the training and re-education of their blinded men in the same way as is the case here. The number of Frenchmen who have lost their sight at the Front is terribly large—the official figure of French blinded soldiers on December 1st last being 2,200. France is in many respects in a very much more disorganised condition than is this country, and, though perhaps I say it who should not, no one in France seems to have been able to handle the difficult problem in a comprehensive and practical manner.

The French blinded soldiers are scattered all over France in establishments which are very small compared with St. Dunstan's. In some cases they are receiving a practical training, but a lamentably large number of them are left uncared for; and in the case of those who are being trained, brush-making—which all experience in England has shown to be a quite unsuitable home occupation for the blind—is the staple industry taught. Shorthand writing, telephone operating, carpentry, and mat-making are not taught at all to French blinded soldiers. It is very curious that so simple and easy an occupation as mat-making should have been overlooked. Since my return I have sent models of our frames and full instructions to those in charge, and hope that there may be good results. Poultry farming, which one would imagine to be an ideal occupation for the French peasant proprietor of land, has only been attempted in a very small way indeed, though I hope it may be taken more seriously in future. Braille is not taught at all generally, and typewriting only to a favoured few.

There is no widespread after-care scheme. The social side of a blind man's life is apparently considered of very

little importance, and the distressful nature of the situation is heightened by the fact that the French blinded soldier receives a pension of only 15s. a week, with no allowances for children in the case of those who are married.

While in France I wrote descriptions of what we do here, which were very widely printed, and which brought me an enormous amount of correspondence. I also saw a great many important people, and I hope it may be found possible to re-establish the care of the French blinded soldier on a more satisfactory basis than that on which it at present exists.

On February 1st St. Dunstan's was honoured by a visit from General Sir William Robertson, K.C.B., Chief of Staff. Unfortunately, I was away in the North of England when Sir William paid his visit. He wrote me the following letter with regard to it, and I am sure that all past and present inmates of St. Dunstan's and those who attend to their welfare will be gratified to read it:—

“Dear Sir Arthur,

“Thanks to the kindness of my guides I spent a most instructive and interesting hour in going round your Hostel. St. Dunstan's is a remarkable testimony of British grit. It is difficult to decide what to admire most—the energy and organising powers of yourself and the permanent staff, the devotion of the voluntary helpers, or the determination and fortitude of the men. I was very pleased to learn that the voluntary helpers were regular in their attendance, and I saw for myself the keen and affectionate interest they take in their work. St. Dunstan's is doing a noble work, and you may be gratified with the knowledge of duty well and bravely done.

“Believe me, yours very truly,

“WILLIAM ROBERTSON.”



The reason for my absence when Sir William Robertson paid his visit was a journey to Manchester to receive the results of an effort which has been made in that district of Lancashire, of which Manchester is the centre, during the last few months. Fifteen clever and capable blind men, who are members of the staff of the National Institute for the Blind, have during that period assiduously worked to raise funds, under the very able direction of Councillor Mathewson-Watson, a well-known figure in the public life of Manchester. Their endeavours resulted in the collection of a sum of nearly £48,000. One-third of this was for the After-Care Scheme, which is to permanently benefit the men of St. Dunstan's, one-third was for the general purposes of the National Institute for the Blind, and one-third was for the benefit of institutions for the blind in the locality where the money was collected. The Blind Canvassing Staff are now working in the Midlands on a similar effort, with Birmingham as the centre of their operations.

Mr. J. Matheson, a blind gentleman who has made a profitable hobby of dog breeding, tells me that he has won more than ordinary successes at Crufts. He obtained first and champion prizes with a bitch he bred and reared entirely himself in the open class. In limit he had second, and in novice first. He writes: “I do not know that there is much honour in showing dogs, but I think it goes to disprove the general idea of the helplessness of the blind. Personally, I feel very proud, as I trained her absolutely without any assistance.”

Mr. Matheson will be glad to endeavour to arrange among his many friends in the dog-loving world to supply any man who has been at St. Dunstan's with a pedigree bitch. So will any old St. Dunstanian who cares to avail himself of this suggestion communicate with me, of course on the understanding that

the question of breeding valuable stock is to be taken seriously?

From all places over the world where Britons live and work help is continually coming to St. Dunstan's, either for current expenditure or for the After-Care Scheme. During the last month there have been three especially interesting contributions of this kind.

One came from the women night workers in the biscuit factory of Messrs. Peek, Frean & Co. They arranged a bazaar, for which they themselves made all the articles in their spare time, and held it at the very unusual hour of 6.30 in the morning. It was largely attended by their friends, and the result enabled them to send a cheque for £28.

Another interesting contribution was from some friends of Mr. Groom, a well known and one of the oldest residents in Kobe, Japan. Mr. Groom reached the age of seventy lately, and his friends arranged a festivity in honour of the event; but Mr. Groom, when he heard of what was going on, expressed a desire that the amount which had been subscribed for the festivity should instead be sent to St. Dunstan's, with the result that we received a cheque for a sum representing rather more than £1 for every year which Mr. Groom has lived.

The third contribution was sent by Lieutenant-Colonel J. Newton Brown, D.S.O., E.E.F. It was a sum of £103 1s. 7d. handed to him by his native labour contractor, Mohamed Ismail, generally known as Alexander Jackson, of Alexander Docks, and was the result of a collection among his native foremen and labourers. These, I think, are three excellently typical examples of the widespread interest which St. Dunstan's evokes.

An interesting communication reached me the other day from Mr. Klas Lundin, the Librarian of the Swedish Blind Library at Stockholm. He wrote to say



that he had heard a great deal of the athletic prowess of St. Dunstan's, and that he was anxious to include in his magazine, *Sympathia*, which circulates among the Swedish blind community and their sympathisers, an account of the rowing and other sports in which the inmates of St. Dunstan's participate. An article has been sent to Mr. Lundin telling him of the way in which the men of St. Dunstan's amuse themselves athletically, and I hope that the record of their exploits will lead the Swedish blind who are physically fit to endeavour to interest themselves in similar healthy recreations.

A. P.

## St. Dunstan's Gossip

SIR ARTHUR PEARSON's birthday fell on Saturday last, February 24th. Everyone in St. Dunstan's gave him hearty congratulations, and Sergeant Davie, on behalf of the soldiers, made him a special presentation in the happy manner which is his especial gift. Sir Arthur was much pleased by these evidences of good feeling, which were all the more gratifying to him because of their spontaneous nature.

As some misunderstanding has apparently been created by the announcement last month that Mr. Charles E. Rose had relinquished his post as Hon. Superintendent of St. Dunstan's, we think it advisable to state that Mr. Rose has assumed the position of Hon. Superintendent of Works and Sports.

It has been the custom to speak of the extra Lounge as the "new" one, but as this is not regarded as a happy title, Sir Arthur has suggested that it shall be known as the Outer Lounge and the old one as the Inner. So that in future everybody will know what is meant when

the different lounges are spoken of in this way.

A covered way from the Outer Lounge to the Braille Room has now been completed, so that everyone can proceed to his lessons without fear of getting his feet wet. It is a longfelt want, and will be much appreciated both by pupils and teachers.

A Whist Drive, which was held at the Stanley Masonic Hall, Lavender Hill, and which was got up by Mr. William Jones and his brother, proved a great success and resulted in a substantial help to St. Dunstan's. So pleased was Mr. Jones with the result that he has engaged the hall to repeat the experiment on March 10th. Mr. Rose during the evening gave an account of the work and play at St. Dunstan's, which, according to the *Clapham Observer*, proved most interesting to the audience.

Physical drill was resumed in the midst of the cold weather on February 6th, and Corporal Payne acted as instructor for the first week, after which he was obliged to give up owing to his departure to start in business. On Friday, February 9th, the Drill Class presented him with a walking-stick in recognition of his services.

Corporal Foster succeeded Corporal Payne, and has proved an excellent substitute. The Drill Display took place on February 28th, too late to be dealt with in this number. The full list of the awards will appear in the April issue.

Our old friend, R. Spry, who was so successful as a telephone operator, has entered a Dominican Priory, near Stroud. Spry will be remembered as one of the men who showed unusual facility in finding his way about, both at home and abroad.



The hard frost and the skating that accompanied it were much enjoyed by St. Dunstan's, both officers and men indulging in sports on the ice. The Canadians naturally felt at home; but, oddly enough, the Australians took to it quite naturally and appeared thoroughly to enjoy it.

Of course, boating was entirely killed by the bad weather, and we have had practically none throughout February. Early morning boating will begin in March, and we shall expect soon to hear of fresh talent which will enable us to maintain the reputation of St. Dunstan's on the Thames.

Captain Oakden tells us that he intends to join in the rowing this season, and we can only hope that he will prove a worthy successor to Mr. Baker, who was such a brilliant single and double sculler last year. St. Dunstan's would like to see more of the officers taking part in the boating.

Miss Ommoney, of the Blackheath Annexe, presided at the St. Dunstan's Stall at the County of London Red Cross Fair, which was held at the Central Hall, Westminster, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, February 15th, 16th and 17th. The Fair was opened by H.R.H. Princess Patricia of Connaught.

Three of our men were engaged in netting at the St. Dunstan's Stall. They were Millar, Stew, and Burge. The latter presented a silk string bag to the Princess Patricia, which she very graciously accepted. Her Royal Highness chatted with the three boys about their work and praised their efficiency.

General Sir William Robertson paid us a visit on March 1st. Unluckily Sir

Arthur Pearson was away at Manchester, but Matron and Mr. Kessell stepped into the breach and showed the General round. We could not help remembering the similar visit of Lord Kitchener just before his tragic death, and there was a striking similarity in the keen interest shown by both these famous soldiers. Sir William Robertson conversed with several of the men, and showed knowledge in discoursing on their trades. He became very popular with us all in the course of his rounds.

The tallest man in St. Dunstan's, S. Keith Jerome, the Australian, was married on February 14th to Miss Collins, the V.A.D. who had attended to him in hospital. All the Australians who are with us were present at the wedding, and provided a guard of honour for the happy pair after the ceremony. St. Dunstan's wishes them all good luck.

Jerome, it may be said, was one of the two Australians—the other was Marshall—who volunteered to do their bit to save the life of a fellow Colonial. They submitted to the operation of transfusion of blood with, we are informed, a happy result. Matheson also presented himself for the same purpose, but the hospital authorities decided that he was not sufficiently recovered to undergo the strain.

Captain Appleby, who is taking up joinery in the Workshop, has been lecturing on St. Dunstan's in the principal towns of Warwickshire. His lectures were illustrated by the moving pictures and proved very popular. This was Captain Appleby's first appearance on the platform, and he acquitted himself well.

The Roman Catholic Chapel was opened on Saturday, February 11th.



The Chapel was dedicated to Our Lady and St. Dunstan, and the first Mass was said by Rev. W. Sandiford, S.J. (C.F.), who was invalided home from the Front last November, and will be returning before the end of the month. Nearly all the Roman Catholics at St. Dunstan's and its London Annexes were present, and they would like to thank Sir Arthur for placing the building at their disposal, and all the generous benefactors who have provided the necessary fittings, vestments, etc. H. E. Cardinal Bourne, it is hoped, will pay St. Dunstan's a visit as soon as he returns from visiting the boys at the Front and in the North Sea. Mass will be said on Sundays and Holidays of Obligation at 7.30 a.m.

Arthur Lenderyew draws our attention to the fact that no mention has been made of his marriage on Sunday, December 3rd, to Mrs. Clark. We regret the omission. Lenderyew was in the 9th Bedfords, and is now making baskets. It must also be recorded that Walter Speight was recently wedded to Miss Winifred Illingworth, who was one of the poultry instructors at St. Dunstan's last summer.

Mr. Cooper Hobbs, of 18, Larpent Avenue, Putney, has made a generous gift to the rowing men. This is a captain's gig, eighteen feet in length; it is a very safe boat and in first-class condition. It is now in the charge of Mr. J. T. Phelps, who has done so much in the way of helping us with our race meetings, and will certainly be used as soon as the season starts.

We have had visits from several Old Boys. Albert Woollen, who is always welcome, came for a week-end; Evans is back for an operation, and Millar has again been in residence. It is delightful to see the old faces again, and the

oftener they come the better we shall be pleased, as long as we have spare beds.

The Central Depôt for the sale of the output of the Old Boys of St. Dunstan's is to be opened at 206, Great Portland Street on Monday, March 5th, 1917. Mr. T. H. Martin has been hard at work getting everything in order, and he expects to be in full swing within a short time of the start. Old Boys will in future please send their work direct to him instead of to Mr. Rose at the Workshop, and the money will be forwarded to them by return of post. Mr. Rose has already secured Mr. Martin a big customer in the Y.M.C.A., which, through Mr. F. G. Chamberlain, has promised to take as much of our output as can be spared at full prices. This will be a great send-off for the Depôt, and St. Dunstan's thanks are due to Mr. Chamberlain for his spirited offer.

Thanks are also due to Miss Cheyne, who was the chief mover in inducing the Y.M.C.A. to give us their orders. Her original stall for the work of disabled soldiers was in Messrs. Harvey Nicholl's establishment in Knightsbridge; but she has since moved to 55, Westbourne Grove, where she has an excellent shop. It may safely be said that none of the work of the sighted disabled soldiers can show any improvement on the St. Dunstan's output. Sir Arthur Pearson has much reason to be proud of this achievement.

The Girls' Mutual Happiness Guild had a meeting at Long Sutton on behalf of St. Dunstan's. Miss Chamberlain, the sister of one of our men, wrote a poem, which was read to the gathering, from which we quote the following verse:—  
"At St. Dunstan's Home in London,  
North-West,



Our heroes are bravely doing their best,  
In learning some useful craft or art,  
Each one nobly doing his part,  
Instructed by teachers in the very best way,  
So we'll wish them success and hope  
it will pay."  
We all hope so, too.

Sir Henry and Lady Norman made a visit of inspection on Friday, February 16th, and spent much time in closely inspecting the work and inquiring into the results. Sir Henry was impressed by the accounts of the men who have settled at their various trades, and Lady Norman, who proved a most capable cross-examiner elicited information which she described as very helpful. It was a pleasure to tell them all that they wanted to know, as they displayed a grasp of the capacities of the blind which is by no means usual. Sir Henry bought glove boxes for his children, and was kind enough to accept a copy of the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW.

Extensions on a large scale have been begun, as Sir Arthur finds it imperative to make ready for the increasing demands that are anticipated. A big new building to take 250 men is to be erected on the ground adjoining St. Dunstan's; the Workshops and Braille Room are to be doubled in size; new poultry classrooms are to be erected, and every necessary accommodation is being prepared. We shall be ready for any claims that may be made upon our space.

The fire drills that we have practised at stated times came in useful on February 14th, when we had a valentine in the shape of a little outbreak of fire in one of the chimneys. It was a small affair, and was immediately extinguished, and its only importance

was to prove to us that St. Dunstan's is equipped and prepared for all emergencies.

Miss Vera Philips, one of our most popular V.A.D. sisters, is to marry Captain Rex Hope, M.C., of the Middlesex Regiment, very shortly. Miss Philips, whose unassuming usefulness has earned wide respect, will take our grateful best wishes with her in her new life.

St. Dunstan's had a stall at the Holy Trinity Church (Marylebone) Sale of Work on Tuesday, February 20th. The Sale was opened by Lady Pearson at 2.30 in the afternoon, Sir Arthur made a speech, and a brisk market followed, which was kept up until a late hour in the evening. Many orders were obtained for the blinded soldiers. The Sale of Work was inaugurated by the Rev. E. N. Sharpe, our Hon. Chaplain.

Lady Abdy is holding a Bazaar at Eaton House, which began yesterday and continues to-day, for the benefit of St. Dunstan's. Lady Waterlow is in charge of our stall, and we have no doubt that she will do very well for us. This lady acts as one of our sisters in the afternoon and does good work.

Corporal Kitson writes to us throwing doubt on the statement that one of our pupils learnt basket-making in three weeks, as he does not think that it is possible. Of course, we did not mean to imply that he mastered the whole basket-making trade, but that he learnt to make two or three different baskets in this time. As Sergeant Curtis-Willson is the man in question, perhaps he will let us know the exact particulars.

Albert Woollen tells us that Sir Arthur Pearson, on his recent visit to Manchester, called on the four masseurs at



Middleton Road Camp and had tea with them. This was a pleasant gathering of old friends, but then Sir Arthur is quite as proud of his masseurs as they are of him.

We have received a postcard from Copenhagen addressed to "The Unknown English Soldiers at St. Dunstan's." It says: "A hearty greeting to the unknown soldiers of the glorious British Army from fishing-maids whose hearts are beating for old England." It is signed "G. Nyström, Copenhagen."

Our old friend J. Spinks writes to say that he will be very glad to be one of the Old Boys' St. Dunstan's Four to row against the present St. Dunstan's men in the suggested race in July. We all hope that it will be possible to bring this off, but, of course, we must have other offers. Bates, Pettitt, and Willson are willing.

Mrs. Craven is to be our new Assistant Matron. She was previously in the Verdun region in France, where she acted as army matron. When our new Annexe is built she will take on the duties of matron there. Our own Matron is very glad to have her help.

Captain F. Russell Roberts has accepted the appointment of Adjutant to St. Dunstan's, and took up his duties last week. He may be sure of the loyal co-operation of the men in supporting the best traditions of the Hostel.

Everyone was sorry to hear that Mr. Smith, our head gardener, was confined to his house with bronchitis. He is so useful to us in so many ways that he is greatly missed, and how Messrs. Piper and Cunningham managed to get along in his absence is a mystery. We hope for his speedy recovery.

Sergeant-Major Cope is taking up home teaching, and we all believe that he is the very man to make a success of it. Home teaching means settling in a district and going round to the blind residents and instructing them in their own houses. It is a useful work, and the right kind of teachers should do very well at it.

Miss Critten's competition on the novel lines to which we referred last month was very popular. The questions were set by the boys and the answers had to be given by the ladies. Corporal McIntosh won the first prize, a cigarette case; Corporal Vaughan secured the second prize, a walking-stick; and Llanfear won the third prize, a watch-chain. Miss Critten has unluckily been a victim of influenza, so that her notes were late, and we are unable to give them as fully as we should have wished.

## Workshop Gossip

SEVERAL of the boot repairers have left to start for themselves this month. The new sighted instructor, Mr. Portsmouth, has proved himself a valuable recruit. He provides just what was wanted, and Mr. Weeks is very glad of his help and advice.

Old boots are wanted in the Workshop. They are needed for those who are learning the trade of boot repairing. If any of those who read this have old boots for which they have no longer any use, they will earn our gratitude by sending them to St. Dunstan's.

In the mat section we have had a repeat order from Messrs. Furness, Withy & Co., the shippers, for another one hundred mats of the same size and quality that we sent them before. The



durability and finish of the St. Dunstan's mats are becoming more widely known and appreciated.

A lady customer wrote ordering a mat for her front door, and so that it might help us to a decision in selection, she added that it must be suitable for wiping one's boots upon. Would that all of our patrons could be as precise!

Eight extra frames have been added to the mat section, so that now we can keep forty-four men working at the same time. But we shall have to increase our accommodation before long.

Mr. Westward tells us that the three most advanced mat-makers for the moment are Leonard, Boteler, and Chambers. Each of these three is able to turn out excellent work from start to finish.

We missed "Uncle" Cross for some days. The weather got hold of him and laid him up, so that a lot of extra work was thrown upon Jock Waddell, the other pupil teacher. Happily, he recovered just when he was badly needed. A sighted adviser has now been added to the mat section, and he promises to prove most useful.

Sergeant Harris is certainly one of the most promising pupils in the joinery section. He is at present turning out a bookcase, and the careful precision of his square work has filled the heart of Mr. Atkinson with pride. Sergeant Harris will rank with Pell and Chapple as a born carpenter.

There is a steadily growing demand for the octagonal white American wood tables which are made in Mr. Collett's department. Mr. William Jones, of Wandsworth, wants two a week from us; he French polishes them and finds a ready market at a guinea each. Need-

less to say, he gives us all the benefit of the trade that he does in them.

Neil Macdonald has provided us with another dozen oak trays, all well made, and Corporal Pettit brings us a fresh supply each week. Oliver, in the Shop, is making the same things extremely well; so that just for the moment we are able to cope with the oak tray demand, which is a big one.

Basket orders are coming in at a tremendous pace, but our output is now so big that we are able to satisfy everyone. J. R. Brown has sent us some excellent cane work, and Gunner Rose is producing a very serviceable market basket with a handle. Martin Lane keeps up his high level of work, and Jock Brown sends us over thirty baskets a week. Camille, our old Belgian friend, keeps us well supplied with workbaskets, and Sergeant Curtis-Willson provides us with well-made novelties. The basket section is flourishing extremely well.

## Another Little Scrap

IN days gone by, when things were calm,

Just before the great alarm,  
The Kaiser told his men with charm,  
"A little scrap would do no harm."  
And though they got as far as France,  
Our men and guns checked the advance;  
And to their horror and surprise,  
Forward came our brave Allies.  
So on and on the nations fight,  
Until they win the cause of Right,  
And Britain's sons have all been tried  
For England, honour, home, and pride.

George Brooks.

Sadler (turning to fellow-comrade):  
" 'Ere, mate, 'ow d'yer spell forts? I don't means the forts yer fights with, but the forts yer finks abart."



## Our Entertainments

"WE are glad to do our little bit for you because of what you have done for us, and if by coming here we can give you a little pleasure, it also gives us a great deal of pleasure to come," said Mr. George Miller, Bandmaster of the 1st Life Guards, when acknowledging the hearty send-off and good wishes for a successful trip to "Somewhere in France." It was quite a stirring little scene. St. Dunstan's men gave the band three cheers, and in return the bandmaster and his men gave three cheers for the men of St. Dunstan's.

Since then the Band of the Horse Guards (Blue), back from their tour in France, has made the Outer Lounge a merry place from noon until one o'clock on Thursdays, and our appreciative thanks are due to the commanding officers of both bands for their continued kind thoughts of us.

Mr. Douglas Watson arranged a capital variety entertainment, for his party consisted of a versatile soprano, comedian, humorist, violinists, comic entertainer, raconteur, ventriloquist, and various singers. A little bit of everything, as it were. The turns of Mr. Sidney Spurley, Mr. Selwyn Driver, and "Dooley" were especially appreciated.

Tom Clare caught a sprat, which in the process of the story being related by one person to another, finally became a sea serpent, and in killing it he was reported drowned. His wife was voted a pension, and when he heard of it he decided it was cheaper to remain dead and let his wife draw the pension. Tom Clare himself told the story in full at the concert arranged by Mr. J. Mackey, and everybody was so convulsed with laughter as to insist on an encore. In

the same party was included two other well-known entertainers, viz., Mr. Harrison Hill and Mr. Griffith Humphreys, the latter being assisted by Miss Doris Coleman. Miss Mollie Ramsden, of "Hoop La!" and the Misses Hilda Mackinnon and Mary Allen all sang solos, which were encored, and Miss Helen Mott rendered a couple of exquisite 'cello solos.

Illness was accountable for many broken engagements during the severe weather at the beginning of the month, and twice within a fortnight parties which had been booked months ahead were cancelled almost at the last moment. But things went merrily at the appointed time. We are greatly indebted to Mr. J. Laurie, General Manager of Messrs. William Whiteley, Ltd., for filling the breach on one of these occasions. The position was explained to him, and in the course of a few hours there appeared at St. Dunstan's an orchestra and a party of entertainers, whose turns were interesting and amusing, and not a soul present guessed that they were not fulfilling a long-standing engagement.

Through the kind offices of Miss Florence A. Aikman, the Australian Band was booked to entertain us one evening, but the members were attacked by an ailment usually associated with infants, and they were placed in quarantine. Not to be outdone, and being most anxious that we should not be too greatly disappointed, Miss Aikman, with only a day at disposal, set to work and succeeded in getting together a number of artistes who at the appointed time appeared at St. Dunstan's and filled up seventy-five minutes with really humorous items and splendid music of all kinds. Signor Nicuman's Banjo Band gave particular pleasure, and Mr. W. Randall's humour at the piano calls for mention.



Gunner T. R. Prendergast before the war was well known as a whistler to variety theatre-goers, and now that he is in the Army it is only natural that he should seek out members of his company who have musical talent. All the gentlemen who visited St. Dunstan's with him were in khaki, and if they can take the Germans by storm as well as they succeeded in captivating those who were present at the concert, then we need have no fear for the future. The only two ladies who were with the party were the Sisters Roberts; they were not in khaki! Nevertheless, they did well with their duets.

The relating of a serial story by the well-known authoress, Miss G. E. Mitton, was greatly appreciated by those who heard it. Chapter after chapter she unfolded a tale of adventure amongst the Wa people. Two sittings were occupied in the unravelling of most exciting situations amongst, and interesting description of, these curious people, and Miss Mitton was listened to with rapt attention. I was rather sorry not to see greater audiences. Perhaps at a future date it may be possible for her to come again, and then I hope we shall all make an effort to be present.

Miss Savage's Concert was notable for the performances of Corporal McIntosh and Private Peto. They have both progressed wonderfully well with their study of the violin, and everybody was surprised at the degree of proficiency which they showed. We refer to this more fully elsewhere.

Some splendid artistes came with Signor Ernesto Baraldi. It was a first-class evening, and the singing of Mr. Bertram Binyon and Miss Ruby Wertheimer was worth going out of one's way to hear. The former caused great

amusement, and the latter, having in the early part of the evening rendered "Bohemia" in a superb manner, was compelled to sing it again when appearing later on, instead of singing a fresh song. They are both coming again on March 22nd.

The Misses Esmè and Vera Beringer are well known as excellent organisers of entertainments, and the one for which they were responsible was worthy of their reputation. It would be difficult to find anything better. Esmè recited the wonderful poem entitled "Tanks," and Vera recited a clever parody on Kipling's "If," which appears in this number of the REVIEW.

Miss A. St. John Wright is to be complimented on the nice little concert arranged by her. It was "neat," and we all enjoyed it. E. K.

### THIS MONTH'S FIXTURES.

Thursday, March 1st.—Mr. C. Douglas Stuart, of the Variety Artistes' Benevolent Fund.  
Monday, 5th.—Miss Florence Shee.  
Thursday, 8th.—Mr. Chilcott.  
Monday, 12th.—Miss Gwladys E. Mawes.  
Thursday, 15th.—Mr. R. K. Huskinson.  
Monday, 19th.—Mr. F. S. Breville-Smith.  
Thursday, 22nd.—Mr. Bertram Binyon.  
Monday, 26th.—Miss Galbraith.  
Thursday, 29th.—Mr. H. B. Irving.

"I'll go one," said Belgium. "I'll go two," said France.  
"I'll go three," said Russia, "because I see a chance."  
"I'll go four," said Germany, "and wipe them off the map."  
But they all dropped flat when John Bull said, "I'll go nap."





## Poultry Notes

ON the Poultry Farm the principal events of the past month have been the examinations, which spread over the first two weeks of February. They were held by Mr. Clem Watson, whose friendly interest in our doings is so much appreciated. Mr. Watson was kind enough to devote three mornings—February 6th, 7th, and 8th—to the First Course Poultry Examination, for which there were eighteen candidates. The word "Examination" has a formidable, not to say unpleasant, ring about it; in fact, it sounds a sort of first cousin to "execution"; but fortunately Mr. Watson is in marked contrast with the executioner type of examiner, and has a real knack of drawing out the information he requires and giving the candidate the chance of expressing what he really knows.

A few words as to the manner of it all may be of interest to those outside the realm of poultry. Each man is examined separately, the process being both oral and practical. The practical tests include the handling and recognition of specimens of different breeds of poultry taken at random from the St. Dunstan's stock; the recognition of various samples of grains and meals; the grading of eggs; and the correct mixing of a poultry feed of mash. Even the uninitiated will understand that the above are by no means easy feats for a man who has probably had little or nothing to do with poultry previous to his six weeks' training at St. Dunstan's.

In his report on the First Course Examination of February 6th, 7th, and 8th, Mr. Watson says:—

"I have found a great amount of pleasure in taking these men through a poultry examination, and have been surprised at the general knowledge which

they possess. Not only must they take a great interest in the work, but their knowledge reflects the highest credit upon their tutors. The maximum number of marks allowed is 50.

"Megson, 46; Yates, 46; Hargreaves, 45; Johnson, 45; Sergeant-Major Shawl, 45; Lowden, 45; Blackett, 44, Baker, 44, Vaughan, 44; Exall, 43; Lieutenant Tyler, 41; Chilton, 41; Arneil, 41; Eames, 41; Wise, 38; Sergeant Dyson, 38; Rowley, 30; Brown, 21."

Congratulations are due to Megson and Yates, bracketed first; also to Hargreaves, Johnson, Sergeant-Major Shawl and Lowden, equal seconds; and to Blackett, Baker, and Vaughan, equal thirds. The marks run very close throughout the list. The tribute of keenness paid by all the candidates is very gratifying to the instructors, to whom the success of their pupils means much. Rowley gallantly put in an appearance, in spite of being unable to walk without assistance after an illness of over a week. Chilton also was present, though popularly supposed by the doctor to be in bed. Murray made a special journey for the occasion from Brighton; and Boyter, though only just returned from the North, and having, therefore, missed the last part of the course, took his place with the others.

The final examination of the advanced class of poultry students was held on February 14th and 15th. Among many others things, a detailed knowledge of the parts and working of an incubator is required of each candidate; and the man who satisfies Mr. Watson in this respect may have cause to congratulate himself and his instructor.

The report is as follows:—

"Second Course Poultry Examination.—There was an added pleasure in taking this class, because most of them I had seen previously through the first



course, and one could easily note their progress. The general knowledge displayed is really wonderful, considering that most of them knew nothing about poultry before they reached the Hostel. Maximum marks 100.

"Maddison, 88; Captain Walker, 88; Purchase, 86; Chamberlain, 85; Shepherd, 84; Shaw, 83; Boyter, 83; Mouland, 83; McLean, 81; Murray, 81; Sergeant-Major Cope, 80; Sims, 79; Cobble, 78; Hayes, 77.

"CLEM WATSON."

Best congratulations to Maddison and Captain Walker, who are bracketed first, and also to Purchase, Chamberlain, and Shepherd, who take second, third, and fourth places respectively. All fourteen candidates have successfully passed this really difficult examination, obtaining very good marks indeed, and Mr. Playfoot has cause to be proud of their achievement. The Poultry Farm regards their success with mixed feelings, being extremely reluctant to part with old friends. However, we look forward to maintaining close connection with them and their work in the future.

The general work of the Farm has progressed very little, owing to the lateness of the season. The place has certainly felt the grip of winter; so have the grey squirrels, who pay bold and frequent visits to the food troughs in the fattening section. There is as yet no hint of spring, and the intense cold, resulting in shortage of eggs all over the country, has meant the postponement of hatching operations. However, we hope by the time this is in print to have brought off our first hatch. The chickens are to make their debut from one of our Hearson's machines, and thus christen the new incubator-room.

Misfortune has overtaken the duck-pond. For a time it was choked with icebergs, and has since been discovered to have cracked in the frost, so that it

is in urgent need of repair before the ducks can have any further use for it.

We had lately installed a new house, bought from Messrs. Hebditch, in the upper field, where our best breeding pens were situated; but the field is required for other purposes, and birds, houses, posts and wire have all been transferred to pastures new.

During the early part of February the Joinery Class was practically frozen out. In spite of the work being held up by the weather, Maddison has made an extremely neat model of a semi-intensive house of the kind in use on the St. Dunstan's Farm, and Mr. Capper has made a small-size hencoop, which will be more suitable for handling and demonstration purposes than a full-size one. The plan of making models is one capable of development, as they are particularly useful for instruction. We shall be glad if the Joinery Class can kindly supply us with a few more.

Before closing, we should like to add that the Poultry Farm is extremely interested in news of the poultry farmers that reaches it through Mr. Thomson Brown, and is always anxious to be made use of as regards furnishing information on poultry matters or obtaining stock or eggs from reliable dealers. D. L.

## A Dotty Rhyme

WHEN you come to the end of a dot  
four D,  
And your dot four T was bad,  
And you go on your knees to your dot  
four G  
For the lucky escape you've had;  
Then you think of the grief of your dot  
four M,  
If your dot four W's slow,  
So you take it quite in good dot four P,  
And dot two, four, six C, let go.

H.T.



## Poultry Farming in the Dark

By Captain E. A. Pauly

RECEIVED telegram at 5.30 p.m., that twenty-two head of poultry would arrive at station, which is two and a half miles distant, at 7 p.m. Took about an hour to talk the carrier into making a special trip to fetch birds. Carrier arrived with birds at 8 p.m.; carrier grumbling about cold and everything in general, but sixpence extra and a whisky hot cleared him off with a cheery "Good-night."

Proceeded to open number one crate in number one pen (pens are loose boxes in a well-constructed stable), sighted person assisting with a naked candle. In lifting first bird, which objected, its struggles in flapping its wings put the candle out. Sighted person away for twenty minutes to get matches, so proceeded to get the dear little hen to take to the perch, but every attempt of mine only meant a fall for the hen, which eventually walked off in its sleep. Then commenced a football match—I continually found the hen with my feet, but never with my hands. Got her at last, and used a few rude remarks, and tried the perch again. Sighted person returned and asked what I was doing. I replied, "Any fool could see I was trying to make a Blondin of the hen." He said, "That person never walked an imaginary line. Try the other end of the shed for the perch!" Evidently I had lost my direction slightly. At last gave up the idea and decided to leave them in the crate for the night with the lid open. Of course, as most lids do, this one came down again with a crash just at the moment H.R.H. the Gentleman Hen had put his head over the side; but it appears this had no bad effects, and made me more careful with number two crate.

So fixed both crates open and left birds for the night.

After a good night's sleep, dreaming of cocks and hens all night, awoke at 5 a.m. and, forgetting that it was quite dark at this time of the year, went and roused the farm, and found them all still in the crates. I promptly tipped them out, which caused great confusion and an awful noise. I am sure the old cock was using bad language. Threw some corn down and attempted to fill the drinking vessel, which I had placed on some bricks close to the door. But the sighted person thought it would look better in the corner without bricks. Result—bricks got a good washing and water remained in a pool at the door, which very shortly became ice. Did the same in number two pen, but without any mistake with water, and went back to the house to carry out my own toilet. Was gently reminded by sighted person that it would not be light enough to feed poultry for at least two hours. I just remarked that any excuse for late rising was better than none, and cheered up myself by singing Harry Lauder's little ditty, "It's nice to get up in the morning," which produced from the next room rude remarks about larks, linnets, etc.

At 7 a.m. gave hot mash to poultry with only two slight mishaps. First mishap was that the sighted person did not see the ice at the door of number one pen, and came a nasty cropper. I remarked, to soothe him, that skating was an excellent exercise for poultry! Second mishap was that birds got double rations (please do not tell the Food Controller), as in weighing foodstuff in a beastly machine, which, of course, was made in Germany, it was out of order, and saw double. Great cheers from number one pen; sighted person found my first egg, and I am quite certain the dear little football hen had laid it, as she was the only one blushing!

Having told the cook that I wanted all



waste cabbage leaves, went to the kitchen at midday and found a bundle of greens and gave them to the birds. Shortly afterwards cook came running over and said I had taken the wrong lot of greens, and that there would only be potatoes for lunch. I remarked it was war economy to go without greens sometimes.

Nothing further of interest happened till locking up of the birds for the night, when I found them roosting anywhere but on the perch. The old cock in number one pen was up in "the gods" roosting on the manger, and used awful language whilst I was catching his darling wives. This took a bit of doing, but was eventually completed. Number two pen were less trouble, only two being out of place. This pen seemed to be much better educated birds. Having locked up for the night, and given all the birds a lecture on their duty, left them for night, and in walking back to the house I found a holly bush someone had moved during the day. At least I said it had been moved, but at last I found the back door, so all's well that ends well. Never say die!

## Incubator Freaks

SERGEANT DENNISON sends us the following amusing account of his experiences with his incubator, which cannot fail to interest the poultry men:—

"I think what was really wrong with my incubator was that it had caught a thorough bad cold during its journey from London to the Potteries. After starting it with the filling of the hot water tank, it began to be a little freakish, and during the time when it ought to have been behaving itself by responding to the temperature as given in a booklet sent by the makers, it acted quite contrary. I thought at first something had gone wrong with the capsule; but on examination found that the

capsule was perfect, except that it had got upset with the frost and damp during transit. I also found that the metal parts were abnormally acted upon by the conditions of the tense frost prevailing, and expanded with varying rapidity, upsetting, of course, the regulation as made in preparation to the running of the incubator.

"In simple language, my incubator had got a bad cold, and I have had to nurse it for more than a week, giving occasional doses of paraffin to sweat out the damp which all the metal parts had taken in. It is now running rather well, and it is nevertheless a surprising fact to know what a lot of bother it was to get influences of the weather out of it, as it was sweating for fully a week."

## A Poultry Suggestion

TOM EATON writes from Nelson, in Lancashire, as follows:—

"I have a suggestion—it is rather a big one, but I do think it would be of great advantage to all. I speak as a poultry farmer, although I daresay it will apply to the other trades as well. I would suggest that a man be appointed to govern two or three counties, under the direction of Mr. Brown, who would act as chief. This man would visit each man in turn, would see what was required, and advise and help. He could stay with the farmer two or three days if required. It must be admitted that we are working with one sense less than our sighted friends, and we have not all got friends and relatives who understand poultry. A man visiting in this way could put our house in order in a day or two and forward his report to Mr. Brown, who would then act as he thought fit. I think that this method would give a chance to every man to make good. I would like to hear other opinions on the matter."



## A (Fowl) Confession

I KILLED him yesterday!  
Stand out, who dares to say  
My act was rash or wrong;  
And as I laid the lifeless body low,  
I crooned a cradle song.  
'Twas not in temper that I took his life,  
No angry word has passed to fire my blood;  
I'd planned his fate some several days before,  
And yesterday I caught him in the wood.  
Although we'd long been friends,  
No pause or hesitation  
Delayed the task which I had set to do,  
So cold in calculation.  
I used no knife,  
Nor even thought the gun  
Could play the part  
As my right hand had done.  
Judge me as harshly as your feelings may,  
Or taunt me with the shedding of his blood,  
I'll tell you fearlessly that yesterday  
I killed him as I met him in the wood.  
His young companions, witness to the deed,  
Uttered no sound of horror or dismay,  
But calmly looked unmoved upon the scene,  
Then silent strode away.  
I flung myself upon his graceful form,  
Tho' strong of limb his struggles soon were o'er;  
He that once with beauty filled the eye  
Lay heaped upon the floor.  
No sense of shame, no brooding o'er the deed,  
No heartfelt pain within the dead of night;  
For he whom I had rather kill than feed,  
I'd planned to kill at sight.  
I fear no punishment for what I did,  
Or wish the act to be obscurely hid—  
I only did the work for which I'm paid,  
In killing fowls I follow out my trade.  
T. H. Dennison.

## Typewriting Notes

THE department has grown quite a lot of late, and several new teachers have been installed. Practically one hundred men receive instruction each day, and the noise in working hours bids fair to rival even that of the Workshops.

Shorthand typewriting is being taken up by quite a number of the new men, and it is pleasing to see this profitable occupation becoming so popular. Miss Wood, who has proved herself a very capable instructress, will require an assistant. Corporal McIntosh, who has learnt the Braille shorthand quickly and thoroughly, is going to help in the teaching of it. The men who are to become telephone operators are also learning Braille shorthand, as it will be useful to them in their work. One of the men recently told a lady visitor that he found typewriting as easy as finding his mouth.

Davidson, Hayes, and Sergeant Dyson, all of whom have only one hand each, have recently passed their tests. Davidson did it in forty-five minutes, which is the record time for a one-handed man.

The following pupils have passed their tests: Captain Appleby, Captain Walker, Lieutenant Barnet, Lieutenant Hyde Thomson, Captain Oakden, Lieutenant Thomas, Sergeant Mitchell, Rodgers, Stewart, Macfarlane, Webb, Sims, Turner ii., Grattidge, Gardiner, Chapman, Coles, McIntosh, Ralph, Arnold, Lenderyou, Swain, Palfrey, Donlan, Bond, Hamlet, Hargreaves, Jobe, Johnson ii., O'Connell, Horsley, Chilton.

E. M.

Huggins: "I have no use for that new sister in the dispensary."

Juggins: "How's that?"

Huggins: "Well, yesterday she put my two new eyes in that chap Hawkins, and he went out to see my girl with them."



## The Suggestion Box

WE give a selection of the suggestions found in the box in February. Many of the proposals made have already been adopted, and Sir Arthur Pearson gives careful attention to all reasonable ideas.

*Why should we pay threepence postage to our friends to whom we send the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW?*

The postage on the magazine is only a penny, and there is no occasion to pay more. Also if those who want to send their magazines away will address them and hand them in as letters there is no need to pay anything at all.

Several suggestions have been received that breakfast should be fixed at a later hour on Sundays. Matron, however, says that this is not possible owing to staff reasons and to church services and other things. We quite agree that it would be undesirable to alter the breakfast hour.

*I would respectfully suggest that during concerts the audience should suspend applause until an artiste has finished, and not run the risk of spoiling a performance by well meant but untimely exuberance.*

We have every sympathy with this; but as it is impossible to handcuff the audience, we cannot see how it can be enforced, except by example.

*I would like to suggest that the boys do not use their walking-sticks about the House and Lounge, as it is uncomfortable for others.*

This will no doubt receive attention, as we are sure that nobody wishes to interfere with the comfort of his fellows. But a walking-stick is a capital guide for a non-sighted man, as we all know, and it saves its owner from many a collision.

*That men who play with only one finger should remember that the piano may irritate as well as give pleasure.*

The answer to this is, that there is the Outer Lounge for all those who wish to be quiet.

Miss Witherby, of the Netting Department, suggests the holding of a big Sale of our own work at St. Dunstan's. She thinks it would attract a crowd of buyers, and she proposes that the stalls should be fixed up in one of the lounges, and that the heads of each department should be in charge of them. This is a suggestion which deserves careful consideration, and Sir Arthur may have something to say about it next month.

Other suggestions received are:—

*That some distinctive knob should be put on the railings of the Park to indicate where the men should cross for the different gates, more especially opposite Clarence Gate.*

*That there should be an official badge for all workers at St. Dunstan's who have been doing duty for a year.*

*A few men complain of the cold in the Workshop when they are near the door. Could not a porch be erected outside which would prevent the draught?*

*That a cloakroom attendant should be provided to take charge of the ladies' wraps on dance nights.*

Smith: "Funny thing happened to Brown the other night."

Jones: "What was that?"

Smith: "He went to sleep on a copy of the *Weekly Summary*, and when he woke up in the morning he found that the latest War Loan speech was printed on his back, so he went down town and put 2s. 6d. in the War Loan."



## Braille-room Notes

WE have made a brilliant beginning for 1917 in the Braille Room, as nearly two months have gone and we have not had a single failure in either test. We congratulate all those who have passed, and thank them for giving us such an excellent record, which must inspire others to follow in their footsteps.

Reading Test.—Llanier, Sergeant Horseley, McDougall, M. Barnett.

Writing Test.—Molloy, Vine.

Llanier, Westwick, and Sergeant Horseley have sent in their papers, but have not yet heard the decision of the examiners.

In the new wing which has just been finished are two small rooms which are to be used only for tests, so in future there will be no fear of candidates or teachers being disturbed by chance sounds or interested visitors.

The following Braille books have been presented: "Treasure Island," Stevenson; "The Maneaters of Tsavo," Patterson; "The Human Boy," Eden Philpotts; "The First Hundred Thousand," Ian Hay. "Treasure Island" is in interlined Braille; the others are all interpoint. They are first-rate stories, and we hope they are going to be made good use of by all Braillists, past and present.

D. P.

## Netting Notes

DURING the spell of recent cold weather our visitors made many remarks about the summer-like character of our netted articles. Hammocks, fruit nets, rabbit nets, tennis ball nets—surely these are only useful in warm and sunny weather, and are not saleable in the winter time? Now here are some mistaken ideas. First, the Netting Room is not a shop. We are not so much concerned with the immediate sale of what we make as we are

anxious to teach a useful and profitable occupation for after days. The best netters are those who set themselves to learn everything we can teach them, and who are willing to put monetary profit in a second place during tuition.

Then as regards the all-year-round suitability of our netted articles, it may be mentioned that hammocks make splendid indoor shakedown, and with blankets, rug, and pillow are a good deal more comfortable than many a so-called bed! Also for nursery use they are very popular; they make fine, safe swings for little people. Of course, fruit nets must be made in advance of the fruit season, and these, together with tennis ball nets, in which we have been successfully specialising, are very cheerful auguries of spring.

G. H. W.

## College Notes

THE College now boasts of a full house. Already our anxious eyes are watching the growth of the two new wards which are being built in the garden, since the problem of where to put newcomers will soon be as pressing as where to find sugar. The plan of putting chums from hospital in the same ward has proved a great success, and the delight of No. 6 Ward at St. Mark's when it finds "itself" surrounded by all the boys "it" knows is a pleasure to see and hear.

The little evening dances on Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, after supper, are still very popular; while Miss Turner's evening readings in Matron's sitting-room are very well patronised. The dance practice for beginners on Wednesday evening after tea is helping the newcomers who do not dance to learn their steps. The domino tournaments on Friday evenings after tea are growing in popularity. The theatrical concerts on Tuesday evening, from 5.30 to 7, are most enjoyable. Thanks to the kindness of Mr. Jock Whiteman, Mr.



Harry Lauder's manager, the members of the Shaftesbury "Three Cheers" Company have given us two of the jolliest concerts possible. The popularity of the early morning physical drills, however, is still somewhat spasmodic. Perhaps the mornings are too cold.

On Friday, February 18th, Sir Arthur came to visit the College for the first time, which delighted the men and the staff. Everybody hopes that it will be the first of many such happy visits. Like St. Dunstan's, we are now upon "food rations," but nobody minds in the very least. The College breakfasts, dinners, and teas are so excellent that we can quite easily face a supper of bread and cheese.

R. K. H.

## Badges for Teachers

SEVERAL helpers and teachers have welcomed last month's suggestion that they should have badges.

Mr. Charles Phillips, of the Typewriting and Shorthand Department, writes as follows to the Editor:—

"With reference to the question of badges for teachers, etc., I think most of us would be glad to make such an investment. As you know, many are wearing them with "St. Dunstan's" worked in wire letters; but surely some of our artistic friends could think out a design which would not only take the fancy, but be in keeping with the ideal and important nature of our work. Perhaps the best way of getting original suggestions for the design would be to make it the subject of a competition among our readers. They could describe a decoration which, in their view, would be suitable for the idea.

"Would you have any objection, sir, to allowing a little space in your columns for a controversy on the advisability or inadvisability of raised matting and rails

for guides in the buildings and grounds? When I was at school we had no such things. I realise the conditions are somewhat different at St. Dunstan's, but I feel that their use tends to train the men to artificial conditions, rather than to help them to find their way about naturally. The use of Braille watches is also a great mistake."

[We shall be very glad to hear any views on this subject; but we think Mr. Phillips is quite wrong in deprecating the Braille watch, which, as we all know, has proved a great boon to the non-sighted.—ED.]

## Matron's String Band

IT will be remembered that some months back Matron told us that she was keen to start a St. Dunstan's String Band. Well, it is now on the way to realisation. Two of the men, Corporal McIntosh and Peto, have each so far mastered the violin as to be able to take part in concert work.

On February 17th these two each played a solo, and subsequently played with the orchestra which was giving us a concert. Their performance was loudly applauded both by the audience and the other artistes, and Matron was, of course, much delighted and proud of the hopeful beginning of her scheme.

We may say here that any of the boys who would like to learn stringed instruments have only to give in their names to Matron, who will provide them with instruments and instructors and get them along as fast as possible.

It would be advisable for them to take up different instruments in order to complete an orchestra. The 'cello is an excellent choice, and is not perhaps quite so difficult as the violin; but naturally each pupil is entitled to choose his own path, and Matron will welcome assistance and give every possible help.



## After-care Notes

**ALFRED BACK:** "It's a treat to hear all the news of St. Dunstan's. I am glad to say I am quite settled and have started my work. I have plenty to do in both mats and boots. We have had a few soldiers billeted in the village, and I get all their boots."

**Sergeant Dennison:** "It has been a difficult matter to get my incubator into anything like hatching form; the frost has been so severe that it has upset to a little extent the scientific calculations of the last few years. As soon as I came home I set about getting a market for my produce. In this I was successful; and to supply the demand I also bought eggs from the neighbouring farms. I have a cold, which is the only thing that is not slack just now."

**Walter Clark:** "I find the magazine very interesting indeed. I think that the 'Old Boys' Addresses' must prove of great benefit to all those who have left, as it enables us to find out where our old friends are."

**Rufus Shaw:** "I have started work, and done some boots which have given satisfaction. A pair of boots that I repaired have been shown in a shop window for people to see that a blind man's work is as good as a sighted man's work."

**C. F. Spiers:** "I am sending you some mats, as the trade here is very bad. Mrs. Spiers and I are getting along quite comfortably in our new stage of life. We had a fortnight's holiday after we were married. I can assure you it was a great and pleasant change."

[Spiers learned his trade so well that he was one of our pupil teachers for a time.—Ed.]

**G. Adams:** "I have had another move, and the new house is a great deal better than the last one. I am glad to say that the missis and the baby are doing well in spite of the bad weather."

**R. Graves:** "I was up at the Hostel on Friday and stayed for the dance. I thought the new floor was a good one, and I quite enjoyed dancing and chatting with some of my old friends. Sir Arthur has given me the very pleasant work of giving him a "general" twice a week, and I am starting as masseur at a hospital in Park Lane in March, so I am feeling settled now."

**W. Allen:** "Just a few lines saying how much I enjoy the magazine. I suppose that I would hardly recognise St. Dunstan's now, as most of the extensions have been made since I left. I am selling a few bags, and I think that I shall keep getting orders. I am also, with the help of my mother and sister, running a tea agency. I am doing very well. I have made £7 in ten weeks, so you see it is a paying game."

## After-care Reports

Reports of **J. R. Brown**, of Nuneaton, tell us that his progress in work is good. He is finding his place too small, and we have lately sent him a shed to be erected in his back garden, where we hope he will be able to carry on his work more successfully. The baskets we have seen made by him lately show a decided improvement.

**McCarthy**, of the same town, has now got regular employment at his trade as a carpenter; he is supplementing it with picture framing in his leisure hours.

**T. H. Dennison** has been finding plenty of work in getting his farm ship-shape. The place had been very much neglected when he took it over. He tells us he felt quite downhearted at the state of things the first week or two, but now is more hopeful. He has a busy time in front of him for the next few weeks. Our Visitor reports that she thinks



**Dennison** stands a good chance of doing well; he seems most keen and enthusiastic. He has found a market for his goods and poultry at the Staffordshire Hotel, Stoke. The manager is willing to take anything he has to sell. Like all other poultry farmers, he complains of the price of foodstuff, but is hopeful of making a success of his work.

**Williams**, of Michaelstone, Cardiff, although very well himself, has had a great deal of illness in his family. This, of course, has prevented his getting on with his work. His landlord has been particularly kind, however, and has done all his shopping for him, and has also refused to take any rent at all until things are going more smoothly.

**Evans**, of Newport, has had a good start in his work, being given full employment for at least three months by the proprietor of a noted firm there, who hopes by so doing to get Evans' work well known in the town, so that by the end of this period he will have plenty of work and be thoroughly established.

**Marks**, of Chester, has had a rather bad turn of influenza, which has hindered him from making a good commencement at his work. We trust he is feeling better now and able to make a beginning.

**Hurst**, of Great Longstone, is still busy with as much work as he can undertake. His mats are giving every satisfaction, and he has a number of orders for string bags. His poultry are doing very well in spite of the dreadful weather, and he is getting a good supply of eggs, but not enough to meet the demand. Hurst has found the bad weather very trying for getting about. There has been snow on the ground for

six weeks. He cannot manage to get to his birds alone, as great drifts of snow have covered up the path and he loses his bearings. He finds his young son very useful in these days. The boy has been leaving school early in the afternoon, so as to help his father to feed the fowls before dark. Hurst is hopeful that the weather will improve, as he has a lot of outdoor work to do.

We are sorry to hear that **Clarke**, of Edwinstowe, has not been at all well lately. His birds are doing well and he is getting a good supply of eggs. He has thirty-two birds altogether now, and is looking forward to a good season and hoping he will have better luck with his chicks this year.

**Smith**, of Retford, has moved into his new house and has his mat frame fixed up in the front room. It makes a nice workshop and is quite a good size. He has orders for several mats and seems very hopeful of getting plenty of work.

**Street**, of Evesham, appears to be settling down. His workshop is now fitted up with a stove and everything is in working order. He has local orders for baskets and also one or two in hand for mats. One of the local shopkeepers is showing some of his baskets, which are already bringing orders. He should do well when he gets thoroughly settled down and better known as a basket-maker.

**Lingard** is quite well and in good spirits about his fowls, which are laying well. The floors of the houses are fixed down and made wider by the help of some narrow planks. The houses are now all that could be desired. His incubator is set and going splendidly, and he is looking forward to an early hatch.



Mrs. Thomson, our Lady Visitor in the Eastern Counties, writes: "I have found a very happy and contented little couple in Alfred Back and his wife, who have settled down very happily and comfortably at Rendham. The workshop is especially nice, being light and airy, the little oilstove making it quite warm enough, even for this bitter weather. They tell me they have made plenty of friends, all of whom are very kind. They have plenty of work. Some soldiers are billeted in the village, and so far have taken Back all their boot repairing and are very pleased with his work."

Letch has had some trouble with illness among his fowls, but he is carrying out Mr. Brown's instructions regarding it, and we trust will soon have a clean bill of health amongst them. He has set his incubator running in readiness for an early hatch.

We hear that Kerr, of Widnes, is well and very happy indeed. To quote his own word, "Prosperous."

A. Hicks, of Peckham, has been doing well since he left St. Dunstan's, and has kept up a good average. We hear he contemplates matrimony at Whitsun, and we wish him joy.

D. McCarthy, of Notting Hill, sends us a clear account of his work, from which we gather that he is kept busy, especially as he states that his work does not leave him much time for a twelve-mile walk daily.

Thorpe, of Darwen, has received orders for mats through the Secretary of the Blind of Darwen, who has spoken publicly about his work.

John Brown, of Brenchley, trusts he is not poaching on other people's ground, but his mats are finding a sale now in Ireland and he is kept pretty busy.

T. H. M.

## Mr. Baker in Toronto

A "WOMEN'S Tribute Night" was held in January at the Massey Hall in Toronto, when £1,000 was raised for the establishment of a Soldiers' Club. We quote the following from the Toronto paper's account:—

"The most moving incident of the evening was when Lieutenant E. A. Baker, of the Canadian Engineers, was led on to the platform between two officers. He was blind, and felt his way to the edge of the platform with a stick. 'He gave his sight for Canada,' said Sergeant Turley, in introducing the blind soldier. He wears the Military Medal and the French War Cross. He is a fine, well-knit type of Canadian. He spoke in a matter-of-fact and cheerful manner of his experience at the Front, interspersing his remarks with humorous stories. The picture of the front trenches in Flanders seemed to have been burned into his mind, for that was the last thing he saw with his eyes. He told of little things that happened when he first entered the trenches. 'At first it seemed quiet,' he said. 'The boys were sitting around; one would be writing a letter, another sticking slivers in the wall. Suddenly a shell would shriek overhead, and one of the boys would say: "I wonder who they're after now?" I have seen men trying to joke when they were wounded, others refusing help for the sake of fellows more severely wounded than themselves. Now these men are back again amongst you; they have done their bit, and they deserve more than you can do for them.'"



## February Debate

ON the first Thursday of the month there was no debate, as the magazine was read aloud instead. It was listened to with apparent pleasure by a big gathering.

February 8th provided a big debate. The subject was "How quickly would it be wise to reduce the size of the Army after war?" It was opened by L. A. Wilson in a speech full of historical references, which he had evidently prepared with care. He was followed by Sergeant-Major Cope, who dealt with the pros and cons in some well-reasoned remarks. Sergeant Harris favoured the continuance of conscription, and Messrs. Vine and Harry Green spoke well and to the point, as they always do. Mr. Pink made a neat little speech, and Mr. Hindley was very forceful. Mr. Boteler as usual aroused much approval. Mr. Chambers offered some useful remarks, and Mr. Herne, in a maiden speech, proved himself an acquisition to the Discussion Club. Another new speaker, Mr. Heeley, made a favourable impression. Mr. Vaughan suggested that the chairman should have a handbell, which he should strike when a speaker either wandered from the point or continued too long.

No resolution could, of course, be submitted, but the general feeling was that six months should be allowed before the Army was materially reduced.

The subject for February 15th was "Should fit men be encouraged to emigrate after the war?" The importance of this question was clearly indicated in an excellent opening by Mr. Harry Green, who showed that it was a matter not to be lightly dismissed. Many excellent speeches were made both for and against, eighteen speakers taking an active part, while many others were content merely to listen.

A welcome reappearance was made by Mr. R. F. Wright, and Sergeant Harris

delivered one of his straight-from-the-shoulder orations. Mr. Baker, Mr. McNab, Mr. Murray, and Sergeant-Major Shawl explained the Colonial position, and Mr. Chisholm gave us an excellent maiden effort. Mr. Collins, a promising recruit, suggested that no man should be allowed to emigrate unless he took a wife with him; while Corporal McIntosh was against any interference with the liberty of the subject in the matter. Some well thought out remarks by Sergeant-Major Cope were listened to with interest; and Messrs. Vine (a ready and excellent speaker), Chambers, Pink, Girling, and O'Connell all contributed to a discussion which was conducted on satisfactory lines. An affirmative reply to the query was given by a big majority.

The level of our debates has been distinctly raised, and the importance of being able to put in few sentences together encourages the members of the Club to give an increasing attendance. Sir Arthur has promised to attend one of our discussions at his first available opportunity.

On February 22nd Corporal Broadbent opened the question of the evening. This was "Should the Government undertake the control of the consumption of drink?" A very lively debate followed, and the general sense of the meeting was on the whole favourable to State interference.

## Chapel Notes

The new covered way to the Braille Room is proving of great benefit to the Chapel, especially now that the rail has been fixed on the side where the planks are over two feet above the grass.

Before the rails were fixed, Stephens nearly proved himself to be the first martyr by rushing out of the side door



of the Chapel and attempting a somersault over the edge. It was fortunate that it was grass beneath, and that he managed to land on his feet.

The Choir is working hard at an anthem with the hope that the services will be well attended and be of additional interest during Lent.

Confirmation Classes are now beginning, and we have already had some interesting discussions on the subject, to which any others are warmly invited.

The Holy Communion is now at 10 a.m. on the fourth Sunday in each month.

## The Blinded Soldier's "If"

(A Parody)

By Major Hastings Brooke

(One of the very first soldiers to lose his sight in the war)

**I**F you should lose your sight while all about you  
Are keeping theirs, as soldiers often do;  
If you're alive when Huns have tried to rout you,  
And do not grumble when all's lost to view;  
If just at first you find the darkness baulking,  
And do not think you're in the great Unknown;  
If when you hear the nice girls round you talking,  
You think the place is yours, and yours alone;  
If you can walk on pavements without tripping,  
And mounting kerbstones, fall not on your nose;  
If you can keep your calm when something's dripping,

Although you're wondering if it rains or snows;  
If sometimes when you're dressing you are hurried,  
And beat all previous records with your swears;  
If you can hunt about and not get flurried  
For twenty minutes while you find the stairs;  
If you can work at dots, and not go dotty,  
And soon become an expert with your Braille—  
And if the war reports get very knotty,  
Your fingers read them in the *Daily Mail*;  
If you can type in type not too confusing,  
(Of course, you can't correct the stuff yourself);  
If with the nails and hammer you are using  
You make what may be taken for a shelf;  
If you can keep some hens, and never scare them,  
Of eggs you'll find you need not fear a dearth;  
If you can mend old boots, and people wear them,  
You'll feel you've made your mark upon this earth.  
If you get lost, make casts like any huntsman's;  
If you feel hopeless in the dark, don't mind,  
For when you've been a few days at St. Dunstan's  
You'll be a man, old chap, although you're blind.

Visitor: "Is this a hospital or a home?"  
Sister: "Oh no, this is not a hospital."  
Visitor: "I only asked, as it seemed to me that I heard one man moaning as though he was in pain."  
Sister: "Oh, that poor fellow was kept waiting two minutes for his tea. There's going to be an investigation."



## February Departures

**L**EONARD ARNOLD has taken a post as telephone clerk at Messrs. Barrett's factory in Millwall. He was a very good operator, and was at work in our own exchange for a time. He learnt basket-making as well. He was a very nice fellow, with a gift of humour and the knack of making himself agreeable.

Albert Mears, who was the victim of a Zeppelin raid, having adequately learned the trades of boot repairing and mat-making, has started for himself at Leyton. He was a steady worker, a good rowing man, and earned golden opinions from us all during his stay.

Herbert William Hale, one of our prize boot repairers, has finished learning his trade, and has gone to Croydon, taking the shop that for a time was occupied by Rufus Shaw. He is sure to do well, for he is a painstaking worker, who never turned out a job badly.

The Bootshop also loses Joseph Pugh, Mitchell, and Rogers, all of whom are capable, hardworking men, who should do well for themselves and the reputation of St. Dunstan's.

Corporal Payne left on the 9th of the month to start his career as a mat-maker, and among others who have left are Thomas Shepherd, Lomas, Davies, Mitchell, and Rodgers.

Lomas, Hayes (the one-armed poultry man), Lowden, Thomas, Shepherd (a skilful mat-maker), and A. Harper are among the others who have left us, and we shall miss them every one, but we wish them all the good luck possible in their new lives.

## Making a Form

**W**HEN I first came to St. Dunstan's and had a good look round the different workshops, I decided that joinery seemed to be the cleanest and most interesting, and so I told someone, who talked as though he could arrange things, that I would like to take a shot at it. He immediately grabbed me and steered me into a lot of noise and shavings, and introduced me to Mr. Atkinson, sergeant of the wood fatigue. I was glad to be put under Mr. Atkinson, for I knew that he could not see any more than I could, and I thought to myself that I would be able to get a lot of in-between rest.

"I have a nice little job for you now," said he. "We have to make a form for the mat-makers." I am very fond of mat-makers, and so I readily agreed to make them a nice soft seat.

"Now," said the boss, "we'll take this board."

"What board," said I foolishly.

"Here," said he; but he should have said "ear," for that's where I got it.

After that we got down to business, and he told me to saw off a piece twenty-eight inches long. He showed me how to nail a lath across the board I was to saw in order to cut it straight, and then I learned for the first time that a hammer has a head and tail both, and that it is not considered good practice to use the tail for anything else besides steering.

I had only made a few passes with the saw when I struck something hard.

"Funny knot," I remarked in a conversational manner.

"Not very funny," said Mr. Atkinson, who comes from some of the remote parts of Yorkshire. "We have special tools for cutting nails; we don't do it with a saw."

This incident rather damped my ardour, but he put me back on the track again, and I started anew. I sawed away for about twenty minutes, and then



I had to bail the perspiration out of my boots before starting again.

"It seems to take a jolly long time to saw through this little board," I said to Mr. Atkinson, who ventured around again to feel how I was getting along.

"You passed the board about half an hour ago," said he; "three or four more strokes will see you through the bench."

I was greatly encouraged with my progress, but Mr. A. thought that I had done enough for one day in that line, and he suggested that I should try the mitre machine for a change. So he took me to it. He showed me how to put a piece of wood in and then pull the handle and make a nice clean cut.

I made it, and then I asked Mr. Collet, to tie up my finger, and used up all the Army language I knew on the result. I don't think that machine had quite reached the bone before I discovered what it was up to.

After that the joinery staff decided that I had done enough for one day, and told me that they were delighted with my progress. I think it must have been my progress back to the Lounge that delighted them, for the next day a man with a nasty sound in his voice came along and told me that I was wanted down at the Poultry Farm to learn something at which a fool couldn't hurt himself.

As far as I know the mat-makers are still standing up. H. T.

## The End of a Perfect Day

"WHEN you come to the end of a perfect day" it is difficult to realise the present or to anticipate the future, so busy are you gloating over the past. And this happened to me as I stepped off cheerily on my way home to the College.

I had said good-bye to the "only girl in the world" at Baker Street Station, and rounded the wooden hoarding well known and beloved by us all, sniffed the ozone busily escaping from the Tube Station, and plunged into the traffic.

So busy was I with my memories that I must have miscalculated the angle, for before I knew where I was a snorting motor-bus was apparently charging into me, whilst a taxi whistled past in the rear. The bus pulled up about twelve feet short, with screeching brakes, and silently we faced each other for a few moments; then, with a wave of sympathetic impulse, we both moved on. Another shout; this time I went calmly on, and left the bus skidding across the road, while I reached the kerb, to be received into the open arms of a furious policeman. "Name, number, regiment, present address. Why are you out alone? Why were you ever born?" and a few more of such questions greeted me; and when I asked a few in return, I was told that he would have none of my sauce, and that he had a good mind to arrest me at once.

All this took but a few minutes, and I moved on through Clarence Gate and safely reached the railings. Here, anyhow, I could safely say there was no traffic. When bump! and I was making an unwilling third to a good-bye embrace, where certainly two was company and three none. So absorbed were the couple that neither my unexpected and uninvited intrusion, or the rattling of my stick, seemed to disturb them, and I walked on, composing a suggestion for the box in the Hall, which ran as follows (and which I hope may be adopted):—

"That there be hung on the Park railings, at intervals of thirty yards, painted in luminous paint, the notice below—

"TO COURTING COUPLES.

"Please vacate your position on the railings when you hear a blind boy



coming, unless you would like to kiss him too!"

I noted the wooden paling of St. Dunstan's and the bend in of the gates, and marched smartly on. It seemed a good way to the College, and, oddly enough, when I tried the gates they were shut and padlocked. Still, I fumbled over them, determined to get in somehow, when a passing couple stopped behind me and asked if they could help.

"Yes, indeed. I want badly to get in," I answered. "I don't know why they have locked me out. It is the College, isn't it?"

"We don't know about any college," they said. "You are trying to get into the Zoo, and we should say that that is the very place for you. But if you want the big house in the Park, you have overshot it by about a quarter of a mile, and we will go back with you."

That I would not have. So bidding them good-night, I retraced my steps, a wiser boy, to be welcomed by the Matron, who listened sympathetically to all my reasons for being so late.

I need only add that a notice from the police arrived the following morning accusing me of "obstructing the traffic."

H. S.

## The Lincolns at Laing's Nek

LORD ROBERTS at Pretoria  
Held Botha's bands in check,  
The Scots Greys and the Lincolns  
Were guarding Nitrals Nek.  
Day dawned along the valley,  
And the crags on either hand,  
And the morning bugles sounded  
Through the sullen, silent land.  
On a sudden from the ramparts,  
That rose up black in shade,

Came the crackle of Boer rifles  
In a deadly fusillade;  
But the Scots Greys and the Lincolns  
Were cool as on parade.  
Then from Delarey's bastions  
Big guns began to play,  
And the Creusot shells came flying  
Where the gallant Lincolns lay;  
And through the roar of cannons,  
That shook the mountain side,  
Came the roll of the Lee Metfords,  
As the Lincoln men replied.  
Sergeant Rawdin worked his Maxims  
Throughout the battle day,  
With the bullets humming round him,  
In the forefront of the fray;  
But the Dutchmen gained the hillside  
That round our fellows rose,  
And the little band of Britons  
Was ringed about with foes.  
Now who will save the Maxim  
From Delarey's cannoniers?  
Then forward to the rescue  
Sprang Lincoln Volunteers!  
They dragged the guns to cover,  
Through storm of shot and shell;  
But, halted by Death's summons,  
Brave Corporal Baker fell.  
Now who will charge the burghers,  
Their cordon to break through?  
Impetuous to the venture  
Just sixteen heroes flew!  
Sixteen against a thousand!  
Could it be aught but vain?  
And from the charge of glory  
But two returned again.  
Thus raged the soldiers' battle,  
With fire from every hand,  
And many were the slaughtered  
Of that dauntless British band;  
But the remnant was unconquered,  
And the night shades falling low,  
Found them waiting with fixed bayonets  
For the onset of the foe.  
They came, these gallant Lincoln lads,  
From the land of fern and beek;  
These Lincoln men were heroes all  
In the fight of Nitrals Nek.

W. Robinson.





## Newcomers in February.

Bee, Private David	...	...	2nd Lancashire Fusiliers.
Bullock, Private John	...	...	4th A.I.F.
Burgin, Spr. Walter	...	...	2/1 West Ridings R.E. Terr.
Butler, Bomber Chas.	...	...	16th Sherwood Foresters.
Cackett, Private Harry	...	...	8th East Surreys.
Chisholm, Rifleman Jas.	...	...	3rd N.Z.R.B.
Clare, Sergeant Joseph	...	...	1/4 Leicesters.
Cordner, Sergeant R.	...	...	4th Rifle Brigade.
Eccleston, Sergeant J.	...	...	12th K.O.Y.L.I.
Edwards, Private S. H.	...	...	Grenadier Guards.
Giffan, Corporal R.	...	...	1st R. Inniskillen Fus.
Graham, Private R.	...	...	1/19 London Regiment.
Green, Private R.	...	...	1st K.O.R., Lanes.
Hattrick, Yeoman Geo.	...	...	H.M.S. "Thunderer."
Hesketh, Private J.	...	...	1/5 King's Liverpools.
Marsh, Private T. F.	...	...	7th York. and Lanes.
Maskall, Private P. T.	...	...	1st Devons.
Mason, Corporal A. J.	...	...	1/15th London Regiment.
Mayne, Private John	...	...	3/9 Rifle Brigade.
Monnery, Private S.	...	...	M.G.C.
Morton, Private J. A.	...	...	1st Wiltshire Regiment.
McDonald, Private John	...	...	6th K.O.S.B.
McDowell, Gunner S.	...	...	R.F.A.
Newton, Private R.	...	...	1st Devons.
Parker, Sergeant F. E.	...	...	M.G.C.
Pearce, Rifleman G.	...	...	3rd Rifle Brigade.
Pidcock, Rifleman R.	...	...	7th K.R.R.
Rhees, Private G.	...	...	33rd Royal Fusiliers.
Rice, Private G.	...	...	7th Royal Sussex.
Rymill, Gunner R. W.	...	...	R.F.A.
Thompson, Gunner J.	...	...	11th Company R.G.A.
Thompton, Lance-Corporal J.	...	...	16th Rifle Brigade.
Tucker, Private A. E.	...	...	6th South Wales Borderers.
White, Private H.	...	...	29th Canadians.
Winter, Private F.	...	...	18th K.R.R.
Wright, Private W. H.	...	...	13th Canadians.
Kellog, Private	...	...	27th A.I.F.



## Old Boys' Addresses

Arnold, Pte. L., 61, Richmond Road, Dalston.	Davis, G., Rose Villa, Great Burstead.
Adams, G., Hale House, Hale, Nr. Liverpool.	Dennis, T., 31, Copnor Road, Portsmouth.
Alexander, E., 63, Canning Rd., Highbury.	Dennison, T. H., Draycot Road, Forsbrook, Blyth Bridge, Stoke-on-Trent.
Allcock, R., 6, Bank Rd., Ipswich.	Devlin, T., 25, Liverpool Road, St. Helens, Lancashire.
Allen, W., 53, Lord St., Leigh.	Drummond, T. P., c/o Mr. Deheer, 18, High St., Hull.
Arnold, A., 41, Wycliffe Rd., Wimbledon.	Duxbury, W., 2, Holly Bank Cottages, Ashley Lane, Mostyn Lane, Manchester.
Back, A. W., Sandy Lane, Rendham, nr. Sax- mundham.	Eaton, T., 40, Wenning St., Nelson, Lanes.
Barley, J., 44, Dale St., Crosby, Scunthorpe.	Edmund, W. E., West Barn, Dumbar, N.B.
Batchelor, J., 15, Tooting Gr., Tooting.	Elborn, H., 23, Manaton Rd., Peckham, S.E.
Bates, E., 17a, Prince of Wales Rd., Battersea.	Evans, A., 1, Carlisle Pl., Newport Mon.
Bell, J., The Oaks, Ewhurst, Surrey.	Featherstone, P., Uplands Cottage, Ferriby, E. Yorks.
Bocking, A. J., 93, Franklin Street, Oldham.	Fleetwood, F., Tangland Castle, Tatsfield.
Brundrett, P., 7, Maurice St., Pendlebury.	Flett, H., 59, Woodview Rd., Golders Green.
Berry, W. J., 19, Disraeli St., Crumlin Rd., Belfast.	Foster, F., 34, Clarence St., Plymouth.
Biggadyke, R., 41, Tower St., Boston.	Foxon, W. J., 143, Valetta Road, Acton Vale, W.
Bocking, A. J., 22, Siddall St., Oldham.	Graves, R., 5, Inglewood Rd., West Hampstead N.W.
Bolton, C. E., 7, Broughton Cottages, Otford, Kent.	Gordon, W., 365, Featherstall Road, Oldham.
Boswell, E., 7, Foster's Yard, Church St., Gainsborough, Lincs.	Green, Lionel, Langdale, St. Edward's Road, Gosport.
Bowers, W. J., 24, Lenelly Rd., Surbiton.	Groves, T. W., 48, Claremont Terr., Fleetwood, Lanes.
Braithwaite, F. G., 1, Chestnut Rd., Guildford.	Hale, H. W., 27, West Street, Croydon.
Brown, A., East View, Weston Hills, Spalding, Lincs.	Hallam, W. J., St. Dunstan's, Garden City, Sandiacre.
Brown, J. R., 11, Mount St., Nuneaton.	Hall, A. W., 150, High St., Sydenham.
Brown, G., Greenside, Ewhurst, Surrey.	Hall, E. J., 170, Meyrick Road, Clapham Junc- tion.
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., Kila Cottage, South Molton Rd., Bampton, Devon.	Harker, J., Vivery Cross Rd., Southwick, near Brighton.
Catlow, S., 32, Winning Street, Nelson, Lanes.	Harper, A., 5, Ramsay Square, Loanhead, Edin- burgh.
Champanis, F., 239, High Rd., Willesden Green, N.W.	Hayes H., Main Street, Ballincolligh, Ireland.
Chapple, F., Prince of Wales Cottage, Parson- age Lane, Enfield.	Herriot, Clifton, Bryn-y-maen Rd., Upper Col- wyn Bay.
Clarke, E., High St., Edwinstowe.	Hicks, A. E., 145, Glengall Rd., Peckham, S.E.
Clarke, W. W., 94, Ilderton Rd., Bermondsey, S.E.	Hill, H. E., 212, Upper Empress Rd., Bevis Valey, Southampton.
Colle, M., 120, Dawes Rd., Walham Green, W.	Hills, C., Post Office, Wagga Wagga, New South Wales, Australia.
Coles, G. B., Beckingham, Notts.	Holden, J., 1a, Roebuck St., West Bromwich.
Collins, W. H., Chalkman's Knoll, Bygrave Rd., Ashwell, near Baldock.	Holmes, A., 23, Mornington Road, Ilkley.
Colville, H., Culross, Lancaster Av., Hadley Wood.	Horsnell, W., North Field, Somerton, Somerset.
Cooper, T. S., 42, Chestnut Av., Queen's Rd., Hull.	Hudson, H., c/o Mrs. Trescott, Alexandra St., Hunters Hill, Sydney, N.S.W.
Cook, H., 97, Victoria Rd., Kilburn, N.W.	Hulme, H., 18, Iona Street, Oldham, Lanes.
Cromwell, W., Blackfriars Inn, Gloucester.	Hurst, H., The Myres, Great Longstone, Derby- shire.
Culshaw, J. W., 12, Springwood Rd., Townley, Burnley.	Hutchinson, M. A., 77a, Belmont Park Road, Leyton.
Curtis-Willson, Sergt., Woodglade, New Chapel Rd., Lingfield, Surrey.	
Davis, C., 89, Kingsland Rd., St. Phillips, Bristol.	
Davies, J. E., Blaenhowell, Prengwyn, Llan- dysill, South Wales.	



## ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW



- Johnson E., 7, Elsenham Rd., Grimsby.  
Johns P., 19, School Board Lane, Brampton, Chesterfield.  
Kerr, J. W., 180, Widnes Rd., Widnes, Lancs.  
Kirby, H., 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, Ehenza 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, Lines.  
Letch, S. J., Hatfield Peveril, Essex.  
Lilley, A., Cherry Tree Farm, Unsworth.  
Lingard, W., 6, Sunnyside Cottages, Writtle.  
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Marshall, F., 88, Finkle St., Cottingham, near Hull.  
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Mayell, B., 137, Fulwell Road, Hampton Hill, S.W.  
Mears, A., 23, Osborne Road, Hugh Road, Leyton, Essex.  
Millar, W., Lowhill, Hurworth-on-Tees, Darlington.  
Millward, T., 11, Wentworth Terrace, off York Rd., Leeds.  
Minchin, W., Sandfield Cottage, Pitch Place, Worpleson, Guildford, Surrey.  
Moon, J., 1, Military Rd., Cork.  
Moore, A. E., 73, 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.  
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McNally, G., 5, Tyson St., Pendleton.  
Milligan, T., The Hydro, Middleton Rd. Camp, Heaton Pk., Manchester.  
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Orrell, J., Wigan Rd., New Spring, Wigan.  
Orvis, A. R., 142, Blythe Rd., Hammersmith, W.  
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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.  
Pugh, J., 20, All Saints Street, Caledonian Rd., King's Cross, N.  
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Roberts, J., 1, Campbell Ter., Southend-on-Sea.  
Roddy, C., 25, New Rowas, Washington, Co. Durham.  
Rodgers, A. C., 32, Trafalgar Road, Hightown, Wrexham.  
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Street, W., 37, Bewdley St., Evesham.  
Spry, R., Dominican Priory, Woodchester, Stroud.  
Sewell, C. (same as Milligan).  
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Shepherd, Thomas, 10, Marsh Brook Fold, West Houghton, near Bolton, Lancs.  
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Smith, A., New St., Retford, Notts.  
Speight, W. G., Bridge House, Bolton-le-Sands, near Carnforth, Lancs.  
Stanners, R., 114, Oxford Rd., High Wycombe.  
Steel, J., 799, Springburne Rd., Glasgow.  
Stewart, J., 74, Longfield Rd., Todmorden.  
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Thorpe, T., 9, Willow Street, Darwen, Lancs.  
Temperton, C., 12, Spyvee St., Hull.  
Turnock, E., 32, Baker Street, Leigh, Lancs.  
Turner, W., 15, Slater St., Burslem, Stoke-on-Trent.  
Verbrugge, 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, R. F., 5, Hopper's Rd., Palmer's Green, N.

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