

No. 18.—Vol. II.

January, 1918.

St. Dunstan's



— Review. —

Monthly.

Price 6d.

St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

Conducted by
RICHARD KING HUSKINSON
and IAN FRASER

ST. DUNSTAN'S MOTTO:

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

No. 18—Vol. II.

January, 1918

CONTENTS

	Page
Editorial Notes	3
Notes by the Chief	3
St. Dunstan's Gossip	5
Departments—	
Workshop Notes	8
Poultry Notes	9
Massage Notes	11
Braille Notes	11
Typewriting Notes	12
Netting Notes	12
Settlement Notes	12
After-Care Notes	13
In the Dark	15
Church Notes	17
Roman Catholic Chapel Notes	18
Entertainment Notes	18
Musical Notes	22
Sports Notes	23
Debates	24
Weddings of the Month	24
How Braille is produced	25
"Tommy"	26
St. Dunstan's	27
Literary Competitions	29
His Garden	30
Newcomers in November	31

St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

No. 18—Vol. II.

JANUARY, 1918.

PRICE 6d

Editorial Notes

BY the time these lines are read we shall all be settling down once again to our work and play. Many good fellows have left us to start work on their own, to carry on the traditions of St. Dunstan's, and to show the world that those of us who, as Sir Arthur puts it, don't see as well as we used to, are able to take our places as independent citizens of the British Empire. With them go the best wishes of all St. Dunstanners. May their futures be as bright and as happy as was their stay at the Hostel.

We all wish Sir Arthur Pearson a safe return from France. Our American and French Allies are lucky indeed to get the benefit of his experience in the training of blinded soldiers, and we look forward to his promise of a talk about his doings there.

Notes by the Chief

MY very best wishes for every possible happiness in the New Year to all St. Dunstanners past and present. From the many letters which I receive, and from the reports of visitors, I know how much happiness there is in the homes of fellows who have left us, just as I know how much there is at St. Dunstan's. May this ever increase in volume as the years roll on. My New Year's Day will

be spent in France, but though far away I shall be thinking of you all none the less. I hope when I get back to be able to tell you and write to those who have left something of interest about new arrangements for the benefit of those of our fellows who lose their sight in France, Flanders or Italy, about what is being done for your French comrades who have been blinded, and about plans for the welfare of those soldiers of the American contingent who will have the bad luck to lose their sight.

Several times in these columns I have referred to the splendid work which is being done for the benefit of the blind in far-away parts of the Empire by old St. Dunstanners. Here is another example. It is an extract from a letter which I lately received from Corporal A. G. Viets, who went back to work as an insurance agent in Toronto about 18 months ago. Incidentally, I may mention that during his first year's work with the great company which he represents Viets gathered in £22,500—an amount which must have brought him in commissions totalling far more than the sum he earned when he could see. Captain Edwin Baker, another Canadian St. Dunstanner, has closely identified himself with the work of which Corporal Viets speaks.

"I attended a Board Meeting at the New Library last night. It has made splendid progress. When I came here they had a couple of rooms in a base-



ment of a school away out in an inaccessible part of the city where nobody knew they existed, and where the staff was working for the most beggarly pittances. The Board thought themselves lucky if there were a few hundred dollars in the Bank. Now we have a really splendidly furnished place on the University of Toronto grounds, in the best section of the city, having bought a large house and had it splendidly furnished and equipped, and have over five thousand dollars in Bank, and two or three very live-wire associations of women working for us and gathering in the money. The salaries of the staff have been raised to decent living wages. One of the greatest things we have done, I think, is to get an Advisory Board completed consisting of well-known and substantial men of the city, and they are taking sufficient interest in it to attend our regular Board Meetings, and help us with their experience and influence. So on the whole I think we are to be congratulated on the showing we have made in a comparatively short time. I am taking great pleasure in my Braille reading, and have been getting some very interesting books from our Library. I can't understand why anybody should not read and enjoy the independent feeling it gives one."

Close to St. Dunstan's at the Zoo is to be found a really clever blind individual. He—or may be I should say she—is a large green frog which is quite blind. Its food consists of small grubs which move quickly, and which one would imagine would make absolutely no sound whatever on the smooth surface on which they are placed. It is most interesting to watch the frog obviously listening intently for the sound of a moving grub. Maybe scent comes in to help as well; anyway, the grub is quickly located, the long tongue shoots out with unerring accuracy, and

the grub disappears like a flash down the blind frog's throat.

Some time ago I wrote a short note about the use of sticks, and now I am going to write another. For a considerable time past I have quite given up the use of a walking stick unless I am walking by myself in unfamiliar surroundings, or am going with someone for a tramp over rough country with ditches and other obstacles to negotiate. I am quite clear that I get along much better without a stick. I walk more naturally, more freely, and feel more confident. I wish that you would all take my tip and give up the use of a stick. I am certain that you would find the benefit of this, as I have. I notice with regret that some men carry a stick about indoors. This should be absolutely barred, and there can be no need for it whatever at St. Dunstan's, where things are so arranged that progress is easy both indoors and out. A stick is a great obstacle to the attainment of that independence which we all desire to regain, and I hope to see it less and less used at St. Dunstan's.

All St. Dunstanners will have heard of Miss Helen Keller, the gifted American lady who may be justly regarded as the most remarkable instance in the world of the attainment of a position on the highest intellectual plane in spite of difficulties which would seem to have been quite insurmountable. In the earliest days of childhood Miss Keller was attacked by an illness which left her blind, deaf, and, as she had not yet learned to talk, consequently dumb. Her parents despaired of making anything of her life, but a wonderful teacher, Miss Sullivan, came to their aid, and succeeded in arousing the dormant faculties of the child, with the result that Miss Helen Keller has proved herself capable of giving full expression to her remarkable natural gifts. She



is an authoress and a poetess of great repute, and is deeply versed in many branches of science. She has written a very remarkable autobiography, which is published in Braille, and which I hope that many of you will read. The other day I received from Miss Keller a long and very charming letter, from which I print the following extract:—

Will you give the blinded soldiers and sailors a message from me. At first they will find it hard, very hard, to readjust their lives. Some of them will stand before the closed gates of vision with angry rebellious hearts. Others will moan and fret and feel that the burden laid upon them is too great for their strength. To them I speak out of the fulness of my own experience. Wait a little, dear boys,—in time you will feel as much at home in the dark as ever you did in the light. Blindness has halted you by the way. Make most of the delay, think, look about you, and you will find many things you have never noticed before. You will discover unsuspected beauties by the wayside, bright little surprises, unexpected tenderness and companionship. You will come to realise that seeing people often go through life like impatient tourists in a foreign land who are eager to see the mountain, the next lake, the next picture, the next cathedral, the next battle-field. They are in such a hurry to see everything, they do not see anything clearly. They do not stop long enough to let the beauty and meaning of things fill their souls. Now, since the blind must go slowly along the darkened way, they cultivate a sensibility more precious than physical sight. In the by-paths they find flowers blossoming, and how good they smell! The ears of the blind, grown keener, catch the notes of birds calling to their mates; their fingers discover music in grasses and leaves; and in the strong hills under their feet they feel a mighty hand upholding their weakness. They learn to carry their burden with dignity, yes, and with pride that comes from obstacles surmounted, difficulties mastered. Stop, my friends, think and listen and feel, and you will find that heaven does indeed lie all round you. You may not always succeed in what you undertake; but you can always strive to give happiness and to do good, and surely that is the highest joy anyone blind, or seeing, can know.

St. Dunstan's Gossip

Number of Men here and at our Annexes	495
Number of Men left	367
Number of Men known in Hospital	105
	967

ON November 20th, the Orderlies of St. Dunstan's celebrated the Matron's birthday by giving a concert in honour of the event. Naturally it was a great success, for one or two of the men have really fine voices, and one, at least, is a first-class comedian. A great feature of the entertainment was the unaccompanied choruses which were very well rendered. Quartermaster Strathmore gave a fine rendering of "The Farewell to the Desert," and Orderly Taylor wrote a special verse to the song, "Dear Little Shamrock," in praise of Matron.

Among the lectures given at the College last month was one by Major Corbett-Smith, R.F.A., the well-known lecturer and author of "The Retreat from Mons" and "The Marne—And After." The subject of the recital was "Our Navy," and a finer, more engrossing, and more dramatic recital could not well be imagined. Among the interesting bits of gossip which Major Corbett-Smith told us was one—familiar enough now to the Germans to be made public property. A small trading vessel is waylaid by a German submarine. The ship is immediately boarded by the German officer and his men, who order the English "swine" to give themselves up as prisoners. The English sailors immediately go down on their knees with all the appearance of submission. The small boat is ordered to be lowered, but as it reaches the deck it comes in two pieces, and a Lewis gun is revealed. After which, the sailors



suddenly whip out revolvers, the gun is turned on the enemy, the submarine is sunk, and the survivors taken prisoner. He also told us of another man who was promoted in rank over the heads of many officers who had been in the service longer than he. People asked why? People asked again why, when this same officer was summoned to Buckingham Palace and presented by the King with a Victoria Cross. The truth, however, was that this mysterious officer had won this V.C. for an act of bravery known only to the authorities. But this act is now no longer a mystery. *He had sunk fifteen German submarines!*

The St. Dunstan's Choir is becoming quite famous. On the Sunday evening before the end of the term, they sung Carols in the Church of Holy Trinity, Marylebone, before a huge congregation who had come to listen to them. Among those who sang solos on this occasion were Oxenham, Rowley, Healy, and Mr. Sansome. Among the choir were also several of the St. Dunstan sisters, whose pretty voices blended beautifully in the various part-songs. With the darkened church, the beautiful old tunes of these Christmas Carols and the really fine singing by the choir the effect was perfect.

On Thursday, November 22nd, Miss Critten's competition was called "Word Making." The word "violets" was given, and the object was to form as many words as possible out of these seven letters (never using the same letter twice in one word). To make it more interesting, 40 questions were asked, which could each be answered by one word only! which word could be found among the letters of the word, V.I.O.L.E.T.S. The prizewinners were as follows: For correct answers to questions, 1st prize to R. McDonald; 2nd

prize to Sgt. Dyson; 3rd prize, Dunning. (Gunn raced them very close, and was highly commended.) Prize for the greatest number of words to Sgt.-Major Middlemiss.

On November 25th, we said good-bye to four of our Australians—Matheson, Jerome, James and Carter. They had a great send-off from St. Dunstan's, men and staff joining in singing "Auld Lang Syne," giving them hearty cheers. We shall miss them all more than we can say, especially Matheson, who was our crack oarsman.

We have to announce that one of our Sisters, Miss Beryl Oakes, is going to be married to Captain Watkins (Tanks) during the holidays. Miss Vera Philips, another sister, is also being married to Captain Hope, M.C., on December 21st. We hope they will both return to St. Dunstan's when their husbands have to go back to France.

Lance-Corporal Patrick Maher, of the Connaught Rangers, gives us a brief description of his experiences as a prisoner of war in Bulgaria: "I was wounded at Macedonia on December 5th, 1915, in the breast and side, and after being wounded was buried by shellfire, and the concussion affected my sight. It was three days before I was found and picked up by the Bulgarians. The Bulgars, as they crossed our line, robbed all prisoners of boots and valuables and took any food they could find. They did nothing for the wounded, neither dressed their wounds nor gave them water. We prisoners were taken to Sofia in bullock waggons to the hospital there. We were fairly well treated. I left the hospital on November 17th, 1916, and was sent to an invalid camp at Phillipopolis, where I found a lot of my comrades were prisoners. Here we



were treated very badly, being given no changes of clothes, no bed or bedding, not even a blanket; we slept on boards; the food, too, was terrible. We were given one maize loaf and boiled beans and hot water; that was our food for the day. Parcels from home took six months to come, and then we only received about three out of every six, and the contents were often stolen. We prisoners had to work on the railways, also wood cutting. We were often lashed for very slight offences. On January 1st, 1917, I passed a board to come home, and left Bulgaria on August 6th, 1917, with thirty others. We came home through Austria, and were very well treated excepting in the food line. We were only given one small loaf between five men per day. I arrived back in England at the end of August this year, and no one could have been happier at getting back than I was.

Albert W. Brown, Hall Porter at St. Dunstan's, was married on November 22nd to Miss Rose Richardson. We wish them both every happiness in the future. The staff of St. Dunstan's presented the bride and bridegroom with a clock as a slight appreciation of the latter's services.

St. Dunstan's appreciates the enjoyable and useful dancing classes held by M. Revesz-Korsakoff each Monday and Wednesday evening. This well-known artiste, who has been compared on the stage with Nijinsky in his own country, has hopes of bringing some of the St. Dunstan boys to a standard of proficiency which will enable them to teach to others the art of dancing. The preliminary rhythmic exercises forming part of the boys' dancing education is most interesting to watch and generally attracts attention. The St. Dunstan's students appear to take great interest in the teaching of M. Revesz-Korsakoff,

who is ably assisted by Mrs. E. Robson, the popular society danseuse, at various charity entertainments.

Recently at luncheon the subject of target shooting cropped up, and it led to a little match being arranged between three departments—Mr. Hart of the Pensions office, Mr. Sansome of the Workshops, and Mr. Vaile of the Settlement office. Shooting took place on Saturday, December 15th, and the result is certain to be of interest to St. Dunstan's. In the first round of ten shots Mr. Vaile and Mr. Sansome tied with 41 points each, and Mr. Hart made 32. In the second round Mr. Vaile scored 47 to Mr. Sansome's 43, thus winning the first prize, Mr. Hart's score being 41. The winner was immediately challenged to another ten shots by Mr. Sansome, but Mr. Vaile managed again to score two more points than the challenger. A bull was reckoned as five points. This accounts for the apparent low scoring. Mr. Kessell acted as umpire.

In spite of the Air Raid the Fancy Dress Ball at the College on Tuesday, December 18th, was a huge success. The Matron and the Sisters gave the very sumptuous supper, and dancing was kept up until midnight. As for the dresses, they almost beggar description. There was Nelson with Lady Hamilton, Gollywogs, Pierrots, Mexican Robbers, Cow-boys, a charming crinoline dress, various comic and grotesque dresses, V.A.D.'s and clowns. The effect of the march-past before the dance begun was delightful, and everybody entered into the spirit of the thing in real earnest. Certainly the Huns could not damp the jolliness of the evening. Cheers were given for everybody, especially the Matron and the Sisters, who had so enthusiastically helped to make the ball a success. During the evening the boys

of the College presented Mr. Huskinson with a lovely silver cigar and cigarette box, which was such a surprise to him that he could but stammer out his thanks and only haltingly express the pleasure the present gave him, and the deep gratitude he felt to the boys for their kindness.

On Thursday, December 13th, another of the greatly appreciated lectures, "straight from G.H.Q." which St. Dunstan's men are enabled to enjoy through the courtesy of General Charteris, was delivered in the Outer Lounge.

The lecturer on this occasion was Colonel Davidson, whose expert knowledge is devoted to the service of our fighters in the air by finding out for them everything possible about the enemy's aircraft warfare. Keen interest was aroused by Colonel Davidson's hints of "forthcoming events" in the enemy's aerial programme, while his description of the prowess of our own men in the air, their intrepidity of purpose and alert methods in foiling each new invention of the Hun, left his audience fired with a pride reinforced by fresh knowledge, in the gallant men of our Air Service.

On Wednesday, December 19th, the braille teachers gave all the boys at St. Dunstan's a grand farewell entertainment before the breaking-up. This took the form of a very sumptuous tea followed by a concert. Nearly 500 boys were present, and the waiting was entirely done by the teachers. At the end of the concert a speech was made thanking Miss Pain and her assistant for all they had done and wishing them a very Happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

Gunner Havens has sent the follow-

ing lines as "A word of cheer to my fellow comrades":—

A NEW YEAR WISH.

God holds an unknown future as His gift for thee to-day:
Thou can'st not see the longed-for goal,
the windings of the way,
But thou can'st take his Christmas gift
and find a blessing there,
And with that blessing, for His sake,
make all thy life more fair.
Thus life shall grow more strong for
work, more faithful to the light;
Thou shalt know His gift was beautiful,
His way was always right.

We wish the same good wish for Havens in his work as a masseur at the American Officers' Hospital in Regent's Park.

Departments.

WORKSHOP NOTES.

EVERYTHING is going very smoothly and efficiently. The best of friends must part, and this Christmas we have to bid adieu to quite a number who are leaving to make headway in various parts of the country. Nothing succeeds like success, and all seem pretty confident that it will come their way.

On December 8th a number of delegates from the Conference of the Blind visited the workshops, and examined the work. A delegate from Sunderland (blind himself) congratulated the boys on their production and the instructors on the manner of imparting their knowledge.

The Mat Department cannot complain of being short of work. Everyone is kept very busy, and it would be impossible to accept all the orders people wish to give. Very good work is being

done by Driver, Wishart, Greenway and Wright, and the work of Brown, Bennett, Horner, Joyner and Roylance is very noticeable.

Good progress continues in the cane and willow sections. Amongst the boys who are leaving at Christmas are Rhees, Jobe, Russell, White, Bevans and Sharplin, and we trust that success will crown their efforts when they commence business on their own account.

Vigars, Willis, McCue, Williams, Stone and Price are doing very well, but unless they continue to improve they will find some of the new boys able to compete very favourably.

We were surprised to hear of the marriage of Brown, who left in November to commence business at Leeds. His secret was kept to within two days of his departure, but we managed to make him the recipient of a very nice clock, which was presented to him by Farley.

Wilkins has just completed an improvement in his square frame, which makes it much easier for a blind person to carry up straight the blunt corner of a square basket or hamper. We hope he will continue to solve these little knotty technical problems.

The Joinery Department is exhibiting the usual amount of enthusiasm and grit, regardless of the severe criticism to which it is often subjected, giving ample proof of not only the possibilities, but of practical adaptation to the blind.

It is most interesting to find that the officers are again taking their stand at the work, and astonish themselves at their early attainments. Mr. Ellis has

been with us some time now, and is proving a careful and energetic craftsman.

The Christmas holidays are welcomed by many who are ready for rest, but it is with regret that we have to bid adieu to many men who are leaving us to commence operations afield. We wish them a hearty success and many happy hours with the tools; they will be missed but never forgotten. Oliver, who set up in Finchley a few weeks ago, has already produced some fine specimens of work, and he is determined to uphold our saying: "Only one standard of work for a blind man, and that is the very best." Randal is opening in Croydon and intends to contest with all for quality. Thompson of Bolton is going slowly at first, but is out to show the Lancashire people a thing or two. The best of luck to all—may they be very happy and prosperous.

Mr. Atkinson wishes to remind all that the most important thing to be observed is accuracy and neatness, whether working at St. Dunstan's or at home.

R. H. S.

POULTRY NOTES.

On Wednesday, November 21st, Mrs. Rawson, of The Homestead, Meopham, Kent, gave us a most interesting lecture. She dealt with the general routine of poultry work from January to December, and I am sure all those who were present gleaned a lot of very useful knowledge. The attendance was excellent, 48 men putting in an appearance. The Outer Lounge was guarded by a Sister, and so there were no interruptions.

Mr. Playfoot has written a series of articles which have been made up into book form. The book is called "Poul-



try Craft; Layers and Payers," and has been printed in Braille. A copy has been sent to all poultry farmers who can read Braille and they are certain to find it invaluable. An ordinary print edition is being done and will be sent out to everybody when ready.

The examinations were held on Nov. 26th and three following days. Mr. Clem Watson took the Second Course men and I took the First Course. Mr. Watson says: "Most of the students here exhibited a sound knowledge of the subject and seemed well acquainted with most of the details. It was a pleasure to talk to a man like Mason, who was ready and clear in all his answers and quite conversant with his subject. Some of the others had a good idea of necessary points, but were unable through nervousness to explain themselves clearly." The results of the Second Course Examination are as follows: (Maximum, 100)—Mason, 100; Mr. Bulman, 96; Myford, 95; Negus, 93; Greenwood, 93; Murray, 93; Taggart, 92; Eames, 92; Holmes, 90; Gibson, 90; Housdon, 89; Capt. Harris, 88; Alexander, 88; Hetherington, 87; Williamson, 86; Hancock, 85; Wagg, 84; Lowry, 82; Williams, 79; Harris, 78.

I found that most of the men in the First Course have got on very well indeed, Shaw and Rouch rather standing out. When one considers that none of them knew anything about poultry before the course started six weeks ago, I think their progress is wonderful, and reflects the greatest credit on the instructors. The results are as follows: (Maximum, 50)—Shaw, 48; Rouch, 47; Artingstall, 44; Gifford, 43; Warren, 43; Kirkham, 41; Costella, 41; Taylor, 39; Singleton, 37; Edge, 35; Cackett, 34; Spence, 31; Marshall, 22.

On Friday, December 7th, Miss Rawson gave us a most interesting lecture on gardening for the poultry man. I am sure that everybody present will greatly benefit from what she told us. Sergt.-Major Middlemiss suggested that Miss Rawson should let me have a copy of her lecture. This she is going to do in the form of an article, which I shall have printed and distributed among our poultry farmers.

We thank the following donors for gifts of birds: Mr. Thomas Duncan for one White Leghorn cockerel; Mrs. Macrosty for 2 Rhode Island red cockerels; Mrs. Bell for 6 White Leghorn cockerels.

Leeman writes that one of his Light Sussex cockerels fell into a bucket of tar, and is now a Black Sussex! This is a new breed to me.

I think Mason is to be heartily congratulated. He passed his First Course Exam. with full marks, and now has done the same with his Second Course.

We have sent out several pens of birds to different poultry farmers during the month: also a lot of cockerels. Most of these have come from the farm at King's Langley and are a fine lot. The breeds include White Leghorns, Light Sussex, Rhode Island Reds, White Wyandottes, Buff Rocks, a Barred Rock, a Faverolle and a Houdan.

Arrangements are being made as quickly as possible to supply the Table Rabbit outfit. At present 28 men have sent in their applications, but as the stock has to be bought and the hutches made, I don't expect things will be ready much before the second week in January. C. S. A.



MESSAGE NOTES.

The members and staff of the St. Dunstan's School of Massage can again shake hands among themselves. A strenuous term has just been rounded off by the news that all the entrants for the recent massage examination have passed, and one has gained "distinction." (At the time of writing the name of this hard-working member has not yet been divulged by the examiners.)

The standard we set up in our first massage exam., viz., 100 per cent. of passes, has thus again been reached. Needless to say, this standard takes a lot of keeping up, and I should like to take this opportunity of thanking the members of the staff for their whole-hearted work. At the N.I.B. Mr. Way, with his profound knowledge and careful painstaking tuition, has been an excellent backer-up of my own work in the "practical" department, but we could neither of us make anything like such a good show without the careful grounding in all subjects which the students receive from Mrs. Brighurst and her assistant at St. Dunstons. Everyone is delighted with the success of all the boys this term.

Most of the successful candidates are already placed in positions: Webb and Howell go to Glasgow; Havens to the American Hospital in Regent's Park; Crawford to the Sir John Ellerman Hospital in Regent's Park; Lloyd to the R.F.C. Hospital, Croydon; and Westwick has an offer which he will most probably have accepted by the time these notes are in print.

Two of the men have unfortunately to return to hospital for minor operations; all the students will, I am sure, be wishing them the best of luck.

Weddings from St. Dunstan's are still the order of the day, and the message boys are among the "also rans." Havens and Crawford have each taken the fateful step recently—and if they are as happy and successful in their married life as they have been in their massage student days they will not have much of which to complain.

Now, just a word to the "Beginners" in the new massage classes. Please note our standard of success is 100 per cent. Always keep this in mind and help us to keep the flag nailed to the mast at the top of the pole! A Prosperous New Year.

F. G. B.

BRAILLE NOTES.

There is little to report from the Braille Room this month, but it is satisfactory that we should have a record number of passes in the Writing Test as a finish up for the year.

We congratulate the following officer and men:—

Writing Test: Sergeant-Major Robinson, B. H. Gibson, J. R. Green, Sergeant P. Conlin, S. Nixon, W. V. Sargent, F. J. Gibbons, W. Webb, E. Swayne, O. Windridge, G. B. Birke, S. J. Spedding, J. W. Mahoney, J. Greenway, H. White IV., and F. Rhodes.

Reading Test: S. Monnery, H. A. Wagg, W. H. Taylor, J. McAndrew, Jas. Tully, S. Webster, T. Corboy, M. Leefe, H. Thomson, H. Palmer, Vaughan Russell, C. G. Williams, W. C. Shaw, Sergeant F. T. Harris, Sergeant A. A. Brown, S. Gobourne, F. V. Cairns, H. Morris and D. P. Morgan.

A most welcome addition to the Braille Room Library has been re-



ceived, a copy of "Greenmantle," by John Buchan. It was given to St. Dunstan's by the children of the Junior and Intermediate Department of the Granville Road Mission Hall Sunday School, to whom we are most grateful, and we can assure them that it will be much enjoyed.

We send you all the best of good wishes for the New Year, and hope 1918 may bring you every happiness and success.

D. P.

TYPEWRITING NOTES.

The results of the past year have been very satisfactory, 300 men having passed their typewriting test. Practically every man who has taken up typewriting has passed his test. The men deserve credit for accomplishing this task, but I think that great praise is due also to the teachers who, by their patience and helpfulness, have enabled many a man to come through successful after he had almost given it up.

We wish to congratulate the following men on passing their test: H. McDonald, Benning, Williamson, H. Morris, Dawson, Tully, Alexander, Kirkham, Frampton, Bullock, Crook, G. T. Shaw, Westwood, Hough, W. Robinson, Birley, Thomas, D. Marshall, Costigan, Skelly, Taggart, Ballard, Mr. Hope Popple, Stew, Hancock, Kinder, Morgan, Netherstreet, Kidger, Sutton, Russell, J. Murray, Joiner, Storer, Parrish, C. Green, E. A. Holmes, McLean, Blakeley, Giffard, Shelton, Fitzgerald, G. J. Williams, Kay.

E. McL.

NETTING NOTES.

We would like to make it known that our Teddybeds in their pretty boxes have found a welcome at several of the West End toy fairs. Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove, Swan and Edgar, Shoal-

bred, John Barker and Harrod's Stores have all put Teddybeds on sale, and we are very glad of their help in making this little novelty more widely known.

The dolls' swings now being made in the workrooms are veritable triumphs of fine netting, and they prove how patient and energetic are the men and teachers of the netting room. Hand-made articles of this kind, apart from their selling value, make most charming gifts. What with the bright-coloured Teddybeds, midget swings and children's swings, the workroom seems to have borrowed the appearance of a toy factory! We hope these very British and original home-made toys will meet with the success they deserve.

G. H. W.

Settlement Notes

BY the time this January Number of the REVIEW is in print Christmas will have come and gone, but the usual festivities will have been missing in many a home where, in the absence of those at the Front they would have seemed but a farce. To those left at home in the same uncertainty it would seem equally out of place to extend the usual festive greetings, but we can hope that for them, as for all the St. Dunstan's men, the New Year, if not "merry and bright," will be brighter and happier than the eventful 1917 has proved.

The work of the Settlement Department is to some extent reflected in a comparison of the figures for end-1916 and end-1917 respectively:

Number of men left and set up end 1916, 120; end 1917, 289.

The new 7-month plan will do much to speed up the training, and in view of the fact that the accommodation in



some of the departments is already taxed to the utmost capacity (and owing to the restrictions on building operations it is doubtful if further extensions can be made) it is up to the men here to diligently concentrate their efforts with the object of fitting themselves for their selected trades in the allotted period.

Each month brings some new improvement to bear in the methods of training, and the accounts of those latterly set up are almost without exception very encouraging. The difficulties of the supply of raw materials—although to a great extent minimised in the case of the St. Dunstan's men—are still very real and in some cases cannot be obviated. Some consolation can be found in the fact that others in similar trades are as badly, and in many instances much more disadvantageously situated, and the soundness of the "second-string" trade policy is amply proved where such restricted conditions prevail.

One or two new trades—other than home industries—are being looked into and carefully considered with a view to providing suitable outlets for the energies of some of the men who for various reasons may prefer to add to their pensions by way of wage earning rather than in the establishment of small businesses of their own. After all, for a few at least, there may be attractions in the certainty of a wage without risk as against the inevitable responsibility attached to a one-man business.

H. D. B.

After Care Notes

ONCE again the men who have left St. Dunstan's have shown that they can compete with the world around them in the production of useful

and attractive articles. During the fortnight before Christmas the shop in Great Portland Street, and the smaller one at Wimbledon, were besieged by people clamouring for baskets, mats, trays, and photo-frames. The work that is coming in is excellent, and we are not able to get enough of it, for most of the men are finding a similar demand near their own homes. We look upon this as a good omen, for we feel sure that the people who have bought things this Christmas will come back again.

We have to congratulate two of our basket-makers on winning prizes at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition at the Polytechnic.

M. Lane, of Islington, who is one of the most successful and energetic basket-makers trained here, carried off the first prize for centre cane work. I have seen a great many of his waste-paper baskets and shopping baskets, and felt sure when he entered for this competition that he would win a prize.

P. Brown, who has been working up a very good business in Alton, is the other lucky man, winning as he did a third prize.

We are very proud of these two men, for it shows that we can hold our own against other disabled soldiers' work.

In the November REVIEW I mentioned some new designs in string work which were being made by J. Dixon, of Loughborough Junction. I have, since then, had an opportunity of seeing these ingenious articles, and I must congratulate Dixon very heartily on his inventive genius. He is designing a tea cosy and a number of other useful articles, which Mrs. Dixon very cleverly lines with satin. I am getting models of these, and hope that they may prove to be more interesting and pleasant to make than the ordinary string bag. Of course, it is necessary for a man who



is going to do this work to have some relation or friend to finish the work off for him.

J. Patter, also, is thinking out new ideas in string work, but I have not yet had an opportunity of seeing the results of his labours.

T. Sattary, of Croydon, who left us only a few weeks ago, tells me that he is getting on splendidly. He is getting plenty of orders to keep him busy, and his customers are very well pleased with the way he repairs their boots.

F. Braithwaite, too, is doing exceedingly well as a boot-repairer in Guildford. His profits are among the highest I have heard of this month, and have been regular ever since he left St. Dunstan's.

Braithwaite is responsible for an idea which I think should appeal to any men who have old St. Dunstan's friends living near them. He, Minchin, Welland, and Maddieson have formed a little club. They meet regularly every Saturday night, and talk about St. Dunstan's and about their own doings. I should be glad to hear of any other instances in which St. Dunstan's men have arranged these interesting and pleasant meetings.

I keep on getting reports of mat-makers which are a great credit to the men themselves and to the Mat Department of the Workshop. Turner is one of these. His work is very thorough, and he tells me that he makes a mat a day.

A small number of men are in the lucky position of having been able to return to their old pre-war work. Colville, in London, and Flett, in Manchester, both of whom were trained as

shorthand-typists, have returned to their old firms, and are giving every satisfaction. Wright, too, has gone back to his previous employers, and is now occupying a much more important position there than he did before.

In order to make these notes about the men who have left St. Dunstan's to start work on their own as full and as interesting as possible, I hope that all old St. Dunstan's men, no matter what their occupation, will send me news of their doings.

I have had an amusing letter from J. Letch, who left us in 1916 to start work as a poultry farmer at Hatfield Peverel, in which he tells of yet another instance of a meeting between a blind man and a deaf and dumb one. He says:—

I had rather a strange experience the other morning. I was in my work-room alone when the postman arrived and knocked at the door which was open. I turned round and told him to come in and he handed me a letter. I thanked him and laid it down on the table beside me. He at once picked it up and handed it to me again. This happened three or four times, and I thought he was having a game with me as he did not answer me. To my surprise he then went into the kitchen, and I followed him to see what he was up to. Just at that moment my wife appeared on the scene and the postman gave her the mysterious envelope. On the outside was written an enquiry for a house near by. My wife pointed out to him where the house was, and then astonished me by telling me that the postman was both deaf and dumb.

Another successful poultry farmer, G. Price, of Weeley, tells me of an unnerving experience which he had recently. He and his wife started out to drive to a concert in aid of St. Dunstan's. Arriving two hours too early for the concert, and unable to find anywhere to wait in Great Bentley, he set his pony



homewards, intending to return later. After a long, dismal drive the pony, which was very restless, decided to take charge of proceedings. Mrs. Price was unable to control it, and they found themselves deposited in an uncomfortable ditch in a part of the country which was quite unfamiliar to both of them. Ditches are never nice things, and this one had two peculiar disadvantages. One was that nobody knew where it was, and the other that it was wet.

To cut a long story short, they arrived home very late, and Price wishes me to say that he knows of an excellent pony for sale!

Sergeant-Major Bell, who was one of the first St. Dunstan's to take an interest in physical drill, and who for some time acted as an instructor both at St. Dunstan's and to a detachment of volunteers, sends me some interesting news of his doings since he left us.

He is now Physical Drill and Gym. Instructor to a boys' school in Wexford, Ireland, and he takes a great interest in a local troop of Boy Scouts. He says that he finds his loss of sight does not handicap him very much in imparting his knowledge to them, and adds that it provides a very interesting and, in some cases, profitable employment for any capable blinded soldier. I have long felt that disabled soldiers, and particularly St. Dunstan's, might prove very useful to the Boy Scout movement. Their experience from two points of view, that of a soldier and that of a blind man, would make them very useful scout masters, and they would, in their turn, get a certain amount of exercise and make a number of delightful little friends. I am very glad to hear that Bell endorses these views, and hope that the idea will

commend itself to many St. Dunstan's in all parts of the world.

I. F.

In the Dark

By BARRY PAIN

Reproduced by kind permission of the Editor of Pearson's Magazine

HERBERT DOCKET was a bad burglar. By this it is intended to imply not only that he was a wicked man, but that he was unskilled in his nefarious profession. An early success had spoilt him. Present at a race meeting in the nineties, he found that he had forgotten to bring with him his watch and chain. Herbert went through a remarkably thick crowd; when he came out of it he was wearing in various pockets nine watches and eight chains. This aroused in him the mistaken belief that he had a gift for crime. All that he really had was a little luck, and even this deserted him. He bemoaned the loss of the luck without admitting any want of ability in himself.

"I don't know what's the matter with me," he said pathetically, "I suppose I am about the only man in my profession who ever poisoned the wrong dog. It was the next-door dog that had strayed in. The other dog was waiting for me when I called a little later. One night, I stood at the top of a ladder with stuff in my pocket that a friend of mine would have been glad to give three hundred for. The ladder fell over, and I hurt myself so much that I hollered out and couldn't run. It's the same every time, and the beak always has a spite against me. Where any other man would be let off with a caution I get my tray of moons regular. It's enough to drive a man to actual work."

As it did not drive him to actual work, it may readily be imagined that



Mr. Docket led a very secluded life. On emerging from one of these periods of seclusion he visited a certain suburb of which he had heard good reports. Wealthy business men lived there. The belief that an ordinary window-catch was a protection against burglary was said to be prevalent. The police of the neighbourhood were considered quiet and inoffensive. Herbert went there on a moonless night to take a look round. He was prepared to take practically anything else that offered itself, but it was not his intention to do more than select a spot for future operations.

He was particularly pleased with the appearance, so far as he could judge in the darkness, of a house on the outside of the suburb, standing a little way off from the road. The people of the house apparently went to bed early, for at ten o'clock no light could be seen in any of the windows.

"Might be possible," reflected Herbert, "to do this place and get back by the last up train. Suppose as I just steps in and see if anything barks."

He stepped into the garden and found that nothing barked. He went gently up to the front door and ran his fingers along it. The door gave way and opened.

"Looks almost as if they were asking for it," said Herbert to himself. "Well, as my poor mother always said, 'There's no time like the present.'"

He pushed open the door and entered. The whole place was in the blackest darkness. He closed the door softly behind him and listened. Not a sound could be heard. So that was all right.

He felt his way along till he came to a door on one side. He opened it gently, and managed to find the electric switch. He decided to take a chance, and turned on the light. The room was a dining-room, and contained

many articles of interest to Mr. Docket. But once more his luck was against him. The sudden light caused Herbert to sneeze heartily, and instantly he heard footsteps. Somebody was running rapidly down the stairs. Herbert switched off the light and peered out. There was no light in the hall outside or on the staircase. The man, whoever he was, was running downstairs in the dark. Herbert just had time to consider that any man who ran downstairs in the dark ought to break his neck, and would probably do so. Then he proceeded to conceal himself, since he doubted if he could get to the front door, find the handles, and get out in time.

The concealment was effected in a moment. In the days before his luck had vanished Herbert had sometimes travelled inexpensively, though somewhat inconveniently, under the seat of a railway carriage. He now resorted to something similar. The door opened and a man entered. He carried no light and did not switch on the light. Herbert could not see him, but he judged from the sound of his footsteps that he was a big man, and from the tone of his voice that he was annoyed.

"Come out from under that couch," said the big man, "if you don't want your neck broken."

This was uncanny. It frightened Herbert. How on earth could the man have known?

"Certainly, sir. Coming out this minute. I've got a perfect explanation to offer. It's simply a case of me having mistook one house for another, through a wrong direction being given me by a—"

"Hold your jaw!" said the big man. "I'll just go over you."

He ran a pair of large hands all over the unfortunate burglar.

"Well," he said, "you don't seem to carry much equipment for your job. No silent matches. No skeleton keys,



not so much as a file, and nothing to shoot a policeman with."

"Which all goes to prove the truth of what I have been telling you," said Herbert plaintively.

"Not necessarily so. I don't like the shape of your head. It's a criminal type, and shows very low intelligence."

"Excuse me," said Herbert, "but ain't that rather jumping to a conclusion, seeing as this room is all in absolute darkness."

"Not at all. And if I hadn't been so engrossed in my reading, I should have got you before. I heard you come into the garden, of course, and heard you enter and close the door. All I thought was that my man, who had gone out to post the letters, had got back unusually quickly."

"Very good, gov'nor. I am done. There's no fighting against miracles. Let me have a little light, so that I don't knock up against anything, and I'll come quietly."

"Light? Oh, certainly." The big man touched the switch and lit up the room. "But what's this jabber about miracles?"

"Begging your pardon, but when I came into your garden I didn't make no noise. I didn't make none when I opened the door nor when I shut it—none that anybody upstairs could have heard. Yet you heard me. You ran down the stairs fast in pitch darkness without hurting yourself. You come into a room that is as black as night, and somehow manage to see that I am under the sofa. You then make remarks about my personal appearance. Why, it ain't human! You ought to be on the halls."

The big man laughed. "Well, I don't mind explaining it. It's quite simple. You had the luck to enter the house of a man who has been blind for the last ten years, and in consequence uses his other senses in a way that you don't. I heard you on your entrance

because my hearing has become abnormally sharp. I ran downstairs in the dark quite easily because I know my own house by heart. I knew you were under the sofa partly from the sound of your breathing and partly from your smell. You see, you took a nip of spirits before you came to do the job. The blind man may be handicapped by day, but he gets it back at night."

Herbert felt a little encouraged, but did not laugh. "This is a masterpiece. I tell you, gov'nor, I ain't took nothing. I ain't doing no harm. If you could be brought to overlook it this time—"

"No," said the big man grimly. "You can't ask the blind man to overlook things, you know. I hear the step of my man on the road. You'll be able to hear it yourself in a minute. He'll show you the way to the police station, though you can hardly miss it. You turn to the left when you leave the garden, take the second on the right, and its the thirteenth house on the left. But I won't trust your memory. You're a sighted person, and in consequence only half developed. My man shall certainly go with you."

Herbert held his breath and made one noiseless dash for the door. An unerring grip caught him. He was slung back into the room. Slowly he picked himself up from the floor.

"Gov'nor," he said simply, "I wish you'd kept your eyesight and lost your blooming hands."

Church Notes

The Commandant Matron, who always takes such a kind interest in the chapel, has added to this by giving a very beautiful brass alms dish.

We have now two large flags, one for the Navy and one for the Army. The Naval Ensign is in memory of Captain Wintour (killed in the Jutland battle). It was given by his nephews,



who have done splendid service to St. Dunstan's by turning up in their holidays to cox on the lake. The Union Jack was given by Miss Hine, well-known in the typewriting rooms.

Sergeant Harris has made two very neat little cupboards for storing music.

The first Sunday in the New Year, January 6th, will be observed in the Chapel, as in all other churches, as a day of prayer and thanksgiving, and we shall try to carry out the suggestions laid down in the King's proclamation. Holy Communion will be at 6.45 and 8 a.m.

The services, Bible Class and Choir will carry on as last year. All details are posted on the notice boards.

Randall, who chimed our bells in great style, has now left, and we all wish him the best of luck and hope he will have an opportunity for bell-ringing in his parish. Birley has taken his place, and plays most wonderful tunes. This he enjoys so much that one day he couldn't help breaking into "I'm so happy"!

CATHOLIC CHAPEL NOTES.

On Friday, December 4th, we had the pleasure of moving into the new chapel. The building was blessed and the first Mass said at 7.30 a.m., the Mass being a votive one in honour of St. Dunstan, our patron saint. At 5 p.m. our Archbishop, Cardinal Bourne, preached, and gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, assisted by priests from the neighbouring churches.

His Eminence arrived at 4.30 p.m., and was received at the main entrance by Mr. Kessell, on behalf of Sir Arthur Pearson (who left for France early on Friday morning), the Matron, and myself. After the service the Cardinal held a reception in the Braille Room; he shook hands and spoke to each man individually. He was there introduced to many of the staff, and the visitors

who honoured us with their presence, amongst them being Sir William Dunn, Bart., the late Lord Mayor of London.

During Benediction a choir boy from Farm Street Church, Mayfair, W., kindly sang Gounod's "Ave Maria" very beautifully, but what pleased the Cardinal so much was the hearty singing of the Latin and English hymns by the men. He wishes to thank, through the medium of this Magazine, Sir Arthur Pearson for providing the Chapel, and all benefactors who have assisted in furnishing it. In the course of his address he said he hoped the men would regard it as their Parish Church, and not go outside to hear Mass, if in residence at St. Dunstan's or one of its London Annexes for the week-end.

Speaking personally, it has been most edifying to see how regularly most of you have obeyed the law of the Church by attending Mass on Sundays in the old Chapel, where we were very cramped for room and generally uncomfortable.

P. H.

Entertainment Notes

A MAN whose name is Moses Isaacstein undoubtedly must be possessed of the usual business instincts of his race. One day he knocked at the door of a famous doctor's house and inquired of the maid what were the doctor's usual fees. She informed him a guinea for the first visit and half a guinea for the second.

"Right," said Isaacstein, as he pushed forward to the consulting room. "Here I am again," he remarked as he placed half a guinea into the doctor's hand, which was promptly pocketed.

"Well aren't you going to examine me?" he cried.

"No, it's not necessary," replied the doctor.



"What, no examination, and I've paid you the fee? What about some medicine, then?"

"Oh, that's all right, go on with the same medicine as you had last time. Good morning."

Mr. Joe Morris related dozens of funny things like the foregoing, all of a Hebraic nature.

He speaks rapidly the whole time, and it is wonderful that he doesn't get his tongue tied into a knot. It is well that he didn't get into such a difficulty on this occasion or we should have missed a treat.

The same evening St. Dunstan's Glee Party made its first appearance at one of our weekly entertainments. They sang three pieces, which were received with great acclamation—"A Perfect Day," "O Who will o'er the Downs," and "My Bonny" (solo by Hewshaw).

The Glee Party was composed of:—Doubler, Hewshaw, Downs, Russell, Brown, Hill, Heely, Chambers, Hough, and Orderly Sainsbury.

Little Miss Monica Palmer gave some good imitations of Miss Margaret Cooper. Her appearance was due to non-observance of the instructions which were plainly written down on the paper produced—"St. Dunstan's College Annexe, eight o'clock." This was not discovered until after the entertainment. However, the little lady was not dismayed, and went from us to the College, where she did another turn, thus acting the Good Samaritan for St. Dunstan's twice in one evening.

Never has the platform in the Outer

Lounge been so crowded as it was for the concert given by the Central London Choral and Orchestral Society. And in addition to the fifty singers there, the orchestra occupied four rows of chairs immediately in front.

It is not necessary for me to state that the volume of music produced was quite sufficient for the capacity of the Lounge. And it was good music, too.

One item followed another in rapid succession. Marches and overtures by the orchestra, choruses and part-songs by the choir, solos by Miss Bessie Mark, humorous skits by Mr. Arthur C. Chapman, the chief of which was perhaps his description of Dooley's Farm, and popular topical songs in which everybody joined, until a solid hour and a half had passed.

The Lounge was almost as packed as the platform, and everybody was in agreement as to the excellence of the entertainment.

Mr. J. Thomas conducted, thereby deservedly earning a good night's rest.

Sergeant-Major Middlemiss thanked the entertainers for their kindness, and the audience, not content with showing their appreciation of a great treat in the orthodox manner, broke into three cheers at the conclusion of the National Anthem.

On the 6th December Mrs. Harrison came with her talented daughters—May, Beatrice, Margaret and Monica—and they each showed their skill in the manipulation of the piano, violin, 'cello or singing.

They provided a nice little concert, which was brought to a close by Miss



ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW



Margaret, who played on the violin "The Swan," by Saint-Saens, a piece which she had the honour of playing some years ago, when she was five years of age, before the children of our King and Queen.

The same evening a number of our V.A.D.'s gave an entertainment in the Outer Lounge, which was packed with a very appreciative audience.

The stage had been enlarged for the occasion, and fitted up with appropriate scenery and special lighting effects.

The ladies who took part are to be congratulated upon the great success which attended their efforts to interest and amuse us, for the whole of the rehearsing had to be accomplished during their off duty hours, sometimes after a very arduous day.

The entertainment opened with a homely little scene in which Miss Coast sat darning socks, and she told us in song that "some girl has got to darn his socks."

Miss Oaks (2) is a very charming V.A.D., but her get up was so splendid, her movements so natural, and she made such a hit in her song "I'm on the Staff," that one couldn't help almost wishing that it were possible always to have her as a staff officer.

The duet sung by Miss Simkins and the foregoing dashing young officer, was another great success, whilst Miss Phillins' "Here comes Tootsie," hugely delighted the audience.

The story of the way in which a V.C. was won was recited by Miss Tuck, and a violin solo was introduced by Miss Coode, Miss Southcomb giving a little monologue entitled "The Rat."

In due course the time arrived for the various ladies to go on duty, and all being drawn up into line, each announced the particular duty for which she was detailed.

The curtain fell amid thunderous cheering.

Miss McCann accompanied throughout and stage managed the production.

Immediately the entertainment concluded the scenery was hastily changed and the curtain went up for the production of a little play entitled "Releasing A Man."

It was so funny and so well acted that the audience screamed with laughter the whole time.

The star part, being that of the Duchess, was played by Miss Macleod, whose get-up was so excellent that it was difficult to recognise this versatile and clever V.A.D.

Miss Calkin took the part of Lady Frome, and Miss Cook played the maid Price.

Mrs. Shields, who stage managed the production, deserved the three cheers accorded her.

Our very good friends the Misses Esme and Vera Beringer arranged the last Thursday evening entertainment before the Christmas break-up. The programme was a fitting one for the occasion.

Their "Larry O'Harrigan" duologue is always fresh and always produces thunderous laughter, as it did on this occasion.

Mr. Joseph Cheetham—another old favourite—sang a Paolucci selection, and the applause could not have been more boisterous for a V.C. winner.

"The only way to train a perfect wife" was discoursed on by Mr. Bromley Clark. It was all very funny. He laid it down that "the cock croweth but the hen delivereth the goods" was a good maxim for the wife, and another good thing to teach was "how to



ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW



spread the beards of old oysters over cucumber frames." His opinion was a "Hustling woman and the cackling hen are better shut up in a Waverley pen."

Miss Christine Hawke's concertina playing was wonderful.

But it was left to Miss Drucilla Wills in a little sketch to point out that "Contemptibilities" was the German for heroes.

The famous choir of the Ruddersfield Madrigal and Glee Society gave us a great treat in the Outer Lounge on the 14th instant. There were nearly 120 voices, and their rendering of the Hallelujah Chorus is a thing to remember for a long time. Many other pieces were sung which gave equal satisfaction. Mrs. Lloyd George was present.

Our thanks are due and are hereby tendered to the Colonels and Officers of the 1st Life Guards and the Horse Guards (blue) for their kindness in arranging for their bands to attend every Thursday afternoon, thereby enabling those who wished to enjoy a very pleasant hour of dancing.

The production of the St. Dunstan's revue, "Dispensary Boys," in the Marylebone Lounge of the College on December 11th, was such an unqualified success that it is to be repeated twice in January, and will visit several of the London Hospitals. The Revue, the first scene of which was laid in a hospital ward "somewhere in Chelsea," contained representations of all the best-known St. Dunstan's people who work down there. A. Smith made a very realistic "Mrs. Lipscomb," his cheeriness and lively "Good morning" being an extraordinarily good imitation of Sir

Arthur's daughter, whom everyone at St. Mark's knows and loves. Sergt. Thornton as "Miss Preston" caused much amusement by his manner of reading the newspaper, while Miss Saunders and Rowley in other well-known characters were excellent. The Hospital Visitors represented by Colling and Miss Thellusan were very laughable, and Hamilton as the "Cuckoo"—a doubtful St. Dunstan's case in bed—showed that he is a real comedian. Other characters were played by Messrs. Corboy, Housden, Blaney, Twigg as patients, and various sisters of the College in other characters. But the great feature of the entertainment was the acting of Thornton, Warden and Wilding in Miss Gertrude Jennings' well-known playlet, "The Rest Cure." The little play has never gone better, and the loud and continuous laughter showed how excellent was the whole performance. The entertainment finished with a little scene founded on the St. Dunstan's Hall article written by Miss Watley some time ago and published in the Review. This scene went to continuous laughter, and Hamilton as the Sister in Charge, and Mackie as the drunken and disreputable old woman who had wandered into St. Dunstan's in mistake for The British Stores, especially distinguished themselves. In between each act a Beauty Chorus consisting of six men and six sisters sang some of the popular songs of the day. Mrs. Citreon and two friends supplied the music, and the grand finale, when the whole company threw crackers and flowers into the audience, was as pretty a spectacle as anyone could wish to see.

Early in the New Year the St. Dunstan's College Revue Company will produce another revue of St. Dunstan's, this time entitled "Good Afternoon, Everybody," together with Miss Gertrude Jennings' little comedy, "Five Birds in a Cage," and Lady Gregory's



well-known farce "The Workhouse Ward."

Two days later St. Dunstan's gave their grand Christmas comic pantomime "Babes in the Wood up to date," which also proved very successful. Written by Miss Critten, the pantomime was quite elaborately staged. A synopsis of the pantomime is included in the following prologue, which was admirably spoken by Miss Critten herself. In it, however, she fails to describe Leslie King's wonderful *Pas Seul* in the last act which was such an admirable feature of a really splendid show.

Here is Miss Critten's clever prologue to Act I.:

I am the Prologue! 'Tis my part to tell

About the Play—we trust you'll like it well.

The pantomime you know—"Babes in the Wood"—

We've brought it up-to-date, and we'll make good.

In Act the First the scene will be a school,

Betambeau as "Dame Trot" with cane doth rule.

Note well the Babes, Drummer and Dunning mild;

Mark how they spare the rod and spoil the child!

Then listen, and you'll recognise the bairns,

"Miss Muffit" Henshaw, "Tommy Tucker" Cairns.

Wilson (the president) is "Simple Simon."

The Food Controller has interned the Pieman.

The Wicked Uncle—Sgt. Major Davie—Bribes robbers—King and Green—to kill the baby.

He is a miser, and wants all babes' money.

His wife, "Aunt Hotstuff," Broadbent will make funny!

Heeley and King play double parts, and will

With several more their place as chorus fill.

Then Sammy Hill, sweet "Princess Powderpuff,"

Sings with "Prince What-What," Exall's part—all Cuff!

The "Blue Bird" represents St. Dunstan's Chief;

As "Spirit of the Wood" he lightens grief;

Although invisible, his voice we hear, Inspiring Courage! Hope! and Trust! and Cheer!

A word in praise of Quartermaster Strathmore, by whose unfailing enthusiasm, advice and expert knowledge the success of the St. Dunstan's pantomime was so largely due. Quartermaster Strathmore gave up many hours of his busy time in coaching the boys, and all the spectacular effects were arranged by him. Indeed, his work was invaluable throughout and much of the success of the performance was due to the way he stage-managed the production.

E. K.

Musical Notes

THERE are now more than 170 music lessons during the week at St. Dunstan's—including the Bungalow Annexe and Sussex Place—not counting the part-singing or band practices. Singing, the piano, violin, banjo, mandoline and flute are all taught, and there are some very promising pupils, especially among the singers. Very many thanks are due to



the teachers who so kindly give their services. One of them—Mr. Lauducci—has been coming to St. Dunstan's for nearly two years. Among his pupils, past and present, are Sergeant-Major Davey, Wright, Randall, Kean, Osmond, Yates and Roche, all banjoists or mandolinists.

Lady Pearson kindly came to the concert at St. Mark's on the 29th November, given by the St. Dunstan's Band and singers, and both she and the patients appeared to enjoy the performance very much indeed. Alphonse van den Bosch was encored for his cornet solo, Sergeant Brown for the song "My Bonnie" (with chorus), Sergeant Davey and Wright for a banjo duet; the Singers were also encored, and the Band not once but three times for its rendering of "Take me back to dear old Blighty."

Halpin has won the prize, a silver cigarette case, for the best attendance at band practices this term. He has only once missed coming during September, October and November.

Sports Notes

IN spite of the much colder weather and the darker mornings, the class is going very strong, and by the time this Magazine is in print a Display will have taken place. It is fixed for Monday, the 17th, at 5.30, and about 40 "boys" will demonstrate the correct method of doing Swedish exercises. More detail will appear in the February Magazine. I am afraid this Christmas I shall have to bid farewell to some of the keenest members of the class; I do sincerely hope that every man who leaves will set up a branch of the St. Dunstan's class in his own home, and will continue to keep himself bodily fit—a most essential asset to happiness.

Will any of the boys who are interested in the Tug-of-War let me have their name, so that they can commence practising for a Sports Meeting which I hope will take place in the spring. During the Christmas holidays I am hoping to fit up a lock-up shed, which will contain a punch ball, chest expanders, running ropes, skipping ropes, gymnastic cycle, and other apparatus for the use of members of St. Dunstan's Gymnastic Club. I recommend skipping as a very fine exercise, and will loan a rope to any member of the Club on application.

RAMBLES.—It occurred to me that it would be very beneficial to the health of the "boys" if they could get a sharp walk in the country on Saturday afternoons, and the idea has certainly "caught on." On the 10th November we went by motor char-a-banc to Pinner. After enjoying a brisk walk, the party, piloted by Mr. Bridge, returned to tea at the Cocoa Tree Café. After tea we had a little sing-song, and an old gentleman of eighty dropped in and treated the boys to a song entitled "By practising economy we live like a lord," and judging by his hale and hearty appearance he certainly looked as though he had practised what he preached. We returned to St. Dunstan's about 8 o'clock, feeling very happy in spite of adverse weather. Further rambles took place on 24th November and 1st December, and they certainly were very enjoyable. We disembarked at a very nice country café called "The Bungalow," at Ruislip. On both these trips the weather was agreeable, and the good hour's walk in the crisp air gave everyone a splendid appetite for tea, which was served in "A 1" fashion. Twenty-six persons took part, and an impromptu concert followed, which was a fine effort. No one can deny that we discover talent on these outings. What with such artistes as



Broadben's, Knotwell (with his sea-faring songs and ditties on wearing apparel) Howley and the concertina, and further assistance from people staying at the house, the hours passed too quickly, and when the time came to return, approaching eight o'clock, there was a feeling of regret. This place has special attractions, and there is no doubt that in future many a pleasant outing will take place here. As long as I am able to get a char-a-banc, these rambles will continue. To assist in the organisation and to avoid any disappointment, I must ask for names to be submitted to the office, the Adjutants or myself, at latest, by Friday evenings. The date of the next outing will be announced in due course. *R. H. S.*

Debates.

ON the 28th November and 4th December we had two interesting debates on the same subject—one at the Bungalow and the other at the College. Morris made a stirring speech against Compulsory Rationing, but the majority of the members were evidently in favour, and Morris received but little support. There was no doubt, however, that his arguments were very good and put in a concise manner, which reflect great credit on his prowess as a speechmaker.

At the commencement of the New Year I am hoping to introduce further speakers, and to get new blood into the debates. Suitable subjects to be debated are not easy to choose, and if there is anyone willing to open a discussion on a question, I shall be pleased if he will inform me. *R. H. S.*

Weddings of the Month

Private J. R. Green, of the Lancashire Regiment, has been married to Miss

Wendie Smart, of Whaplode, South Lincolnshire. The presents included a silver teapot from Sir Arthur Pearson and other gifts from his friends at St. Dunstan's.

Great interest was displayed in Nottingham last month, at the wedding of Private W. G. Parker, 2nd Northants Regiment, and Miss Beatrice Hampton, and hearty cheers were given as they left the church. Parker, in spite of having both hands shattered and losing his sight, became a proficient typist and telephone operator while at St. Dunstan's, and he and his bride have the best wishes of all St. Dunstan's.

On Saturday, December 8th, Gunner Frederick George Havens married Miss Marjorie Johnstone at St. Luke's, Finchley. A very large number of friends were present at the church, and many from Sussex Place, and also the Commandant Matron were present in the schoolroom afterwards. Richardson, the best man, proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom in an excellent little speech.

On Saturday, December 15th, at 8 a.m., at All Souls', Langham Place, the marriage took place between Lieutenant E. G. Thomas (who has for so long come up daily from 20, Portland Place, to learn massage at St. Dunstan's) and Miss Burden, of Southend. His best man was Mr. Le Bretton Martin.

On Saturday, December 15th, at 2.30 p.m., an interesting double wedding took place at the Parish Church, between Francis Gilhooly and Miss Adamson, of Lambeth, and between William Megson and Miss Tancock of Kentish Town. A very pretty and enjoyable wedding breakfast was held afterwards, thanks to Matron's kind arrangements at the College. Bull was best man for Gilhooly and Wilding for Megson.

On Monday, December 17th, at 2.30 p.m., Tennant Ronald Beattie was mar-



ried to Miss Birch at the Parish Church of Tooting. Beattie's friends from the College went over to wish him and his bride health and happiness. His best man was Printie, also from the Bonnie Land of Scotland.

On Tuesday, December 18th, at 11.15 at the Parish Church, Marylebone, the wedding took place of Rickard and Miss Jarrett, after which a breakfast was held, thanks to Sir Arthur's kindness and the Commandant Matron's thoughtful arrangements. Bliss was the best man.

On Wednesday, December 19th, at 12 o'clock, at St. James's, Camberwell, the marriage took place between Reginald Jakes and Miss Caroline Turner.

Those who wish their bans to be published are asked to give in the particulars to Mr. Tucker, if possible six weeks before the wedding. It is not sufficient to allow only three weeks.

L. G. T.

How Braille is produced

There are two methods by which Braille books are produced, by machinery and by hand. It is estimated that about 6,500 volumes of Braille are produced in the British Isles each year by machinery, and, as far as we can judge, from 3,000 to 4,000 books by hand. In addition to this there are 111,794 weekly newspapers, 40,986 monthly magazines, and a very large number of short stories and articles in the pocket edition which is so popular at St. Dunstan's. Over three-quarters of the whole output of Braille books originates from the National Institute for the Blind.

There are so many stages in the production of a Braille book by machinery that a short account of the process of turning a book into Braille may be of interest.

The book having been approved for publication, it is first of all "estimated," that is to say, the words of the ink-print copy are counted, when it is then possible to discover how many volumes of Braille the book will occupy. There are two methods of producing Braille books, known as Inter-pointing and Inter-lining. An Inter-point book means that the dots on each side of the plate are placed between the dots on the other side, while an Inter-lined book means that the lines of writing on one side fall between the lines on the other side. For beginners Inter-lined books are somewhat easier to read, but it is in every way preferable to use the Inter-point system as more words can of course be set on a page by this method.

Let us suppose that a book has been handed to the Stereotyping Department and it is found that three large Inter-point volumes will be required. If the work is urgent the book is divided into three parts, each part being given to three separate Stereotypists and started simultaneously. The proof reading is followed up as closely as possible. Ordinarily a volume takes about 14 days to stereotype. The plates are read over three times, this proof-reading occupying about another week. This means that it is possible for a three-volume work to be made ready for the Printing Department in three weeks. In the old days, of course, stereotyping was done by hand, but now practically the whole work is done by machinery.

The sighted reader reads to a blind Stereotyper, who, by means of an ingenious machine worked by a treadle and keyboard, not unlike that of the Stainsby-Wayne Shorthand Machine keyboard, transcribes the book into Braille on metal plates. Any errors that may have occurred are altered by a hand punch. It speaks well for the accuracy of the blind worker to be able



to state that mistakes are few and far between.

These plates consist of two sheets of metal with a hinge at one end between which the paper is placed. The points on one side of the plate press the paper accurately and firmly into the pits opposite them. The press is capable of producing some 16,000 sheets per day. As they leave the press the sheets are folded by blind operators and are passed on to the binding department. The 80 sheets which usually comprise one volume of a Braille book are then placed in a remarkably ingenious and elaborate machine which sews the sheets together with tape in one operation, though this necessitates an extraordinary amount of mechanical ingenuity. At the end of this operation the book is ready for the binder's hands, and it will be readily understood that the process of stitching and binding has to be a pretty thorough one by reason of the severe handling to which it will be subjected.

As regards the plates, these are usually stored away, to be kept for use when a future edition of the book is called for.

It is interesting to be able to state that it can be taken as an accepted truth that the Braille edition of a book is practically faultless; the mistakes that are overlooked in sighted works are always "spotted" at once by the blind proof-reader. So carefully is the reading done that it is practically impossible for a mistake to appear in a machine-made book.

In spite of the increase in the production of books by machinery, there will always be a demand for hand-written Braille. Books for libraries, for students, or for individual readers, of which one, or at any rate, very few copies are required, obviously must be produced by hand.

It is not possible to estimate exactly

how many books are produced by hand frame and Stainsby-Wayne machine. The National Lending Library, the National Institute for the Blind, and many other institutions have their own voluntary or paid staff of writers. There are also about 110 blind copyists up and down the country who duplicate these transcriptions, but their output again is difficult to estimate.

Manuscript work is chiefly done by volunteers, of whom there are several hundreds. If this work were paid for the cost would be 15s. 6d. a volume, or 2½d. a sheet, exclusive of cost of paper and binding, whereas the charge made for a machine produced volume is 2s. 6d.

Hand frames are more generally used because they are much cheaper to buy, and machines are more than difficult to procure nowadays. It is impossible to say how long a time is required to complete a volume. It depends entirely on the worker and on the amount of time devoted each day to the work. It is mostly done at odd times and the average time taken is about six weeks, though some workers can produce a volume in ten days.

When it is realised that there are about 220,000 dots in a volume, the labour required to write a book by hand will be appreciated. A great many of these voluntary writers attend at St. Dunstan's every day, and the success with which the difficulties of Braille reading and writing are overcome by the men there is very largely due to their untiring efforts.

"Tommy"

Y US! I'm Mr. Tommy Atkins,
Out 'ere ter do my bit.
A-livin' in a trench o' clay.
A-waitin' ter be 'it.



I suppose I does look funny like,
All dressed up ter the mines,
But a gent. can't be particular,
In these 'ere d—d hard times.

Suppose I just describe myself,
An' tells yer what's my dress,
But mind I gives yer warnin',
I'm in a real old mess.

First there is my uniform;
That's all mucked up wiv clay.
There's nothin' much to say of that;
I'll go on if I may.

Then there's this darned equipment,
Which pulls me ter the ground;
With bayonet, entrenching tool,
And scores and scores of rounds.

You'll be wondering, may be,
What the devil's on my back.
Well, I'll tell yer right away,
That that's my blinkin' pack.

Its contents are most wonderful—
Shirts, socks, hold-all complete,
With knife, fork, spoon and razor,
Tooth, lather-brush packed neat.

Great-coat rolled up neatly,
And a furry jacket's there.
(And by the way when in the coat
I'm like a Teddy bear.)

What did yer say? Dispatch rider?
I'm not that 'igh as yet.
No; that small pouch is my wee friend;
It holds my gas helmet.

Good Lord above! No, heavens no!
That's not my billy-can.
That's shramel-proof: I put's it on
And so protect my pan.

I fink I'm about finished,
'Cent my jack boots and big gloves;
They 'ebs a chap ter keep quite warm,
When fightin' them there coves.

I'm glad I told yer who I was,
As I thought you'd never guess
That a real live Tommy Atkins
Was 'id be'ind this mess.

I'm just awaitin' now fer leave,
And when my wife I see,
You bet this truck will disappear
While in 'er company.

N. Onme.

St. Dunstan's

I N Regent's Park, London, North-
West,
Is a place controlled by one of the
best;
St. Dunstan's, they call it, for soldiers
and sailors,
Where soon they are taught to be jolly
good brailers.

Those who live there, I think I might
tell,
Have been in some trouble—don't see
very well.
Ask them if they're happy. The answer
is "Rather!
Can't be anything else with Sir Arthur
as Father."

Everything runs quite smoothly along.
In the workshops one hears but laughter
and song.
Massage, poultry, typing and braille,
The boys learn quickly, and none of
them fail.

The staff work hard from morning till
night,
And everything there is merry and
bright;
Boys laughing and chaffing and reading
some braille,
Some ragging or smoking or telling the
tale.



With Sir Arthur as pilot the boys all
feel sure
Of success in life when they leave his
door;
He came as a God-send, as everyone
knows,
And dearer each day to the boys he
grows.

Everyone loves the dear Matron there,
She mothers them all who are under
her care.
One word from her and you know she's
a "Paddy";
She always greets boys with "Now my
dear laddie!"

Now Auntie, they all know the cheery
old thing;
Morning and evening you can hear her
sing—
"Dispensary boys!" or "Now then,
old chappie!"
Always so cheery, and never gets
snappy!

Captain Roberts almost spends his life
in the Hall;
He works like a nigger at men's beck
and call.
They keep the right side of the Cap-
tain, you bet,
And hope there are things he may like
to forget.

Dr. Bridges must listen to many a tale,
"Pain in my back, sir," or "I'm feel-
ing pale."
"Right you are, sonny, I'll soon put
you right,
Go down to Torquay or to Brighton
to-night."

Miss Howard is answering questions all
day,
Or giving out letters, without time for
play.
"Can I leave this pram here, Miss?"
says fond Mrs. Brown.
"And when will they bring the next
Zeppelin down?"

Miss Pain is the head of the Braille
Room, we know.
Performs all her duties without any
show.
With a cane in her hand she is always
about,
Ready to make the poor pupils all
shout.

Miss Reynolds assists her in this healthy
task,
Watching the boys, who may be hiding
a flask
Containing some water or something to
drink.
Permi. me to add now the words "I
don't think!"

Miss Kirby, St. Dunstan's own amateur
Dickens,
Instructs many boys in the rearing of
chickens.
"Desolation and Tears" she put in the
REVIEW.
These poems I like very much, now
don't you?

Mr. "H.", who is found at the College,
is great.
He is always original, bang up to date!
You will never discover his equal on
earth,
For wherever he is you will always find
mirth.

Tommy Tucker, the Padre, looks after
the soul,
And shows all the lads the right way to
the goal.
Someone always says "Hush!!" when
e'er he's about,
For e'en at St. Dunstan's naughty words
will leak out.

The Catholic Priest is a jolly good sort,
Ready to take part in all kinds of sport.
He prays for the boys, and can laugh
and can joke,
Gives cheery advice to innumerable
folk.



Remember, boys, when you seem down
on your luck,
To "stick it," and show them you've
still got some pluck,
And remember Sir Arthur looks after
you all,
Who have come back to darkness
through answering "The call."
SERGT. NICHOLLS.

Literary Competitions

THERE were a good many replies
to the Literary Competition. All
the replies were well-written,
and at least three so excellent that the
work of judging was very difficult. How-
ever, after consultation, the prize of
half-a-guinea has been awarded to a
member of St. Dunstan's, who, how-
ever, has asked me to keep his real
name anonymous.

WHAT ST. DUNSTAN'S MEANS TO ME.

When, in the order of things, struck
by an unseen hand, I fell, and tumbling
swiftly down the steep of terrible Mis-
fortune, I lay at last, bruised, broken
and blind, in the Valley of the Shadow.
But I had not lain there long when there
came a man, who, from the insight of
experience, told me many things which
must have saved me from Despondency.
And, when I had recovered somewhat
from my injuries and was once more
able to move about, I was brought to
a place of refuge, which, I have since
learned, is called, and that truly, the
"Palace of Hope."

It is now many months since I came
here, and in that time I have learned
many things, not the least of these being
that to lose one's sight only serves to
prove the other senses.

There is something else I would tell

you also, something which may appear
wondrous strange to you, and which I
do not fully understand myself. It is
this. I am happier and more contented
than in the past. For this there can
only be one reason—St. Dunstan's.

I use the term in the broadest pos-
sible sense. St. Dunstan's, for me, in-
cludes our Chief, his staff, my comrades
and my friends. It is much more. It
is the concrete realisation of the great
idea of a wonderful man. It is a vast
and intricate organisation, which, on
the surface, runs so smoothly that there
would appear to be no organisation at
all.

This is the secret of our happiness
and our content. But in what does it
lie? Of what is it? It is the spirit of
our helpers.

It is from, and by, this spirit of
charity—charity, which is love—that we
have found our strength.

St. Dunstan's indeed stands for all
that one could desire from "guide,
philosopher and friend." So it is that
we have overcome our disability, and so
it is that, when the time comes, we will
go out into the Old World of New Con-
ditions and take each his place in the
society of men.

And when, at length, I leave these
gates behind me and set my feet upon
the hill of Great Endeavour, I will do
so with the confidence that, in my jour-
neys towards the uplands of a Pleasing
Future, I go accompanied by the spirit
of St. Dunstan's.

"Chartagh."

The following paragraphs have been
culled from other replies sent in, to the
writers of which the sum of 2s. 6d. has
been sent:—

"Depression comes to us all, whether
sighted or unsighted—but I think I had
had worse fits of this temporary lunacy
than any of you. I call it temporary



limacy, because I had often contemplated my easiest exit from this earth. But St. Dunstan's did away with this, and put new ideas into my head—in fact, I feel I owe my reason to St. Dunstan's. My one object in life now is to show the world that, though handicapped, there is still something left—and by making a success in life I shall prove beyond doubt what St. Dunstan's did mean to me."

Sergt. A. M. Nichols, late D.L.I.

"After finishing our course of training we find that instead of having many hours of waste time to undergo, we have in its place a wonderfully useful and fully occupied time, which will enable us to follow our former ideals and hopes, and also keep us fully employed, thereby keeping our minds active to possibilities, and from thinking of our handicap, as well as from future dolefulness and remorse."

Sapper Walter Burgin.

The following is the winning Limerick, a P.O. for 5s. being sent to Mr. Arthur Coulson:—

At St. Dunstan's Braille lessons I took
And intended by hook or by crook
To learn it quite right, so I stuck to
it tight,
And now I can read a good book.

The following Limerick from Mr. R. J. Vine is very highly commended:—
Ofttimes have I threatened to burn it,
Before my poor brain could discern it.
Though I've wrinkled my brow, still
I'm jolly glad now,
That I once made the effort to learn it.

The subject for the Literary Competition this month will be

WHAT IS MY IDEA OF HAPPINESS?

Replies should not exceed one page and a half of typewriting (double spacing), and must be received not later than the 15th January. The Limerick Competition this month will have for its subject

MARRIAGE.

Limerick Competitors should also send in their replies on or before the 15th of the month.

The prizes will be the same, viz., 10s. 6d. for the winning literary essay, 2s. 6d. for any paragraph deemed suitable for printing, and 5s. for the winning limerick.

His Garden

I WANDERED down to my garden
one peaceful summer's day,
And all that broke the silence was
the laughter of those at play.
And as I looked at these happy children
and the tranquil scenes around,
I thought that for those little ones this
sure was "God's playground."

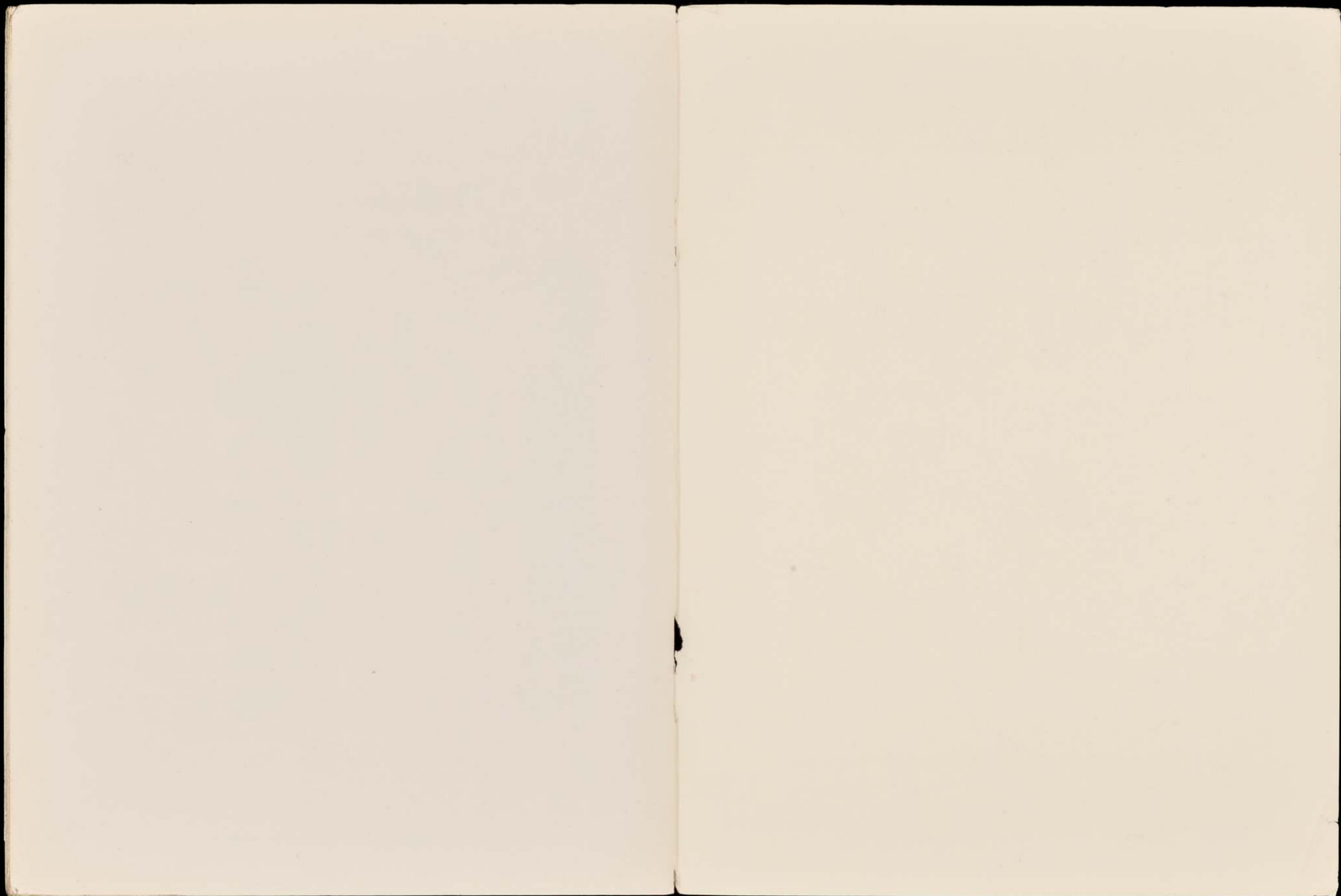
Years passed on and trouble came: 'twas
an evil invaders' hand;
And all our men were needed to fight
him in foreign land;
But many a lad was disabled, and from
war come home to stay,
And found peace and rest in that garden
where a boy he was wont to play.

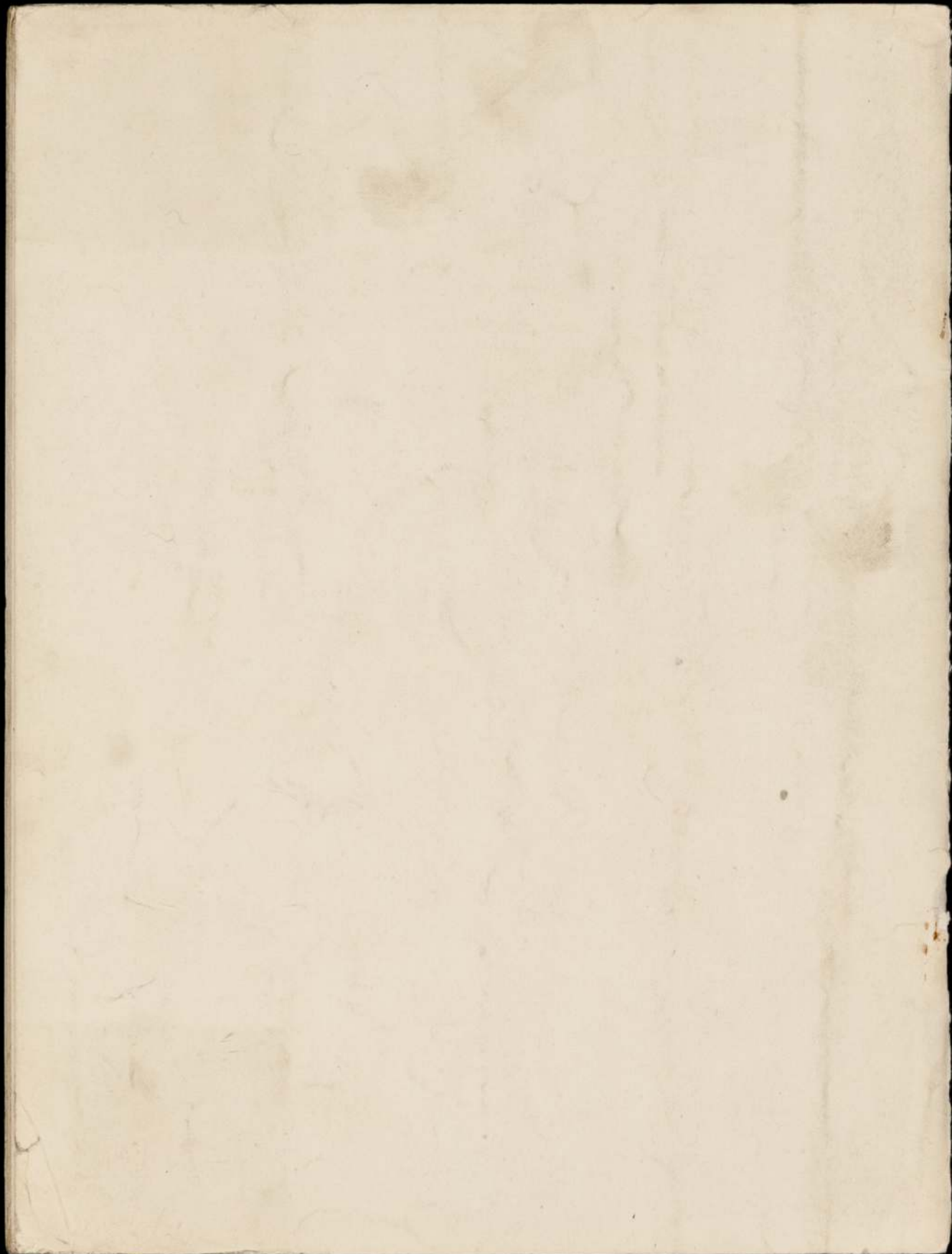
FREDERICK J. HARRIS.



Newcomers in December

Brightwell, W. T. H.	1st Norfolk Regiment.
Blackett, C. A.	Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry.
Bruce, W.	2/6 Duke of Wellington's.
Barker, D.	R.C.R.
Benton, E. W.	7th Oxford & Bucks.
Butt, G.	1/5th Welsh Regiment.
Caven, R.	16th Manchesters.
Cox, J.	11th Northumberland Fusiliers.
Davies, A.	12th Yorkshire.
Hardy, H.	27th A.I.F.
Harding, W. H.	1st Royal Berks.
Harris, H.	8th Buffs.
Hill, W. H.	13th Manchester.
Holman, F. G.	Royal Engineers
Oldfield, A.	458th Field Company, R.E.
Pearce, W. J. S.	1/13th Labour Company.
Blackwell, J.	R.F.C.
Polley, G.	3rd London Regiment.
Robbins, A. C.	1/5 Gloucesters.
Robinson, W. A.	1st Lincolns.
Robinson, J. P.	Canterbury Infantry, New Zealand.
Spencer, C. H.	7/4th Rifle Brigade.
Stratton, F.	15th Notts and Derbyshire.
Gibbons, R.	R.E., 5th Pontoon.
Taylor, A. E.	19th Lancashire Fusiliers.
Thomas, G.	1st K.S.L.I.
Thompson, H.	3rd Middlesex.





ADDITIONS TO
St. Dunstan's Address Book.

Arnold, A., 41, Wycliffe Road, Wimbledon.
(Mats.)

Brown, A., 4, Croydon Street, Holbeck, Leeds.
(Basket maker.)

Eden, A. E., Sunnybank, Sidford, nr. Sid-
mouth, Devon. (Mats and Poultry.)

Higson, R., 4, Spring Gardens, Wigan, Lancs.
(Baskets and netting.)

Oliver, B. T., 2, Regent's Park Terrace, Church
End Finchley. (Carpentry and mats.)

A. W. Patston, Oxmead Garage, Ewhurst, Sur-
rey (Basket and Mat-maker and Poultry-
farmer.)

Stokes, L. E., Ohakea, Sanson, North Island,
N.Z. (Mats and poultry.)

Thompson, J., 109, Ellesmere Street, off Dean
Road, Bolton, Lancs. (Carpentry.)

Whiteside, W., 27, Carrick Blacker Road, Porta-
down, Co. Armagh. (Boots and Mats.)

CORRECTIONS.

Allman, R. A., c/o Cox and Co., R.A. Dept.,
16, Charing Cross, S.W.1.

Back, A. W., Sunshine, Great Headland Road,
Preston, Paignton, Devon. (Boots.) Tem-
porary address.

Barnard, H. H., 115, Mortimer Road, Kingsland
Road, Dalston. (Baskets and Boots.)

Berry, J., 12, Foyle Street, off Old Park Road,
Belfast. (Miscellaneous.)

Bolton, C. E., The Lodge, Great Culverdon.,
Tunbridge Wells.

Bowers, W. J., 31a, Whitton Road, Hounslow.
(Newsagents and Tobacconists.)

Brown, P., 84, High Street, Alton, Hants.
(Baskets and Mats.)

Burt, 20, Agnes Street, Brighton. (Miscel-
laneous.)

Brundrett, P., 20, Burton Street, Pendlebury.

Chaplin, R., 378, Hill Cross, Hardington, Yeovil.
(Boots.)

Cocker, G., Pennington, Lymington, Hants.
(Mats and Poultry.)

Cope, J., 67, Arthur Road, North, Shirley,
Southampton.

Culshaw, J. W., 12, Springwood Road, Small-
holdings, Townley, nr. Burnley.

Davis, G., Little Grange Cottage, Malswick,
Newent, Glos. (Mats.)

Fleetwood, F., 115, Queen's Road, W. Croydon,
temporary. (Poultry.)

Fooks, G., 1, Paradise Cottage, Paradise Street,
Wells Road, Bath. (Boots and Mats.)

Green, L., Langdale, St. Edward's Road, Gos-
port. (Basket-maker.)

Groves, T. W., 6, Elmes Cottage, Botley, Ox-
ford. (Carpentry.)

Harper, A., 55, St. Leonard's Hill, Edinburgh.
(Boots.)

Holmes, W., Woodside, Witton Park, Co. Dur-
ham. (Boot repairer.)

Hopper, W. J., 41, Brookland Street, Bridling-
ton, Yorks. (Carpentry and Poultry.)

Hutchinson, M. A., 36, West End Avenue,
Whipps Cross. (Mats.)

Hyde Thompson, Lieut., R. H., 20, Victoria
Road, Kensington, W.8.

Joyce, J., 1, Blair Street, Edinburgh, N.B.

Subscription Form

To the EDITOR of "ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW,"

ST. DUNSTAN'S, REGENT'S PARK, LONDON.

Please send me the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW for six months for which

I enclose 3s 6d.

Name _____

Address _____
