

No. 19.—Vol. II.

February, 1918.

# 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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Conducted by IAN FRASER

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ST. DUNSTAN'S MOTTO:

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

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February, 1918

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FEBRUARY, 1918.

PRICE 6d

## Editorial Notes

THE ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW will, in future be published on the 15th of each month. All contributions should, therefore reach the Editorial offices, or be placed in the Editor's box before the 5th of the month.

Early in the first week of January the busy life of St. Dunstan's had started again. The big empty lounges began to fill up very soon after the New Year, and by the end of the week the Workshops, Classrooms, and Poultry Farms had become a hive of industry. The year has started well, for after the Christmas holidays everyone has returned to work full of enthusiasm and fresh energy.

Everywhere we hear tales of Christmas fun and happiness, and nowhere more than among those who spent Christmas day at St. Mark's Hospital, where most of the men whose sight is seriously damaged are treated before they come to St. Dunstan's. Very jolly times were spent, too, at our convalescent annexes at Brighton, Blackheath, and Torquay, where dances, concerts, and theatres were the order of the day.

We publish in this issue two very good instances of the way in which the handicap of blindness can be overcome in the matter of looking around and seeing how things are going along. There is no reason whatever why a blinded person should not travel, "look about him," and derive a great deal of pleasure and interest in what he "sees." Sir Arthur Pearson illustrates this most ably in his "Notes by the Chief," in which he tells of his recent visit to France, and Trooper Clutha Mackenzie contributes a very graphic description of the few days he spent at New Zealand Headquarters, France.

Trooper Mackenzie was re-educated at St. Dunstan's on his return from Gallipoli, where he was blinded. He has since taken up journalistic work, and is the originator and Editor of a very attractive and useful magazine, the *Chronicles of the N.Z.E.F.*, which is published at 11, Southampton Row, W.C.1. This fortnightly is most interesting reading and reflects great credit on its blind Editor. This is yet another typical instance of the success with which the men whose sight has been irretrievably damaged in the war are overcoming their difficulties and are making good in the great, hard world of competition.



## Notes by the Chief

I DICTATED my notes for last month's REVIEW just before leaving for France, and said then that I would tell you in this issue something of my visit there. I have not so much to say as I had hoped would be the case, for my activities in France were much hampered by a spell of very exceptionally severe winter weather—said indeed, to be the worst in living memory—which snowed up railway communications and made travelling over the middle and southern districts practically impossible during the greater part of my stay. You will realise how serious the situation was in this respect when I tell you that trains were as much as five days in accomplishing the journey from Paris to Marseilles, a run in the ordinary way of only 15 hours. Five days and nights in a train without food or heat, and with people packed like sardines along every corridor—for French trains are crowded to the utmost capacity nowadays—must have involved an experience one is glad to have escaped. As a final effort, traffic southward from Paris was suspended for three days while trains were dug out of snow drifts, lines cleared, and communications re-established.

I re-visited the several establishments in Paris in which blinded soldiers are being cared for, and was glad to find that there was a decided tendency to give up the teaching of brushmaking, an industry in which great numbers were last year engaged, and which I then told the authorities was an entirely unsuitable home industry for blind men. This year I found in many cases the conclusion had been arrived at that brushmaking is not an industry which can be suitably and profitably pursued

by blind people except in workshops for the blind, though I still found in some places that they cling to it, apparently because it is very easy to learn, and also, as the director of one institution said to me, "If you can teach a man something to employ his mind and to enable him to make a shilling a day what more would you have?" I told him that our ideals of profitable employment at St. Dunstan's far exceeded this very modest figure.

I saw some most excellent carpentry, which is being done by a little group of seven blinded soldiers, who are working in a large establishment where many disabled men are being trained as carpenters. The work there was better than anything I have seen in France before, and was fully up to the best St. Dunstan's style. I found also that some blind men were being employed—one cannot say trained, as no training is necessary—in grinding smooth the flat sides of glass stoppers. This work is extremely simple, indeed, a six-year-old child could do it; it is very monotonous, and presents difficulties in the way of obtaining permanent employment.

Basket-making is being thoroughly well taught to French blinded soldiers. Cobbling, which was introduced as the result of its success at St. Dunstan's, has greatly improved since my last visit; and at one place several men were doing excellent work in cask-making, a trade particularly suitable for French blinded men, as a cask-maker is as commonly found a craftsman in French wine-growing districts as a blacksmith.

A new establishment has been started in Paris, at which are accommodated officers, non-commissioned officers and men who were engaged in intellectual



pursuits before they were wounded. The establishment is financed by the American effort, which was founded by Mr. and Mrs. George A. Kessler, and for which Sgt.-Mjr. Middlemiss, of St. Dunstan's, spoke throughout the United States. It is a delightful place, but the range of work there is, from the St. Dunstan's point of view, restricted, amounting to little more than Braille, Typewriting and Machine-Knitting, an occupation which, as I have told St. Dunstan's, I think should be left to blind girls, and which does not seem quite the thing for an able-bodied man to pass his life in. Instruction is also being given here with a view to enabling officers and men to return to commercial life, and great success is hoped for in this direction.

The blinded soldiers of France are scattered over the whole country, many establishments for them containing only from ten to twenty men. It is naturally impossible to provide such a variety of either instruction or amusements for these small numbers, as we are able to offer at St. Dunstan's, and the difficulties are increased by the number of societies and agencies which have been formed to care for the men who have lost their sight in the war. There are to my knowledge twenty-seven of these, and there may be more. The question is also very greatly complicated by the difficulties which exist in France in the matter of providing sufficient funds to enable the blinded soldiers to be thoroughly well trained and looked after. So far as I can gather considerably less than half the Frenchmen who have lost their sight at the war have been, or are being, trained. There is no general attempt at a scheme of After-Care in France, though in the case of some establishments it is hoped that it may be possible to make arrangements in regard

to this. I came back, as I did last year, with a feeling of great pride in St. Dunstan's, and of renewed thankfulness that it had been possible to make our arrangements upon a widespread and thorough basis.

While in France I had some long talks with General Bradley, who is responsible for all that concerns the welfare of American wounded soldiers, and with his principal assistant. I do not know that I am at liberty to detail in print the arrangements which have been made for the welfare of Americans who may lose their sight, but you will, I know, be glad to gather that these are on a thoroughly satisfactory basis, and that American soldiers who are blinded at the Front will be able to look forward to their future with every hope and confidence.

I have made arrangements which will, I think, prove to be satisfactory with regard to the care while in hospital of those of our fellows who may be blinded in the Italian campaign.

With great regret I record the resignations of Miss Hughes, who has occupied the position of Matron at St. Dunstan's for eighteen months, and of Mrs. Craven, who, after a period of service as Assistant-Matron at St. Dunstan's, has been Matron of the Bungalow Annexe since it was started.

The many old St. Dunstanners who have affectionate remembrances of Miss Hughes will learn with regret that she has been obliged to resign owing to a threatened breakdown in health. I hope that when she has had a sufficient rest to enable her health to re-establish itself she will become an important member of our visiting staff.



Miss Hughes' place will be taken on February 3rd by Mrs. Holland, who acted for some time as Assistant Matron, and who will, I feel sure, secure the respect and affection of Staff and men alike.

Mrs. Craven's resignation is, owing to the fact that she feels that in the present crisis she should return to duties near the Front, of the important nature in which she was engaged before she joined the staff of St. Dunstan's.

The good wishes of all, past and present, St. Dunstanners will, I am sure, be extended to these ladies who have worked so hard and so unselfishly for their welfare.

All of you will have heard of the appalling catastrophe at Halifax, Nova Scotia, which resulted from the explosion of more than four thousand tons of high explosives in Halifax Harbour. I was very shocked to learn the other day from Canada that among the victims of the explosion no fewer than two hundred and fifty were totally blinded. This is about five times the number of Canadian soldiers who have at present been blinded at the Front. The reason for the appalling number of cases of blindness is given me in these words by Captain Baker, a Canadian officer who was at St. Dunstan's—"A first small explosion brought many to the windows out of curiosity, and then the second explosion shattered the panes of glass in their faces. You see, when glass is blown in like that it breaks in the middle as if pushed against with the hand and then flies in slim triangular slivers with some force." From another source I gather that at least two hundred of these victims are children, and it is feared that beyond the two hundred and fifty per-

sons who are reported as definitely blinded a large number more will eventually lose their sight as the result of injuries to their eyes.

I have had some quite amusing instances lately sent me by fellows who have left St. Dunstan's of the way in which well-meaning but thoughtless folk try to help a blind man. Most of you, I expect, have come across a good deal of this kind of thing and have felt, as I often have, that it puts a considerable strain upon the temper. However, one, I think, should always remember that these misplaced efforts at assistance are well meant, and should be treated with every courtesy. Three winters ago I used often to have a week-end swim in the Hove Baths, which are now closed. The attendant there was a nice fellow, who always looked after me very carefully. When my swim was over, and I approached the steps to get out, he was usually at the top of them, with the greeting, "There you are, sir. Four steps, one, two, three, four. Now you are at the top, sir." Then he would pilot me to my dressing cabin, and open the door with the remark, "There's your cabin, sir. Clothes hanging on the right, looking-glass on the left." The curiously thoughtless state of mind which lead him to suppose that a person who was unable either to see the steps or count up to four could avail himself of the services of a looking-glass always struck me as making a very comical combination. You have no doubt also found, as I have, that people are very apt to warn one of things which do not matter in the least, while leaving one totally unwarned of things which matter a great deal. I remember very well an instance of this which happened soon after my sight finally went. I was dining at a house in which the drawing-room was on the first floor, and the dining-room on the ground floor. My hostess escorted



me downstairs to dinner, and as we approached the drawing-room door said, "Now, be very careful, you are just coming to a mat." The mat in question was a very thin, carpety affair which would really have required quite a lot of finding. She then led me straight off the top of the stairs without a word of warning, and had I not been following my usual practice of keeping my shoulders well back when I am not sure of my position in regard to steps, we should certainly have both gone down stairs with more speed than dignity. That tip about holding yourself more than upright when steps may be about is one worth remembering. If you come suddenly on to steps and are leaning the least little bit forward the alteration in your centre of gravity caused by the stumble will be very apt to plunge you down headlong, while if you are leaning ever so little backwards a catastrophe will, I think, be always averted.

I have been very pleased lately to hear several comments from visitors to St. Dunstan's as to the smart and tidy appearance of the men. People seem very generally apt to think that if one is blind one must naturally be untidy, and this idea is no doubt brought about by the fact that a great many folks who cannot see get into dreadfully slovenly habits in the matter of their clothes and personal appearance. I attach the greatest importance to tidiness and smartness. A blind person who is untidy always looks unnormal, while a smartly turned out blind man removes to a great extent any impression which may exist as to his being unlike the majority of his fellows. It is very easy to be tidy, and I am glad that St. Dunstanners as a whole seem to agree with me as to the importance of looking carefully after themselves in this respect.

## Departments.

### POULTRY FARM NEWS.

Mr. Guttridge, who used to act as assistant instructor to Mr. Playfoot, has taken Mr. Bushall's place as visitor, and has charge of the North and the Midlands. Mr. Varney is looking after the South as before.

The food allowance has now been stopped. We are offering Canadian clipped oats and laying meal both at 21/- per cwt., carriage paid. Judging from the amount of orders I have had this arrangement seems to be very popular. We have a number of enquiries for maize, but for the present we cannot supply it as it is quite unobtainable. We have, however, certain stocks of chick feed, and can supply this instead.

The Integral Propeller Company have very kindly offered us fine hard wood shavings for litter. We have already got some in use, and find it excellent in every way. This can be had on application to me, but owing to the present difficulties in transport and storage, there may be considerable delay in dealing with a large number of orders.

A lot of boys seem to find difficulty in getting oil. I have managed to get some in five gallon drums, price 2/1 per gallon.

I am very sorry that the delivery of the Rabbit Outfit has been somewhat delayed. I have some creosote on order and hope to be able to send all hutches out very shortly. The stock, too, is ready.

I hear that Mrs. Megson and Mrs. Gilhooly are very comfortable at Mrs. Rawson's Farm at Meopham, and in spite of bad weather are gleaning a lot of useful information.

I am making arrangements to supply all poultry farmers with a collection of garden seeds. In future they will be included in the outfit.

A full résumé of Miss Rawson's lecture of December 7th on gardening may be had on application to Mr. Anderton at St. Dunstan's.

We have to thank Mr. Morris for the gift of a fine Buff Orpington cockerel and three hens.

The following boys are at present at King's Langley: Gilhooly, Blaney, Hudman and Coulson.

We have sent out a lot of cockerels this month, the breeds including White Wyandottes, Light Sussex, Rhode Island Reds, etc.

#### NEW IDEAS FROM THE NETTING ROOM.

The increase in our numbers since Christmas is a great satisfaction to us because we are so glad that netting as an industry steadily grows more and more popular.

The new term gives opportunity for a new kind of work, and we are turning our attention towards assisting gardeners in their task of increasing home-grown food by decreasing the difficulties of its production. We want to make it

widely known that peas and scarlet runners do excellently on nets instead of the old-fashioned faggots, the labour and cost of which are considerable. Sweet peas can be grown in the same way, and we are also making ground seed-protecting nets, to take the place of the wire protectors, which are now hardly procurable. Will all who are interested write to the Netting Room for particulars as to cost and size? And will our visitors be sure to look out for our very decorative nets which advertise themselves in our workroom?

—G. H. W.

#### MESSAGE NOTES.

The positions gained by the entrants for the recent examination held by the Incorporated Society for Trained Masseurs are as follows:—McDougall, Distinction, 2nd place in all England; Best, Crawford, Havens, King, Stacey, Webb, and Westwick, above 65 per cent.; Howel, Lloyd, and Peto, below 65 per cent.

To gain distinction the candidate must show a good all-round standard of proficiency and gain 75 per cent. of marks in all subjects.

With the exception of Messrs. King and Peto who both have to return to hospital for small operations, all the above men have obtained positions where they can use their skill and knowledge in alleviating the troubles of their wounded brother soldiers.

We are very gratified at the way the new message classes at St. Dunstan's have settled down to their work since their return from the Christmas holidays. If they continue with their work in the same spirit they now show they

promise to turn out as well as any class which has left us before.

Early in February a preliminary examination will be arranged by Mrs. Brighurst in the Massage School at St. Dunstan's for the men now studying at the National Institute for the Blind. This examination is to decide which of them is to be definitely trained for the I.S.T.M. examination in June. To qualify for this each man has to gain a certain percentage of marks on the work done.

McDougall, who when he returns home is taking up a position as massage instructor to the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, has Sir Arthur's permission to gain experience in teaching by assisting in the tuition of students in all stages of progress, both at St. Dunstan's and at the National Institute for the Blind.

—F. G. B.

#### BRAILLE NOTES.

*Results of Recent Tests.*—Owing to the interruption of the Christmas holidays there are naturally very few Tests to report, the results of last term's Writing Test have only just reached us in time to publish this month. We congratulate the following men:—

*Writing Test.*—T. Tulley, S. Webster, C. G. Williams, W. Collins, S. Monnery, Vaughan Russell, and A. Rees.

*Reading Test.*—K. C. Gattrell, H. Price, H. Myford and G. W. Lovett.

A *Special Mention* must be made of H. Nelson on having successfully passed the Braille Writing Test of the National Library for the Blind, which is considerably longer than that of the National Institute and the examiners are stricter

since it is a qualification of proficiency for transcribing books. For several months Nelson has been a voracious reader and the Braille Room is more than proud of his success.

We are glad to be able to say that Sir Arthur Pearson has arranged that any Braille magazine or newspaper published by the National Institute for the Blind can be sent gratis and post free to the men after they have left. Will they apply to Mr. Ian Fraser, of the After-Care Department, or if it should be more convenient give in their names in the Braille Office and say which newspaper and magazine they would like.

Will men just before leaving St. Dunstan's for good, come and fetch their Braille writing machines from Miss Pain, as they ought to be carefully treated and it is better for them to be carried than sent through the post.

—D. P.

#### TYPEWRITING NOTES.

We are pleased to report that Ashton, who was trained here as a telephonist with a knowledge of shorthand, has obtained an excellent position as telephonist with a firm in the North-West of London. He has made a good beginning, and should do well.

We congratulate the following men on having passed their test, and especially Sergeant Eames, who has only one arm: Henderson, Finch, Marrison, Dunwoodie, Wood, Cackett, Cubitt, Gobourn, Doubler, Sergeant Eames, Burt, Giles, L. C. Turner, Boyce, Collyer, Pink, Fuller, Usher, Diamond, Mathews, Negus, Rees.

—E. McL.

### St. Dunstan's Gossip

THERE are now 518 blinded soldiers being trained in various occupations at St. Dunstan's, in addition to the many hundreds who have left to pursue their different callings in their own homes.

It is with sincere regret that we said good-bye to Miss Cresswell, who has so ably performed Mrs. Holland's duties during the latter's enforced absence. We wish her good luck in the important post she has accepted in France, as Unit Superintendent of a V.A.D. Hostel of the 2nd General Hospital, Havre.

The St. Dunstan's Rag-time Band and the Glee Party continue to keep in the limelight. They had a most successful time at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, on Wednesday, January 16th, at the concert organised by the London and Provincial Retail Newsagents, Stationers, and Booksellers' Association.

The Band and Glee Party each appeared on the platform several times, and were given a great reception. The manner in which the big drum was played caused much amusement amongst the audience, who very quickly grasped the fact that St. Dunstanners were not such a gloomy lot as they had expected to meet. They heartily acquiesced with the President of the Association when he stated that the evening's performance was an eye-opener in every respect.

Mr. Kessell was chairman for the evening, and in his address he related exactly what happens at St. Dunstan's, and the provision which is being made for the future welfare of St. Dunstanners. Miss Bald conducted the band and singers.

Mrs. Newman, the very able assistant housekeeper at St. Dunstan's, came back

for a few weeks after Christmas, but has now left for the Canadian Canteen in connection with the Canadian Hospital at Orpington.

The string cupboard is now becoming very enterprising, and many new ideas have been introduced. One can now buy fancy bags made of many different coloured silks and covered in gold and silver tinsel, trimmed with roses, fur, or anything one fancies. The silk bag itself is made by blind girls at the National Institute for the Blind, and the tinsel coverings are made by the St. Dunstan's men. Two sizes are sold, the small one being eminently suitable for a powder puff. Sponge bags, too, are being made, as well as children's sets of caps, scarves, and muffs, different kinds of yarn, silk, or wool being used.

The number of officers has increased very largely this year. They live in two commodious houses in Portland Place, or in flats near St. Dunstan's, and come up every morning to learn braille, typewriting, or shorthand, the afternoons being spent in the workshop, poultry farm, or in studying law, history, or modern languages, while music and singing are tackled by those whose tastes lie in those directions. Captain Harris is one of the leading members of the St. Dunstan's Rag-time Band, his skill at the euphonium being well known to all who are interested in this enterprising troop of music makers. Our latest guest is M. Henri Brassac, a French officer who lost his sight in Champagne.

The Rev. H. M. Porter has again written a very delightful novel, the profits of which he will generously devote to the work at St. Dunstan's. This little book is called "The Bishop's Unbending," and is very charming, both by its literary style as well as by its most interesting plot, the characterisation of

### The Settlement Department

*Experiments in New Industries for Blinded Soldiers.*

In last month's Notes I mentioned that we were looking into the possibilities of one or two new trades, and arrangements having now been completed, three men—Broughan, Doubler and Marsh—have already made a start on doll-making in a new factory established in Liverpool. This trade has hitherto been almost exclusively in the hands of the Germans, but a bold bid is now being made to capture it sufficiently, at any rate, to cater for the needs of the English market. There can be no doubt as to the demand—orders for many thousands of pounds' worth being at present in hand at the two previously established factories of the same owner. Very comfortable living quarters have been arranged for within a few minutes' walk of the factory, and I trust the new venture will supply an opening for more men later on if those doing the pioneer work find it satisfactory and they are, in turn, considered suitable for it.

The second trade alluded to, which comprises the winding of armatures for electrical instruments and appliances, is for the moment in abeyance, as we are awaiting from New York some further information regarding the degree of success attained there as a result of a similar experiment, and if this is encouraging, as we have hopes it will be, facilities have been afforded us by perhaps the largest electrical firm in this country to visit their factories and determine what branches of the winding, etc., can be successfully undertaken by blind workers.

Quite the large majority of men who left at Christmas have made a start in their new or old surroundings, and for the most part their outfits got through very well indeed, considering the extra

the story being excellent. This is, I understand, the second book of which this clever writer has devoted the proceeds to St. Dunstan's, and everyone who has read it feels sure that this new work from his pen will prove as successful as any of the previous books.

Just before St. Dunstan's broke up for the Christmas holidays the Shorthand Teachers gave a most delightful tea and entertainment to their pupils and friends in the Typewriting Rooms. Corporal Mackintosh was appointed M.C., and fulfilled the functions so adroitly that every direction he gave was easily understood and promptly acted upon. Miss Wood and Miss Stanley sang, and several of the boys performed. After the concert there was a splendid supper followed by more singing and dancing. Altogether, as everybody declared, it was a thoroughly happy and enjoyable evening, much appreciated by everybody.

### "Braille,"

SIX little dots, this is the key  
To the literary world of those who  
can't see.  
These six little dots, though they don't  
seem much,  
Enable the blind to see by their touch.  
Reading and writing, to those who can't  
see,  
Means such a lot, you all must agree.  
This system of signs is a great consolation,  
And opens the way to the Blind's education.  
A page of these dots forms fantastic  
designs,  
Hindustani to those unlearned in these  
signs.  
The learning of which turns the students  
pale,  
But once it is learned, they thank Louis  
Braille.

A. M. NICHOLLS.



restrictions imposed by the season's traffic. There is a tendency on the part of the men to want to leave in batches—usually at the end of a month. This from the man's point of view is a mistake, as there is more possibility of one outfit being dispatched quickly than when three or four are sent at a time; our busy packing staff can give it more individual attention and the carriers and railways will accept it more readily.

Another batch of Colonial friends in the persons of Blackett, Corboy, Kellogg and Mullin are under sailing orders and will in all probability be well under way before the REVIEW is published. The goodwill of a large circle of friends and acquaintances will go with them and wish them God-speed and *bon voyage* on their return journey to Australia.

—H. D. B.

### A Perfect Day.

WHAT shall we ask when we reach the end,  
The end of a perfect day.  
Shall we ask the gods that they should send  
Such perfect bliss away.  
Shall we ask them to send us such perfect bliss  
The sunshine all the while,  
For the gentle touch of a maid's first kiss  
And the lovelight in her smile.  
Shall we ask the gods for a mem'ry dear,  
The memory of a friend  
Whom we hope to meet with a conscience clear  
When we near the journey's end.  
Shall we ask them to give us that loving heart  
For ever and alway,  
A mate from whom we should never part  
At the end of a perfect Day.  
—Third Reserve.

### After Care Department

#### THE MOVE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S.

OWING to the growth in the number of men who have left St. Dunstan's and have started work on their own, and in order to bring the staffs of the Settlement and After-Care Departments in closer touch with each other, the latter has been moved to new offices in the grounds of the Hostel. New buildings have been put up near the Settlement offices, and from here all the work connected with the distribution of raw materials and the purchase of finished articles from the men will be done.

The shop in Great Portland Street and its branches will continue to sell those goods which cannot be disposed of locally, but will enter into no direct business with the men, who should communicate with this office on all matters relating to their work.

This arrangement which Sir Arthur has made for the bringing together of all those who are responsible for the training and After-Care will, I am sure, do a great deal towards making things for those who have left us run even more smoothly than they have done before.

#### GROWTH OF THE AFTER-CARE DEPARTMENT.

It is interesting to look back at the beginnings of the work of the After-Care Department, and to see how it has grown during its short life. When the first few men who were blinded in the war finished their training at St. Dunstan's, and set out to make their own ways in the world, a department was established to help them settle down and to look after their future welfare. About a year later the work had grown so



largely that a separate Settlement Department was started, the After-Care Branch being moved to 206, Great Portland Street, where a shop was opened to sell articles made by the men.

The move to St. Dunstan's marks another step in the history of the After-Care Department, which is destined to play such a large part in the future lives of the men who have lost their sight in this great struggle. There are, at the moment, some 380 men on the books of this department. Those of these who are engaged in cobbling, basket-making, mat-making, or joinery are supplied at cost price with the raw materials required for their work. In the case of those who are engaged in massage, shorthand-typing, telephony, etc., the department makes itself responsible for looking after their general welfare and assuring their continual employment, while the needs of those men whose occupation is poultry-farming are attended to by a special staff of poultry experts.

Each man is looked up at frequent intervals by staff visitors who report to Headquarters on his progress, while a further staff of skilled experts visit men in their homes and help them over any difficulties which they may encounter in their work.

We are thus able to keep in very close touch with a man, no matter what part of the country he lives in, and can extend to him many of the advantages which are enjoyed by men at St. Dunstan's, together with expert help and advice when it is needed.

#### NEWS OF MEN WHO HAVE LEFT ST. DUNSTAN'S.

As I was passing through Oxford after

my Christmas holiday, I looked up Spiers. He has a most comfortable shop, and is doing very well as a mat-maker. Plenty of orders come his way, and everybody is pleased with his work. Mat-repairing is Spiers' speciality, and it has proved to be a very profitable one.

T. W. Groves lives just outside Oxford, at Botley. He was trained as a carpenter at St. Dunstan's, and is doing very well at that trade. He has started keeping poultry, too, and when I visited him was busy putting up a new pen for his birds.

I published news last month of two prizewinners in a basket competition at the Polytechnic. These were M. Lane, of Islington, first prize, and P. Brown, of Alton, third prize. I have since heard that the second prize was won by G. W. Rose, who is a very successful basket-maker in the Old Kent Road. Rose tells me that he has plenty of orders from people in his own locality, and that they all express themselves well satisfied with his work. We congratulate him on this, as well as on being one of the prizewinners.

T. W. Chamberlain also is making good progress as a basket-maker at Ferriby. He has a nice poultry farm as well as a few rabbits, and finds that he is quite able to look after his live-stock and make a good show with his baskets at the same time.

A. Smith has made a good start as a mat-maker at Hartlepool, and has already had a number of orders.

S. Letch, too, is going on well, and is now busy making a specially large mat for a mission hall at Hatfield Peveril.





H. Gardiner, who left us in May, 1917, has built up quite a good boot-repairing business in Walton, near Peterborough. His one difficulty seems to be that the amount of work which comes in each week varies so much. This affords yet another proof of the soundness of the Chief's advice that mat-making be learned to fall back on when boot repairs are slack.

R. W. Horsley and his wife are very happily settled in Market Drayton. I get good news of his business, and we are receiving a number of well-made hammocks and other netted articles from him.

There are now quite a number of our telephonists at work in business houses in different parts of the British Isles. They are all of them giving every satisfaction to their employers, and I feel sure that there will be many more openings for this class of work in the future. C. Temperton is the latest of these men from whom I have heard. He is working excellently in Hull, and is as pleased with his work as his employers are.

I have just had a splendid letter from Harry Cook, who left us in December, 1916, to take up work as a masseur at the Alder Hey Orthopaedic Hospital, Liverpool. He has made excellent progress, and has lately been promoted Section Commander, which, besides showing his skill as a masseur, makes a considerable difference to his salary. Cook sends me good news also of other St. Dunstaners, Colley, Gray and Pugh, who are working with him. The hospital authorities are delighted with their work and are asking for three more blinded soldier masseurs.

I am publishing an extract from a letter received from F. G. Braithwaite, of

Guildford. "I think it might interest you to know that with the aid of the Braille scale I am able to fill in all my cheques and trade post-cards on my typewriter. My bill-heads, too, are so printed that they can be treated in the same way. These are, after all, only details, but they do lead to greater independence in business." I have never before heard of a blind man making out cheques with a typewriter, and think it is very enterprising of Braithwaite to do things for himself in this way.

Independence is the goal we must all aim at, and it is only by rigidly cultivating it in every-day life that we will ever approach it. It is an absorbingly interesting study, and the overcoming of little difficulties like these demand a great deal of perseverance, ingenuity and resourcefulness. Men who have left St. Dunstan's show over and over again that they possess these qualities in a very high degree, and that they are regaining their lost independence every day. St. Dunstan's can indeed be proud of its old boys. —I. F.

### Births.

Leonard, W., son, 4.11.17.  
Horsnell, W., son, 7.11.17.  
Kerr, J. W., daughter, 12.12.17.  
Wall, T., daughter, 12.12.17.  
Tomlinson, Sgt., son, 10.12.17.  
Baek, A. W., daughter, 23.12.17.  
Purchase, E., daughter, 23.12.17.  
Kitson, A., son, 21.1.18.

### Deaths.

Willecocks, W. H., 27.12.17.  
Cooper, Sgt. J., 14.1.18.



## Marriages

J. Owens, who left St. Dunstan's in April, 1916, and settled down as a mat-maker at New Milns, was married on December 21st.

On December 29th at the Church of All Saints, Rickling, by the Rev. R. C. Earle, Walter James Woodcock (the Colledge) to Ada Ruth Dennison.

## Church Notes

IN accordance with the demands of the police, it became necessary to darken the east window. This was done temporarily by stippling, but the window being in such a conspicuous position, this had a very ugly effect. The advice of architects was sought, and all said there was no other way of darkening the window except by using stained glass. Mr. Charles Powell, a well-known worker in stained glass, kindly offered to put in a window for St. Dunstan's at less than half the usual price. The result of his work is both effective and beautiful. The central panel is the Good Shepherd. There is also a panel of Alban—soldier and martyr—and another of Elizabeth—saint and nurse. Thus the window honours both the men and the Matron, Sisters and V.A.D.'s. It was unveiled on Sunday, January 20th, by Mr. Tucker, in the regrettable absence of the Hon. Chaplain, the Rev. E. N. Sharpe. Mr. Tucker described the window and preached on the central panel.

The window will, when no longer needed at St. Dunstan's, be placed as a permanent memorial in Holy Trinity Church, Marylebone, of which the Hon. Chaplain is Rector.

Sister Cope, who was in charge of the dispensary at the Colledge, has given to

the Chapel a beautiful brass reflecting electric shade, in memory of her sister who died as the result of injuries received during a raid.

Owing to the exigencies of the times, the choir stalls, which have been most kindly and generously subscribed for by the teachers and members of the staff as a Christmas gift, are not yet in place. An excellent design is in hand, and we hope that they will be fixed before long. A complete list of subscribers will be found on the Chapel notice board.

A confirmation is to be held on March 20th at Holy Trinity Church. The Chaplain will be very glad to hear of any willing to consider this matter.

On Sunday, February 10th, at 10 a.m., the Rev. F. H. Gillingham, M.C., is preaching.

The Choir is still going strong, and we are glad to welcome Harding, Robins, Peckham, Gattrell and Kerr as new members.

On Sunday morning, February 3rd, at the 10 o'clock service, the combined choirs hope to render a programme of music, and later in the month to make a big venture at Stainer's Crucifixion.

An interesting collection was made at the 10 o'clock communion on January 27th. It was for the Bishop in Jerusalem's Relief Fund. Our successes have made this fund very necessary, for amongst the needy people are unfortunately many blind. Collections are always taken at the Service of Holy Communion, and not at any others. Details of the amounts may always be seen in the Chapel dug-out.

Our beautiful alms bags were made by Mrs. Wintour, well known to most of the men living at St. Dunstan's.

—L. G. T.



## CATHOLIC CHAPEL NOTES.

It may interest those men who have left St. Dunstan's, as well as the men here, to know a few details about the new Chapel. The size is 42 feet by 22 feet, the Sanctuary being 10 feet in depth. The Altar and its fittings, and the pedestal, with the statues of Our Lady and S. Dunstan, which have been moved there, were in the old Chapel. The "Stations of the Cross" have been erected along the end wall facing the altar, so that those who wish to make the "Way of the Cross" may do so without knocking against any obstacle. Around the walls are statues of saints on oak brackets. The first one on the Epistle side near the entrance door, is S. Anthony of Padua (most of you know the story of S. Anthony's Bread), the next is S. Peter, Prince of the Apostles, and the last on this side S. Joseph, the foster father of our Lord. On the Gospel side, beginning at the bottom of the Chapel, is S. Edward the Confessor, whose body lies in a shrine at the old Benedictine Abbey of Westminster. Next is S. Patrick, the Patron and Apostle of Ireland, then the Sacred Heart, and just inside the altar rails a larger statue of S. George the Patron Saint of England. In older days the battle cry of the English Army was "For God, Our Lady and S. George." Later it is proposed to add to the series S. Andrew, Patron of Scotland, and the soldier Saints, Alban and Martin.

The Catholic officers and men of H.M.S. *Dublin* sent a donation to purchase a large statue to be placed between the two small windows at the end of the Chapel; probably it will be S. Michael. There is a Rood-beam, with oak crucifix and figures of Our Lady and S. John. Please remember in your prayers all those who have helped to make the Chapel so beautiful and devotional.

The time for fulfilling the Easter duties extends from Ash Wednesday (February 13th) to Low Sunday (April 7th). This law of the church is binding on all Catholics. May it be fulfilled by all at St. Dunstan's. P. H.

## Music at St. Dunstan's

THE Ragtime Band is very glad to have a new cornet player—Purkis, from the College. It is wonderful how he manages to play so well, using one hand only,—and he promises to be a great addition to the band.

Gibbons and Alphonse van den Bosch (piano and cornet) played together very often for the dancers at West House during the Christmas holidays. Their efforts were much appreciated by all.

At a concert on the 10th January, Miss Carrie Tubb remarked "What a splendid audience the St. Dunstan's men are." This is a great compliment from such a famous singer, as a really appreciative and responsive audience is a great help to the performers, more so than is generally recognised.

So when a singer calls for a chorus at one of our concerts, let us all join in with a fine swing and rhythm. Chorus singing is made a great feature in the American army. I am told that each company has its official song leaders.

On Saturday, January 19th, a company of the boys from the College took part in a concert at the Allison Hall, Haringay, in aid of the Queen's Hospital for Children at Hackney. Sergeant Eames, Oxenham, Mackie (in comic songs, which were highly appreciated), and Prentie in his inimitable Scotch stories and songs, who, together with Hamilton—one of the best story-tellers in St. Dunstan's at the present moment



—all won golden opinions from a very large audience. After the concert the men were entertained to a tea and a sing-song under the hall, a very enjoyable evening being spent.

(Will all teachers of pianoforte, singing, etc., please note that no engagements should be accepted for any St. Dunstan's men without first referring the matter to Miss Bald. Ed.)

## Entertainment Notes

MISS CARRIE TUBB set the pace for concerts with her party on January 10th, the first one after the Christmas holiday. The programme contained such an array of talent that it will take us all our time to keep up to the same standard.

Miss Tubb sang "The Splendour of Them All," a title which might very well be applied to her singing of it, together with several other solos.

With Miss Gertrude Higgs she sang "In the Springtime" and "When at Night I go to Sleep," the voices blending so beautifully that at times it was difficult to distinguish which of the ladies was singing.

Mr. Joe Scotland did a lot of work. He couldn't do too much, and he enjoyed it as much as the audience. He described "Finnigan's Ball" when that excellent Irishman "ate twenty-seven buns, but he could not eat another because his programme was so full up," and from his racy description of the foregoing function he went right off into song. Mr. Scotland has a fine voice, and he let it go full tilt in "The Floral Dance," which describes the good old times and romps which take place down

at Helston in Cornwall each year on the 8th of May. Having been born a dozen miles west of that town, and knowing something of "Furry Day," as they call it, I felt quite at home during the singing of the song.

He told a lot of funny stories at which everybody laughed. I thought a good one was that about Cassidy, who had to join up. He preferred the Mounted Guards, and in due course entered upon his training. A big horse about seventeen hands was brought to him. Cassidy thought it looked seventeen feet, and said so. However, he mounted. Then the fun began, and Cassidy had all his work cut out to keep his seat. Finally the horse kicked Cassidy's feet out of the stirrups, and got one of his hind hoofs entangled through the stirrup-iron. Cassidy gazed at it, and think-in matters had proceeded a bit too far, exclaimed, "Look here, if you're going to get up, I'm going to get down."

Mr. Nelson Jackson, too, had some good stories, one of which was to the effect that a certain provincial Irishman visited a town one day, and a watercart passed just as he got out of the station. Being of a somewhat officious nature, he followed the cart up and down for about ten minutes, until his anger got the better of him, and he shouted to the driver, "Hi! come off that box. I thought at first it was leaking, but now I know you are doing it on purpose."

Mr. Jackson's songs took the fancy of the audience. They all went with a swing, and what the boys didn't know they soon picked up and were able to join in.

Miss Lucy Nuttall's rich contralto voice in the song, "Home Along," and



her encores, was wonderful; Miss Cornelia Coe gave some charming little dialect recitations, and the piano accompaniment throughout the evening by Mr. H. Samuel was a very important portion of the entertainment.

The weather was abominable on the 17th January—frost, snow, rain and slush—just one thing after the other, but Mr. Robert Dawson had promised to bring a party of first-class entertainers, and with one or two exceptions, they overcame all the unpleasant difficulties, and the unanimous verdict was “a ripping concert.”

Mr. George Bolton at the piano sang a lot of rot, but he did it in such a clever and funny way that everybody rocked with laughter.

For instance, it is not necessary to possess any great intelligence to enable one to describe the following verse as doggerel of a very low standard, and yet as presented by Mr. Bolton with music accompaniment, it was a most astonishing mirth producer:—

I've got a story that must be told,

Your lamb is turned into mutton cold,  
Courage at heart and cap in hand,

I kneel at your feet and ask for your hand.

There were many other verses of equal merit in the story, each one having a similar effect on the audience.

He followed with an imitation of an asthmatical lady, who would persist in singing at a village concert. She seemed to get through the verses all right, but the chorus required a peculiar intake of breath, and the result was so screamingly absurd that suppressed laughter was going on the whole time, and I must confess that I had a little bit of pain in the side myself.

“When you come home,” sung by

Miss Lucy Weston, who accompanied herself on the harp, was a charming item, and naturally a vociferous clamour for an encore was the result. She also sang two duets with Mr. Robert Dawson, who in turn told some exceedingly funny stories.

Miss Christina Hawkes is always a welcome visitor with her concertina, on which she played several selections. It is astonishing what a volume of sound this gifted lady is able to get out of a concertina. At times it sounded like a full-blown organ, and then trembled away into silence like Sullivan's “Lost Chord.”

E. K.

### Literary Competitions

THE winning competitor this month for an essay on “What is my idea of Happiness,” is awarded to Mr. Harry Green, to whom a postal order for 10s. has been sent.

“WHAT IS MY IDEA OF HAPPINESS?”

If I were asked to give my idea of happiness in one sentence I should give as answer, “Health, both in body and mind.” This is, I consider, the essential for happiness. But to explain further, let us take the first,—the health of the body. We all know the pleasures derived from outdoor sports, and the discontent that we feel when we cannot take part in them. To my mind the pleasure of training the body to its highest pitch is in itself very great. One is able to take part in any one of the many healthy pastimes that one may come across in one's journey through life. For instance, what is finer than getting thoroughly warmed up on a cold winter's day by a hard game of football, or gliding swiftly and lightly over an icebound lake or river, when the air is beautiful and fresh.

Now let us turn to the health



of the mind. When I speak of a healthy mind I do not mean an ultra-religious or moral one, but a clean, well-developed brain and a contented disposition. The chief aid to a contented mind is work of an interesting character. This gives the brain its full activity and does not allow it to become clogged or musty. A contented brain is like the engine of a great machine which, when once started, will continue humming in a steady, happy way, if it is kept well oiled and clean. With this also comes a sense of humour, which is, in itself, a great asset to one's happiness. By its aid the owner can derive the greatest amount of pleasure out of some of the smallest things. Then comes the cultivation of any natural talents that one may possess—art, music, and the like—talents which, when trained, can give the greatest amount of happiness to their owner. The memory can also give great pleasure to one if it is properly trained. It is very pleasing to note that the memory can be trained to forget such things as are distasteful to its owner. And now comes the training of will-power, the mainspring of our daily lives. This can be trained so as to make all things seem very easy and by no means so hard as they seem at first. He is indeed a very happy man whose will-power can allow him to meet the petty trials of everyday life with a cheery smile, and dispatch them with ease, and not allow them to upset his peace of mind. Therefore, with these facts, I say that the true secret to happiness is health in body and mind.

The winning Limerick, was by Sergeant Nicholl, to whom a P.O. for 5/- has been sent.

“Jones, who was recently married,  
Wishes this fate-thrust he'd parried,  
His wife who proved light,  
Was a devil to fight,  
So Jones to the doctor was carried.”

The Literary Competition next month will have for its subject, “The Funniest Incident in my Life at St. Dunstan's.” For the winning prize 10/- will be paid, and 2/6 for every paragraph from the other essays sent which we are able to use.

The subject for the Limerick Competition for February will be “Rations.” The prize for this will be 5/-.

### The Little Iron Shanty

THERE'S a little iron shanty in New Zealand's far far north,  
And oh, but I am longing to be there.

The contents of that shanty are not much in money's worth.

No furniture, no table, not a chair.

But I love my little shanty, and I'm longing to be there,

Though my table's made of boxes and a meat-case is my chair.

For the sun shines there so brightly, and the weather is so warm,

That I could walk about all day and not take any harm.

There's a lovely lump of garden where the vegetables grow,

And half a dozen fowl yards wherein the cocks do crow.

There's a little paddock also that grows more fern than grass,

But I've a fence around it that would keep in Baalam's ass.

Oh, take me to my old friends, the digger and the dog,

Away from this cold climate, away from London fog,

To the land of glorious sunshine and the beautiful Christmas tree,

And my little iron shanty hard by the Tasman Sea.

—Third Reserve.



## The Front Re-visited

By a lucky St. Dunstan.

IT does not come to many of us blind soldiers to have the luck to re-visit the battlefield, but such was the good fortune which came my way the week before Christmas. I was wounded away back in Gallipoli days, whose form of warfare was medieval in comparison with the scientific hell of the Western front. And so, both to satisfy my idle curiosity and to assist my work of editing the New Zealand troop paper, I was keen to get over to my division for as long as the gods of the War Office might be good enough to allow. With grave doubts I made the suggestion, and was correspondingly delighted and surprised when, with unusual alacrity, I was handed a pass for the war area from a Saturday to a Wednesday.

That Saturday morning, bright and brisk, found me a very elated trooper with innumerable warrants and passes, some luggage and an escort, seated comfortably in the staff train at Charing Cross. I do not know if all the St. Dunstan's boys would, in similar circumstances, feel as I did. When a fellow is doing service in the line, he swears that if he should ever get away he'll stop away as long as he can. But after a year or so away from the front a man finds he has forgotten the hard times, and comes to the conclusion that it was not so bad out there after all, and that his mates were a fine crowd of fellows. And so I looked forward with deep pleasure to a refreshing breath of the real thing, to hear the thunder of the guns again, and the whistle of the shells, to listen once more to the spasmodic bickering up at the line, and all that sort of thing. True, my pass announced in very firm military phrases that it expired four days later, and that it expected me to sign my name on its back that day and return it to the A.P.M., or

the M.L.O., or someone at Boulogne. It was also to be a very polite sort of visit. I was to have comfortable quarters, I was to be conducted to interesting spots where there was no danger, and so on. I had every right to be pleased, you say—four days only, and during that time, too, to be kept out of danger.

I spent two hours of the early afternoon on an out-bound leave packet. At first those around me talked cheerily about the various ways they had spent their fleeting hours in Blighty; but soon conversation lapsed. The sky had become overcast, the wind was raw and piercing, and the sea rolled in an unsatisfactory way, which made me long to hear of the loom of the French shore through the mist ahead. At last we entered the moles and manœuvred awkwardly to a difficult berth. Everyone swarmed ashore as if the boat was sinking, and we were seized upon by an officer who announced his intention of taking us up to the line. He pushed us hastily into the back of a large closed Daimler, jumped on the front seat, and off we went. The winter evening was already drawing in, and in the grey twilight we jolted through the busy streets, and were soon wandering up and down over rolling country, through pretty villages, and between long lines of bare trees. It grew dark, and still we rattled on, now through more level country with increasing traffic on the roads, which grew rougher. We overtook great toiling lorries, or passed them with a rattle and a roar. Sentries challenged us, sometimes with a Scottish burr, sometimes in a rural drawl hastened somewhat by an Army training. Occasionally we stopped to inquire the road, and I heard old, familiar names—St. Omer, Hazebrook, Poperinghe. Hour after hour we clattered through the darkness. I had wrapped myself up closely to keep warm, and was dozing, when my companion announced flares and intermittent gun-flashes ahead. The conduct officer on



the front seat commenced making inquiries as to the whereabouts of New Zealand Headquarters, but, getting little satisfaction from anyone, and being three times put on the wrong road, condemned New Zealanders generally in no uncertain term. Finally, in endeavouring to turn, our back wheels went off the pave into deep mud, and only revolved furiously when the clutch was let in. We disembarked, and stood ruefully by; but by good luck it turned out that we had come to a standstill only fifty yards from the General's bivvie.

My old Chief welcomed me warmly. He had been my brigadier at Anzac and in Egypt, when we had loved him more than most generals are loved. There were other friends of mine in the mess, and their cheery welcome made me thoroughly at home.

That night I went to sleep between the blankets in a wee hut. It was horribly cold, and there was always some patch of my anatomy which would not get warm. The little shanty shook intermittently to the various reverberations of the guns, crashes, er-rumps and booms. Sometimes in quieter moments I heard the unruffled buzz of aircraft overhead, and at others the crackling rattle of a machine-gun floated down from the line on the wind. Between the cold and the firing I did not sleep too well. In Gallipoli, at least it was warm.

The next four days, with various old comrades I wandered about the Ypres sector, coming across many places whose names I had heard mentioned in yarns of this battle-scarred locality. The General mentioned Birre Cross Roads and Hooze Crater as being discreet limits to my peregrinations. Shelling of communications and back areas had been constant and fairly heavy, and the General was not going to run any risks with me. Crowned with a tin hat and with a gas-bag slung across my shoulder, my chum and I passed accordingly up

the Menin Road to investigate the war. We paddled through the deep mud, inspecting sand-bagged elephant-lion shelters, gun positions, plank roads, duds and all sorts of things. Snow had commenced to fall and was growing thicker, but the war went on uninterrupted. Guns roared in various directions and sometimes barked furiously close at hand. Hun shells were dropping somewhere over to the right and about the same distance away on the left.

My mate described to me the desolate waste of water-logged shell craters, stretching away until veiled by the falling snow—the shattered trees, the levelled farmhouses—mere heaps of brick dust—the rising ridges in the foreground, the plank roads and the wreckage of war. Though softened a little, perhaps, by the falling snow, it was dreary, dismal and depressing. We turned our attention next to where about two hundred yards away, five-point-nines were dropping over a ridge. Men were scurrying for shelter. Then Fritz lengthened his range slightly. The crescendo note of each approaching shell revived in me that old feeling of uncertainty and speculation which one has on such occasions. Z-Z-Z-Z (where was it going) Z-Z-CR-R-RUMP. Then a black geyser of mud shot up from the morass, to come to ground again with a splutter. Further arrivals coming within fifty yards, my companion intimated that a change of scenery was desirable, and we moved to a limit more discreet than the General's. If it had been my desire that my visit should not be without a thrill, old Fritz could not have managed things better.

Together we explored the ramifications of the areas close behind the line, and I realised much better than I ever did before the huge scale and the trials of fighting in France. I navigated precipitous ladders into abysmal dug-outs and grovelled about labyrinths of tunnels. Water trickled depressingly, but



the fellows in the cabin-like apartments seemed cheerful and cosy. Ventilation was splendid, and altogether these holes seemed better than the small hatches or iron and sandbags which poked up out of the mud in the world above.

I investigated dressing-stations or dropped in to have a look at Y.M.C.A.'s which had taken up their abodes in shattered estaminets in ragged relics of villages. I asked silly questions of many, hailed lorries and rode on them, and generally made a thorough nuisance of myself. In old Anzac days we never had any visitors, so I don't quite know what is the soldiers' point of view of them, but I should imagine that they must be regarded in a light of pernicious and unnecessary evils. A visitor arrives from England, is brought up to headquarters, where, though he may think otherwise, he is housed very comfortably. He is discreetly shepherded round safe areas, has his leg thoroughly pulled by his conductors, and in forty-eight hours departs in a closed car, henceforth to be the authority on the war in his particular little part of the earth.

I spent one sharp and frosty evening among the pathetic ruins of Ypres, walking over the heaps of brick dust to which the three years' rain of shells has brought the old city, examining the torn remnants of the medieval ramparts, the moat and the Cloth Hall. The afterglow was just fading, flashing points of fire in the heavens told of enemy aircraft some distance behind our lines, the traffic of lorries, ambulances, limbers and fatigue parties passed busily along certain streets, and my mate and I stood on a mound of broken bricks and wondered what they would do with the whole show "après la guerre." It is so far the most historic spot of this war; decisive battles have waged round it; it is a monument of Canadian heroism, and the most striking memorial of Hun hate.

Many of the fellows came and spoke to

me. They said they were quite fed-up with Flanders, but seemed perfectly cheerful all the same. There was always the remembrance of a Blighty or a Paris leave, or the prospect of one to come.

Suddenly, at midday on my fourth day, my old friend the Conduct Officer from G.H.Q. appeared with his car, and announced his intention of taking me thereupon to Boulogne, whence I must depart at 4 p.m. I demurred, for it had been planned that on a leisurely wander-back in an N.Z. car I should lunch with General Godley, commanding the 2nd Anzac Army Corps. He was adamant; it must be done. I must be out of France by four o'clock. I parted regretfully with our General, who had been so kind to me, as he is to all of us; and soon the roar of artillery became indistinguishable from the rattling of the car as we sped south-westwards. Near St. Omer a spring broke, and I had renewed visions of a night in Boulogne with a friend of mine. It was not to be. Ignoring lunch, and determined that what seemed to him to be, at the moment, of the greatest national importance, my immediate export from the country, he set about unravelling sufficient red tape to requisition another car. My hopes rose as it neared three; but, alas! fell again when sharp on the hour he appeared with a sixty Rolls-Royce outside the restaurant where I had lunched. We were bundled in again, and in an open car were transported across a frozen, snow-covered country at sixty miles an hour. With half a minute to spare, our luggage and ourselves, chilled to the marrow, were deposited upon the deck of the Channel packet, and nine o'clock found us, weary and coughing, trying vainly to catch a taxi in the fog at Victoria.

I come back with a fuller realisation than ever of all that the war means and is, and the courage and endurance with which our fellows, no longer assisted by



the first romance and joyous enthusiasm of early days, stick the shells, the mud, the rain and all the horrible mechanical devices which science has brought into the war.

—C. N. M.

### Humorous Happenings

**T**HERE are always funny things happening around us if we only keep our eyes open for them. We will welcome little paragraphs like these from any of our readers. Type or write them on one side of the paper only, and we will pay 2s. 6d. for any we print.—Ed.

A good-looking fellow walked one day into a restaurant, which he knew very well. He cautiously found his way to the stairs leading down to the cloak room, and was descending these in the best St. Dunstan's style when he tripped up and finished the journey rather quicker than he had intended. He landed in the arms of a burly commissionaire whose duty it was to preserve the good name of the restaurant by persuading those who have dined too well to leave.

"Look here, sir," he said in a quiet voice, "this won't do here." "What the devil are you talking about?" replied the soldier; "I am blind." "Yes, I should think you was!" was the reply, "and I calls it disgusting at this time of day."

It is amazing to hear some of the curious remarks strangers make when they first come to St. Dunstan. This one is very common and shows how ignorant some people are: "This fellow looks as if he could see." "Yes," was the reply, "but as a matter of fact he has glass eyes." "Oh, that's lucky for him, he'll be quite all right when he gets used to them."

### Thomas

By a Pal.

**T**HOMAS is now one of my best pals. It took me some time to get to know him properly, but now that I do, I am never without him, and will never regret the day I first met him. I remember the occasion very well. It was at St. Dunstan's, and it was raining. Thomas had a mackintosh on; they told me he had his name on the front of it. This struck me as rather odd, but I was moving in strange times and was prepared for strange things. You don't know what an exciting place St. Dunstan's is when you pay your first visit there from Hospital. Bands, dancing, laughter—everyone bustling and everyone happy. I didn't know blind people could be happy or could dance, did you? I am getting away from my subject, and must tell you about Thomas.

"Here's Jones," said my guide. "He's yours, isn't he?" "Yes," replied another sweet feminine voice and I was duly handed over to her charge, and here I first met Thomas. "You see," she began—I couldn't, as a matter of fact, but it didn't strike me as a funny remark—"a strong frame, a ribbon, a carriage with invisible writing." This nuzzled me somewhat. I had a strong frame myself, and I had once met someone who had a ribbon. I knew a friend who had an aunt who drove about in a carriage, and I had read a fine story about invisible writing. But the combination of all these things baffled me. Q.W.E.R.T. . . . I was beginning to understand now. It did not take me long to get to know him thoroughly. I learnt all his funny ways, I wrestled with his ribbon, for I found that all Thomases have ribbons, at least all the ones I met. I began to understand the frame now; the mackintosh, the carriage, the in-



visible writing, and all the other problems began to unfold themselves.

Thomas has been with me for over a year now. He has never wanted anything, except a little drink of oil now and then, and once, I heard him asking for a new ribbon. He was talking rather sharply, and I guessed it must be that his ribbon was a bit worn out, so I got him another.

Thomas is my closest friend, he never makes mistakes, he knows and keeps all my secrets. "Thomas, my typewriter, I would not be without you for the world."

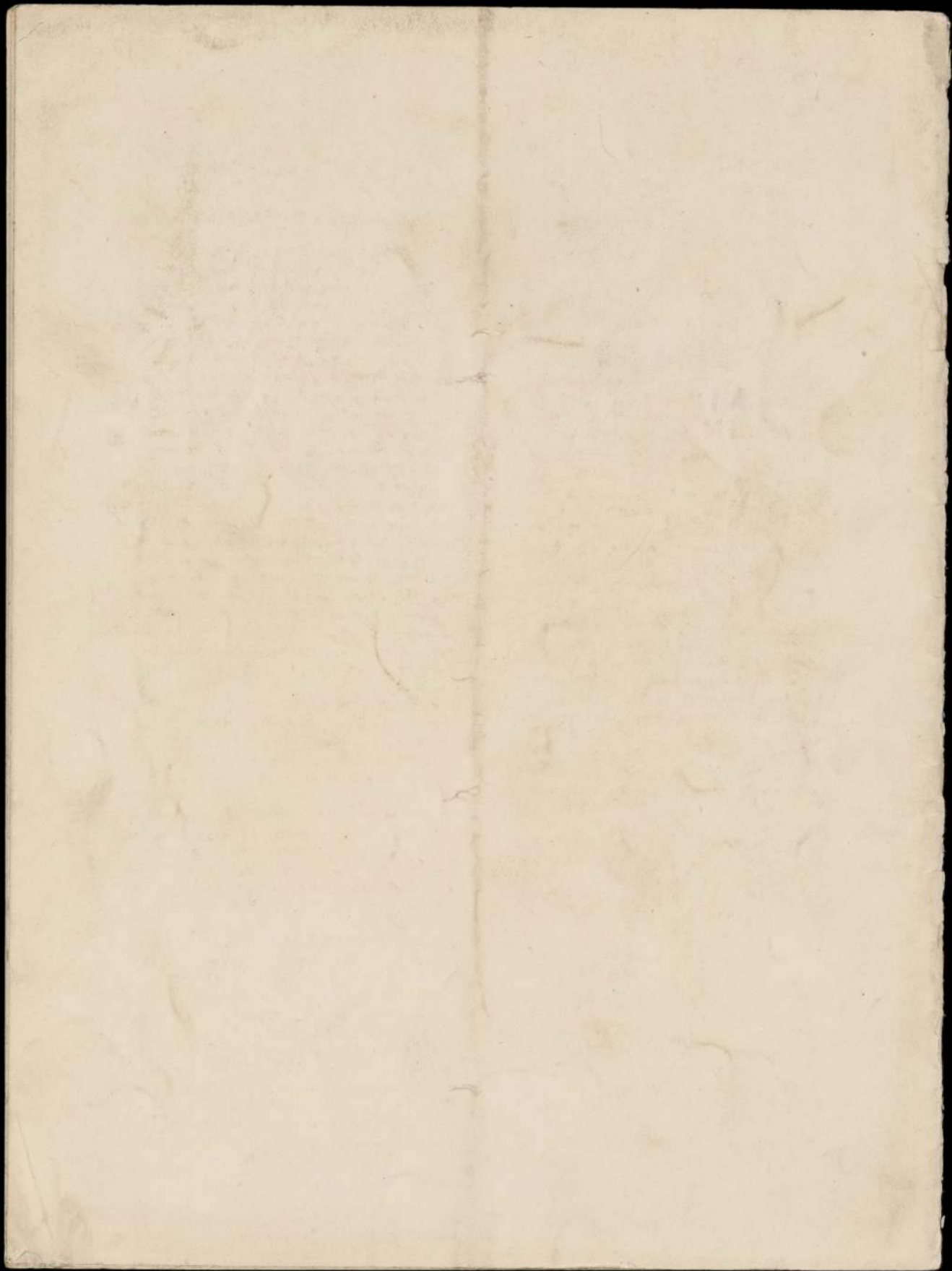
### Sports Notes

**P**HYSICAL exercises have recommenced, and newcomers are invited to come along and keep fit. The short spell of frost gave hope that skating might take place, but unfortunately the weather changed when the ice was almost bearable. Should the lake freeze sufficiently to allow of skating, application for the use of skates should be made to me.

If to-day's weather is indicative of what we may expect, rowing will commence very shortly.  
R. H. S.

### Newcomers in January

Atrell, Bdr. James	...	...	R.G.A., 90th Heavy Battery.
Blease, Private H.	...	...	12th Cheshires.
Brazier, Private S.	...	...	8th York and Lanes. Regiment.
Briggs, Private T. J.	...	...	4th York and Lanes. Regiment.
Britcliffe, Private S.	...	...	1/5 Lincolns.
Carlton, Lance-Corporal W. E.	...	...	11th Royal West Kents.
Chambers, Gunner S. A.	...	...	R.F.A., 179th Brigade.
Douel, Private F. W.	...	...	13th Gloucesters.
Edwards, Private S. H.	...	...	Grenadier Guards.
Gibbins, Private T. L. S.	...	...	10th Royal Warwicks.
Gray, Private A. T.	...	...	15th Middlesex Regiment.
Hackett, Corporal F.	...	...	8th Royal Fusiliers.
Hall, Private G. F.	...	...	30th General R.A.M.C.
Hallett, Sergt. A. R.	...	...	A.S.C.
Hammett, Gunner H. A.	...	...	R.F.A.
Johnson, Private E.	...	...	2/4 Royal Berks.
Lord, Private J.	...	...	23rd Kings Liverpools.
Morris, Private F. L.	...	...	19th A.I.F.
Muir, Sergt. J.	...	...	2nd K.O.S.B.
Nancarrow, Private C.	...	...	1st D.C.L.I.
Northcott, Private A.	...	...	6th York Regiment
Ollington, Private H.	...	...	1st East Surreys.
Sainty, Private P.	...	...	2/10th London Regiment.
Sephton, Private S.	...	...	3rd Royal Fusiliers.
Sime, Rifleman H.	...	...	2nd N.Z.R.B.
Summers, Private E. J.	...	...	Labour Company.
Triggs, Gunner J.	...	...	R.F.A.
Varley, Private S. E.	...	...	R.A.M.C.
Whitham, Gunner J. W.	...	...	R.F.A.
Worley, Lance-Corporal J.	...	...	7th Royal Berks.



# St. Dunstan's Address Book.

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## ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

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### ADDITIONS.

#### OFFICERS.

Lieut. Thomas, Flat 2, 106, Great Portland street, W. 1.

#### MEN.

Abbs, J. W., Moored, Stibbard, Norfolk. (Boots and Mats.)

Best, F. P., Ravenscourt, Chalkwell Park, West-cliff-on-Sea. (Massage.) (Tem.)

Bevans, E., 4, Wade's Grove, Winchmore Hill, N. (Boots and Mats.)

Branegan, J. H., 33, Cranbourne Terrace, Stockton-on-Tees, Co. Durham. (Mats and Nets.)

Broadbent, J. W., 26, Bertram Street, Burnbank, Lanarkshire. (Tem.) (Boots, Mats and Nets.)

Bundy, A. W., 155, Treadworth Road, Gloucester. (Boots.)

Cobble, A., 96, Cannon Street, Bury St. Edmunds. (Tem.) (Poultry.)

Colling, H., 15, Talma Road, Brixton, S.W. 2. (Tem.) (Poultry and Baskets.)

Cowen, S., 140, Nablay Street, Homerton, N.E. (Tem.) (Boots.)

Crawford, J., 16, Leaside Avenue, Muswell Hill, N.W. (Massage.)

Day, A., 84, Cardross Street, Hammersmith, W. (Tem.)

Duff, J., Park, Closeburn, Thornhill, Dumfriesshire. (Boots and Mats.)

Evans, E. D., 29, St. David Street, Carmarthen. (Tem.) (Boots and Mats.)

Exall, H. R., 60, Tooting Grove, Lower Tooting, S.W. (Tem.) (Poultry and Mats.)

Gill, C. E., 77, High Street, Teddington. (Boots and Netting.)

Greenwood, E. E., 4, Halifax Road, Chase-side, Enfield, Middlesex. (Poultry and Mats.)

Harriss, F. J., Rose Cottage, Great Burstead, Billericay, Essex. (Joinery and Poultry.)

Havens, F. G., Roynon, Cavendish Avenue, Finchley, N. (Massage.)

Howell, L., c.o. Mrs. Samuels, "Overbie," Hillington Park Circus, Cardonald, Glasgow. (Massage.)

Impey, A., 2, Bovay Place, Holloway, N. (Mats.)

Jobe, H., 18, Elton Place, Elton Street, Stoke Newington. (Baskets.)

King, L. R., 14, Sotheron Road, Watford, Herts. (Tem.) (Massage.)

Lewis, D., 10, Brook Street, Gwaun-Cae-Gurwen, Glam. (Tem.) (Boots and Mats.)

Lloyd, L. D., 32a, Crouch End Hill, Crouch End, N. (Massage.)

Maskell, P. T., 70, Harcourt Road, Stratford, E. (Boots.)

D. Melling, 22, Powell Street, Clayton, Manchester. (Poultry Farmer.)

Middlemiss, Sgt.-Mjr. R. Henley's Farm, Henham, nr. Bishop Stortford. (Poultry.)

Molloy, C., 98, Chapel Lane, Wigan. (Boots.)

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Osmond, A., 23, St. Mary Road, Washington, Co. Durham. (Boots and Mats.)

Peto, A. G., Drill Hall Cottage, Leatherhead, Surrey. (Tem.) (Massage.)

Pitt, G., 83, Richmond Street, Barton Hall, Bristol. (Tem.) (Boots.)

Price, W., 8, Lower Pulley, Payston Hill, Shrewsbury. (Poultry and Carpentry.)

Randall, H., 108, London Road, Croydon. (Carpentry.)

Read, W., Church Road, Beafeld, Framlingham, Suffolk. (Boots and Mats.)

Rhees, G., 48, Montifoir Street, Battersea, S.W. (Baskets.)

Roddy, G., 25, New Rows, Washington, Co. Durham. (Poultry and Temperance Stall.)

Rockard, G. W., 21, Vandyke Road, Leighton Buzzard. (Boots and Mats.)

Rowley, A., 115, Atkinson Bldgs., Howden Clough Road, Bruntcliffe, Morley, nr. Leeds, Yorks. (Mats and Nets.)

Russell, W., 142, Old Street, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancs. (Baskets.)

Sharplin, J. T., C.P.O., R.N., 243, Dale Street, Chatham. (Baskets.)

Stacey, G. C., 3, Tipperton Square, New North Road, Islington, N. (Tem.) (Massage.)

Walker, W., 124, Ifield Road, West Brompton, S.W. (Boots and Mats.)

Walton, W., Old Duke's Hotel, Briercliffe Road, Burnley. (Boots and Mats.)

Webb, L. F., c.o. Mrs. Samuels, "Overbie," Hillington Park Circus, Cardonald, Glasgow (Massage.)

Westwick, M. C., 61, St. George's Road, Warwick Square, S.W. 1. (Tem.) (Massage.)

White, H., 122, Southbridge Road, Croydon. (Baskets, Mats and Nets.)

Woodcock, W. J., Rickling Green, nr. Newport, Essex (Tem.). (Poultry and Mats.)

Yates, P., 279, North Road, Bag Lane, Ather-ton, Lancs. (Mats and Poultry.)

## CORRECTIONS.

Davies, W., 10, Granville Street, Phoebe Street, Salford, nr. Manchester. (Boots.)

Eaton, T., St. Dunstan's Poultry Farm, Newent, nr. Gloucester.

Gleeson, M., 35, Charlbert Street, S.E.

Holmes, A., Sedburgh Cottage, Cowpasture Road, Ilkley. (Poultry Farmer.)

Jennings, S., 196, Otley Road, Bradford, Yorks. (Boots and Mats.)

Llanfear, R. J., 3, Waterloo Road, Newport. (Shorthand-typist.)

Raylor, T. R., Maple Lodge, Blake Hall Road, Wanstead, E. 11. (Masseur.)

Westaway, F., 28, Cromwell Road, Penmill, Yeovil. (Boots and Mats.)

## Subscription Form

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