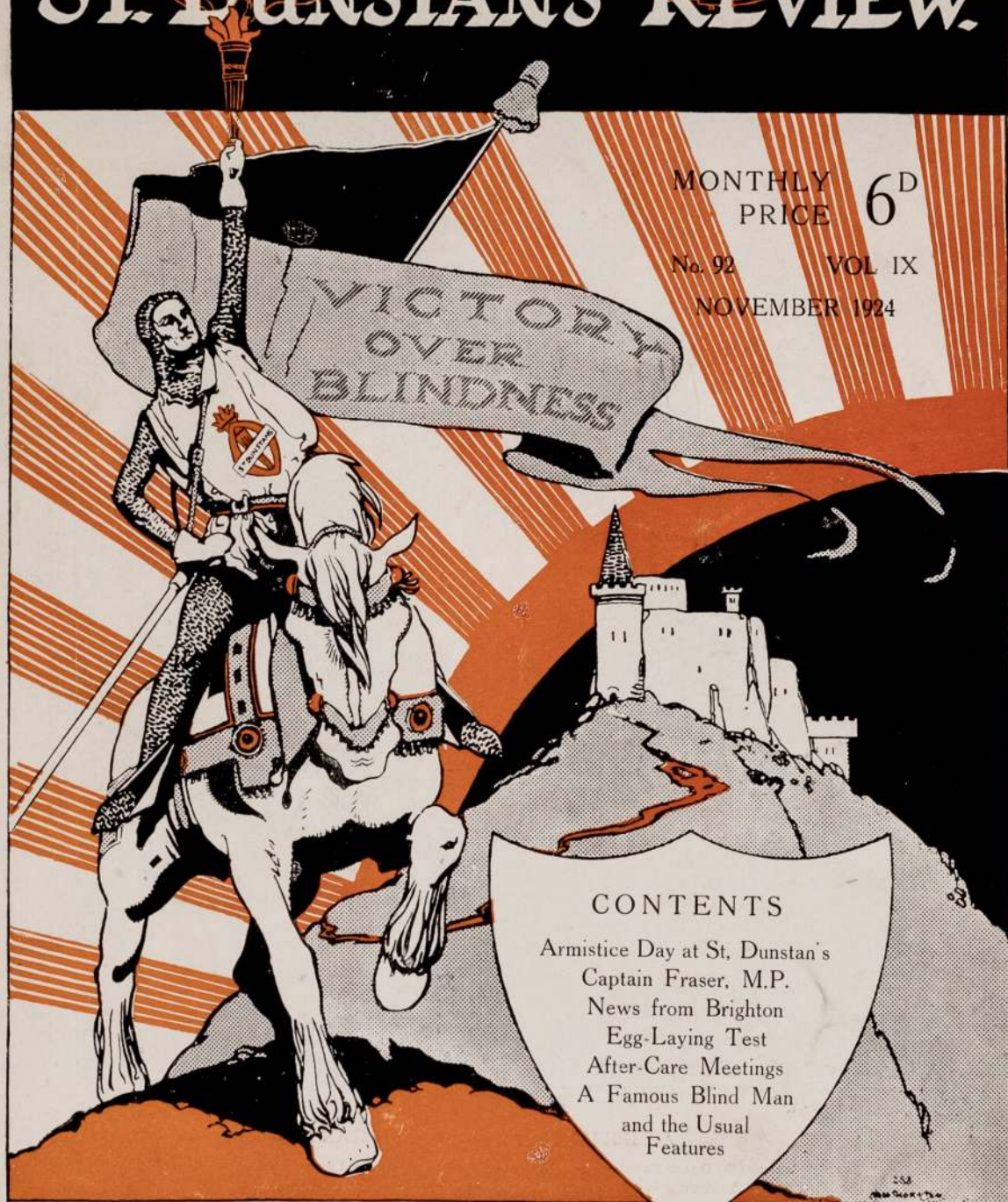


ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

MONTHLY
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NOVEMBER 1924



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FOR THE AMUSEMENT & INTEREST OF MEN BLINDED IN THE WAR



ARMISTICE DAY AT ST. DUNSTAN'S.

Top picture shows St. Dunstan's representatives with the floral tribute placed on the Cenotaph, and the bottom picture is a flashlight group taken during the progress of the Fancy Dress Ball on Armistice Night.

St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

EDITED BY PERRY BARRINGER

No. 92.—VOLUME IX.

NOVEMBER 1924.

PRICE 6d.
[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN.]

TOPICS OF THE MONTH

WITH St. Dunstaners, as with everyone else, the General Election, so dramatically sprung upon the country, has been the outstanding matter of interest for the past few weeks. The appeal to the electors has been one which, for many reasons, was fraught with issues and possibilities beyond the computation of even the most experienced student of the political barometer. The result of the referendum it is unnecessary to discuss here. It is no part of the duty of St. Dunstan's organisation, or of the journal which represents the views of everyone connected with it, to deal with political issues or political results. There have been, however, events in this last Election which have given it a very special interest to St. Dunstaners, and we are quite sure that the most arresting of these has been the candidature for the North St. Pancras Division of London, of St. Dunstan's Chairman, Captain Ian Fraser.

Entirely apart from parties or politics, it is perfectly natural that this should be so. Captain Fraser is, in every meaning of the word, a St. Dunstaner, but it was purely as a citizen of the body politic, and in no sense as representing St. Dunstan's, that he fought this electoral battle. Yet that fight and his victory must inevitably have effect not only on the regard in which the many achievements of St. Dunstaners for years past have been held by the public, but on the appeal which the work of the organisation makes to the community at large. Here is a young man, totally blinded in the early years of the War, who, by his own indomitable will-power and grasping of the opportunities impartially offered to every war-blinded man, becomes in a few years the Executive Head of the great organisation which first gave his ambition birth. It is inevitable that a career invested with so much of the tragic, the romantic, and the victorious, should have gripped strongly the imagination not only of his own intimates and comrades, but of the general public. So it has been that almost everyone, candidates and electors alike, have found time in the turmoil of their own battles to watch with the greatest interest the effort made by this young soldier to gain a place in the Mother of Parliaments. We do not think it can be doubted that such prominence in the public eye and in public interest of a St. Dunstaner is of the highest value to St. Dunstan's and its work. That Captain Fraser was successful is, after all, only incidental to the further proof he has given the world that loss of sight need form no barrier to the attainment of the highest honours in any and every phase of human endeavour.

At the same time we are sure there will be deep-seated confidence by all who know him that, as has been the case with his work on the London County Council, Captain Fraser will keep right in the forefront of his Parliamentary activities the interests of the great organisation which has played so vital a part in his life and work, and which we have had his own earnest assurance will ever be nearest his heart. We ask our readers to raise their glasses to "Captain Fraser, M.P."

We cannot end these notes without expressing on behalf of St. Dunstaners sympathy with Mr. Fred Martin, who was unsuccessful in his effort to retain his seat in the Liberal interest at East Aberdeenshire. Mr. Martin had the distinction of being the first St. Dunstaner to enter Parliament, and in his period there did sterling work and secured the respect of the members of every party. With his great abilities and the experience gained in the two previous elections he has successfully contested, we feel sure that he will have future opportunities of taking up again his work in Parliament.

THE EDITOR.

Armistice Day at St. Dunstan's

The anniversary of the conclusion of the Armistice was observed at Headquarters with both reverence and jollity. St. Dunstan's was represented in the National ceremonies at the Cenotaph by W. Birch and J. S. Harrison, who, escorted by Corporal-Major Tovell, were given a prominent position in the parade of troops. They were also among the first after Royalty to deposit St. Dunstan's magnificent tribute of poppies and palm leaves at the foot of the Cenotaph. At the same time as the national service there was taking place in the big lounge at Headquarters a special service for the men in residence and the members of the Head-

Armistice Night Ball.

An eagerly anticipated event was the Fancy Dress Ball arranged to take place in the evening at the Bungalow at our old Headquarters. Matron, sisters, and all the staff had worked with right good will to ensure the pleasure and comfort of everyone, and splendidly were their efforts rewarded. Music was provided by St. Dunstan's own Jazz Band, and here again the aid of science had been called in with great success to amplify, or, as Captain Fraser termed it in his speech, "to turn our seven bandsmen into seventy." On the arrival of the Chairman and Mrs. Fraser, Captain Williams called for silence, and in a brief and breezy address offered on behalf of the whole company present hearty congratulations to Captain Fraser on his election to Parliament.

His words were punctuated with loud bursts of applause, and the whole audience

quarters staff. Captain and Mrs. Fraser were in the large gathering present, and the service was conducted by the Rev. Fenn. An extremely interesting feature was the arrangement made for portions of the actual service at the Cenotaph to be received by wireless loud speaker. Thus, after the two minutes' silence was heard the notes of the "Last Post," and then from the enormous concourse in Whitehall the united signing of "Oh, God, our help in ages past." In this the listeners in the lounge joined, and then came by wireless the "Reveille," closing a memorable and impressive tribute to the great hosts of "The Glorious Dead."

joined heartily in singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Cheers were given for both Captain and Mrs. Fraser.

In responding, Captain Fraser said how delighted he was to welcome that night so many friends from different parts of London and to know that they were enjoying themselves so well. He was very grateful for the kind things that had been said about him. For the last six or seven years he had done his best in various ways to serve St. Dunstan's interests, and some of them might have wondered whether this new honour which had come his way might lead to his being less connected with St. Dunstan's than before. He was anxious to assure them that the well-being of St. Dunstan's men was nearest his heart, and would ever be present in his thoughts. He believed that the opportunities he would have of meeting people who had influence, and his opportunities

of serving St. Dunstan's interests in this new sphere, would be of advantage, and he would stick to St. Dunstan's as long as he had the confidence and goodwill of St. Dunstaners.

Amid ever-rising enthusiasm, Captain Fraser went on: "We must stick together, not because we have enemies—God forbid that St. Dunstan's should have any enemies—but because the organisation that does not stick together does not create good feeling among its members throughout the world. You have a good Matron at St. Dunstan's; you have most competent officers, and you have many persons who devote themselves to your work throughout the country, but the success of St. Dunstan's, believe me, depends mainly upon you and the example of St. Dunstaners everywhere. You have proved that you can overcome your disability with the greatest cheerfulness of spirit, and it is my belief that you will continue to do this which leads me to look cheerfully into the future for St. Dunstan's."

Captain Fraser paid graceful and hearty tribute to the high regard in which the Matron (Miss Power) was held by all of them. "Matron," he said, "is one of the most important parts of St. Dunstan's. Tonight is especially her night, and I know that you are ready to thank her for the splendid arrangements which she has made for our comfort and enjoyment here. Then with regard to our Padre. Captain Williams has come ninety miles or so to be with us here tonight, and, further than that, makes that long journey every Tuesday, because he loves St. Dunstan's. The service he renders us with regard to sports is also one which we all value very much. I said that tonight was Matron's night, but it is also Captain Williams' night, and I would ask you to give expression to your feelings for both of them." (Loud and prolonged applause.)

"I would also make particular reference to another friend of St. Dunstan's, and that is Captain Round—one of those quiet men who do wonderful and mysterious things without fuss or apparent effort. Captain Round is a friend of mine, and is Chief Research Engineer of Marconi's.

I consulted him about the possibility of helping us tonight, not to improve our band, because St. Dunstan's Band cannot be improved (Hear, hear!), but to make our seven bandsmen into seventy, so that you may all hear. When I came in here this evening I was told that the band was much louder than ever before. I do not know where Captain Round has tucked away his loud speakers, as you cannot see them any more than I can. But I know you will accord your vote of thanks to him." (Cheers.)

"One last word and I will not keep you from the delights which follow. As Captain Williams has said, St. Dunstan's has no politics, but there are two points I wish to make. One is this: Do, for goodness' sake, have some view on political matters. It is your duty to find interest and occupation in all directions where you can; and work on public bodies, in which many of you, I know, are engaged, offers many opportunities for this. It brings into your lives something which is new, and something which you can talk over with your friends. The last point is this: As the result of this election, I have had the strongest evidence—not that I needed it—that I have the goodwill of all of you. I have particularly valued those messages which said quite plainly 'We do not agree with you in politics in the least—but jolly good luck, and congratulations, all the same.' I sincerely appreciate these, firstly because they show true friendship and goodwill, and, secondly because they are a demonstration of the fact that St. Dunstan's are solidly interested in the activities of other St. Dunstaners, and that there is a real link between them."

"Lastly, I thank you very much on Mrs. Fraser's behalf." (Great applause.)

During an interval the photographers got busy with their flashlight, and then a march past was arranged to enable Miss Iris Hoey, the famous actress, who had most kindly come to act as judge of the costumes, to make her decisions. These proved universally popular, and there was loud applause for every recipient, as Mrs. Fraser presented the splendid prizes, which had been provided by the generosity

of the ladies and gentlemen whose names are given below. Among others unable to be present, who wired best wishes for the success of the dance, were Dr. Bridges and Miss Margaret Bannerman.

When we left, dancing was in full swing, and it was very obvious that the 1924 Armistice Dance was going to eclipse all previous records for the whole-hearted enjoyment of everyone present.

The Prizewinners and the Donors

MEN.

		PRIZES	GIVEN BY
1st Prize	Blackman	Suit Case	Sir Neville Pearson.
2nd	Murphy	Cigarette Case	Mr. Jones.
3rd	Williams R.	Hair Brushes	Miss Davis.
4th	Meighen	Pipe and Pouch	Dr. Bridges.
5th	Downes	Pipe in Case	Mrs. Davis.
6th	Webster	Stick	Miss Power.
7th	Clamp	ros. note	Mr. Titcombe.
8th	Watson	ros. note	Mr. Titcombe.
9th	Harrison	ros. note	Miss Hoccy.
10th	Graves	ros. note	Miss Hoccy.
11th	Finkle	Fountain Pen	Mr. Huskinson.

LADIES.

1st Prize	Miss Peters	Workbasket	Sir Neville Pearson.
2nd	Miss Martin	Necklace	Mr. Jones.
3rd	Miss Henry	Bag	Mrs. Bannister.
4th	Miss Grant	Chocolates	Dr. Bridges.
5th	Mrs. Tomkinson	Bag	Mrs. Broughton.
6th	Miss Springthorpe	Chocolates	Mr. Kessell.
7th	Mrs. East	Book	Mr. Huskinson.

A Fine Achievement

J. A. Morton, of West Wycombe, asks us to stop his advertisement in the REVIEW as he has such a lot of work on hand at the moment. We are glad to learn that through his advertisement he has received many orders and has found a number of new markets for some of his goods. Morton gives us also the following very interesting news:—

"I am at present interested in house building. I have just completed the erection of a house for myself. It is a well-built house constructed of brick, and slated roof with four large rooms, bath and scullery, with hot and cold water. My

portion of labour towards this house was to make all the doors, door frames, sashes and window frames, &c. My estimate has been accepted for the erection of one similar to my own."

We very heartily congratulate Morton upon the great concentration and high energy displayed both by himself and by Mrs. Morton, who helped splendidly in getting out the plans, specifications, &c. Headquarters was able to assist considerably in the supply of timbers and the purchase of other materials, and also in advice on the legal points connected with the acquirement of the land.



"In Memory"

PRIVATE WILLIAM HENRY KNIGHT
(8th Oxon and Bucks Light Infantry).

WE much regret to record the death of this St. Dunstaner. Enlisting in November, 1915, Knight was wounded at Salonica in 1917, and was admitted to St. Dunstan's in 1919. Whilst with us he learnt mat-making, and did very well, but his health was very poor. During 1923 he grew gradually worse, and in May 1924 was removed to hospital, where he remained until his death on the 12th October.

The funeral took place on the 16th October at Melton Mowbray, and St. Dunstan's was represented by Miss Evers. A beautiful wreath in the form of our Badge, "From Captain Fraser and his other comrades at St. Dunstan's," was among the floral tributes. Knight leaves a widow to mourn him.

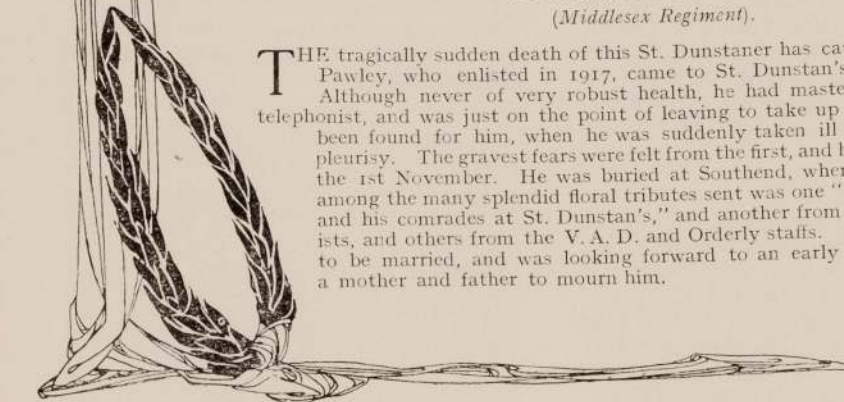
SAPPER JOHN FREDERICK STEELS
(Royal Engineers—Signals).

THIS St. Dunstaner enlisted in 1915. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1918, and learnt boot-repairing, mat-making and netting. He did well at boot-repairing, but owing to nerve trouble he was unable to get on as well as he should have done, in spite of the splendid assistance of his wife. His health grew worse towards the end of 1921, when he was admitted to hospital, where he passed away on the 16th October.

The funeral service was held in St. Paul's Church, Peterborough, on the 21st October, and there were many beautiful wreaths, one of which bore the inscription: "From Captain Fraser and his old comrades at St. Dunstan's." Steels leaves a widow and three children.

PRIVATE FREDERICK PAWLEY
(Middlesex Regiment).

THE tragically sudden death of this St. Dunstaner has caused universal regret. Pawley, who enlisted in 1917, came to St. Dunstan's in October of 1918. Although never of very robust health, he had mastered the profession of telephonist, and was just on the point of leaving to take up a position which had been found for him, when he was suddenly taken ill with pneumonia and pleurisy. The gravest fears were felt from the first, and he died in hospital on the 1st November. He was buried at Southend, where his home was, and among the many splendid floral tributes sent was one "From Captain Fraser and his comrades at St. Dunstan's," and another from his brother telephonists, and others from the V. A. D. and Orderly staffs. Pawley was engaged to be married, and was looking forward to an early wedding. He leaves a mother and father to mourn him.





NEWS OF ST DUNSTANERS'

FRIENDS of A. Knopp, of Work-sop, will be sorry to hear that he was one of the sufferers in the recent gales, inasmuch as his largest poultry house was blown down and seriously damaged. The disaster occurred in the night when a hundred valuable birds were in the shed and only one was killed, so in that respect Knopp was fortunate. It seems that the roof was lifted off bodily, and deposited in a hedge.

To how many men is it of interest that the "rabbit skin season" is opening? It means business for E. Clarke, of Notts, who is very keen on the work and goes out alone after his skins even to a distance of five miles.

Another energetic man is W. T. Harris, of Grantham, who has made a very satisfactory start with baskets, and, at the time of writing, still has a few orders in sight. We hope that his work will give him full scope for his energy.

A capacity for speech-making seems to be one of the many talents developed by St. Dunstaners, and one of the latest recruits in this direction is A. J. Caple, of Cardiff, who, we hear, made a gallant first attempt at a Whist Drive and Dance recently. He also played through the whole Drive and carried off First Prize. Congratulations to him on his double achievement.

From various sources come word of the ravages of Foot and Mouth Disease. One of the latest to report on the trouble this has caused is S. Taylor (near Loughboro), and as a consequence he has decided that he will have to give up pig-keeping. It is hard lines indeed, for he has put both knowledge and effort into the work, but

what with the importation of cheap foreign bacon and the spread of disease, the odds are too heavy even for a man with Taylor's courage and capacity.

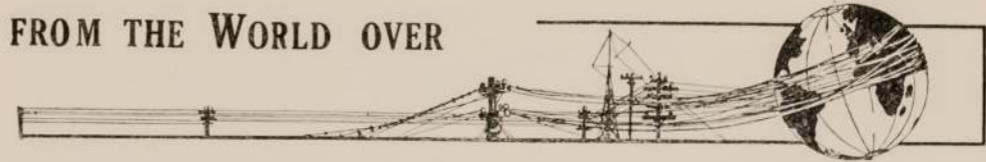
The ground lost by C. Greaves, of Oldham (when his shop had to be closed on account of illness) is steadily being regained, we are glad to hear. His health, too, is much better than it used to be. He attributes this to the amount of swimming he has been doing at the local baths, where, by the way, he has been asked to give an exhibition of ornamental swimming. We shall look forward to hear further details of the performance, as, doubtless, many readers of the REVIEW will be interested.

Congratulations to A. Sutton, of Madeley, or, rather, to his only daughter, who has just passed her examinations and been appointed pupil teacher at the local school. Her father must be proud of her success, as is also St. Dunstan's.

Little news comes to us from T. H. Dennison, of Stoke-on-Trent, but we believe it is because things are going well. He says that he has a delightful house with a small garden and orchard. Both Mr. and Mrs. Dennison look exceedingly happy and evidently appreciate their luck in this time of universal shortage of accommodation.

Among our holiday letters comes one from T. S. Cooper, of Hull. "As regards holidays," he writes, "my wife and I had a real good time, although the weather might have been kinder. Our short stay in London was full of interest and movement, and the day we spent at the Exhibition foraging for new sights and thrills (one of which was the obtaining of meals) left us quite satisfied and tired. I can assure you we were glad we had not

FROM THE WORLD OVER



to go home by train *that* night. Torquay contrasted most favourably with the turmoil of London, although it seems to be conceded that the new address in the Inner Circle is very satisfactorily situated. When there one feels miles from tram, 'bus, and train. We had a most enjoyable time exploring the coast between Dawlish and Teignmouth, the beaches around Torquay, Paignton, and Brixham, and going up the River Dart."

Good news comes from Van Nickirk, of South Africa, who, it seems, has done exceptionally well since his return from his holiday here. He is a most enthusiastic bridge player, by the way, and says that he plays almost every night.

Another from whom we are glad to receive word of steady progress is J. Halloran, of Crosby, near Liverpool. His business is doing remarkably well, and we recognise that great credit is due to him as he is in a neighbourhood where he meets with a considerable amount of competition.

Several men have found ponies and traps essential to their business development, but there are few on the list who have aspired to motor vans. Of these, R. A. Clarke, of Cornwall, is one, and finds that with it he can deliver his produce to the hotels in Plymouth at a conveniently early hour in the mornings. He is getting an excellent name for his poultry and eggs, we are glad to note.

An unpleasant adventure, but one which might have been much worse, befel W. Walters, of Plymouth, not long since. He returned to find one of his rooms had been gutted by fire. Luckily for Walters, who was out at the time, a neighbour saw smoke issuing from the windows, so the fire was checked before it had spread to the rest of the house.

Having reduced his stock of poultry, it has occurred to W. H. Wright, who is living near Chesterfield, to convert the large poultry house he had built into a lock-up shop. As it is established in an angle of the garden where the roads meet, and Wright's place is near a recreation ground, the plan sounds an excellent one, and we have no doubt that, in the hands of such an enterprising pair as Wright and his wife, the venture will be a success. We look forward to hear an account of the progress made when the business is really established.

Wembley will have closed its doors before these lines appear, but space must be found for a last testimony to the good the exhibition has done to yet another St. Dunstaner. J. V. Tweedie, of Wimbledon, says he has been kept busy the whole summer, making baskets for sale there, and adds his quota to the many expressions of hope that it will open again next year.

What with an orchard and kitchen garden needing attention as well as something like 100 head of poultry, a few ducks, and some piglets, J. Benson, of Borough Bridge, finds himself a busy man—yet all the same he spares a few odd moments for basket making. He is another of the many who suffered in the recent gales, we are sorry to know, and as a result of the very high wind, which broke several panes of glass, over 20 of his chickens died from exposure.

A stone in weight has been gained by R. Dodds since he moved to Cattall, which speaks volumes for Yorkshire air. Now he is rejoicing in his recovered strength and that he can get to work again—he has been planting five-year-old apple trees, and is looking forward to picking a fine crop of fruit in future seasons.

From eight in the morning until seven at night are long hours for anyone, but patients enough to employ J. Boyce, of Belfast, to this degree have been on his books of late, we are glad to report.

Another Irishman—this time J. Brokerton—is also doing exceedingly well, and says that even if no new orders come in for the next few weeks he has enough work in sight to keep him going for a couple of months. Long may this pleasant state of affairs continue.

A satisfactory number of local orders, too, have come the way of T. Hathaway, of Glos., and we are doubly glad to hear this, because work is one of those things that help to occupy a man's mind as well as his fingers, and Hathaway has had a difficult time to go through.

W. T. Baughan, of Cirencester, finds his boot trade has improved of late, which is welcome information. It may be that this is due to the season, or to his recent movements. Whatever the cause, it is good to know that Baughan can now keep himself well occupied. He is fortunate in that his shop, being large, can serve as a workshop—and a pleasant one.

The result of advertising is always an interesting thing to note. E. J. Laker, of Haverhill, puts his increased trade down to a well-worded advertisement he inserted on a 'bus time-table. Perhaps others would like to consider the same kind of medium of publicity.

The sister-in-law of W. J. Dimond, of Bampton, together with a friend, recently attended a fancy-dress ball, representing St. Dunstan's, and caused an immense amount of interest. We hear too that they received many compliments on the originality of their idea.

It is a pity that it is impossible to publish more of the photographs that reach us, or to take special ones of interesting exteriors. If we could we should like to have inserted a view of the shop of

P. Vorley, of Folkestone. It looks most flourishing, we hear, and the window has been exceedingly well stocked and arranged.

A nasty accident has befallen the wife of A. Knotwell, of Portsmouth, all will be sorry to hear. She slipped in the back yard and fell across a door step. At first it was thought that her upper arm was broken, but after X-Ray examination it was found that she had dislocated her right shoulder and elbow, as well as bruising herself considerably. We are glad to hear that she is said to be getting on well now. Knotwell's friends would doubtless like to join us in this word of sympathy, for Knotwell himself must have had a very anxious time while Mrs. Knotwell has been suffering severe pain.

A St. Dunstaner Honoured

Many of our readers will have seen in the columns of the Press that F. Jackson, of New Malden, has been added to the number of St. Dunstaners to be entrusted with the honour of unveiling a War Memorial. The ceremony took place on Saturday, 8th November. Just as we go to press we learn that Jackson acquitted himself splendidly in what is always rather a trying ordeal.

Anniversary of Sir Arthur's Death

Arrangements for Tuesday, December 9th

A Memorial Service will be held at Holy Trinity Church, Marylebone (opposite Great Portland Street Station) at 6.15 p.m., the Rev. Prebendary E. N. Sharpe and Captain Williams officiating. The service has been arranged to take place in the evening in order to give all St. Dunstaners, in or near London, employed during the day, the opportunity to be present, and it is hoped they will attend in large numbers.

As in past years, a deputation of St. Dunstaners will proceed to Hampstead Cemetery to lay the men's wreath on the Chief's grave. St. Dunstaners are reminded that all who wish to send subscriptions towards the wreath should forward them to Mrs. Bates, and that the sum is limited to one shilling.

Captain Fraser, M.P.

St. Dunstan's Chairman's Victory at the Poll

ST. Dunstaners everywhere have followed with the greatest interest the fight at North St. Pancras in which Captain Fraser was engaged as Conservative candidate. Messages wishing him good luck have been reaching him from the men of St. Dunstan's, not only in this country, but from the Colonies, ever since he was adopted as prospective candidate. It can be imagined, therefore, with what eagerness both at Headquarters, and no doubt by St. Dunstaners throughout the country, the result of the poll was awaited. It was generally known that our Chairman was faced with a very stiff proposition, the seat being held by a Socialist candidate who had a majority at the last election of 3,000. Another fact that was against his success was that at the last moment a Liberal candidate decided to stand, thus making it a three-cornered contest. The result, as everyone knows, was that Captain Fraser was returned at the head of the poll with a majority of 793 over the Socialist and 11,216 over his Liberal opponent—a very striking and hard-won victory.

Owing to the very large poll recorded (nearly eighty per cent. of the electorate) the count took a good deal longer than was anticipated, and the result was not finally announced until 1.40 in the morning. Doubtless, this caused considerable disappointment to many who had "listened-in" to the broadcasting of the results until closing down, these including practically all the men now in training at Headquarters, who had gathered in force in the big lounge.

However, when the news became known the following morning, the enthusiasm was perhaps even greater than had it come through with the main body of the previous night's results, and a widespread desire became manifest among the men and members of the staff to be given an opportunity to cheer the victory of their Chairman. Mr. Kessell accordingly

arranged for a mass meeting of the men and staff in the lounge, and a visitor to any other part of Headquarters during its progress would have found it absolutely deserted.

When the Chairman, accompanied by Mrs. Fraser, entered, he received a rousing welcome. Then Mr. Kessell called for order, and in a brief speech explained that the gathering was the outcome of the determination on the part of everyone at Headquarters to show their Chairman how proud they were of his victory. He said that no doubt many present that morning were not of the same political party as Captain Fraser, but he knew that he was speaking for them all in saying that that fact affected not one iota their pleasure in the personal triumph secured by Captain Fraser. He referred feelingly to the extreme pleasure he knew that their late chief, Sir Arthur, would have felt in an achievement of so notable a character by such a typical St. Dunstaner. Captain Fraser was fortunate in having had the most loyal and wholehearted help of Mrs. Fraser, whose untiring energy must have contributed immensely towards the splendid victory announced that morning. He called for three cheers for Captain Fraser, which were given with a zest which made the rafters ring, and a further "one for Mrs. Fraser" was multiplied into three of equal heartiness.

Captain Fraser, who was received with prolonged applause, said: "Mr. Kessell, ladies and gentlemen, I am delighted with the kindness of the blinded soldiers and the staff at St. Dunstan's in offering me their congratulations, and I am delighted, too, with the hundreds of telegrams and messages I have received from our fellow-St. Dunstaners all over the country. St. Dunstan's itself, has, of course, no politics, but I am glad to note that the great majority of our men are interested in the subject, and that amongst the messages I have received there are many

from those who, while belonging to other parties than mine, nevertheless have wished me good luck. It is most gratifying to realise how strong is the link which binds St. Dunstaners together throughout the country. I should like to express my most sincere thanks for the invaluable help which I have been given throughout the Election in their spare time by members of the staff and their friends. Many have devoted evening after evening, under all weather conditions to the support of my candidature, at the sacrifice, I am sure, of many social and family pleasures. I thank you also very much for your kind remarks about Mrs. Fraser. I can only say that she has been in this, as in every other matter affecting my happiness and success, my 'better half.' I very sincerely re-echo Mr. Kessell's wish that Sir Arthur were with us to-day. I feel that he would have been as pleased as I am myself at my success at the poll. He was always proud and pleased at any achievement gained by any of his St. Dunstaners."

St. Dunstan's Chairman, M.P., with Mrs. Fraser, then led the way to the main courtyard, where a battery of press photographers made pictures of him surrounded by cheering St. Dunstaners and the staff.

Captain Fraser has received a veritable flood of telegrams, messages and personal letters of congratulations, both during and since the Election. A very great many, as previously mentioned, have come from Conservative, Liberal and Socialist St. Dunstaners—evidence, not only of the personal popularity of our Chairman, but recognition also of the fact that the signal triumph he has gained is a triumph for St. Dunstan's and the ideals and achievements for which the organisation stands. The leader of the Conservative Party, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, was one of the first to wire congratulation, while other messages have been received from Sir Neville and Lady (Arthur) Pearson, Sir Washington Ranger, Major the Hon. J. J. Astor, M.P., Major J. Brunel Cohen, M.P., Sir Alfred Fripp, Major Ormond, Sir Arnold Lawson, Lord Riddell, Sir Ernest

Hodder Williams, Major Ian Hay Beith, Dame Beatrice Hudson Lyle, Mr. G. F. Mowatt, of the National Institute for the Blind, Mr. O. W. Nicholson, M.P., Mr. Howarth, Lord Richard Neville, Col. Percy Laurie, of New Scotland Yard, Mr. and Mrs. Neville Chamberlain, St. Dunstan's Brighton Annexe, many present and ex-members of St. Dunstan's staff, the Brighton County Club, and the representatives and Committees of many organisations for the benefit of the Civilian blind.

Sir Abe Bailey (it will be known to many St. Dunstaners that Captain Fraser's parents live in Johannesburg) wired "Heartiest congratulations. Good old South Africa."

St. Dunstaners past and present, and particularly those who have had such willing assistance from her in sporting activities, will wish us to offer on their behalf sincere congratulations to Miss Paterson, whose engagement has recently been announced. Miss Paterson's fiancé, Mr. H. C. Irvine, is also well-known to many St. Dunstaners, to whom he has given fine assistance in rowing. Mr. Irvine's brother lost his life in the gallant attempt made by a small party of sportsmen and scientists to conquer Mount Everest.

T. Ashe, of Sudbury, writes to advise us of the arrival of his first-born on the 3rd November. Both mother and baby (a fine little girl) are, we are glad to hear, doing well.

AN EASTERN PROVERB.

He that knows not, and knows not that he knows not, is stupid.
Shun him!
He that knows not and knows that he knows not, is good.
Teach him!
He that knows and knows not that he knows, is asleep.
Arouse him!
He that knows and knows that he knows is wise.
Follow him!

News from Brighton Annexe

Our New Chapel

THE OPENING SERVICE.

THE deepest interest attached to the opening on the 6th November of the new Chapel at our Brighton Annexe. The Chapel has been made out of the old and useless garage, and the men of St. Dunstan's, Brighton, owe their possession of this little place of worship almost entirely to the energy and enthusiasm of the Matron, Miss Thellusson. The altar and furniture have come from St. Dunstan's Chapel at Headquarters.

Captain J. E. Williams, St. Dunstan's Chaplain, conducted the opening service, and was assisted by the Rev. Sydenham Dixon, of St. George's Church. Among the large company present were the Rev. T. J. James, the Vicar of St. Anne's Church, Mrs. Chadwick Bates, the Matron (Miss Thellusson), and all the men and sisters at present in residence. Captain Fraser, who was unavoidably prevented from being present, sent the following message:—

"May I please express my regrets at my inability to be present on this very important occasion. Spiritual matters have always played an important part in the life of St. Dunstan's, and I am glad to be able to say that throughout St. Dunstan's history large numbers of our men have taken advantage of the arrangements made in this direction for all denominations. I am extremely glad that your Matron at the Brighton Annexe has thought fit to suggest and obtain approval for the setting up of your Chapel, and I know that you yourselves, as well as the many devout men and women who support our cause, will desire to offer her sincere thanks and congratulations. I send you every good wish for the success of your Chapel, which will, I know, prove a comfort and a blessing to you."

The choir, who had learned three special hymns for the occasion, and were splen-

didly led, added much to the impressiveness of the service. We append hereto an impression of the ceremony written by Sergeant-Major J. E. Bell, of the Brighton Annexe:—

I was privileged to be present at the ceremony of the opening of the new Church by Captain Williams, assisted by the Revd. S. Dickson, Vicar of St. George's, on 6th November 1924. The long awaited day had arrived and the keenest interest was being taken by the men in residence at the Brighton Annexe. Eighteen or twenty of the fellows formed themselves into a choir under the guidance of Sisters Boyd-Rochfort and Woodroffe, splendid progress was made, and the rendering of three hymns showed that the choir had made themselves word-perfect, and more than justified expectations. At 11.50 the choir formed up in the conservatory, and marched to the church, in a formation which appears not in any drill book, and by noon all were in position and the impressive ceremony commenced.

Captain William's address will long remain in my memory, for it touched deeply the innermost sentiments of everyone who was privileged to be at this ceremony, and the reading of the "Lesson for the Day" by the Revd. Dickson harmonised beautifully with the feelings of the whole congregation. For months past silently and unnoticed the Matron, Miss Thellusson, had worked to perfect the church (or as Captain Williams referred to it: "The House of God"), so that "My boys," individually and collectively, could go and pay homage to Him, who watches over us all.

Expressing the sentiments of my comrades, I can but say that we all realise and appreciate the Matron's thoughtfulness in opening this church for us fellows.

In conclusion, may I say that this unique little edifice with its "ever open door" will prove a blessing and consolation to all who enter it.

Brighton News (continued)

A special correspondent from Brighton sends us some details of the activities there. In the course of his letter he says:

"You will be glad to hear that our 'Debating Society' is progressing very favourably, and the keenest interest is being taken by the 'boys' in all subjects, the many opinions expressed show that St. Dunstaners are fully alive to the world's doings.

"The Sunday evening concerts are proving a great feature in the routine of the hostel, and the talent shown is much appreciated by all.

"The keenest excitement prevailed during the election period, and when the Matron announced at breakfast on the morning of the 30th inst. that our Chairman, Captain Ian Fraser, had been returned as a successful candidate for North St. Pancras with a good majority, the cheering and excitement was intense, and musical honours and toasts were the order of the day. If good wishes count for anything Captain Fraser's career in the House of Commons should prove a real success."

A party of Brighton St. Dunstaners were recently entertained by the owners of sixteen taxi-sidecars. The cars paraded outside West House, and were decorated with Union Jacks and the St. Dunstan's colours. Each driver was wearing a special emblem for the occasion, and each St. Dunstaner was presented with a white buttonhole.

The men were given a hearty send-off, and, although the weather was none too fine, the journey to Worthing was thoroughly enjoyed. On arrival there, the manager of the Dome gave the party a hearty welcome, and they sat down to an excellent meal, followed by cigarettes, &c.

A capital concert was held later, and was much enjoyed, as was also the dance which ended the evening's entertainment.

Before the party left for home a hearty vote of thanks was tendered to the drivers and to all who had helped to entertain the men. The vote of thanks was proposed by E. Milne, one of the St. Dunstaners, and was seconded by J. Percival.

To provide this outing had been the great desire of the taxi-sidecar owners for a long time, and the men of St. Dunstan's wish to express their sincere thanks for all the trouble that was so generously taken to ensure that all had a good time.

A Tea Pot Recipient

"My wife and I," writes J. Hughes, of Streatham, "are desirous of thanking you for the wedding gift. We were the recipients of many handsome presents, but the silver tea-pot is one that will stand out among them and is first and foremost the most popular. Any of our friends, St. Dunstaners or otherwise, who pay us a visit, will be invited to partake of cups of refreshing tea straight from my worthy pot."

A St. Dunstan's Song Writer

Among the interesting events of the month was the visit of Miss Margaret Bannerman to St. Dunstan's, particularly as on this occasion she tried over several times "Her Birthday Morn," a song written and composed by W. Shakespeare, now in residence at the hostel. Finally she called upon Will Shakespeare to sing it himself, which he did amid great applause. Miss Bannerman then offered to see what she could do to make the song known. We hope the melody, which describes flowers and blue skies, will become quite famous.

It is cheering to know that our little house magazine is appreciated not only by the men of St. Dunstan's, but by many folk interested in our work all over the world. In renewing her two years' subscription, Mrs. Kennedy, of Philadelphia, says: "I would not lose the inspiration I derive from ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW for many times its subscription price."

Mr. Alfred Clay, of Bradford, says: "Your REVIEW is worth the money for its cheeriness."



ALREADY the present boys are well into their sports' stride, and although the competition is only a few weeks old, yet both Fairfield and Burleigh head their respective lists quite comfortably. It is a good thing to see such excellent competition, and the boys are to be congratulated upon their keenness and the excellent way they have taken up these new events.

The following tables will give an idea of the success that each man has attained.

T. B.		S. S.	
Fairfield ..	595	Burleigh ..	625
Roberts ..	435	Fallowfield ..	535
Harrison ..	335	Finkle ..	425
Gill ..	330	Brooks ..	305
Edwards ..	255	Knight ..	245
Tebbutt ..	215	Sheppard ..	260
Shakespeare ..	210	Williams ..	230
Lea ..	160	Blackman ..	230
Milligan ..	65	Harkness ..	95
Thompson ..	40	Coles ..	90
Clamp ..	30	Boyce ..	80
		Stewart ..	40

OLD BOYS' SPORTS.

The old boys are "going strong," although I would be pleased if more could manage to turn up. Already Nicholls has got a very big lead, but there is a long way to go and he will have to work hard if he is to retain the leadership. James, as usual, is doing well in the S.S. section, but perhaps Archie Brown and Drummer Downs have got some good performances up their sleeve. The points are as follows:

T. B.		S. S.	
Nicholls ..	677½	James ..	815
Henry ..	545	Brown ..	690
MacFarlane ..	475	Downs ..	640
Webster ..	467½	Ashton ..	110
Burran ..	355	Taylor ..	80
Kerr ..	345		
Deegan ..	305		
Gower ..	185		
Ingram ..	30		
Lenderyou ..	30		

FOOTBALL.

At Brighton the other day I was asked by one of the old boys if the present boys were still keen upon their football. The reply to the "Hon. Member" was in the

affirmative! It is perfectly wonderful how, in and out of season, the interest has been kept up in this competition.

The death of F. B. Pawley, who was captain of the leading team, has cast a gloom over us all. He was such a splendid sportsman, keen and enthusiastic, and his loss will be severely felt. I know that all our boys desire to send along to his dear ones their very deepest sympathy.

FOOTBALL COMPETITION.**LEAGUE TABLE.**

Up to and including 4th November.

Teams	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	Pts
Southend ..	11	8	3	0	44	32	16
Ramblers ..	11	8	3	0	28	30	16
Taffies ..	11	5	3	3	36	22	13
Wanderers ..	12	3	4	5	29	30	11
Tally Ho's ..	10	2	4	4	25	24	8
Spudonians ..	10	1	4	5	17	23	7
Magpies ..	8	1	4	3	20	30	5
Springvale ..	7	1	4	2	11	18	3

MATCHES PLAYED.

Oct. Up to and including November 4th.

7th. Magpies ..	1	Spudonians ..	1
Southend ..	3	Springvale ..	2
9th. Tally Ho's ..	3	Ramblers ..	1
Taffies ..	6	Magpies ..	2
10th. Taffies ..	5	Springvale ..	2
Tally Ho's ..	6	Southend ..	2
14th. Ramblers ..	4	Magpies ..	3
Spudonians ..	4	Tally Ho's ..	3
15th. Wanderers ..	1	Magpies ..	1
Southend ..	5	Wanderers ..	4
16th. Taffies ..	6	Southend ..	2
Ramblers ..	2	Spudonians ..	1
17th. Wanderers ..	3	Springvale ..	3
Spudonians ..	3	Wanderers ..	3
23rd. Tally Ho's ..	1	Wanderers ..	1
Ramblers ..	3	Springvale ..	0
24th. Taffies ..	6	Ramblers ..	4
Southend ..	3	Spudonians ..	2
28th. Wanderers ..	6	Magpies ..	2
Southend ..	6	Wanderers ..	4
Nov.			
3rd. Taffies ..	1	Spudonians ..	1
Ramblers ..	2	Southend ..	1
4th. Tally Ho's ..	2	Taffies ..	2
Ramblers ..	4	Wanderers ..	0

ROWING.

In spite of the fact that we are nearing the ice period of the winter, quite a number of men are endeavouring to keep themselves warm by rowing practice.

We are most grateful to those ladies of

Bedford College who turn out each morning to help us. There is nothing like rowing for keeping them fit and I am indeed glad that so many of our boys are keeping it up.

SWIMMING.

A very interesting contest took place at Wood Green Baths on Monday, 3rd instant, when a team representing St. Dunstan's met the British Olympic Swimming team comprising men who can be counted with our finest swimmers. Our team consisted of Messrs. Birch, Nuyens, Kerr and Bawden, and the Olympic team Messrs. Annison, Savage, Pycock and Budd.

It was a four length relay race—each swimmer swimming one length. The Olympic team very kindly consented to be blindfolded, and our first swimmer—Birch—beat the Olympic man on the first length. Unfortunately we lost some distance in lengths two and three, and although Bawden made up a lot on the last length our boys were beaten by five yards. I think that this can count as a very wonderful performance, and it is not much to be beaten by so little in a total distance of over 130 yards. It gives an idea of what our boys are really capable of. Heartiest congratulations to Instructor Jones and his boys. J. E. W.

Poultry Notes

St. Dunstan's Egg-Laying Test

OUR second competition is now in full swing, and the following notes from the Test Manager will no doubt be of interest to all competitors, as well as to many of our other readers.

"The birds for our second Winter Egg-Laying Test arrived at King's Langley on 15th, 16th and 17th of October. This gave them a clear fortnight in which to settle down and get accustomed to their new surroundings.

"The majority of the birds were in good condition on arrival, although it is obvious that many of our poultry farmers are afraid of over-feeding their pullets. There were no cases of disease and only one bird was returned—suffering with crop trouble. A few birds arrived with colds—probably contracted on rail—these were isolated until cured.

"On the whole, the birds compare very favourably with those sent last year. The White Leghorns are, I think, a better lot, and the White Wyandottes perhaps not quite so good. There are some very excellent pens of Rhode Island Reds which I think will put up good records.

"The egg production, which averaged 25 eggs per day soon after the arrival of the birds, has increased to 75 on the second day of test."

Another splendid success has been secured by a St. Dunstan's poultry farmer in a twelve months' test of the Keighley District Branch of the S.P.B.A., which was concluded on 1st October. Captain W. Owen, of Horeham Road, Sussex, won the S.P.B.A. Challenge Cup for pullet with highest record in the whole test, with his White Leghorn, which laid 251 eggs in the forty-eight weeks of test. This bird also secured Mr. F. Snowden's special for best White Leghorn, also the gold medal given by S.P.B.A. for best bird in Light Breed Section. We offer Captain Owen our hearty congratulations, and are sure all other St. Dunstan's poultry men will be delighted to hear of his fine achievement. J. T. B.

Another Exhibitor

H. White, of Croydon, has been exhibiting his work at the Surrey Handicraft Exhibition. We hope to hear a good report of the result.

Congratulations

We offer sincere congratulations to P. Ross, of Guildford, who is one of those to have successfully passed at the recent M.E. Examinations.

Births—Marriages—Deaths

Births

- BRYER.—On 14th of October, to the wife of E. Bryer, of Yate, a daughter.
- CAREY.—To the wife of M. Carey, of West Green, Tottenham, a daughter, on the 19th of September.
- GILHOOLY.—On the 8th of October, a son, to the wife of F. Gilhooly, of Dorset.
- JACKSON.—On 15th October, to the wife of F. Jackson, of Malden, a daughter.
- JONES.—On the 30th of September, a son (Arthur Richard Charles), to the wife of B. F. Jones, of Greenwich. Both doing well.
- KERR.—On the 30th of September, to the wife of H. V. Kerr, of Harrow, a daughter (Audrey Vincent.)
- LINCOLN.—On the 18th of September, a son, to the wife of H. Lincoln, of Sheffield. Mother and child both doing well.
- PEARCE.—On the 6th of October, to the wife of H. A. T. Pearce, of Reading, a daughter.
- PRATT.—On the 11th of September, a daughter (Gabrielle Lilian) to the wife of P. C. Pratt, of Enfield.
- ROWE.—On the 21st of September, a daughter, to the wife of A. Rowe, of Burslem.
- STANNERS.—On the 1st of September, a daughter (Iris Rosemary) to the wife of R. G. Stanners, of High Wycombe.
- SMITH.—On the 10th of October, a son (Wilfred Witwin), to the wife of H. Smith, of Golcar.
- SHIELDS.—On the 8th of October, a son, to the wife of G. C. Shields, of Rayleigh.
- SPACKMAN.—On the 10th of October, a daughter (Mary Millicent Lilian), to the wife of F. W. Spackman, of Watford.
- WEBB.—To the wife of H. Webb, of Great Houghton, a son, on the 11th of October.
- WRIGHT.—On the 2nd of October, a son, to the wife of S. Wright, of Cullingworth.

Marriages

- BROWN—BLANT.—At Bretby Church, on 27th September, C. H. Brown, of Bretby Village, to Miss Gladys Nellie Blant.
- COLES—ROWE.—On 27th September, at the Stormont Road Congregational Church, Clapham, Reginald Percy Coles, to Miss Ethel Florence Rowe, youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rowe, of Jersey.
- GRAY—PANNIFER.—On 23rd September, at the Presbyterian Church, Regent's Square, London, D. Gray, of St. Albans, to Miss Christina Pannifer.
- JARVIS—MORTON.—On 20th September, at Queen's Road Chapel, by the Rev. L. H. Marshall, R.A.B.D., son of Mr. N. Jarvis and the late Mrs. Jarvis, to Ada May, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Morton, of Coventry.
- MILNER—WOODS.—On the 23rd of September, at All Souls Church, Liverpool, T. Milner to Miss A. Woods.

Deaths

- We send our sympathy to:—
- COLLINS.—W. H. Collins, of Salisbury, who has just lost his mother.
- DAVIES.—J. Davies, of Coventry, who, on the 17th October, lost his father, in his 79th year.
- HATHAWAY.—T. Hathaway, of Bibury, Glos., who suffered the loss of his sister on 3rd August after an illness of several months. It is a great grief to Hathaway, we know, for he lived with his sisters until his marriage, and then established himself near by, the cottages being hardly more than a few yards apart.
- JORDAN.—A. Jordan, of Holloway, who on the afternoon of October the 2nd, lost his father, who died after a painful illness. Will all friends please accept this notice of bereavement.
- NANCARROW.—G. Nancarrow, of Cornwall, who on the 8th of September last, lost his mother after a long and painful illness.

After-Care Meetings

BIRMINGHAM.

On Thursday, 30th October, a very successful After-Care meeting was held at Birmingham.

Over seventy sat down to tea, but still there was room, as unfortunately a few others were prevented from being present at the last moment.

The Priory Hall lent itself well to the occasion, for after tea there was room for dancing, while on the platform a game of "Basket-ball" was a novel feature introduced by Miss Hodgson, and proved very popular. The winners of this "event" were E. Moss (T.B.) and P. Cashmore (S.S.), while from the Guessing Competitions, W. Dainter and H. Giles were successful in returning home with a pie each, and Mrs. Giles and Mrs. Cashmore and Mrs. Varley won the cakes.

The Rev. H. Gibb came over from Sherbourne, and before tea made the announcement that he hoped to hold a memorial service to Sir Arthur, as last year, and would again welcome all those able to be present. He was hoping Captain Fraser would be present.

Mr. Swain, in his speech, referred to Captain Fraser's success in the election, which was heartily cheered. He also announced that this would be the last meeting at which Miss Evers would preside, owing to her approaching marriage and in consequence, her resignation from the After-Care staff in December. He paid tribute to the splendid work she had done for so many years for St. Dunstan's.

S. A. Chambers, on behalf of the men, in a charming speech, expressed his confidence in those left to carry on the traditions of St. Dunstan's as laid down by Sir Arthur. He also mentioned with what regret they received the news of Miss Evers' retirement, and wished her, on behalf of all present, the utmost happiness in her future life.

While the interviews were in progress, the following artists gave selections:

Miss E. Jones (soprano), Mr. Frank Page (piano), Mr. Powell (tenor), and Mr. Chambers (songs).

Such a delightful programme added considerably to everyone's enjoyment.

T. E. S.

LEICESTER.

A meeting of the Northants and Leicestershire St. Dunstaners was held at the Y.M.C.A., Leicester, on Wednesday, 15th October, at which forty of the "boys" and their escorts were present.

For the great majority this joint meeting was a popular move, though, unfortunately, the difficulties of distance and other causes prevented some from being present.

After tea Mr. Swain read a message of greeting from Captain Fraser, and then went on to talk of general St. Dunstan's and After-Care matters. In conclusion, he said how pleased he was to be able to introduce Miss Hodgson to those who did not already know her, as their new After-Care visitor.

Then followed private interviews with Mr. Swain and those "boys" who had any special business to discuss.

In the meantime an excellent concert was given, for which thanks are due to H. Wells and his friends, and to W. Storer and W. Biggs for their songs, not omitting P. Austin who acted as the "programme."

Mr. "Billy" Butler, the comedian, in spite of a bad cold, responded to encores, and Messrs. Parker (baritone) and Baxter (alto) gave some fine solos as well as duets.

Perhaps most of all are thanks due to Mrs. Darby who played, sang and accompanied to everyone's enjoyment.

There were guessing competitions for cakes and a large hamper of fruit given by Miss Hodgson.

For the latter, three of the "boys" tied, G. Chapman, H. Wells, and O. Windridge,

so that "lots" had to be drawn, and Chapman was the winner.

For the escorts' prize, Miss Page and Mrs. Biggs tied, but luckily there was a cake for each.

Soon after 6 p.m. the room was required so "God save the King" then closed a very cheery gathering.

G. H. E.

STOKE-ON-TRENT.

A meeting of the North Salop and North Staffs. St. Dunstaners took place at the Grosvenor Cafe, Hanley, on 22nd October.

This was not such a large gathering as in some centres—thirty-nine sat down to tea—as Stoke is not easy of access for several, though it has seemed the best meeting place for the majority hitherto.

It was, however, put to the vote at tea as to whether next year, when it is hoped a meeting will again be held, Wolverhampton might not be a better centre. At the suggestion of T. H. Dennison, three days to think the matter over, were given before sending in the votes.

From start to finish, it was a cheery gathering; everyone arrived with the usual St. Dunstan's spirits, and Miss Heath, the manageress of the cafe, had done her best to make the tea a success, and a very good "best" it was.

Mr. Swain read a message from Captain Fraser, and this and Mr. Swain's speech were responded to by G. Sewell, the oldest St. Dunstaner present, who wished Captain Fraser every success in his Election contest.

Afterwards Mr. Percy Bairstow, assisted by Mr. Stanley at the piano, gave an entertainment, to which A. Sutton contributed, whose sympathetic pianoforte solo playing, as also W. Robinson's singing, were greatly appreciated. Miss Stevenson, a friend of Mr. and Mrs. Hodgkins, also sang and was loudly applauded.

Then, too, there was the joy of meeting old friends; not only among the "boys" but "staff" also, for Miss Cook, whom many remembered at the "House" in the old days, and also Miss Gough of the Bungalow, soon to be the new visitor, found many old friends to greet.

In the cake guessing competition, three tied for the prize presented by Miss Cook, who then most generously gave three cakes. The winners were Mrs. Blackshaw, Mrs. Johnson, and Mrs. Wakefield.

W. Robinson won the Pie.

Finally, "train-times" broke up a very pleasant gathering.

G. H. E.

Braille and Typing Room Tea-Party

The annual Braille and Typing Room Tea Party, held on Armistice Day, was a great success. The men both past and present, rolled up in their "hundreds" from St. John's Lodge. The tea was at Maison Lyons, and one and all were served with the excellent things for which Lyons is famed. We had the good fortune to have with us Miss Pain and "Mr. H.," who added greatly to our enjoyment and merriment, reminding us of old times. The party had to leave rather early having to dress up for the Armistice Fancy Dress Dance. It was rumoured that the 6 o'clock "high tea" at the Lodge was not well patronised!

A New Departure

Some decidedly original work has just been done by J. Burley, of Norwich. He writes:—

"I know you will be pleased to hear I have had a little local work at last. I have just made a pair of parallel bars, which I found rather hard work, but I don't mind that. The frame work was 4½ ins. by 3½ ins. oak. Then I made a vaulting horse and also a ping-pong table. The customer was highly pleased with them when they were finished."

Congratulations to Burley on his initiative and capacity.

Our readers must blame the General Election for the absence this month of the next chapter of "Wireless for the Blind." It can be imagined how little leisure Captain Fraser has had of late, and Mr. Carpenter has also been fully engaged in many Wireless Election activities in various parts of the country.

RIPPINGALE

WHEN on my holiday, I had the good fortune to spend a week-end with the Rev. J. E. Williams at Rippingale, the Lincolnshire village of which he is now rector.

It is a charming little place, just off the main road, so that the quietude is not disturbed by a constant stream of motor-cars and other traffic.

All St. Dunstaners will be glad to know that our ex-resident chaplain has already gained the respect and goodwill of his parishioners.

When I arrived I found the lads and lasses of the village in possession of the rectory lawn-tennis courts, whilst in another part of the garden other young men were trying their skill at skittles, and in still another portion of the grounds others were seeing who could throw the greatest number of bags of beans through a hole in a box shaped like a hen-coop!

It is easy to see that the church in which Mr. Williams officiates passed through troublous times of desecration and spoliation at different periods of its existence, notably during the Reformation era, and also in the early part of last century.

The church was built in the twelfth century, and has the solid square tower like so many of the churches built then and for several centuries afterwards. But, unlike other churches, it has two main naves side by side, at the end of each being some beautiful examples of stained glass.

Hanging on one of the walls in a small wooden case with a plain glass front is an interesting relic. It is a brush, in shape something like a bath brush with a long handle, and it is stated that it was used for stroking the soles of the feet of any parishioner who lay dying, under the impression that this had a soothing effect on the departing soul. The initials R.P. are worked into the bristles, these it is supposed representing "Rippingale Parish."

On the Sunday of my visit a very curious thing happened. More people by perhaps fifty per cent. attended the evening service than were present at the morning service; but the collection totalled exactly

the same amount morning and evening. This must surely be a record, and I imagine such a thing had never happened before.

There is an "oldest inhabitant" in the village—as is the case in all villages—and he boasts that for *fifty years* he has never missed a celebration of the communion. Nobody contradicts him!

E. KESSELL.

Best Story Competition

OUR stock of razors having been exhausted, we announced last month the closing of this feature, but the number of entries that have come in since evidences such continued interest in this little competition that we have decided to continue it for another three months.

We shall award as before an Auto-Strop Safety Razor, in case, complete, to the sender of the story which is each month decided by the Editor as the best contributed.

The winning story for last month, sent by S. K. Jerome, appears below. The prize for this month is awarded to F. Openshaw, of Burnley, for the story entitled "Penalty, Forty Shillings." Other stories are published also:

RIGHT!

Jock McCoy was a shy, but thirsty soul, and one evening, when he had been reluctantly roped in to a social function, he glanced from the crowd of guests to the tables of *very* light refreshments, and felt utterly out of his element.

Noticing his distress, his hostess bustled up to his side: "Now, Mr. McCoy," she said, "will you have a whisky and soda or a meringue?"

Jock's face lighted up.

"You're no wrang, you're richt!" he replied, eagerly holding out his hand for the glass.

PENALTY, FORTY SHILLINGS.

A man and his wife spending a few days in London went for a ride on the tube. The novelty of the experience, and the swift motion and oscillation of the train, induced in Eliza a strange, sinking feeling. "Eh, Jack?" hoo sed, "aw do feel sick!" "Good Lord, 'Liza," Jack said, "durnt

Netting Notes.

We have pleasure in publishing the results of our Guessing Competition in connection with the sale of string bags at the British Empire Exhibition. The nearest guess was sent in by J. Boyce, at present in residence at Headquarters here. He gave us the number of 3,500. We actually sold 3,889 bags. Some of the fellows were well over this number, and we had one guess of 6,780, and another one for only 675.

Now that we are able to reckon up our sales at Wembley, we find that we sold over 1,000 pairs of children's reins, and indeed there was a wonderful demand for practically everything that we make. Although it is not yet officially decided that the Exhibition will be opened again next Spring, we mean to prepare for this. Our experience this year will enable us to accumulate certain lines of string goods which will be in demand, and will enable us to send out regular orders for work to all our fellows throughout the winter.

G. H. W.

Braille Room Notes

We heartily congratulate the following men on having passed the Braille Reading Test:—

W. J. H. Clamp.
R. Larcome.

We also congratulate J. Davies on having passed the Braille Writing Test.

The following are a few of the books that have recently been added to the National Library for the Blind:—

Path of the King—J. Buchan.

Summons—A. E. W. Mason.

Tell England—E. T. Raymond.

Seven Ages—"Gentleman with a Duster."

Typewriting Notes

We heartily congratulate the following men on having passed the Typewriting Test:—

Brooks, W. E.
Coles, R. P.
Sanders, R.
Hill, G.
Whall, G.

G. J. S.

for heaven's sake be sick here. It's forty bob iv tha nobbit spits."

He had read the notice.

LOOKING AHEAD.

A Bolton weaver had just purchased a modern house when a dealer called and asked if he could supply him with coal.

"Eh, lad, aw'se want no coal. There's hot and cowl watter i' every slopstone."

GOOD ADVICE.

A father had a son living in London, who was out of work. The father was very good to his son, keeping him and giving him pocket money. One day he went to Canada. About six months later the father received a letter from him saying that he had a farm, and was doing well. "I think it is a feather in my hat," the letter ran. The next letter the father received stated that his son had gone into partnership in business. His son again wrote: "It's another feather in my hat." Some time after a letter arrived saying that his partner had died, and left the entire business to him. "Another feather in my hat," reported the son. Shortly afterwards the father received the news that his son had gone bankrupt, with a request for some money to get back to London. Then the father reflected that as his son had not sent him any money when he had been doing well, he would not send him any now. So he wrote, saying: "I am sorry I have no money to send you. The only thing you can do is to take the three feathers out of your hat, tie them to the tail of your coat and *fly* home."

GRATITUDE.

A soldier, on his way back to barracks, saw a small Jewish boy in the river. He jumped in and saved him and returned him safely to his nursemaid, who took his name and address. Next day the father came to the barracks and enquired for the soldier. The soldier walked out briskly, and the father said, "Are you the soldier who saved my son from the river?" "Yes," says the soldier. "Then," said the father, "vat did you do with his hat?"

A Very Famous Blind Man

FABRE, the famous Frenchman whose recorded observations of insect life have been read the world over, was born just over 100 years ago, and died in the early years of the war. He was a peasant child whose parents could neither read nor write and whose grandmother viewed the alphabet "as an intricate puzzle good only for spoiling the eyes!"

One of Jean Henri Fabre's first memories is of himself, aged six, "in a rough smock, its mud-stained hemp flapping against my bare heels, a handkerchief tied to my waist-band with a bit of string, standing spell-bound before the wonder of the sun. Was it through my mouth or my eyes that such joy came to me? I opened my mouth wide and shut my eyes tight. The radiance disappeared. I opened my eyes and shut my mouth. The glory reappeared!" Excited by his discovery, Fabre rushed to tell his family. Alas! they laughed at him.

Later, little Jean Henri was sent to school. It was a one-roomed place, school, kitchen, bedroom, dining-room, hen-house and pig-pen all at once. Between lessons the master would climb a ladder into a loft and bring down hay for his donkey or potatoes for his own mid-day meal. It was the delight of the little scholars to prod these out of the pot! It was a very interesting school to the mind of the little French peasant boy, and it was always warm, for every scholar brought a faggot from the woods every morning. But little knowledge could be learnt in such a place, so when Fabre went out into the world he began as a peddler of lemons. Later, he won a scholarship and began his schooldays over again, and all the while his passion for nature grew. He was never so happy as when out-of-doors studying the ways of insects.

Gradually he climbed up, teaching, learning, teaching again. At twenty he was earning the "magnificent" salary of seven hundred francs a year (equal in those days to about £28), and on this dared to marry. Gradually he worked his way up, taking degree after degree, and adding to his meagre income by writing science books,

so gradually his name became known first throughout France, then throughout the world. It was not until late in life that blindness overtook him.

Here is an account of one of his experiments. He had noticed that the pine-tree caterpillar is more sheep-like than sheep, in the way it follows its leader. "The way taken by the first is taken by all others, in single file, with no interval between one caterpillar and the next."

The leader of the procession, selected by chance, lays down a fine silk thread as it advances, the caterpillars following add to this, so, when many have passed, the result is a silken track. Fabre decided that this track was laid in order to guide them back to their homes when darkness had fallen. He asked himself what would happen if the track could be shifted so as to form a circle, tried it, and failed. Fate, however, set the scene for him. One day a procession of caterpillars emerging from a greenhouse started up the side of a huge flower-pot. Fabre waited until a sufficient number had crawled up to make a complete circle, then washed the outside of the pot, so destroying the guiding silken track that had led them aloft. Owing to the number on the pot no caterpillar was in the position of leader, each followed on the tail of that ahead, so none were called upon to display initiative. Round and round they went in endless procession, following on the silken track as they laid and relaid it. All day it went on. By ten at night the movement was slow, a mere heave of caterpillars, but when daylight came again the painstaking insects still continued their weary way. Another day passed, then another night. In the morning Fabre was again on the watch. The first caterpillar to bestir itself was a little outside the beaten track. Hesitatingly it stretched forward, six others followed, they travelled downwards into the pot, up the growing plant, then, this proving not to their taste, back again, following their own silken thread, and so to the everlasting procession on the rim!

The fifth day was much warmer. Some of the caterpillars on the pot were too exhausted to move any further, and so blocked the line; others, emboldened by

the sun, stretched out their heads past the blocking bodies. Four broke off, wandered half-way down the pot, lost nerve and re-ascended! Three days later some daring spirits ventured down these tracks, and this time dared to complete the journey. By nightfall on the eighth day the entire procession of caterpillars was back in the green-house whence they had emerged! They had travelled well over half a mile merely round the edge of a flower-pot. Or, as Fabre himself puts it: "They had made three hundred and thirty-five turns of a circle without learning the first thing from experience."

Autumn Scents

BY A BLIND MAN

Although, for me, autumn is no longer the time of copper leaf and scarlet berry, of blue mist and rich, golden sunset, it is still the time of fragrant scents.

As I sit in my doorway at the close of the day a dozen scents come wafted in to me. The odour of the trees and shrubs around me is mixed with the warm, soft scent of the cattle in the byre near by; and through both of them there comes the clear, piercing smell of the fire where the gardener is burning the fallen leaves.

In the early mornings I set out with my dog on my daily voyage of discovery. As I cross the meadow the lush green savour of the sodden grass mingles with the curious tang of the bramble in the hedge from which the moisture drips in slow, heavy drops.

A flock of sheep patters by, making the air doleful with their bleating and leaving behind them a heavy, misty odour which is unmistakable.

A VARIED SWEETNESS.

As the sun begins to warm the countryside the ripening blackberries fill the air with their sweetness. Most of the flowers have passed, but there is still some honeysuckle twined over the tree by the stile, and as I pass through it on to the common I pause for a minute to revel in its sweetness.

Out on the common the wind is fresh and clean, but come with me across to the

patches of gorse that are in bloom. Do you smell them? They have none of the rich, pineapple smell which hangs over them in hot June days, but there is instead something new and even more beautiful. How wonderfully it mingles, too, with the scent of the odour of the brown and yellow bracken that is all around it.

As I come to the end of the common and turn down through the drowsy pine-scented plantation, my dog pulls anxiously at his lead, for down in the valley there is a farm where they are busy threshing. Here there will be a chance of rattling in the farmyard, which is full of the crisp and dusty smell of the flying chaff.

And so we come again to the road, and in a little while the scent of my wood fire will welcome me back to the savour of the dinner that awaits me.—S. D. C.

How We got Our Name

NEW St. Dunstaners often ask, "How we got our Name," so the following little extract from the daily press may be of interest. In this connection it must be remembered that our original home was Mr. Otto Khan's house across Regent's Park.

St. Dunstan's was built for that Lord Hertford who figures as the Marquis of Steyne in "Vanity Fair," and was from all accounts depicted by Thackeray pretty accurately.

At the time the mansion was being erected in Regent's Park the demolition of the old church of St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, was taking place, and Lord Hertford bought the quaint clock which stood over the entrance, and had it set up at his new abode, which he called St. Dunstan's Lodge, after the church. The clock, made in William and Mary's reign, has figures of Gog and Magog, which strike the quarters with clubs on gongs.

St. Dunstan's was later the town residence of Lord Aldenham, after whose death it was purchased by the late Lord Londesborough, the owner before Mr. Kahn. King Edward is said to have had his first dance in its splendid white and gold ballroom.

Seeing by Feeling

We cull the following from the *Birmingham Gazette* :—

The wonderful way in which sightless ex-soldiers who have been trained at St. Dunstan's can "see" by feeling was shown at the *Gazette* office yesterday, when four of the men who took part in Saturday's walking race called to inspect the zinc impression of the photographs which appeared in the *Gazette* on Monday.

Though the impression was not deep enough for them to distinguish between the various faces, they were able to tell many things about the photographs.

"There are two figures on this one!"

"I can feel the shoes; here is the foot that is raised in the air, as he takes a step forward."

"Why, this must be you, Trott. You had a bandage over your eyes in the walk. I can feel something straight across the face here. And this is your guide."

The winner of the race, Mr. A. Scott, was not able to be present, as he had returned to his home in London and his work as a shorthand typist. But the competitors who came second and third in the race—Mr. W. Castle and Mr. W. Trott—were there, as well as two other competitors, Mr. Cole and Mr. Cashmore.

They spoke with enthusiasm of the pleasure that they get from the meetings of the Birmingham St. Dunstan's Club, which, in addition to arranging walks such as that on Saturday, and other sporting events, holds monthly meetings throughout the year. The summer meetings are held at the Edgbaston Reservoir, and the winter ones at Queen's College.

"They take the form of lectures, debates, or concerts, and we enjoy them all," said one of the blind ex-soldiers. "They mean a great deal to us."

It was because yesterday was the weekly half-holiday that the four competitors were able to spend the afternoon at the *Gazette* office. On other days they are all at work—two as shoemakers, one as a mat maker, and one as a corn and seed merchant.

Speeds

An American has been boasting that he is able to talk at the rate of 65,000 words an hour. That works out at 18 per second, which is, of course, ridiculous.

A rapid and practised talker making a speech on a subject which he fully understands will speak at a rate of 8,000 words an hour.

Mr. Arnold Bennett has said that a reviewer of books reads at an average rate of eight words a second, or 480 a minute.

This is only a little faster than the average reader, who devours a novel at the rate of 300 to 350 words a minute. Such a reader will spend about four hours reading the whole of an ordinary 280-page novel.

Taking dictation, any person who is accustomed to writing can write from eighteen hundred to two thousand words in an hour, but for original composition a speed of a thousand words an hour is above the average.

A novelist has turned out a 60,000-word book in ten days; but the story was dictated to a shorthand writer.

The speeds accomplished by first-class typists are almost incredible. One woman succeeded in writing over 300 words in three minutes. Another has done sixty-four words in thirty seconds, tapping the keys at the rate of 755 times in one minute. The average speed of a typist is, of course, much less than this, and anything above two thousand words an hour is good going.

Needlework varies so greatly in character and difficulty that it is not easy to estimate the number of stitches made by a seamstress in a given time.

In plain sewing fifty stitches a minute would appear to be a good average. To make a point lace Court train, in which there were five and a quarter millions of stitches, the time occupied was 98,020 hours.

The average time spent in smoking a cigarette is seven minutes. A cigar will, if properly smoked, last from twenty-three to thirty-five minutes.

Another Use for Wireless

DO FISH TALK?

Do fish live in a soundless world, or can they make audible signals?

Some interesting preliminary experiments have just been made in that finny paradise—the aquarium at the London Zoo. Capt. A. G. D. West—the B.B.C. engineer who transmitted the nightingale—and the writer secured an Admiralty-pattern hydrophone to which was attached a three-valve amplifier. We were permitted to listen at one or two tanks in the water-zoo.

The hydrophone, whose normal function is to detect the approach of submarines, is a round metal water-tight disc protecting a microphone of an especially sensitive type. It is so delicate that on one occasion during the war a succession of sounds was too painful to bear, and the telephones had to be removed from the ears. Comparing times later on, it was found that the noises were caused by the explosion of depth-charges 46 miles away!

This device was dropped into the tank where live the wrasse—boldly decorated sea-fish with enviable appetites. There was a rushing noise which was traced to the apparatus for aerating the water. When small crabs were thrown to the wrasse one heard a series of sharp metallic clashes clearly due to the snapping jaws of the fish. You saw and heard the feeding simultaneously.

With the crayfish there was a painful clangour when one of these lobster-like creatures actually "fingered" the hydrophone, but Captain West came to the conclusion that the instrument we used translated sounds as noises and not as tones.

Later in the evening we revisited the aquarium with a small microphone made water-tight in a football bladder. The wrasse were tested once more, and then we could hear a "plunk" as the crab-bait hit the water and a rather gruesome "scrunching" when the fish took their food. There were also swishing noises when they leapt through the water.

The carp gave us swishes and very faint "plops" as they took pieces of chopped-

up meat, while the trout went into instant retirement when the microphone was lowered into their tank. They never stirred a cautious fin until it was removed.

Each tank gave a different basic tone. Now and then one imagined that there were distinctive sounds something like buzzes, and again there was a noise (with the crayfish) like the snapping of a watch-case, but these might have been electrical in their origin.

The question as to whether fish emit sounds (apart from feeding noises) cannot be solved in a casual hour or so. A series of tests to find the best water-microphone is clearly necessary, as well as an immense amount of patient listening after the fish have become used to the presence of the instrument. Only four tanks out of 95 were visited at the first test, and the other 91 may hold further secrets.

Water is a most effective medium for transmitting noises, so why should fish not make use of their natural advantages by signalling to each other? There the suggestion is left for research-workers who may wish to take up a novel and unexplored line.

There should certainly be distinctive noises caused by the passage of bodies through the water. During the war United States submarine-hunters tracked a whale with hydrophones and killed it with depth-charges under the impression that it was a submarine. The Admiralty circulated the story of the hunt to avoid future misunderstandings of the kind. — L. G. M. in the *Daily Mail*.

Jean entered a butcher's shop in a little town in Scotland, and demanded to see a sheep's head.

"Is it English?" she asked, when one was shown her.

"No, lass, it's Scotch," replied the butcher.

"Then it'll no do," said Jean. "Mistress is English and she said I was to be sure and bring English meat."

"Here, Jock!" said the butcher, tossing the sheep's head over to his assistant, "take the brains out of that, will you?"

After a Trip to the Richest Silk Producing District in China

By A ST. DUNSTANER.

UGLY looking, gnarled, undersized, twisted and leafless trees announce that we have entered the rich silk producing district of Wusih, where filatures and tall chimneys of brand new cotton mills tower in the distance. These hoary old bushes, which can hardly be called trees, and which are purposely kept low, have long ago been stripped of their resplendent foliage that served as a food for the millions of larvæ, which burst into life last May. They, like most new-born things, are hungry from the moment they enter the world, and luscious fresh mulberry leaves have been spread in a double layer on huge bamboo trays for their nourishment. It is astonishing to see how these almost invisible maggots gorge themselves, and how they almost visibly, before one's eyes, grow in length and corpulence. Within three weeks they may be measured by inches, and as they have, by that time, had all they want to eat, they spin a tiny cobweb round their sleek bodies and transform them-

selves into cocoons. As such they are either sold to dealers, who know their true value, or kept by in the low butt that constitutes the farmer's castle. In thousands of homes one may see a score, or more, of these precious pupa floating in a boiling fluid, which is kept at a uniform temperature (in the only cooking utensil of the house), by the aid of a small pair of bellows that is being carefully worked by a six-year-old child. The lady of the house has undone the end of the hardly visible silky cobweb, into which the pupa has spun itself, twisted a dozen or more of these threads together, and is now in the act of unspinning the silken thread from as many cocoons as she desires the thickness of her thread to be. It is all very primitive. Nevertheless, the piece of silk-cloth, when some weeks later it is tightly suspended over a bamboo frame, and the embroidery she, with deft fingers, artfully works on it, are both very often a thing of beauty in its quaint design and careful execution. But millions of these cocoons are bought by foreigners, who unstrip them, and ship the precious thread to America and Europe, so that our mothers, wives, sisters and daughters may be transformed into butterflies.

Trade Advertisements and Notices

[We are prepared to devote some space each month to advertisements of goods made or supplied by St. Dunstaners, for which there may be a demand from others of our readers. No charge will be made for the insertion of these announcements, which, as our space is limited, must be as short as possible. They can only be accepted from men who have actually been trained at St. Dunstan's, and we undertake no responsibility with regard to them.—ED.]

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