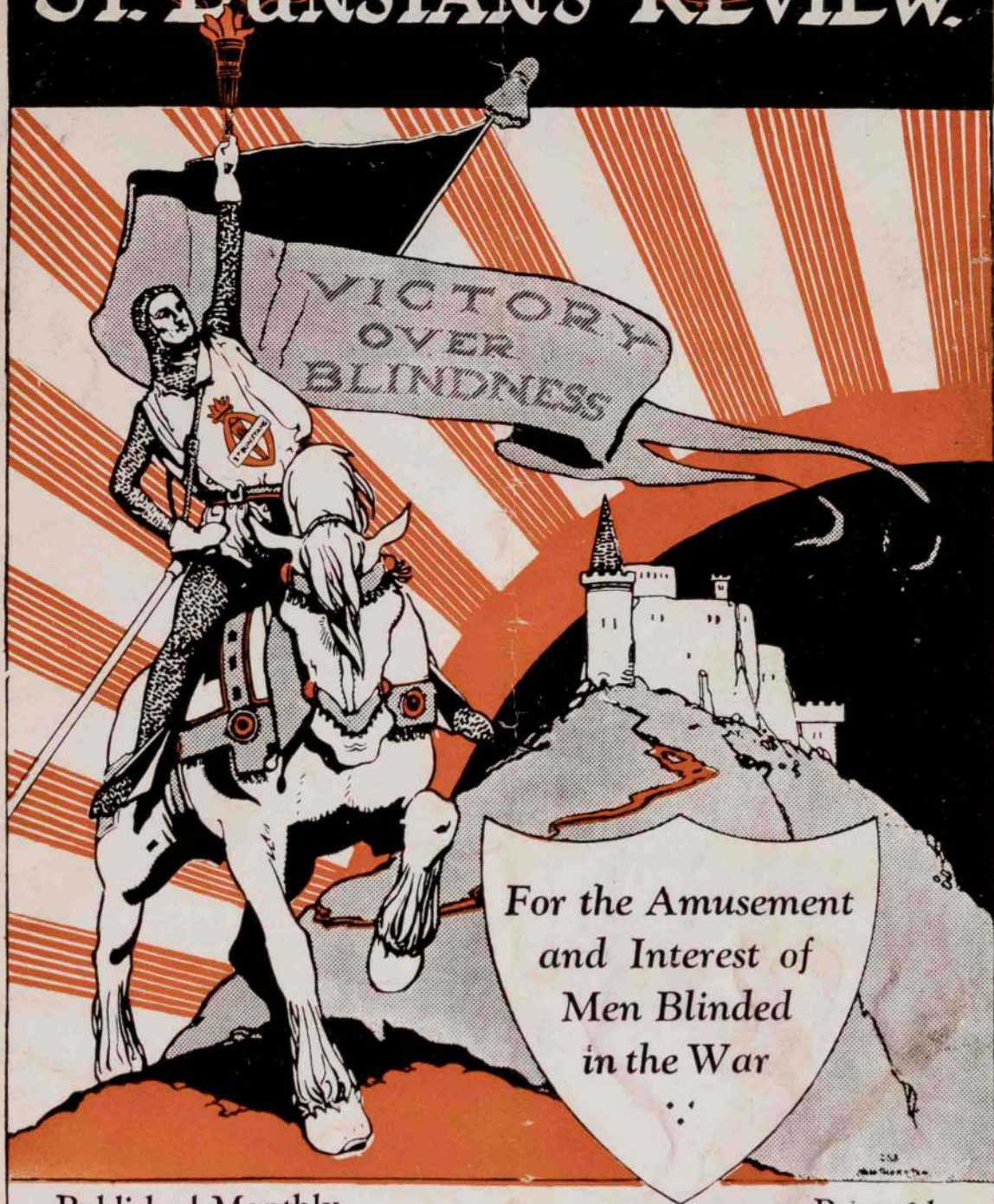


ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW.



Published Monthly

Price 6d.

ST. DUNSTAN'S FOR BLINDED SOLDIERS, SAILORS AND AIRMEN (IN ASSOCIATION WITH THE BRITISH LEGION)
Inner Circle, Regent's Park, London, N.W.1

St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

No. 160.—VOLUME XV. [NEW SERIES]

JANUARY 1931.

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

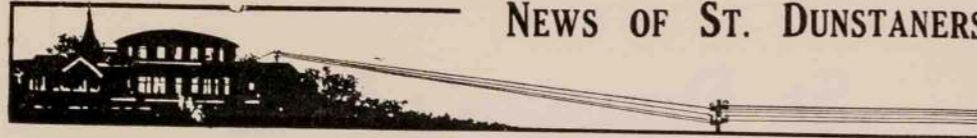
To our Adventure—the New Year!

THE holidays are over. Christmas, with its fun and its festivities, is a thing of the past, a happy memory but yet only a memory. The few days we speak of as the New Year—in capital letters—are also days which have gone. But the new year itself—the year of 1931—is still before us. We have not yet made our way through one of its months. When that is finished there are eleven more to follow. Eleven long months—a long road stretching out in front of us, divided up into its little sections, February, March, April, and so on, but really all one continuous road. It may not be a perfectly straight road; there may be surprises in it, sudden twists and turnings, irritating ruts and unexpected bumps in its surface. But, whatever its character, it will be a new road. We have never trodden it before, we know nothing about it except what we guess—and then we may be sure our guesses will be wrong. But the very fact of its strangeness constitutes its greatest attraction. There is fun in facing what is new, a sense of adventure in taking on something which will not show us what we are up against until—well, until we are up against it.

There is only one way in which we can prepare for this new road which will always be new until the last step of all. That is by choosing the spirit in which it shall be faced, the attitude which we shall adopt towards its turnings and twistings, its ruts and sudden bumps. We can think nothing about the bumps at all until we come to them, when our dignity may be upset as well as our footsteps. Or we can decide now that no stone in the way, no dip in the road, shall have power to take from us that cheerfulness, that restraint, that gay courage which we St. Dunstaners have always prided ourselves upon possessing. It is up to us!

For us all there will be work, old interests, new interests, old friends, new friends, good hours, bad hours. We are all together in the enterprise—a little band of comrades setting out side by side to face we know not what of laughter and tears, danger and joy. And one thing we can do to spur us on. Look back on any year one cares to think of. Which were the more numerous, the good hours of work and fellowship, or the bad hours of difficulty and gloom? The good hours—surely they win every time. And so they will again. In this one way the new-born 1931, we may be sure, will show itself near akin to the old 1930 which has died.

NEWS OF ST. DUNSTANERS



DBOWLES, of Ipswich, has spent much of his life living in a caravan, and so it is natural that he should turn his attention to the possibility of making one. This was a very courageous undertaking, and he has given six months to the work. We understand that he managed to do the body, including sliding windows, shelves and cupboards, himself but that he had to have some assistance with the curved roof. We congratulate him heartily on his achievement.

As a result of the Brighton Chrysanthemum Show, R. J. Williams of Southwick took about a dozen orders and since he gave away something like 100 papers about mats to interested people it is practically certain that he will have secured some potential customers. As an interest outside his work Williams is taking up chess. It is one of the finest of games and we hope Williams will persevere over the initial difficulties. He will find "problems" a constant joy.

Another St. Dunstaner of the same name is S. W. Williams of Upper Dyserth. He is well settled into his new house and has had a number of orders already; he is hoping to secure many from passing motorists in the summer, and if Mrs. Williams carries out her idea of supplying summer teas, this too should attract customers for Williams' work.

"All well and cheery" is the news from C. E. Thomas of Cricklewood. His new job proves interesting; he had a singing engagement in the Isle of Wight at the end of the year, by the way.

As usual, the little shop run by A. E. Tucker at St. James', Bristol, is looking very nice; it has just been repainted and has a fine selection of St. Dunstan-made-goods in the well-arranged window. Tucker himself is always busy. Many

friends who missed him at the Bristol meeting will be interested to hear the reason of his unwonted absence—Tucker's little nephew had just started measles and he realised that it was unfair to those who bring their children to the gatherings for him to risk coming, as he had been in contact with the child.

W. Paul of New Brancepeth, co. Durham, is seeking fresh worlds to conquer; he has taken up another allotment and is also making a hen coop with the intention of keeping a few hens.

Together with wife and family A. Wernham of Bracknell is very well and he is quite busy with mats—perhaps owing to our spell of muddy weather!

A good trade in tub chairs is being carried on by A. Stevens of Wokingham; he has also had a number of orders for baskets for the Christmas gift season.

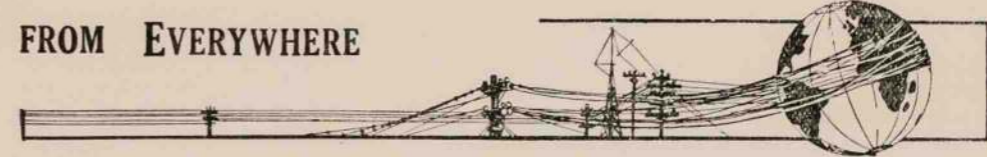
W. J. Parnell of Hull seems well and happy. He is about to learn mat-making as there is sufficient ground at the back of the house to permit of the erection of a good shed.

B. Robinson of Horsforth is comfortably settled in his old home again and the place has been admirably repaired and decorated so is greatly improved. We hope the family will be very happy there.

An order for a motor mat was executed by S. Ash of Exeter, Devon, a few weeks ago. We hope that he will be able to extend this special line as many other men have done.

When last we heard of W. Baker of Carnarvon he had a supply of orders for baskets and trays and hoped to sell others as a side line in his little sweet-stuff shop.

FROM EVERYWHERE



D. Owen of Blaenau Festiniog is also happy and comfortable and had good orders in for Christmas.

Pig-keeping as well as poultry has been added to the interests of R. Davies and family of Saxmundham.

At Lowestoft the summer season was fairly good according to the estimate recently made by W. Nash. The family is well and the eldest boy is one of the busiest of its members since he is studying for a stiff examination as well as doing his usual work. We wish him all success in his efforts and congratulate him upon his perseverance and ambition.

Looking forward to the spring A. I. Gwyn of Oulton Broad has taken over a large extra piece of ground at the bottom of his garden and is now hard at it getting it into working order.

"On the whole, a very good season," says F. Ashworth of Gorleston, looking back on the results of the last few months—and may he have an even better one next year!

J. R. Brown of Nuneaton is well, cheerful and fairly busy.

Among other Nuneaton St. Dunstaners is W. McCarthy. He seems to have plenty of work in sight and shows admirable willingness to tackle out of the way jobs. He found a good deal of interest in repairing a chest of drawers a short time ago.

Gramophone records are proving themselves a valuable addition to the stock in the shop of D. S. H. Wood of Rugby; they are finding a ready market—other St. Dunstaners might like to see what they can do in this direction.

Wood's little son has again distinguished

himself at swimming, we note.

A fine dog kennel is the latest achievement of W. Cavanagh of Sunderland; he handles his tools remarkably well by the way.

R. Robinson, also of Sunderland, is making some excellent wool rugs and has very useful "gadgets" to simplify the work, such as a table made on to the wall, which is very convenient for keeping things together and holding work in the process of manufacture.

Has anyone a spare dog, preferably a discriminating bull terrier? M. W. Brown of Seddlescombe wants one as a protection to his wife. All is well with Brown except for some losses due to foxes.

Golden opinions are being won by J. Deegan of Brixton, we hear. He has settled down to his office work in fine style and has incidentally stirred up interest in St. Dunstan's in fresh quarters, with the result that an order for a large mat was sent to headquarters. When it arrived it was so much admired that the staff decided to wait for a fine day to put it down for fear of it being spoilt!

Quite a wonderful escape is recorded by M. Carey of Tottenham. The ceiling fell down in the bedroom, occupied by his children, only a few minutes after they had run out of it.

Poultry has proved a great success this last year according to T. Gregory of Thompson, Thetford. He, his wife and the baby are all well and hoping to move into a new bungalow shortly; it is now in process of erection, and should be convenient for Gregory since it is close to the railway station.

A. Clover of Long Melford is one of the

News of St. Dunstaners—continued.

REVIEW's appreciative readers, so may we ask that he will sometimes send us in notes concerning his own progress or anything interesting that happens to him? It is by receiving these jottings that the REVIEW maintains its standard of interest for all our band of St. Dunstaners. He is working at his joinery as before and also finds a good deal of pleasure in his banjo-lene.

A few local orders of an interesting type have come to M. Mulvaney, of Whitley Bay, even though the 'season' is a thing of the past. Mrs. Mulvaney was successful in her lettings too and any St. Dunstaner or St. Dunstaners' friends who would like a holiday in that neighbourhood next year should note the address: Mr. and Mrs. M. Mulvaney, 48, Dowling Avenue, Whitley Bay.

The new house into which F. Warin has moved in East Rainton, near Fencehouses, is a tremendous success. Indeed, Warin says it has been like moving "out of darkness into light"; as a consequence his health is much improved.

T. Hetherington, of Shiremoor, Northumberland, is very fit and cheery; he finds life at the Wheat Sheaf Inn full of interest and has no time for moping.

As usual an appreciable percentage of news comes from our busy group in Ireland:—

J. Boyce of Belfast is in great form and very happy. His place is maintaining his high standard of efficiency and looks most attractive according to report, while he has had a steady run of patients of late and the numbers at the hospital requiring his attention seem to be increasing.

Another who is in good form is J. Goodison of Sandymount. He completed three large mats for Alexandra College in Dublin a few weeks ago and there discovered an old chum of his army days! He has as much work in sight as he can undertake at the time of writing.

D. Power is also very fit. His new hut is giving him great satisfaction.

A fine trade is being built up by J. Butler of Waterford; he is well and much occupied.

An odd order has been received by B. Martin of Bray—one for a wine bottle-basket for an hotel in the district; we all hope it will lead to repeats. Martin is in much better health than he used to be and is putting on weight in a satisfactory manner.

E. P. Horan reports himself as fit. He had a further order for baskets as a result of the recent sale. The latest additions to the household are canaries—very fine singers—which give Horan great pleasure.

As for W. Dacey of Waterford, he is as usual in good form and wonderfully cheery. As a Christmas gift he sends his blessing to "all the people at London"—and we reciprocate!

S. Holmes of Belfast is another who is well and going strong, particularly in the direction of standard lamp making.

H. Raymond of St. Annes-on-Sea is busy with curbs for work, and wireless as a distraction. C. H. Cornwall of Ipswich returned home looking noticeably fit and well after his stay at Brighton. T. Allen of Easington Lane, co. Durham, has been working on a large mat for a local tradesman despite the fact that he has been inconvenienced by what the doctor calls "poor man's gout"!

"All keeping well" is the news from A. W. Blaker of Penn Hill, Lancing, and much the same message is sent by H. A. Critchell (who is doing a little with wool rugs), C. F. Butler of Peckham Rye, J. Davies of Wembley, and A. Dean of Hawkhurst.

Poultry have been improving satisfactorily with A. Smith of Hartlepool, which is fortunate, for the tea-room trade was

News of St. Dunstaners—continued.

not as good as usual owing to the wet Sundays and too brief summer.

The new bungalow into which J. Dunks moved in Bungay recently is in a delightful situation and Mrs. Dunks is feeling much better for the change. Dunks himself has been having rather a bad time with his head, we are sorry to know. T. Ap. Rhys of Bangor is another to have made a move not long since; all the family sound well and happy.

All goes well with R. Fitzgerald of Halifax and L. Smith of the same town; T. Parrish of Wellingborough is prospering and says he is now "dealing in horses," which is something of a new venture even for a St. Dunstan's man!

R. W. Baker is well and doing fairly well with his netting as is also W. Brogan with joinery—both in Cambridge.

J. Walch of Blackpool is well and jolly, and the proud father of a "darling little baby girl" according to our latest news.

Chairman of a Legion Branch

We offer our congratulations to J. Thornton, of Camden Town, who has been elected Chairman of the St. Pancras Branch of the British Legion. This is both an honourable and an interesting post and we are sure J. Thornton will give good service.

Poppy Day

One of the St. Dunstaners who worked indefatigably on Poppy Day was G. J. Smith, of Leicester; he succeeded in collecting over £6 for the fund.

Princess Mary and a St. Dunstaner

Private McLean was one of the guests at the December party held at the Duke of York's Headquarters, Chelsea, when Princess Mary distributed gifts. The *Daily Mirror* had a good picture showing Mc-

Lean receiving this from the hands of the Princess.

Smoking!

That recurring question "Does a blind man enjoy smoking" has been going the rounds of the press again and has brought forward an appreciable number of letters. Are there any St. Dunstaners who were smokers formerly but have now given up smoking, we wonder?

The Adair Wounded Fund

At the 254th Sunday social function held by the Adair Wounded Fund at the Wigmore Hall on December 14th—a particularly enjoyable affair—where as usual a number of St. Dunstaners were among the guests, there was a curious streak of luck for our boys, as no less than three of the prizes in the lucky draw went to them! All the fortunate ones were roundly cheered as they secured their prizes.

A Sunday Morning Thrill

An amusing and exciting experience came the way of H. V. Kerr on the first Sunday in January. He was practising for the next walking race on Hayes Common, Kent, with a friend, whose hand was attached to his, as is customary, by a short length of tape. Both men held their arms well down at their sides to avoid looking conspicuous. They had been walking for some time, at a speed of about 5½ miles an hour, when there was a sudden commotion and the command was given them to stop. Kerr wondered what it was all about, especially when his friend began to explain in great detail who they were and what they were doing. He made some enquiries and discovered that their questioners were a police sergeant and two constables. When his companion had finished his explanation the policemen burst into laughter and gave their explanation in turn.

It appeared that a motorist had seen the two men careering along, linked together, earlier in the morning, and had immediately driven to the nearest police station, where he had given information that two prisoners had escaped from their escort and

were tearing over Hayes Common as fast as they could go. The police-sergeant and the two constables had immediately set off in pursuit on bicycles, and had spent the best part of Sunday morning chasing the "desperate villains." They went back to the police station without a capture but with a very good story to tell—while Kerr and his friend went home also with a good story. What story the law-abiding motorist told we have no means of knowing!

Brighton News

A Letter of Thanks

St. Dunstan's Annexe,
Brighton.

MY DEAR BOYS,

A thousand thanks for all the letters, cards and calendars I have received from you this Xmas. I cannot tell you how much I appreciate your kind thought of me. It made me very happy to read all the nice messages you sent me and I only wish I could have written a letter of thanks to each one of you, but as the number reached over five hundred I know you will forgive me for not doing so and for asking the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW to bring to each of you my very best thanks instead.

May 1931 be the happiest year you have ever had.

All the best of good luck and all kindest of thoughts and good wishes to you all.

Your affectionate friend,

ADELINE THELLUSSON,
Commandant Matron.

January 4th, 1931.

Christmas at Brighton

If a stranger had chanced to peep into the dining-room of our annexe on December the 17th he would probably have conceived the idea that we were a little previous with our Christmas celebrations, for the tables were heavy with all the good things which one associates with Christmas Day; but it was only the trainees and instructors being entertained to dinner before leaving for their holidays. It was a very happy party which sat down about

six-thirty. There was a pleasant surprise awaiting Matron, when she took her seat. On the table in front of her was a beautiful china bowl filled with pink and white hyacinths. This was a present to her from the men to show their appreciation of the care and attention she had given them during the past twelve months. After toasting the various heads of departments, Tug Wilson, on behalf of the men, presented Sister Boyd-Rochford with a very fine azalea. This little tribute to a very popular sister was received with loud applause. Jock Isaacs then proposed the health of the Matron and in a few well-chosen words thanked her for the work she had done and was doing for all St. Dunstaners. The prizes for the lucky numbers were won by R. Wass, W. Burman and J. Coupland respectively. About eight o'clock all adjourned to the lounge where dancing was carried on until ten o'clock.

As Christmas drew near the annexe began to take on a very festive appearance and great credit is due to the Sisters and Orderlies who worked so hard in decorating the different rooms. It was all very cleverly and artistically arranged.

Christmas Eve found us with a very full house and a dance after supper provided an opportunity for old friends to exchange greetings.

About a hundred and thirty guests sat down to dinner on Christmas day. The meal was perfect in every detail and would have satisfied the most fastidious. Everyone had a present of a tie from Matron. We had the usual toasts and everybody bowed the head reverently when J. Hughes proposed a silent toast to the late Matron Power.

Messages for a happy Christmas were then read from Captain and Mrs. Fraser. Lambert then rose and, on behalf of the men, asked Matron to accept, as a mark of their love and affection, a present, which took the form of an umbrella. Matron responded in her own inimitable way. A move was then made to the lounge where there was music and dancing.

There were theatres, games, music and dancing for the rest of the holiday. A dance on Saturday and a concert on Sunday helped to keep things lively.

Brighton News—continued.

New Year's Eve Celebrations

There was a big dance on New Year's Eve. Also a party for the children of the men settled in Brighton. The quiet lounge was commandeered and was the scene of great merriment. There was "The Old Lady who lived in a Shoe" who, during the interval, disappeared behind the curtain and reappeared as Father Christmas, who gave each of the little guests a present from a wonderful Christmas tree. Nothing was forgotten which would help the kiddies to remember their party at St. Dunstan's as one of the happiest in their lives. The dance for the grown-ups went with a good swing. The prizes for the fancy dress were won by Jock Stibbles, W. Colman and Taffy Warren. After supper there was a spot dance which was won by A. Tetley and Mrs. Brooks. Dancing continued until midnight, when the death of the old year and the birth of the new was heralded with twelve strokes on the large gong. Then all joined hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne." Everybody was then busy for some time, exchanging good wishes for the New Year. Our thanks are due to the staff, from the Matron downward, for the work they put in to ensure that Christmas 1930 should equal any of its predecessors.

Sports Club Meeting

The Annual Meeting of the Clubs was held at Headquarters on December 8th, when the following were present. Mrs. Irvine (Manchester), Miss Hodgson (Birmingham), Miss Morris (Brighton) with Miss Woolrych (Sports Sec.), Inst. Tovell, and Capt. Williams in the chair. Unfortunately illness prevented Miss Stacey from being present, while Miss Nelson also was unable to come. As the Sports Shield had been won outright, the main question was the carrying on of the Inter-Club Contest, and it was decided that for Rowing, Walking and Sports the Inter-Club Competitions should again take place, and that a cup be provided for each section. The cup was to be held for one year by the winning team, whose name would be engraved upon it. The cup was not to be won outright.

(a) *Rowing.* This event would be held

as usual at Putney, and the Inter-Club Competition would comprise Pair Oars and Double Sculls.

(b) *Walking.* This event will be held at Birmingham, and Miss Hodgson is most kindly giving a cup.

(c) *Sports.* Competition for Inter-Clubs will be held at Brighton—this is of course apart from the Annual Sports Day in London. The usual programme will be attempted—Cricket Ball, Single Jump, Treble Jump and Weight.

Captain Fraser is generously granting cups for Rowing and Sports, and I think that this new series of Competitions will meet with general approval. It was found impossible to arrange teams for a Running contest this year, but it is hoped that an independent event can be arranged in London for those who wish to compete.

The points of the various contests are:—

Rowing 6—4—2 for each event.

Walking 12—8—4

Sports 3—2—1 for each event.

As we want the contests to be successful, we ask that entries for the various Cup events be sent to the Sports Sister concerned no later than one month before each event, and it is expected that every effort will be made by each team that has entered to fulfil the entry. It was a very helpful meeting and suggests a very happy and enjoyable series of contests. May the best team win!

Badges for the Blind

The honour of being chosen out of the whole school to present a purse to Princess Mary when she came to collect for the local hospital at Crewe fell to little Patricia Giffan. Her father is very proud of the way she performed her part.

Splendid news is to hand regarding C. A. Stracey, of Rochford, whose health for a long time has not permitted him to take up work of any kind. In a letter to Headquarters, Stracey says: ". . . you would be surprised how happy I am at the work and I hope my health will allow me to carry on. I only had a fortnight's training and I can do nearly three waste-paper baskets a day. I wish it were possible for you to see the workshop to-day, all stacked with baskets."

Fear!

A St. Dunstan's Man's Impressions of "Journey's End"

Advocate R. W. Bowen, M.P., was a platoon sergeant in the 2nd South African Infantry Brigade. At Ypres in 1917 he was blinded by a shell burst, but after eighteen months at St. Dunstan's, as many of his old comrades will remember, he was able to leave for Cambridge, where he studied Law and received the honorary degrees of B.A. and LL.B.

In July 1922 he returned to South Africa. There he began to practise at the Bar and last year he was elected a member of the South African Parliament.

His impressions of "Journey's End" were written at the request of "The Week-End Argus" in the hope that they would enable Cape Town playgoers to appreciate more deeply the spirit and inner meaning of this fine play.

IT is certainly not with any sense of my ability as a dramatic critic that I accept the invitation of the Editor of The Week-End Argus to write my personal impressions of "Journey's End," and I candidly admit to having no knowledge whatever of the technique of dramatic art. I have read the play, and now I have seen it!

What appeals to me in this play is its reality.

There is not the slightest doubt that "Journey's End" has a personal message for every individual whose war experiences brought him into intimate relationship with trench life.

We have all returned from the war, but none of us are really the same as we were. Our experiences have been too abnormal for us to be able lightly to shake off its effects. Its influences have dominated our characters, and moulded our very being.

In retrospect, our main impressions have been either a profound sense of the glory of war, due to the close association with some exceptional incidents of valour, or a terrible loathing of the horror of the ghastly thing.

"Journey's End" is a living thing. Books do not create the sense of fear. This play does. That is why it reaches the bottom of the well of truth. Fear was in every man at the front, whether hero or coward, and the glory of war was the conquering of this fear.

What were my impressions of the war prior to seeing this play?

I had thought them to be a vivid impression of discomforts, lice and mud,

standing out boldly in a background of intense admiration for the willingness of every unit in the great machine to do whatever was expected of him.

What has been the effect of "Journey's End" upon these impressions? It has shown them to be the result of retrospection. The scenes portrayed in the dug-out have revived the atmosphere of the trenches as nothing I have ever read could have done.

It has shown me clearly that fear was the underlying dominant note.

Every character on the stage showed this to me, and brought it home as nothing else could have done. Hardy, the officer who was left behind to hand over his section of the line to the relieving company, showed it by his anxiety to hand over and get out.

It was used by Osborne and Raleigh when in their hour of suspense they chattered about a preference for coffee or tea and when this failed them, Osborne deliberately stimulated Raleigh's interest in the pigs of the New Forest.

Osborne unquestionably is the most striking character of "Journey's End."

His control over his feelings was wonderful. Never for an instant during the whole of the play did he allow his feelings to gain the upper hand.

Stanhope is the hero of the play! The circumstances of his position made it necessary for him to be an example to his men, and never for a moment did he allow himself to fall in their estimation or esteem. His consideration for their comfort showed this throughout the whole of the play.

He never for a moment expected of any of the men under his command anything which he would not have been prepared to do himself. He fell in his own esteem, but he strove to remain high in the esteem of the men of his company.

It was Osborne whom Stanhope sent to take over company headquarters, while he personally went with the platoon commanders to take over their own particular section of the line. It was he who first appreciated the dirty condition of the trenches which his company was relieving, and his disgust and rage on behalf of his men was not the least achievement of a fine piece of acting.

That he was afraid is clearly demonstrated in the scenes in the dug-out, but so also is the fact that this fear never for a single moment was allowed to filter down to the men he commanded.

He assumed every difficult task, and from the first selected the most trying and dangerous hours of duty. But there was not the depth of personal character in him for him to rely upon himself, so he relied upon whisky. It never seemed to me that Stanhope was drinking whisky to drown his fear or to revive his courage, but simply as a sedative to his nerves, and a impulse to spur him to greater activity.

Trotter may have lacked imagination; he possibly did, but he, too, was afraid.

Is this not clearly shown when he deliberately asked Stanhope to relieve him of the unpleasant duty of inspecting the ruins lying out in "No-man's Land?"

Stanhope's reply that he himself would see to this was typical. He undertook the inspection at the most dangerous hour of the night. Just prior to dawn was the hour when Stanhope decided to go on duty. Those who have any association with trench life know that this is the hour of unhealthy activity, and yet Stanhope decides to personally inspect the area between his own front line and that of the Germans when he knows that this of all hours is the most dangerous.

Raleigh is, of course, the clean, healthy type of youth who has plenty of moral worth. Healthy and keen, active and

intelligent, his ignorance made him a danger to himself, and very often a danger to the men under him. "Where ignorance is bliss" has caused many an officer dangerously to expose himself and the men under his command to misfortune.

This play has shown me that I was afraid every time I was in the line. I knew it, of course! but I was too afraid to let my comrades see or suspect it.

The whole play is a wonderful show, and its success is due to the able portrayal of the tragic reality of war. To those who have been in France it was not a play, it was a real, living thing.

What is the message of "Journey's End"? It is our responsibility to those who have returned as derelicts. The experiences through which many of our comrades have lived have left them totally unfitted for the normal resumption of their everyday affairs. We owe a duty to these as much as we do to those who have returned physically maimed. We are disposed to sympathise with those who have returned bearing on their bodies results of war, but there are many who have been broken in spirit and self-control.

These are equally deserving of our compassion. They are as much war casualties as are those of us who bear the more obvious signs of the conflict. We owe a duty to these and "Journey's End" has demonstrated this fact. Let us live up to these responsibilities.

R. W. BOWEN.

Daughters' Successes

Congratulations to T. Till, of Lancaster, whose daughter Marjorie holds one of the Dean scholarships in music, and both of whose daughters, Dorothy as well as Marjorie, have just passed with honours the junior practical examination of the Trinity College. Each girl gained 87 marks, a very creditable performance.

Wembley Eisteddfod

We are pleased to hear that J. Davies, of Wembley, was awarded 1st prize for Tenor at the Eisteddfod held on December 6th at Wembley. He was accompanied by his Paddington Street teacher, Mrs. Burge.

Births

BARLOW.—On 1st December, to the wife of S. Barlow of Grimston, a son.

BENNETT.—On the 17th of December, to the wife of H. Bennett, of Bristol, a son.

GROVE.—To the wife of T. W. Grove, of Botley, a daughter on the 8th of December.

JACKSON.—A daughter, on the 1st of December, to the wife of J. Jackson, of Keighley.

LOVETT.—On the 4th of December, a daughter (Irene Elsie) to the wife of G. W. Lovett, of Romford, Essex.

MAHER.—To the wife of G. H. Maher, of Camberwell, on the 19th of December, a son.

Deaths

This month we must offer sympathy to the following:—

EDEN.—To the wife of T. Eden, of Sheffield, who lost her mother recently.

HORSFALL.—To T. Horsfall, of York, who lost his father on the 14th of December.

KEEN.—To W. J. Keen, of St. Dunstan's Cottage, Purton, Wilts, whose mother died on the 2nd of December.

PETERS.—To W. Peters, of Liverpool, another who has just lost his mother.

WALTON.—To T. W. Walton, of South Ealing, whose brother was tragically killed while at work in Newcastle, being caught in machinery; he lived only a few hours after the accident.

WILLIAMS.—To R. J. Williams, of Southwick, who lost his mother recently; we know that this will be a great trouble to him.

CLARKE.—To S. Clarke, of Beenham Village, Reading, who has recently lost his mother under particularly tragic circumstances. She had just alighted from an omnibus, and while crossing the Bath Road at Beenham, was knocked down by a car and received fatal injuries. She died in the Royal Berkshire Hospital four hours later. We know that

Mrs. Clarke was a great help to her son in many ways so the loss is particularly heavy.

Writing by Knots

WHEN BLIND USED STRING—EARLY SYSTEM

The following extract is taken from the *Glasgow Daily Record*, and will be of interest to St. Dunstaners.

A remarkable method of writing has been brought to light by the National Institute for the Blind while assembling exhibits for the Museum of Blindiana to be opened in London in the spring.

The alphabet of this system, which was employed by blind people in Mexico 200 years ago, consists of a variety of knots, loops, and hitches, fastened at intervals in a long cord.

When a blind person desired to send a message, he did not call for paper; he called for a ball of string. In this, at intervals of a few inches, he put knots representing the required letters and corresponding to the knots in his alphabetic code.

An official of the National Institute states that the method first came into existence as a means of teaching the Mexican blind to read, and that during the eighteenth century it was in common use among them for letter-writing purposes.

14 Pretoria Terrace,
Dover.
3rd Dec. 1930.

The Editor,
St. Dunstan's Review.

Dear Sir,

I would be grateful if you would find space in the next issue of THE REVIEW for the following, as I am sure it may be of interest to St. Dunstaners living in Kent.

At the annual general meeting of the Dover Branch of the British Legion I was elected a delegate to the Kent Council of the Legion, an honour which I very much appreciate. The President of the Council is Major Hon. J. J. Astor, M.P., who incidentally is a member of the Council of St. Dunstan's, so that St. Dunstan's may rest assured that I will keep a watching brief on any matter affecting the welfare of St. Dunstan's.

Thanking you, yours truly,
JOHN SHEEHY.

"In Memory"

PRIVATE JOHN CLEMENSON.
(K.O.Y.L.I.)

ST. DUNSTANERS will be grieved to hear of the death of J. Clemenson. When Clemenson came to St. Dunstan's in 1918, he was trained in basket-making and he worked up a nice little business. However after the death of his mother in 1926, which was a terrible grief to him, he failed to take much interest in his work and his health was also affected. He gave up basket-making in 1929 in preference for a small tea-round, but he was unable to make any progress with this, as he was taken very ill and admitted to hospital where he died on the 29th November.

The funeral took place at Wakefield Cemetery on the 3rd December, and there were many beautiful wreaths and flowers received, including a wreath in the form of our badge from Captain Fraser and his many comrades at St. Dunstan's.

Our sympathy is extended to Clemenson's father.

PRIVATE H. JUBB.
(Duke of Wellington's.)

It is with deep regret that we have to record the death of H. Jubb on the 8th December. Although he had not been in good health for some time, there did not appear to be any cause for anxiety; it therefore came as a great shock to us all to learn that, after about a week's illness, he had passed away, and our sincere sympathy is extended to his wife and little daughter.

The funeral took place on 11th December, and among the many wreaths received was one in the form of our badge from Captain Fraser and his many comrades at St. Dunstan's.

Jubb, when he became a St. Dunstaner in 1918, was trained as a poultry farmer, and through his and his wife's keen interest and hard work, they made a great success of their farm.

GUNNER CHARLES WARNER WISE.
(R.F.A.)

We regret to have to announce the death of this St. Dunstaner. Although Wise had always suffered from indifferent health, and became worse a few months ago, his death was very sudden on the 9th December, and we extend our sincere sympathy to his wife and family.

Wise came to St. Dunstan's in 1916 and he was trained as a poultry-farmer, but was unable to carry on with this occupation. He occupied his time with netting until 1926, when his health appeared to be improving, and he was then re-admitted to St. Dunstan's for a course of training in boot-repairing. He took a keen interest in this work and had quite a number of local customers.

The funeral took place on the 15th December at Ealing Road Cemetery, Brentford, and many wreaths and flowers were received, including a wreath in the form of our badge from Captain Fraser and his many comrades at St. Dunstan's.

A Wedding

A New Year's Day wedding was solemnised at St. Giles' Church, Colchester, between N. H. Rand and Miss Elsie Wilkin, of Rowhedge, Essex.

N. H. Rand is a trainee at Brighton. We wish him and his bride the best of good luck.

Please Note

That the Raglan Street telephone number has been changed to Gulliver 2271 (two lines). We hope men will remember this when ringing up the Stores.

An Old Friend Returns

We all unite in giving a hearty welcome to Sister Helen Goolden, who has re-joined the staff of St. Dunstan's as Sister-in-Charge at Headquarters. Sister Goolden, as many men will remember, worked in the Dispensary at St. Dunstan's from 1920 to 1924.

Mrs. Moore and Miss Goodship wish to thank the many kind friends who wrote them letters of sympathy on the sad occasion of the death of their brother, Joe.

Heatwave Events—In S. Africa

Below is printed part of a letter from E. Denny to Mrs. C. H. Vintcent, whose work in S. Africa will always be remembered by St. Dunstaners. The first part of the letter seems almost unbelievable, dated as it is the 12th November, until one remembers that it is talking about S. Africa, not the foggy, damp England we remember that month!

The weather here is still exceedingly hot and the drought is still unbroken. The jacaranda trees are past their best and their blossoms are fast fading away. Water is becoming scarce and the use of hoses for watering gardens is forbidden. Users of the local swimming bath are also suffering as fresh water is not put into the bath as often as when it is plentiful, and for some time past now it has been considered advisable to only half fill the bath.

I must tell you about the annual ceremony of decorating the graves of the soldiers who died in Pretoria during the South African War, which takes place in the old cemetery annually in November and is organised by the Guild of Loyal Women. This year's ceremony took place on Sunday last and I was taken by Mrs. Battle. It was very hot and we were nearly roasted, many scouts and V.A.D.'s fainting. The address was given by the Bishop of Pretoria and it was the best one I have ever heard him give.

The Governor-General, Princess Alice and Lady May Cambridge were present, and after the Bishop had delivered his address the Princess was introduced to me and Mrs. Battle by Colonel Mitchell Baker, A.D.C., who knows me very well. Mrs. Dey, who is Mayoress of Pretoria for another year, was also there and spoke to me quite a time and I also had a chat with the Bishop.

On Monday evening a confirmation service was held at St. Albans Cathedral by the Bishop of Pretoria. Twenty girls and thirteen boys were confirmed. The latter included our three youngest, Leslie, Norman and Terence—a bit of a record—three boys in one family at one time. We all went to the service and there were six Dennys in the cathedral.

Yesterday Mrs. Denny and I accompanied by Mrs. Battle went to the Armistice Service on the Square. There was a big crowd and Princess Alice and her suite attended. I met Mesdames Dey, Veale, Tanner and Nicolson, and also Mr. Sampson, Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, and the Mayor and Town Clerk of Pretoria.

Netting Room Notes

We wish the men belonging to the Netting Department a happy New Year, and thank them for helping so much in S O S orders for Christmas. Nearly all the rugs ordered were of odd sizes and shapes, some of them being very large. Of course, everyone wanted their work done as quickly as possible; and the men responded splendidly, so that we were able to send practically everything off before Christmas. Most of the new men are working well and will be excellent rug makers before long.

There are naturally not many netting orders during the winter but we are already mounting hammocks, hoping for a warm and early spring.

The men will soon be in full working order at Brighton. We hope they will have a happy and successful year under Miss Morris' excellent care and tuition.

K. H. W.

Great News!

An event to which all St. Dunstaners will look forward with eagerness will take place on Friday, January 30th, when the St. Dunstan's Singers have been invited by the B.B.C. to broadcast three groups of part-songs. The programme which Miss McCall has selected is as follows:

- 1 (a) Admiral's Broom.
(b) Breathe Soft Ye Winds.
(c) Men of Harlech.
- 2 (a) Lantido Dilly.
(b) Sweet and Low.
(c) Viking's Song.
- 3 (a) Old Brigade.
(b) Soldiers' Chorus from Faust.
(c) Jerusalem (Parry).

This is the first time the St. Dunstan's Singers will have faced the microphone. We wish them the very best of luck and assure them that there will be very few St. Dunstaners who are not listening-in to London Regional at 6.40 that evening.

News from the Workshops

BASKETS

T. J. Warren has made a really good start; he understands instruction readily and gets his work neat and tight. T. McGuire has done a good deal of Square work, including some hampers and luncheon baskets. He also had experience with seagrass stools, and a corner linen. He is keenly interested, and work shows a marked advance. W. J. Berry has had experience with some bag and boat baskets, and square-arms, he also did barrels and some stools. Sometimes he makes quite a fair basket, but at others he loses control. Concentration on small articles should enable him to master them.

R. Wass has had difficulty with his upsetting, control of stakes and kinking his material. Some barrels done in December showed a great step forward, and he did some stools fairly well. H. Tarling has been covering a good variety of work, including stools, picnic baskets, barrels and square-arms. He gives close attention to his work, getting very nice results, so that he should do well with the corner linen he has just started. H. Griffiths has done stools and corner linens, also some smaller articles, centre cane workbaskets and letter-trays; he will do best at this latter type of work.

F. Martin has had a good run on three-corner linens, reaching a good standard at the end. Stools and centre cane trays have also been nicely done. E. A. Strand completed his course of training at the end of the term and we are pleased to be able to congratulate him on his all-round knowledge of basketwork. He approached the work very intelligently, and we are confident that he will be able to maintain a very high standard.

BOOTS

W. G. Hodgman has been having considerable difficulty with regard to shape, edges, and finish, and must avoid rasping his uppers. Marking and riveting shows improvement. F. Whitehouse is ready with his enquiries. Marking and riveting

is generally good, building up and shape of heels also on the right lines, and finishing generally fairly well done. W. McCarthy has been making improvement all round, his marking and riveting always being well done. His finishing has also reached a good level, and we look forward to his achieving good results with some ladies' work this coming term.

J. Coupland is shaping very well in all details, his work showing marked improvement throughout the term. He has had useful all-round experience, including some new inner-sole work. A. H. Wilson and D. Driscoll completed their training course, and M. H. Albertella and A. L. Isaacs their retraining. They left us at Christmas, and we hope that they will shortly be surrounded with a number of enthusiastic customers.

W. H. O.

A Soloist

Just ten days after the St. Dunstan's Singers have broadcast, on February 9th, at 12 noon, H. Costigan is going to do his little bit for listeners-in. Good luck to him!

Telephonists' and Shorthand-Writers' Re-Union Dinner

The Annual Telephonists' and Shorthand-Writers' Re-Union Dinner took place at Headquarters on Friday evening, the 12th December. There was a record attendance; 86 sat down to an excellent dinner.

After the toast to the King, Captain Fraser, who was in the chair, made a short but most interesting speech complimenting the men present on the way they were sticking at their jobs, and the success they had made.

H. Kerr proposed a vote of thanks to Captain Fraser for presiding at the dinner, and proceeded to point out many little good points about telephonists which he thought were not sufficiently appreciated. This was very ably seconded by P. Ashton.

After dinner the tables were cleared and we had a really splendid entertainment by Messrs. Morey Wicks and Newton Lees. One of them had a really beautiful baritone voice but as it was after dinner we are not quite sure which one it was! The other gave some amusing sketches at the piano.

Altogether it was one of the most successful Telephonists' Re-Unions yet held.

After-Care Re-unions

A wonderfully cheery crowd of men attended this Meeting on Thursday, October 23rd, and made it a "go" from the start. Another great feature of the Nottingham Re-Union was the splendid local help which was given by the Red Cross—Notts 32nd Detachment supplied V.A.D.'s under the direction of their Commandant, Miss Smith, who by the way has most kindly taken over, for four months, the After-Care in Nottingham.

Other visitors at the meeting were Miss Bright, Mr. and Mrs. Carlin, Mrs. Crook, Mr. and Mrs. Greenacre, all old friends of the men. Mrs. Greenacre most kindly entertained the guests by playing the piano at tea.

Mr. Swain's speech was listened to with great attention—it was most encouraging to hear how much the output of work had increased and good to see Mr. Swain looking well and cheerful after the 400 odd meetings he told us he had attended during the last few years.

W. Biggs replied to Mr. Swain's speech ably and wittily and he was seconded by H. Bridgman.

After tea the Elite Band played for dancing and competitions were organised. Mr. Greenacre was an enormous help; he can always make his voice heard above the tumult when there are announcements to make. He is an old friend of the Birmingham Club and it is so nice to have him and Mrs. Greenacre in Nottingham.

Winners of competitions were as follows:-

Parcels Game.—(Men) 1st, L. Straw; 2nd, W. Storer.

Parcels Game.—(Ladies) 1st, Mrs. Smith; 2nd, Mrs. Jubb.

Guessing Competition.—Cake presented by Notts 32nd Detachment. Mrs. Smith.

Treasure Hunt.—(Men) A. H. Singleton.

A. H.

We have heard again from our very good friend, Colonel Anley, who sends his good wishes to us all. Colonel Anley, who is approaching his eighty-eighth birthday, knew personally practically every man who used to go to the Cheltenham Annexe, and it is certain that none of these men will ever forget his interest and cheerful friendliness. They will all hope that as the weather improves so Colonel Anley's health, which lately has been poor, will improve also.

A Blind Man's Poems

"Sight may go, but insight remains."

Mr. E. J. Sillett, the blind poet of Newcastle, makes this profound observation in the preface to "Memories," the second book of poems which he has published.

Mr. Sillett is a civilian blind man. His blindness, following a nervous breakdown, compelled him to retire from the newspaper world of which he had been a member for more than thirty years.

His first despondency was defeated by a stout determination to "carry on." He learned Braille by sitting daily in a class of blinded children, and out of his affliction came the capacity of deeper insight which has found expression in his poetry, which carries a message of courage and good cheer.

Here is a quotation from one of his poems, "Ultimate Good":

To dwell on that which might have been
Will only make you sad,
Just think of all the good you've seen,
And all the joy you've had.
Forget the petty and the mean,
Go forth unfetter'd, free,
And leave behind what might have been
For that which is to be.

And here is another quotation from a poem called "Braille." Read it and see how true it is!

I lay my hands upon the book
To read the words in Braille;
With fingers eight to work thereon,
But seven of them fail.
They glide across the dotted page
And not a word will tell,
Because they know that finger one
Can do so very well.
The same occurs in daily life,
The busy get the call;
'Tis always on the willing horse
The biggest burdens fall.

The Collected Correspondence of Private PERCIVAL HODSOX, V.C. [St. Dunstan, A.D. 1978]

[Edited by W. V. CLAMPETT]

St. Dunstan's Lunar Annexe,

The Marble Hall.

Alabaster Avenue, The Moon.

When the shouting and the tumult had died down somewhat and we had finally settled ourselves in the seats of the flighty, the last handshake over—not to mention a wreath that was handed in by one of the boys "just in case you don't come back".

And now, Uncle, to dispel a few fallacies which you may have imbibed in your youth from your astronomical tutors. Believe me or not as you please, but the moon, as we have discovered for certain, does not derive its light from the sun at all, but carries its own light internally, and is phosphorescent in character. Furthermore, the old tale about being able to jump six times higher than you can on mother earth owing to the lesser power of gravitation or whatever you call it, obtainable, is sheer bunkum—it is just as natural as upon the earth, the only difference noticeable was the comparative stillness of the atmosphere. No, don't worry—I don't propose to turn my letters into scientific treatises—haven't the brains, anyway—but shall only touch on points which may possibly interest you, remembering your taste for things scientific and philosophical.

We listened in amazed silence at the first description of our future hosts, instinctively bunching ourselves together in anticipation of a possible hostile reception—we didn't quite know what was in store for us, although we had the assurance that they were entirely civilised. You can't be too sure about these things, Uncle, and I had taken the precaution of bringing my revolver with me—shots in the dark go home sometimes, Uncle—and I needn't add that I had kept its possession a secret.

On they came towards us—we could hear the humming sound they made as they moved in unison—and then at a signal from their leader, they halted about twenty yards from us, their leader alone continuing his rotary advance. Finally, he came to a dead stop a yard away from where our pilot stood. Then we had the

next shock of our little lives—the first of many to come—when, raising his voice, which sounded like the notes of a flute, he addressed us in perfect English as follows:

"O humans, Greetings! In the name of His Sacred Lunar Majesty King Oshkosh Doodle and all his Majesty's loyal subjects, we bid thee welcome to our broad domains. His Majesty has been expecting your arrival, and is fully acquainted with the objects of your visit to his kingdom. I am charged, O humans, to conduct you to his Majesty's capital, and to make the necessary arrangements for your entertainment and repose. I am given to understand that you are people who have been deprived of the use of sight by the accident of war, whereas we inhabitants of the lunar world were never endowed by nature with such interesting organs as eyes. Nevertheless, ye creatures of a distant orb, we would have you know that in all things whatsoever created and intelligent beings throughout the universe excel, we are not one whit behind. And if you will graciously accord us the honour of being your escorts, guides, philosophers and friends—behold, at his Majesty's command, we place our services unreservedly before you. Greetings again, O humans!"

Which was very nice of him. Sister Caroline, emboldened by this friendly utterance, made a most suitable reply, accepting on our behalf their proffered help and hospitality. And after a lot of grand slamming, knee-bending, and dithyrambic dialogues, Sister whispered to us that we were to be taken at once to the capital by an electro-magnetic tube railway, the entrance to which was only a few hundred yards away. We learned afterwards that this particular gadget was invented for the use of those lunarians who had not advanced sufficiently in the gentle art of propelling their persons over distances by means of rotary movements, nor by their other method of hurtling through space by means of the molecular theory, which they have brought to a highly practical issue—but of which more anon, Uncle.

Yours, in high spirits, PERCIVAL.

Watch your Step!

Will all men who are coming up to Headquarters in the future please note that many alterations in the layout of the pavement from Chester Gate to the Inner Circle have been recently made. New trees have been planted, fresh steps made, and many other changes have been and are being brought about. This is very definitely a case of "Watch your step." Indeed it is to be recommended that men visiting Headquarters should have an escort with them for the first time, so that the alterations may be pointed out to them.

Simple, isn't it?

This amusing little story—a true one, too—comes to us from Miss Ivy Coultate, who is known to many St. Dunstaners. She says:—

I was in a country district in Kent the other day and asked an old man with a load of hay which way to go. His reply was:

"Keep on till ye gets to the end of the road and don't go left until yet gets to the end, when ye turns right."

Those Sticks Again

Mr. Herbert Morrison, Minister of Transport, has once again been approached by a deputation requesting that blinded men should carry large white sticks when they are out walking, so that motorists shall be warned of their coming. This idea has been talked about much in England, and has been in force in France for some time. It was pointed out to Mr. Morrison that such a device was more necessary now than it has ever been, as the new traffic regulations put much more responsibility into the hands of the pedestrian.

Over the Telephone

Many people do a deal of grumbling about the telephone service, but one does not often hear of the funny happenings which must occur every day, both to subscribers and employees. Here, at any rate, is one.

A West country farmer entered a kiosk to make a call. On being told to press button "B" there came to the listening operator the sound of much fumbling. After a long delay the caller informed her, "I have looked over all my buttons, Miss, but I be hanged if I can find a "B" button!"

How would it have struck you?

With reference to the headline "Hendren 86 yesterday," dear old Aunt Matilda, who is following the cricket news, remarked: "Isn't he a little old to be playing in that hot climate?"—*Evening World, Newcastle.*

The Ed's Edibles

When Sir Loin Chops, the eminent Press magnate, gave a banquet the other evening to the staffs of his newspapers, the menu was unanimously acclaimed the hit of the affair. Here it is.

Hot Items (boiled down and served in brief, or well stuffed and served out in scoops)—

Meaty "Puffs."

Press' Beef.

Editorial Grouse.

Reporter-House Steak (with cheek, tongue, or sauce).

Fill-up Trifles.

Swaffer Biscuits.

And a lot of "apple-sauce."—*The World's Press News.*

—
"To mind the inside of a book is to entertain oneself with the forced products of another man's brain. Now I think a man of quality and breeding may be much amused with the natural sprouts of his own."—Sir John Vanbrugh.

—
 It isn't what we do or say,
 So much as the way we do or say it.

What would the egg amount to, pray,
 If the hen got up on the roost to lay it?

—
The tiny result is often worth all the labour. It takes tons of crude matter to yield a spoonful of radium.

Printed by
GEE & CO. (Publishers) Ltd.,
8 Kirby Street, London, E.C.1.