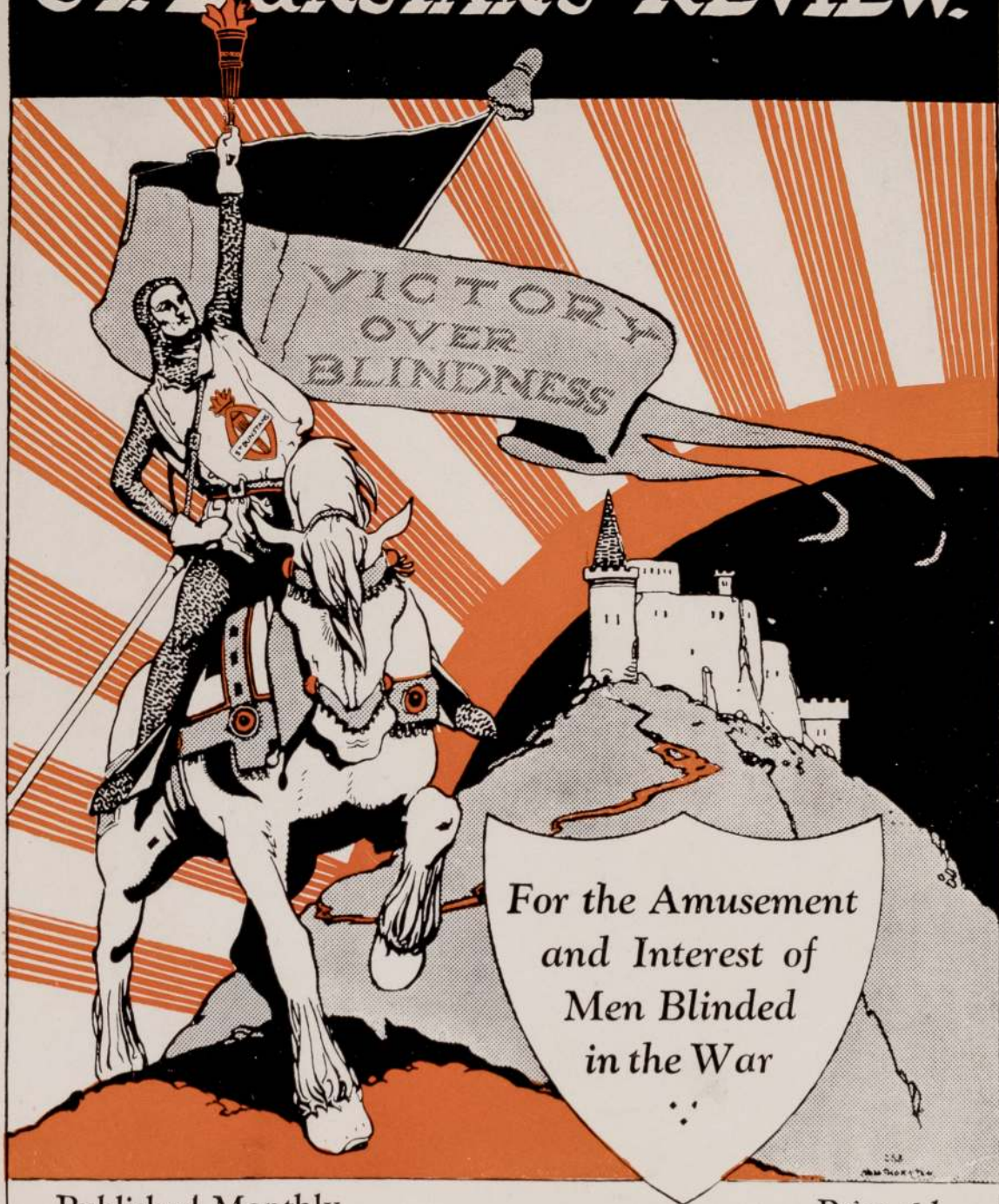


ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW



Published Monthly

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ST. DUNSTAN'S FOR BLINDED SOLDIERS, SAILORS AND AIRMEN (IN ASSOCIATION WITH THE BRITISH LEGION)
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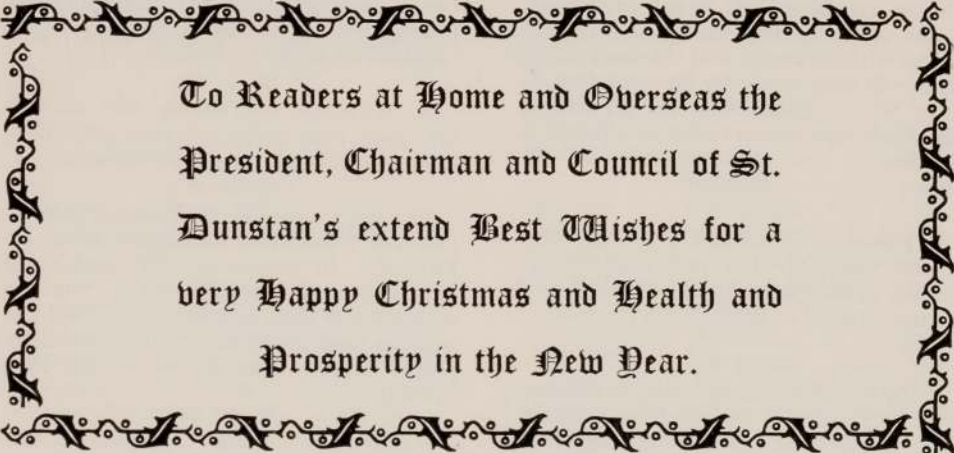
St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

No. 170.—VOLUME XVI. [NEW SERIES] DECEMBER 1931

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[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN.]

EDITORIAL NOTES



To Readers at Home and Overseas the
President, Chairman and Council of St.
Dunstan's extend Best Wishes for a
very Happy Christmas and Health and
Prosperity in the New Year.

A Message from Brighton.

MY DEAR BOYS,—

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you, your wives and children, and a hearty shake of the hand to each one of you. This must, alas, be sent through the medium of the "St. Dunstan's Review," but it is nevertheless a very warm one. May 1932 bring you the best of good luck, health and happiness.

God bless you all.

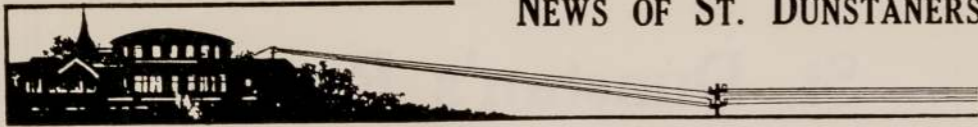
Your affectionate friend,

ADELINE THELUSSON,

Commandant Matron.

St. Dunstan's Annexe,
Brighton.

NEWS OF ST. DUNSTANERS



THE exhibition of St. Dunstan's goods held in Belfast during Armistice week proved a great success, not only from the point of view of actual sales and orders, but also as regards the publicity given by the Press to the excellence of our men's work. Long reports appeared in the Belfast papers, accompanied by photographs of the goods displayed, and in the *Belfast News Letter* there appeared also a photograph of Lieut.-Colonel W. E. Rothwell, D.S.O., who opened the exhibition, chatting to J. Berry, of Bangor, at one of the stalls. Berry had a great success with his stools, and obtained orders which will keep him busy for some time to come, while similar cheerful reports of sales made and orders taken as a result of the display have come in from all our Belfast men who exhibited.

D. Power, of Waterford, is looking very fit and well. He has just sold the remainder of his garden produce, and is now looking forward to getting in a fresh lot of plants.

J. Butler, of the same town, is tackling an order for chairs for a café in splendid style. Butler has invented an ingenious device by means of which a tiny toddler can walk about without any danger of falling.

D. McCarthy, of Kinsale, is in good form. There have been terrific floods in this district, but luckily McCarthy's house lies high and has thus escaped them.

An order for a number of mats for a Drill Hall has been keeping J. Murray, of Kilkenny, busy. One of the mats was so large that he had to make it in sections and join them up.

The wife of S. J. Jordan, of Luston, had the misfortune to slip from a ladder in her

garden about a month ago, with the result that both bones of her leg were broken just above the ankle. Thanks, however, to the presence of mind of her son, who was at home at the time, in straightening the leg and then telephoning the fullest details to the doctor, Mrs. Jordan was able to get attention very quickly and, we are glad to hear, is now well on the way to recovery.

At her school prize-giving, Doreen, the small daughter of H. Colville, of Palmers Green, received three certificates and two prizes. Doreen is also a member of the Children's League of Nations.

A. Wiltshire, of Victoria, and his wife are very keen whist players, and have lately won six prizes between them.

The eldest son of H. Barnard, of Dalston, has won a medal as Champion Diver for Dalston. In presenting the medal, the Mayor warmly congratulated him on winning this and the swimming medal last year, in view of the fact that he was competing against boys so much older than himself.

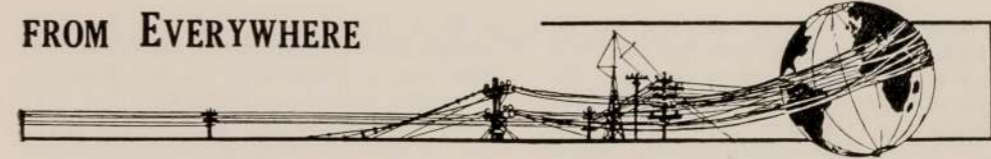
Another swimming champion is the daughter of J. Bentley, of New Southgate, who has just won the Wrightson Cup for the second year in succession.

Both C. Bregazzi, of Highgate, and his wife won first prizes at a fancy dress dance recently with costumes very cleverly made by Mrs. Bregazzi.

F. Polly, of Brixton, is busy and cheerful after a good holiday. While he was away he met Millen, of Birchington.

R. C. Botley, of Surbiton, is also feeling the benefit of a good holiday and looks remarkably fit. He and his mother spent a very enjoyable time in Belgium.

FROM EVERYWHERE



W. Cavanagh, of Sunderland, has been busy erecting a workshop for himself, and is now engaged in making a wooden folding chair which promises to be very successful.

Although D. Makin, of Wallsend-on-Tyne, has not had quite such a satisfactory year owing to the bad weather, he is as enthusiastic as ever about his work (which, of course, is gardening), and has rows of cuttings in boxes all ready for the spring.

C. Herring, of Heeley, Sheffield, and his wife are justly proud of their little grandchild, which, they tell us, weighed 12 lbs. at birth.

Band engagements are going to keep C. Morton, of Bramley, very busy this winter. His visit to Wales during the summer proved most enjoyable and he hopes to be able to go there again in the coming year.

The eldest son of A. J. Hornsby, of Sheffield, has enlisted in the West Yorks Regiment; his second son hopes to do the same very soon, and even his younger boy is looking forward already to being a soldier.

His friends will be very sorry to learn that T. Cairns, of Wakefield, had an accident a short while ago, breaking one of his ribs. Being a "greenstick" fracture, it is taking a long time to mend, but Cairns is bearing it very cheerfully.

F. Cooper, of Fareham, is well, and very much enjoyed demonstrating; as also did G. Matthews, of Petersfield.

Christmas orders have been keeping A. Clover, of Long Melford, well occupied.

"Not a good year for poultry," says B. Hamilton, of Brandon, who, however, is

already looking forward to 1932 in the hope of a better one, and has enlarged his farm accordingly. Hamilton has a willing and capable assistant in his eldest daughter, who is keenly interested in the work and is of the greatest help to him.

Both H. S. Eames, of Hurst, and A. H. Luker, of Wootton, report that they are getting the greatest pleasure from their new wireless sets.

E. W. Wakelin, of Huntingdon, is keeping well and has been busy with local orders.

J. A. Bruce, of Huntingdon, is also well and he and his wife are now quite happily settled in their new home.

His pigs and poultry are still of the greatest interest to F. Peacock, of Stokesley, and he never tires of looking out for useful hints on their care and upkeep.

It is good news to hear from S. Jennings, of Potto, and W. Watson, of Cumberland, that their poultry has done well this year. Watson, by the way, is surely one of our keenest domino players. He and his wife play almost every night, although he is now looking forward to learning whist just to make a change.

H. Foxwell, of Nottingham, is never so happy as when he is working away at his wool rugs.

Since he came back from Brighton, F. Gallagher, of Middlesbrough, has been "champion," to use his own word.

L. Ilesley, of Carshalton Beeches, is quite settled in his new house, and has already started work on the garden in real earnest. He now has quite a good walk to the station every morning which he thoroughly enjoys.

Willie, the 2½ year old son of W. Rickaby, of Battersea, gave his parents a very anxious time a few weeks ago. He strayed away from them near Clapham Junction, and it was not until an hour or so later, when they telephoned the police station, that they learned that he had been found near Messrs. Arding & Hobbs's building. He was quite happy however.

W. G. Sewell, of Ellingstring, is in splendid form, and, although his two youngest children were unlucky enough to develop chickenpox a short while back, all the family are fit and well now.

J. Benson, of Roecliffe, near Borough-bridge, and his wife have had an anxious time during the last month or so. An old uncle of Benson's, 72 years of age, was staying with them after the death of his wife when he was taken very ill indeed, and his life was despaired of. By a miracle, however, and thanks to Mrs. Benson's care and devotion, he recovered and has now been able to return home.

M. Mulvaney, of Whitley Bay, is working away as hard as ever at his mats.

"Champion" is the laconic report from R. Oswald, of Boldon Colliery, who certainly is looking very fit.

Our other Boldon Colliery St. Dunstaner—T. Smith—has been busy with his lectures, and has joined the local branch of the British Legion.

We are glad to hear that H. Finkle, of Sunderland, has quite recovered from a recent attack of lumbago, and is now able to enjoy long walks once again.

T. W. Walton, of South Ealing, is as usual well and busy. If orders for rugs slacken down, he generally manages to find something to do inside the house.

"Very cheerful" is the report of D. Owen, of Blaenau Festiniog, and T. ap Rhys, of Bangor. The latter enjoys many splendid walks with his dog as companion.

H. A. Hammett, of Carterton, has had the pleasure of hearing that his eldest son has won a scholarship for the Burford Grammar School, available until the boy reaches the age of sixteen.

J. Hiscock, of Ross-on-Wye, and his mother are very delighted at their success in achieving a "double event" at the Gloucester Reunion—he won the cake, and she won the pie.

It was the strangest coincidence that at the same meeting A. Griffin, of Hereford, and his wife also carried off two prizes.

G. Worgan, of Ruardean, thoroughly enjoyed the Bristol Reunion, particularly because he was able to meet many of his old friends whom he had not seen for years.

Births

DEMBENSKI.—To the wife of A. Dembenki, of Cheltenham, on the 25th November, a daughter.

FLOYD.—To the wife of J. T. Floyd, of Teignmouth, on the 25th November, a daughter.

WILLIAMS.—To the wife of L. Williams, of Billesley, Birmingham, on the 8th December, a daughter.

Deaths

This month we have to offer our sincere sympathy to the following:—

ALLEN.—To H. W. Allen, of Devonport, whose sister died on 5th December.

CALVERT.—To L. Calvert, of Rufford, near Ormskirk, who lost his mother on the 24th November.

GREAVES.—To J. H. Greaves, of Oldham, and his wife, whose little daughter, Laura, died on 24th November, after a short illness.

LYNCH.—To D. Lynch, of Cork, who lost his sister on the 12th September last. Her death came as a great loss to Lynch, who, being unmarried, had lived with his sister.

WHITESIDE.—To W. H. Whiteside, of Portadown, Ireland, whose mother passed away on 9th December.

Silver Wedding

Congratulations to H. Tarling, of Harlow, Essex, and his wife, who are celebrating their silver wedding anniversary on 29th December.

Tenth Anniversary of Sir Arthur Pearson's Death

A CONGREGATION of nearly 300, including St. Dunstaners and their escorts, V.A.D.'s, members of the staff and representatives of other blind organisations, attended the Memorial Service held in the Lounge at Headquarters, on 9th December—the tenth anniversary of Sir Arthur's death.

Amongst those present were Lady (Arthur) Pearson, Sir Neville Pearson, Lady Stevenson (Lady Arthur's sister), Miss Ethel Pearson (sister), Captain and Mrs. Fraser, Mr. Arthur W. Ormond, Mr. E. E. Mavrogordato, Miss Hamar Greenwood, Mr. W. G. Howarth, Sir Percy Everett, Mr. G. F. Mowatt and Mr. H. J. Wagg.

The Service was read by the Rev. J. E. Williams.

Before reading the Lesson (Ecclesiasticus xlv. 1-15), Sir Neville Pearson said that his mother and he very greatly appreciated the fact that a visit had regularly been paid to his father's graveside, and a Memorial Service held for the past ten years. He thought it fitting that in future the Memorial Service should be held at the Brighton Annexe, which was the place where the largest number of St. Dunstaners would be gathered together. The quiet charm and dignity of Sir Neville's appreciation was deeply felt.

The hymn "O God our Help in Ages Past" followed, and the Venerable the Archdeacon of London (the Rev. E. N. Sharpe), Honorary Chaplain to St. Dunstan's, gave an address. Speaking of the past, the Archdeacon paid tribute to the immense energy and organising power of Sir Arthur when building up the great organisation which has become known all over the world, and of his large-hearted devotion to the men stricken in the War, and of the affection in which he was held by all who knew him; of the present with its difficulties owing to the economic conditions obtaining, making it necessary for all to sacrifice something for the benefit of the Empire; and of the future with its responsibility for those now carrying on the work of St. Dunstan's which they are

doing with such loving thoughts to ensure as happy a life as possible in this world; and of a glorious life hereafter.

Special prayers and the hymn "Abide with Me" followed, the Service concluding with the Blessing.

In the morning a delegation from Headquarters, headed by Captain Fraser, had visited Hampstead Cemetery, and placed a six-foot wreath in the form of St. Dunstan's badge on Sir Arthur's grave. Mr. F. Ogg represented the officers of St. Dunstan's, and the men were represented by T. Duncan, of Halifax; A. Dembenki, of Cheltenham; and E. Read, of Birmingham. Mrs. Fraser, Miss Hamar Greenwood, Mr. Kessell, Mr. Askew and Instructor Tovell were also present. A short service was conducted at the graveside by the Rev. J. E. Williams.

Among the floral tributes were wreaths from the Perth St. Dunstan's Committee, Mr. W. Hart-Potts, and St. Dunstan's Telephonists ("To Sir Arthur with faithful memories").

Lady (Arthur) Pearson has addressed a letter to the Editor, expressing deep appreciation of the action of the men, who, as in previous years, sent in subscriptions towards the wreath to be placed on Sir Arthur's grave. Lady Pearson has also addressed a letter to all at the Brighton Annexe, and to the Telephonists, which groups sent their own wreaths. In the course of the letter Lady Pearson said: "Sir Neville and I send you all a message of very real appreciation of the lovely wreaths which you have so very kindly now for ten years past placed on your dear late chief's grave."

Brighton

THE growth of our community in and around Brighton was clearly demonstrated by the large number attending the Service in Memory of Sir Arthur, on Wednesday, 9th December.

"The good that men do lives after them" is proved by the fact that the work started

by Sir Arthur still continues, and will go on assisting those for whom it was intended—not only those who had the privilege of meeting him personally, but those who have benefited by entering St. Dunstan's since his death.

The service, which was conducted by the Rev. Eyton-Jones, of St. George's Church, Kempton, was simple and reverent. In his address, after paying a tribute to Sir Arthur's memory, he dwelt on the principle of gratitude, reminding us that the best thanks that we can show to our benefactor is for each of us to do well the job we have in hand.

At the conclusion of the service we sang the hymn "Abide with me," which Mr. Eyton-Jones reminded us was composed by Sir Arthur's great-grandfather.

Armistice Day Items

W. Street, of Evesham, collected as usual on 11th November, with great success.

T. Smith, of Boldon Colliery, had the honour of placing a wreath on the local War Memorial.

H. Bridgman, of Derby, also was chosen to lay a wreath on the Derby War Memorial after the Armistice Day service. The *Derby Daily Telegraph* published a photograph showing Bridgman in the act of placing the wreath, and referred to him—as it always does—as "Derby's blind D.C.M."

J. Sheehy, of Dover, and his family played a big part in the local Armistice Day celebrations. Sheehy himself had charge of the Field of Remembrance at the War Memorial, and he and his son, Frank, took part in some tableaux at the Town Hall. Mrs. Sheehy, who is a member of the Executive Committee of the Women's Section, had the honour of being chosen to place the Women's wreath on the Memorial.

A Hint to Boot-Repairers

The following notice has been seen outside a shoe shop, and it is so apt that many of our boot-repairers may think it worth while copying:

"WALK IN PLEASE, AND WALK OUT PLEASED."

Congratulations

to J. Sheehy, of Dover, who for the eleventh time has been re-elected to the membership of the Executive Council of his local branch of the British Legion. He has also been re-elected a member of the Benevolent Committee, and the Isle of Thanet and Dover War Pensions Committee, and has been made a delegate to the Kent Council of the British Legion. This all means a very busy life for Sheehy, but he finds it extremely interesting.

to C. T. Condon, of Worthing, Basingstoke, whose pen of Rhode Island red pullets has finished fifth in the Hampshire Laying Trials, and in addition has won for him three Certificates of Special Merit and one Certificate of Merit.

to "Paddy" Conlin, who, with Miss Keates as his partner, was proclaimed winner of the waltz competition at a recent A.W.F. Sunday dance held at Cricklewood Dance Hall. The competition was competed for by men from the various hospitals around London. Mr. and Mrs. "Jimmy" James were announced third in the same contest.

Netting Notes

THE men of the Netting Department will be glad to learn that the Soldiers' Exhibition at the Imperial Institute was a great success as usual this November, and we sold a good number of rugs, footmuffs and string containers. People find the latter so useful for doing up their Christmas parcels. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales bought a footmuff and Princess Mary ordered several rugs. Many people were astonished at the excellence of the work done.

The trainees at Brighton are busy as usual. We congratulate M. Sawmorth on completing his wool rug and netting course. He has done splendidly.

T. Selby and P. Watts have passed their string bag test.

J. Walker is beginning his string work.

A. Ahrens and A. Wilson are getting on well with netting.

B. Bailey has finished his rug course and gone home. K. H. W.

Means Tests and Transitional Benefit

CAPTAIN FRASER IN THE HOUSE.

IN the House of Commons on Thursday, 26th November, Captain Fraser spoke strongly in support of a plea that disability pensions should be excluded from consideration by Public Assistance Committees in assessing transitional benefit. Later, after negotiation with the Minister of Health, Captain Fraser obtained an answer to a question in the House, which went some way towards meeting his point. The Minister of Health said in effect that he would agree to Captain Fraser's proposal that Public Assistance Committees should, for practical purposes, set off the disability pension which they had under the law been obliged to take into one side of the account, by increasing the relief on the other side of the account, to compensate for the greater need caused by the disability.

We think St. Dunstaners may be interested in comments on this matter, which have appeared in a number of leading papers throughout the country:

"Captain Ian Fraser made a strong appeal for war pensioners . . ."—*Western Mail*.

"What a champion the ex-Service men have in Captain Ian Fraser. Last night at the House I heard his appeal for careful consideration of payments to disabled ex-Service men . . . explaining his case carefully, clearly, and with convincing sincerity."—*Daily Express*.

"Captain Ian Fraser, Conservative M.P. for North St. Pancras, himself a war-blinded man, argued powerfully the ex-Service men's case, and he issued a warning that if the Minister of Labour did not make some concession it would lead to trouble. As a concrete suggestion he put forward the idea that the first £1 of a man's pension should not be taken into account, a suggestion which was loudly cheered."—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph*.

"Captain Fraser, the blind Conservative Member for St. Pancras . . . went on to argue the case of the ex-Service men."—*Daily Herald, Huddersfield Examiner, etc.*

"Captain Fraser urged that something must be done to meet the case of disabled ex-Service men."—*The Times*.

"Captain Fraser appealed to the Minister to rule that £1 of a disability pension should not be taken into account."—*News Chronicle, Morning Post, Yorkshire Post*.

"A speech by Captain Fraser held the House, and cast a cloud of anxiety over the Treasury bench by its bold confession and

almost peremptory demand for revision of the regulations. He and others did not like what the Government had done."—*Nottingham Journal*.

In an interview with a Press representative, Captain Fraser said: "It now rests with Public Assistance Committees to do their duty by these men. My friends and I in the House have secured a promise from the Government that they will reconsider the question in February if, in the meantime, there are great anomalies in the treatment afforded to disabled soldiers by Public Assistance Committees, or if a case can be made out that hardship has been allowed to occur. We will watch the position closely, and press the Government further if necessary."

Are You an "Old Contemptible"

Any St. Dunstaner, who was serving in France between 5th August and 22nd November, 1914, and who is in possession of the 1914 "Star" with bar, is eligible to join the Old Contemptibles' Association. If they have not already joined and are desirous of joining they may obtain full particulars from either of the following: Honorary General Secretary, 91 Sherwood Park Road, Streatham Vale, London, S.E.18; or E. Lupton, Lilac Cottage, Weeton, Preston, Lancashire.

The sailor son of E. J. Summers, of Woolston, Southampton, is home again after being away on a seven-weeks' cruise to South America. In a very interesting letter, Mrs. Summers says: "Harold has had three trips there already. He is such a big lad and very brown. He would not give it up for anything—it's a good life for him. He passed his examination for lifeboat service last week; they have to do this or they do not get a boat; then they have to stand off for a long time. He goes for five days' Christmas sailing on the 24th to 29th of December, but he doesn't mind, and is away again during the first week in January for another six weeks. He brings home bananas, oranges and cigars."

Mrs. Summers adds that Harold is working his way up. We wish him the best of luck in his chosen career.



I TRUST that all our Sportsmen will accept very good wishes for Christmas and the New Year from the Sports Office, and the Sports Sisters of Birmingham, Manchester, Brighton, and London.

We all look forward very much to a happy and prosperous Sports Year.

Nine Mile Outer Circle Walk.

13TH FEBRUARY.

The Nine Mile Walk, which will be an Open Handicap Walk, takes place on Saturday, 13th February, starting from Headquarters at 2.30 p.m.

Entries for this walk should reach the Sports Office not later than 30th January.

J. E. W.

SIX MILE SEALED HANDICAP OUTER CIRCLE WALK

AND

THREE MILE NOVICE WALK.

The opening Walk of the 1931-32 season was held on 5th December. At the start the weather conditions were ideal, but, unfortunately, before the first lap was completed, the misplaced spring showers returned, to remain throughout the race.

Two T.B. sections, "Old 'Uns" and Novices, were despatched with a word of "good cheer" by Mr. Kessell, followed a few minutes later by two S.S. sections.

At the end of the first lap, Percy Holmes led the field, followed closely by Boorman and Kerr, both of whom appeared to be fighting the issue out grimly.

The finish of the S.S. novices—three miles—was exciting. There appeared to be a whole bunch at the distance, which resolved itself into Selby, Conlin and Roughley finishing with four seconds covering the three—a very close finish indeed.

Mawford and Lacey, in the T.B. novices, did extraordinarily well, and remained close to each other throughout. They are to be admired for their pluck, when we remember that they are not getting younger. Ingrey suffered from lack of tuition, but will improve with more experience.

Great excitement prevailed at the finish. In the mist we could just see P. Holmes turn into Chester Road going well; shortly afterwards another figure also turned. Did Percy think, like us, that Boorman had found a reserve bit of speed? However, we soon saw that it was Archie Brown, moving like a machine. A rare fight resulted in the latter just beating the field. Perhaps the fright Archie caused helped Percy to put up so fine a performance? But they both thoroughly earned the ovation they received.

Later, in the Lounge, the prizes were presented by Miss Hamar Greenwood, who had a smile and a word of praise for all competitors—winners and losers alike.

F. DONOGHUE.

SPORTS POINTS.

1ST DECEMBER.

H. Prior ...	76	W. Robinson ...	56
P. Conlin ...	74	F. Winter ...	38
W. Birchall ...	71	B. Ingrey ...	34
W. Nichols ...	69	C. Walker ...	29
F. Fleetwood ...	66	J. Warman ...	10
G. Fallowfield ...	62	H. Thompson ...	9
A. Brown ...	59	P. Martin ...	7
W. Lacey ...	58		

Braille Notes

We heartily congratulate C. J. Walker on passing his Braille Reading Test.

SIX MILE SEALED HANDICAP OUTER CIRCLE WALK.

5th December, 1931.

T.B. Name.	Escort.	Scratch Race.	Actual Time.	Start	Hand Time.	Position in Hand.
P. Holmes ...	Mr. Chalk Bowles ...	1	57.45	2.15	55.30	2
H. Boorman ...	Mr. Hind ...	2	59.54	4.30	55.24	1
H. Kerr ...	Mr. Dodkins ...	3	62.23	3.30	58.57	3
F. Rhodes ...	Mr. D. Hall ...	4	72.5	11.30	60.35	5
W. Shakespeare ...	Mr. Steggle ...	5	73.30	13.30	60.0	4

S.S.						
A. Brown ...	Mr. Holdaway ...	1	52.25		52.25	4
P. Ashton ...	Mr. Sandy ...	2	55.14	3.0	52.14	3
H. Gover ...	Mr. Harris ...	3	56.25	2.30	53.55	7
W. Giles ...	Mr. Leary ...	4	57.34	6.30	51.4	2
G. Fallowfield ...	Mr. Bidgood ...	5	60.8	6.30	53.38	6
S. Dyer ...	Mr. Jackman ...	6	60.19	11.0	49.19	1
J. Triggs ...	Mr. Weaver ...	7	60.23	7.45	52.38	5
H. M. Steel ...	Mr. Goodsell ...	8	60.34	5.30	55.4	8

THREE MILE NOVICES' WALK

T.B.	Escort.	Time.
A. Mawford ...	Mr. Steer ...	1 35.0
W. Lacey ...	Mr. Bryant ...	2 35.22
B. Ingrey ...	Mr. Greenhill ...	—
S.S.		
T. Selby ...	Mr. Goodman ...	1 31.57
P. Conlin ...	Mr. Witham ...	2 32.0
J. Roughley ...	Mr. Burch ...	3 32.1
T. Meredith ...	Mr. Harrison ...	4 33.17
A. Ahrens ...	Mr. Montgomery ...	5 34.6
S. Dyson ...	Mr. Boyce ...	6 34.22
P. Watts ...	Mr. Bentley ...	7 34.36

A Competition

FROM the suggestions for a winter evening competition sent in during the past month, we have chosen one sent by W. T. Pratt, of Clapham Common, to whom the prize of 5s. will be sent.

Nearly every St. Dunstaner is interested in football. If he can't go to the matches he reads all about them in the papers. Well, the competition is this: We want you to forecast the first four and the last four teams of the First, Second and Third (Northern and Southern) Divisions, on 31st January, 1932.

Entries must reach the Editor by the first post on 14th January, and only one entry can be sent in by each competitor.

So send in your forecasts, study the papers and if you think your entry stands a chance of winning—if it is not more than two positions out—send in your claim by 4th February, 1932.

The competitor who sends in the nearest forecast will be sent a prize of 5s., and this will continue until the football season closes.

Please send in entries on postcards, and mark them "Football" in large letters. Typewriting or block letters should be used.

This competition is confined to St. Dunstaners.

"In Memory"

PRIVATE STEPHEN CAMPBELL
(*Canadian Forestry Corps*)

It is with deep regret that we announce the death on 29th October last of our Colonial St. Dunstan—Stephen Campbell, of Nova Scotia, Canada.

Campbell enlisted in 1916 and served two years in France, being invalided out, having lost his sight as a result of injuries received on the battlefield. He was admitted to St. Dunstan's in 1919, and was also a member of the Arthur Pearson Club (Canada).

Campbell leaves a widow and thirteen children, and is also survived by his mother, four brothers and two sisters, to all of whom we extend our deepest sympathy.

The funeral, which took place from his residence at McLeod's Crossing, was very largely attended, testifying to the very high esteem in which Campbell was held throughout the community.

PRIVATE C. DAVEY
(*Royal Marine Light Infantry*)

We deeply regret to announce the sudden death of C. Davey, on the 31st October, 1931. He had not been feeling too fit for several months, but this did not prevent him from carrying on with his work, and his death therefore came as a severe blow to us all.

Davey was trained at St. Dunstan's in 1919 as a mat-maker, and he took a keen interest in this work, setting up a fine little business in Sawbridgeworth.

The funeral took place on the 5th November and was attended by many relatives and friends. Among the numerous flowers and wreaths received was a wreath in the form of our badge from Captain Fraser and his many comrades at St. Dunstan's.

Davey leaves a wife and two kiddies, and we extend our sincere sympathy to them in their bereavement.

PRIVATE HENRY DONLAN
(*Royal Irish Fusiliers*)

We very much regret to report the death of an old friend, Henry Donlan, on the 9th November, 1931. He suffered for many years from very poor health, and a few months ago went down to our Brighton Annexe for a period of convalescence; whilst there he was taken ill and admitted to hospital on two occasions. After his discharge from hospital the second time he appeared to be slightly better, and all arrangements were made for him to return to Cheltenham on the 9th November, where fresh accommodation had been found for him, but he passed away early that morning at the Annexe.

The funeral took place on Thursday, 12th November, at the Brighton and Preston Cemetery, and was conducted by the Rev. Fr. Newton. The service was attended by his widow, Miss Thellusson, Mr. and Mrs. Madierson, of Brighton, and several other friends from the Annexe. There were many beautiful wreaths, including one from Captain Ian Fraser and his many comrades at St. Dunstan's.

Donlan leaves a wife and little son, and we extend our sincere sympathy to them.

PRIVATE JAMES BRODIE
(*Labour Corps*)

It is with deep regret that we have to announce the death of J. Brodie on the 28th November, after many years of constant ill-health.

Brodie joined the Royal Scots Fusiliers at an early age, and was transferred later to the Scottish Rifles. He served in France with the Labour Corps during the War, and after losing his sight, he came to St. Dunstan's where he learnt mat-making and netting. He worked very hard and established a small business in Tweedmouth, but was compelled to give up his trade last year owing to his illness.

The funeral, which was semi-military, took place on the 1st December, at Berwick Cemetery, and the pall-bearers were from the Depot K.O.S. Borderers. The "Last Post" and the "Lament" were played at the graveside, and there were many relatives and friends in attendance. Numerous beautiful wreaths were received, one being in the form of our badge from Captain Fraser and his many comrades at St. Dunstan's.

Our sincere sympathy is extended to his widow in her great bereavement.

Result of Railway Ballot

MANY excited young St. Dunstaners will be awaiting the result of the Railway Ballot. One hundred and forty-seven entries were received, so, unluckily, one hundred and forty-six children have had to be disappointed. Better luck to them next time. The fortunate boy who has won the set is:—

CYRIL ARTHUR MATTHEWS,
30 Norfolk Park Cottages,
Maidenhead, Berks.

The prize will be sent to him in time for Christmas, and we all hope he will have a glorious time playing with it.

The draw was conducted by Mr. Swain, in the presence of Mr. Kessell and the Editor.

Some very jolly letters were sent with the entries, many of them written by the competitors themselves. Douglas and Kenneth Eames signed themselves, "Yours excitedly, the Hello-Twins." Harry Ollington, jun., wrote in a sporting way: "Here's luck to the happy unknown—hoping it comes to me." Quite a number of boys wrote of their great interest in mechanical models and of how much they hoped to be engineers when they grow up. George Peacey typed a letter finely all by himself—he is not eight yet—and William McCarthy said that he would like a Hornby train because both his friends have one. Young Millward is apparently already an inventor, having made a tank out of a cotton-reel, a piece of elastic, a tack, a nail, and a piece of candle. His mother says it works splendidly.

It is a long time since the Editor of the "Review" has had such interesting letters to read. Perhaps young St. Dunstaners will write more often, about their schools and their hobbies and games. There is always room in the "Review" for letters from our younger generation.

Reunion in Toronto

A MOST interesting account has been received of the Reunion of Blinded Soldiers, which was held in Toronto, Canada, in September last, at which forty-eight men, coming from all parts of Canada, with their escorts, were present.

As the Reunion was held in conjunction with the Amputations' Association Convention, the Blinded Soldiers were invited to participate in many of the events organised by the Association, including the opportunity of attending all business sessions, the Memorial Service, and the Parade. The latter must, judging by the description given, have been one of the most impressive features of the programme.

The social functions included luncheons, dinners, a drive through the city, and a boat trip around the Harbour. The members of the Amputations' Association also entertained the Blinded Soldiers at a banquet followed by a concert, and provision was made by the Committee and Staff of Pearson Hall for socials, dances, and various entertainments.

At the Annual Meeting of the Club, the following Officers were elected for the ensuing year:—

Patron: Dr. C. R. Dickson.

Hon. President: Capt. The Rev. Sydney Lambert.

President: A. G. Viets.

Vice-President: Finley McLeod.

Secretary-Treasurer: E. A. Baker.

Hon. Secretary-Treasurer: J. P. Lynes.

Executive Committee: Alex. Graham, Toronto, Ontario; A. E. Howes, Harriston Ontario; C. F. Hornsby, Edmonton, Alberta; S. W. Johnson, Lakeside, Quebec.

Presentations were made to Captain the Rev. S. Lambert, Hon. President of the Sir Arthur Pearson Club, and to Captain Baker, the Treasurer and Secretary of the Club from its inception. Mr. Viets, the President, acted as Chairman for this unique event, calling on Captain Baker to present Captain Lambert with the first Sir Arthur Pearson Club Badge; and Captain Lambert presented on behalf of the Members of the Club, a similar badge to Captain Baker. These presentations were made without either the President or the Secretary being aware that he himself was to receive a like tribute.

It was agreed, on the conclusion of the Reunion, that it had been the most enjoyable and successful event of its kind so far.

More News from Mauritius

THE following interesting letter from Paddy Park has just arrived. The photo accompanying it is a splendid one, Paddy looking as fit and happy as anyone possibly could be :

MY DEAR EDITOR,—

As the mail service is anything but good between Mauritius and Home, I would like to take the opportunity in this letter to wish every one a very Happy Christmas, and more than I wish myself for the New Year. I must say that I look forward to the "Review" now, though I am sorry to say I did not when at home. I have followed the white stick discussion with interest. It does not of course matter much to me out here which way things go; but I am sure if I were at home I would be against. Now, out here I dare not go out by myself as the native drivers are anything but safe; in fact, if a blind man was carrying a white stick he would not be safe. I never go out by myself. I have got a good chum here in the Army who looks after me. We get out together every day. We hike and climb, and get about very well together; in fact, anywhere that he can get to I can as well. We have climbed mountain sides together and descended caves and rocks. I have been to places with him that sighted people have never been to. We never miss a football match, and in all I have a jolly good time with him. I dare not think of January, for that is the month when he will have to return to England. I get on very well here with all the troops, and I think I am getting to be better known in Mauritius than the Bell Man. Last August the H.M.S. *Effingham* visited the island, and I had a rattling good time. I was a kind of guest of honour at the garrison sergeants' mess. I will never forget the time they gave me. I have not thanked them for it, for they don't want me to. I think they all know I had a good time. I am enclosing a snap of Staff-Sergeant H. Lord and myself getting off the football field just after I had kicked off in a match between the Petty Officers of the *Effingham* and the Sergeants' Mess, in aid of St. Dunstan's. We collected something like £45, which is the largest for years. We were all sorry when the *Effingham* left, but in a way we were not, for the pace was a bit too hot. I would like to let all my Buffalo Brothers of St. Dunstan's know that the Lodge I mentioned in my last letter to you is going strong, and I am sure they will all be pleased to know that a St. Dunstan's man is one of the founders of a Lodge in the middle of the Indian Ocean.

Well, things are just about the same out here; the sugar season is well on, and a jolly good one too. The summer has started, and we can look forward to ten months of nice hot weather with the prospects of a cyclone before next May. We have not been away this

winter for any holidays, but have had lots of trips down to the sea. I am getting on with my tray-making, but I am sorry to say there isn't any sale for them. I keep making them and stacking them away on the shelf; but I am not worrying; it passes many an idle hour away. I hear very often from Mrs. Bates, and I am glad she is not leaving this part of the world for a long time yet. I was very sorry to hear of the death of Jock Ironside, and I agree with you that we have lost from our ranks one of our best type of St. Dunstaners.

Now I really must close as I have one or two more letters to write. All the very best of good wishes for Christmas and the New Year to every St. Dunstaner, their friends, and every one connected with St. Dunstan's.

Yours very sincerely,

PADDY PARK.

P.S.—I have just put myself head of the Aftercare Department of Mauritius. Can you let me have a secretary?

Wait!

THE following amusing letter has reached us from our old friend G. Fallowfield, of Leytonstone:

An account of a St. Dunstaner saving lives reminds me of an incident published in the *Daily Sketch* some six years ago or so, which also resulted in an amusing incident later at the Brighton Annexe. The story was something like this:

Whilst walking along the street an ex-sergeant-major saw one of his boys named Waite, who lost his sight in the War. Knowing he could not attract his attention, he shouted: "Waite!" which sounded exactly like "W-a-i-t," and an old woman crossing the road promptly stopped as a motor-car flashed round the corner. Had the man not shouted she might have been killed. But here is the sequel:

Whilst at the Brighton Annexe later, I was telling the tale, and in the course of it said: "... And the old sergeant-major shouted 'Waite!'" A minute or two later a sister came up to me with a little man and seeing she was bringing him to me, I asked her why. "Did you not call for Waite?" she asked. "No," said I. "But I'll be glad to meet him." We met—he learnt there and then to talk to me—and since then our friend Waite, who is a telephonist, has always had a chat whenever he's been either at Headquarters or the Annexe. He says, however, that he remembers nothing of the incident published in the *Daily Sketch*.

Yours faithfully,

GEO. FALLOWFIELD.

Alterations at St. Dunstan's

THE Chairman asks us to say that he has received a large number of letters from St. Dunstaners about the modifications in St. Dunstan's services. Practically all the letters approve the steps that have been taken, having regard to the circumstances of the present time. A few raise points of detail for consideration. These are being referred to a special Committee which has been set up to deal with them. Some of the letters contain alternative suggestions for economies. These, too, will be thoroughly gone into.

While any special cases which require urgent consideration will of course be dealt with promptly, the Chairman asks us to say that he cannot answer in detail the many letters he has received, but that all his correspondents may rest assured that their suggestions will be carefully considered.

At a meeting of the men who happened to be convalescing at the Brighton Annexe held on Tuesday, 1st December, and at a meeting of West Country St. Dunstaners, whose reunion took place at Exeter, on 4th December, Captain Fraser was present, and explained the modifications on the lines of his circular letter. At both these meetings a vote of confidence in St. Dunstan's was passed unanimously.

For the benefit of our Dominion and Colonial readers, who will not have received the circular letter, we may say that owing to falling revenue and bad trade, alterations in St. Dunstan's services to blinded soldiers in Great Britain have been announced. In general the new plan, which comes into force on 1st January, contemplates a limitation of the guarantee which St. Dunstan's can give to sell goods made by blinded soldiers, a limitation of the children allowance to a maximum of allowances for four children for any one man at one time, and administrative changes in the visiting, accountancy, and clerical departments. The modifications have been based upon the principle of reducing clerical staff and administrative charges where possible in order to save further reduction in direct benefits.

Speaking at the Exeter Reunion on this subject, Captain Fraser said: "Action

now, and your co-operation will do a great deal to secure the future, but do not get the idea that St. Dunstan's is in a bad way. It is not, because we have had the good sense to deal with this position in good time."

Brighton Notes

A GREAT NIGHT

The 27th November will long be remembered by many as the eve of the great event which was to decide to what extent their banking accounts would be swelled. Though none of us at the Brighton Annexe were lucky enough to hold winning tickets for the Irish Sweepstake, this date will stand out as one of the happiest evenings of our lives, it being the occasion of the second annual dinner and dance given by the employees of Messrs. Tillings and the Southdown Motor Bus Companies.

Among the honoured guests were our Chairman and Mrs. Fraser, the Mayor and Mayoress of Brighton, Captain Wales (Deputy Mayor of Hove), and our Matron.

A delightful dinner, at which about 150 sat down, was served, during the course of which Captain Fraser expressed his high appreciation on behalf of St. Dunstan's of the splendid efforts made by the organisers of the evening. In his speech he gave as his advice to every one, both hosts and guests, the necessity of grasping every opportunity to assist in some way towards the well-being of the community.

The Mayor of Brighton (Councillor Braybon) also spoke of the kindly efforts of the Companies' employees and the Honorary Secretary, Mr. M. Richards, towards making the evening such a success.

Dancing continued until 12 o'clock, and, during the intervals, songs were given by Messrs. Wood and Richards, and Miss Wilmer.

By the kindness of the Companies we were conveyed to and from the Princes Hall by motor coaches, and the unanimous opinion of all on arrival home was that the evening had been "a great night."

OBSERVER.

The Silver Lining

By NINA STEPHENSON-BROWNE.

DUSK had fallen early. The dull, wet day had deepened quickly into night. The heavy November rain-laden sky pressed loweringly on the grimy roofs of the big industrial town, whose miles of narrow streets echoed the tired tread of weary, home-going factory hands.

In a tiny kitchen, lit only by the flickering flames of the fire, a man was seated. Twilight shrouded the outlines of the room and the uncurtained window showed as a pale, glimmering square through which shone the feeble light of a street lamp.

The fingers of the man seated in the corner moved busily despite the semi-darkness, for to the seeing fingers of the blind night is as day. The burning coals fell together, and the flames leaping up kindled a warm glow on the worker's pale face, with its blank, blind eyes, and a mouth which though made for smiles seemed to be set in lines of grim endurance.

He was alone, for his wife had departed for her weekly shopping, and he had gruffly refused to accompany her. Suddenly his hands fell from the basket he was fashioning, and he let it slip from his knee with a weary sigh.

"What's the use of going on?" he muttered to himself. "Seems as if nobody cares what happens to you. I haven't sold a basket this week. If it wasn't for them at St. Dunstan's I might starve for all folk care. They've forgotten the war an' they don't want the likes of me to remind them of it."

He relapsed into brooding silence, reflecting on the tantalising might-have-been if fate had not dealt him that blow at Neuve Chapelle. Perhaps the gloomy weather had something to do with his depression, weighing on his spirits, and rousing a sudden passionate longing for what could never be again. With a sudden movement he turned to the wireless set on the low table at his elbow.

"Might as well listen. It's better than sittin' grumblin' anyhow."

A mirthless smile parted his lips as he adjusted the headphones and tuned in.

The soft chords of a piano came to him,

then he heard a low, feminine voice say:

"I am going to make a change in my programme and, instead of the 'Flower Song' I am singing another little song entitled, 'The Silver Lining.' I feel it contains a message which we all need, and which I would like to send out to-night."

The man in the chair smiled grimly.

"The Silver Lining," he muttered, ironically. "It's a long time showing then."

He stopped as the singer's voice, a clear, beautiful contralto came to his ears:

"There's a good time coming you can see it on its way,
And the darkness drear is waning in the glories of the day.
Let your heart be filled with singing
For the joy the future's bringing,
There's a good time coming let us meet it on its way."

"There's a good time coming; let us keep that hope in view,
Let us do our best endeavour at what work we find to do,
Let us falter not nor weary
Though the way at times be dreary,
There's a good time coming; let us keep the end in view."

The figure in the chair stirred, and the grim lines of his face relaxed. The flickering firelight showed that he was deeply moved. The voice of the singer swept on in a higher, more triumphant strain:

"There's a good time coming, and the clouds will break ere long,
See the future brightly shining; let us hail it with a song.
Go our way without repinings
For the clouds have silver linings,
There's a good time coming, for the clouds will lift ere long."

The man in the chair was sitting erect now; there was a new look on his face, a look of hope, of resolve. Rich, crashing chords came from the piano, the beautiful voice swept on triumphantly to the final verse:

"There's a good time coming; let us help to speed it on,
To the weary sad, world-workers, let us sing a cheery song;
Sing a song of hope and gladness,
For, to chase away their sadness
There's a good time coming; let us work to speed it on."

The singer ceased on a high triumphant note, stirring as a bugle call. The

listener's face was bowed in his hands, and there was a deep silence in the little room; but the voice of the singer still echoed in the blind man's heart rousing him to fresh hope, fresh endeavour. After all things weren't so bad. What was that the singer had sung about "silver linings?" Well, his cloud had a silver lining too. He had a devoted wife, one of the best, and there was St. Dunstan's and the friends he had found there. And he had his work—that was a great thing to be thankful for when so many were seeking work, and seeking it in vain.

Five minutes later his wife, weary with shopping, stumbled uncertainly into the dark room.

"I'm sorry to leave you so long alone, Jim," she said as she lit the gas. "The shops were that full I thought I'd never get served."

Her husband raised a face from which all the gloom had departed.

"It's all right, Mary; I was fine. I wasn't lonely."

She stood in the glow of the fire looking across at his changed face. Then she crossed the room and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Jim, what's changed ye? Ye're that bright and cheerful like. Had ye company when I was out?"

He shook his head with a little laugh; he made a gesture towards the wireless.

"Only that, Mary." He put up his hand and clasped the work-worn one which rested on his shoulder; his smile was very tender.

"I was listenin' in. There was a woman singin'. My, but she was grand. I don't know who she was, but she sung about the good time comin' to us all, an' how we could all help to bring it nearer like, just by workin' an' waitin' and doin' our own job while we wait."

The woman's clasp tightened on her husband's; her eyes, patient, steadfast, grey eyes, set in a worn face, were fixed unseeingly on the dim square of the uncurtained window.

"Workin' an' waitin'," she repeated with a sigh. "It's hard sometimes, that is."

The blind face was raised to hers.

"Aye," he said, and there was a new note of courage in his voice. "It's not easy, it isn't. It takes doin'. But we've just got to keep on doin' it till the good time comes."

Once more silence fell in the little room that looked out on the drab street, but it was a silence pregnant with hope and courage, a silence through which the voice of the unknown singer still echoed, who sent out on the viewless ether her message of hope:

"Go our way without repinings
For the clouds have silver linings,
There's a good time coming, for the clouds will lift ere long."

After-Care Reunions.

GLOUCESTER.

IT was unfortunate that illness—in some cases serious—kept many St. Dunstaners away from the Gloucester meeting. It was held on 18th November, once more in the Raikes Memorial Hall, as our old friend, the Botherway's Café is still being rebuilt. (We have been promised that a most resplendent room will be ready for us next year.)

Though we numbered rather fewer than usual, we were a cheery party, and the little orchestra made a pleasant accompaniment to the steady hum of conversation. News was exchanged, competitions tried, and it was very soon tea time.

After tea Mr. Swain read a message from Captain Fraser, and made a much appreciated speech. A. Bundy most suitably replied, ending his admirable little speech by handing Mr. Swain a beautiful bouquet of chrysanthemums, which he asked should be taken to Mrs. Swain, with the very best wishes of the Gloucester meeting. E. Tatton ably seconded, and G. Hill added a very humorous little speech. Mr. Swain assured the meeting how very much his wife would appreciate their kind thought of her.

Interviews were then the order of the day, and Mr. Swain made his usual dash for his homeward train.

Competition results were as follows:—
Ladies.—Mrs. Marshall and Mrs. Griffin.

Men.—J. Hiscock and A. Griffin.
The special cake given by Mrs. Greening,
was won by B. J. Day. D.I.M.A.

BRISTOL

We always look upon the Bristol meeting as a very special chance of meeting so many of our friends from Headquarters, and on 28th November we were luckier than ever. Mr. Kessell, Miss Warren, Miss Lloyd, Miss Berry, Miss Staddon, and last, but not least, Miss Bamberger (complete with her usual bag of delicious sweets) came to spend a cheery afternoon with us. Fry's Band had again managed to fit us in in the midst of one of their busiest days, and gave us, as usual, a real feast of music—it would have been a very confirmed pessimist who could have kept gloomy in such a happy atmosphere.

There had been a certain amount of pleasant mystery (carefully suppressed when Mr. Swain was near) all the afternoon, and a very delightful little ceremony took place at the close of the speech-making. Mr. Swain had made a much appreciated speech, and A. B. Hill most suitably replied, concluding by asking Mr. Swain to accept a pair of silver sauce boats as a mark of appreciation and affection from the Bristol Meeting, and with the sincerest good wishes for the happiness of his married life. E. J. Burgess, in seconding, handed Mr. Swain a bouquet of violets to be taken to Mrs. Swain with the best wishes of all present. Mr. Swain's speech in reply left no doubt as to how much he appreciated the presentation, and the good wishes that prompted it.

Mr. Kessell then spoke a few words full of happy memories of old days at St. Dunstan's, and on behalf of all present, asked Mr. Charles Read, Musical Director of Fry's Orchestra, to accept two St. Dunstan's oak trays as a recognition of how much the yearly visit of the orchestra is appreciated. Mr. Read suitably replied.

Thanks to so many willing helpers, the competitions were at last finished in time for Miss Warren to present the prizes. The winners were:—B. B. Bowering and Mrs. Bowering, for the String Competition; Mrs. Bond, for the pie given by Miss Berry; and J. Cason and A. C. Robbins shared the cake. D.I.M.A.

A St. Dunstaner's Escape

THE following extract is taken from the *Yorkshire Weekly Herald*, of 12th December:—

MAN LEFT AMONG THE DEAD

A man who was left with the war dead in France, and was only saved from being buried alive by a comrade, related his experiences to one of our representatives.

He is Mr. Robert Westwood, of The Marshes, Bellerby, near Leyburn, who, although he is blind as a result of injuries received on the battlefield, carries on business on a poultry farm as well as if he had full use of his eyes.

He was with the 7th East Lancashire Regiment in the Metz Wood on the Somme when he was badly gassed and received terrible face and body injuries, which were thought to be fatal. He was taken for dead and was placed with the dead soldiers for burial.

Fortunately for Mr. Westwood, a comrade thought he would have a last look at his fallen comrade, and discovered that he was still breathing.

He was rescued, and, although months of hospital care saved his life, he lost his eyesight.

While undergoing treatment a second catastrophe happened.

Mr. Westwood accidentally set fire to his face.

"It was quite my own fault," he declared. "You see, I am very fond of cigarettes, and while my face was swathed in cotton wool and bandages I was not allowed to smoke.

"However, I found a cigarette, but could not secure a match.

"After some difficulty I found some paper and a gas ring from which I lighted the paper."

The cotton wool and bandages caught fire, and Mr. Westwood's head was soon enveloped in flames. The timely throwing of a bucket of water over his head probably saved his life.

This war hero has a poultry farm which is a credit to him. He knows every inch of ground on "The Marshes," and loves his work.

His friendship with his pigeons, which he tamed himself, is remarkable.

At a call from Mr. Westwood, Lady, a speckled blue tumbler pigeon hen, alights on his head and calls to her four mates, who settle on Mr. Westwood's arms and feed out of his hands.

Mr. Westwood was trained as a shoemaker in St. Dunstan's, but the trade did not agree with his health, so he took up poultry farming.

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