

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Blinded British Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen

No. 215.—VOLUME XX. [NEW SERIES]

JANUARY, 1936

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[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN.]

C.B.E. for Australian St. Dunstaner

IN the New Year's Honours List, among the names of those who were awarded the honour of "Commander of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire" (C.B.E.), appeared the following:—

"LYNCH, Patrick Joseph, Esq., Federal President of the Blinded Soldiers' Association, Commonwealth of Australia."

All St. Dunstaners join in offering their hearty congratulations to Australian blinded soldiers and to their Federal President. Mr. and Mrs. Lynch have done splendid work for Australian blinded soldiers, representing their interests to the Federal Government over a period of many years. Joe Lynch, as we remember him and as he is affectionately called in his own country, is one of the best-known figures in official circles and amongst ex-servicemen's organisations in Melbourne where he lives, and in Canberra, the Federal Capital. We wish him and all our Australian comrades, good luck.

I. F.

Christmas Competition

Miss Warren's last thought for our men

IN her will, Miss Warren, who had for so long given devoted service to St. Dunstan's, first as a V.A.D. in the early days at the original St. Dunstan's, and then until the date of her death in charge of the netting and wool-rug work at Raglan Street, left £25 to be devoted to a Christmas competition for St. Dunstaners.

Intimation of this characteristically kind and generous action did not reach Headquarters until the December number of the REVIEW had gone to press, and so it was decided that the Competition should take place this month instead.

It takes the form of another series of "Anagrammatics," which have already been found to be popular with our readers, and a series of twelve will be found below. "Anagrammatics" are jumbled collections of letters, each of which can be rearranged to make complete words. Each set of letters makes one word. There are, of course, alternatives, but only one solution to each "Anagrammatic" can be submitted, and those competitors who obtain a result which tallies with a list at Headquarters will win the prizes, which will be twenty-five in number to the value of ONE POUND each—twenty for St. Dunstaners in this country and five for those in the Dominions.

If there are no altogether correct results, the prizes in each section will go to those who make the fewest mistakes, as all the prizes in both competitions must be won. On the other hand, if there are more than twenty correct or nearly correct results in the one competition, or more than five in the other, the prizes will go to those whose lists are first opened on the closing date.

Since Miss Warren had so close a connection with and took so great an interest in our Dominions men, it was decided that five of the twenty-five £1 prizes should go to them. As a result there will be, in effect, two competitions, one for this country and one for the Dominions. Entries from this country must be received, addressed to the Editor of the REVIEW and marked in the top left-hand corner of the envelope "Christmas Competition," not later than the first port on **Monday, March 2nd**, and for men in the Dominions, the closing date will be **Friday, May 1st**.

The decisions of the judges of the competitions will be final and no correspondence on these decisions will be entertained.

It was said of a distinguished man that nothing became his life like his leaving it. It may be said of this legacy from Miss Warren that nothing became her better than the leaving of it. It was a characteristic action and that is the highest tribute that can be paid to it.

Here are the twelve "Anagrammatics" :—

- | | |
|------------|------------|
| (1) AMST | (7) ADEM |
| (2) LERCIC | (8) EPAT |
| (3) BRUY | (9) SGAB |
| (4) BERORD | (10) LILKS |
| (5) SEOR | (11) AMSTE |
| (6) WRAE | (12) ETNS |

Miss Thellusson's Thanks

MY dear Boys,
A thousand thanks to you, your wives and children for the hundreds of letters, cards and calendars I have received from you this Christmas and New Year. I do think it was sweet of you all to remember me. Many, many thanks.

A Happy New Year to each one.

Your affectionate old friend,

Matron.

Brighton.

January 1st, 1936.

Christmas at Brighton

AFULL and varied programme of entertainments arranged for the men who came to spend the festive season at our Brighton Annexe was begun with a dance on Christmas Eve.

At breakfast on Christmas Day, Matron presented every man with a tie or silk handkerchief, and a packet of cigarettes. During the morning, those ever-faithful friends of ours, the Grocers, represented by Mr. Parsons and Mr. Yeoman, came in to wish us the compliments of the season, and show their usual generosity by leaving a tie and box of cigarettes for each one of the boys.

It was a large and happy party which sat down to enjoy the delicious dinner of good, old-fashioned Christmas fare. After the pudding, we toasted Their Majesties, Sir Ian and Lady Fraser and the Grocers' Federation. T. Healey then made a

typical "Healey" speech and on behalf of the boys, asked Matron to accept a very handsome handbag, as a token of their admiration and affection. Prizes were then given to those lucky enough to have the right numbers on their name cards. In the evening a recital of selected gramophone records was provided by Mr. Barnard.

On Thursday and Friday there were dances, Saturday a Domino Tournament, and on Sunday a concert kindly arranged by Mrs. Mercer.

On New Year's Eve there was a most enjoyable dance and supper. The spot prizes, which ranged from cigarettes to 10s. notes (one given by our old friend "Mr. H"), were too numerous to mention. We danced until just before twelve o'clock, then listened to the bells of St. Paul's ring out the old and ring in the new, after which we all joined hands in the time-honoured custom and sang "Auld Lang Syne."

A special word of praise must be accorded to those responsible for the decorations, which were most artistic and won the admiration of all who saw them.

OBSERVER.

F. J. W. Westaway, of Yeovil, has been re-elected to the Committee of his branch of the British Legion, and also to the Relief Committee. This makes his fourteenth year of office.

Braille and St. Dunstan's

ON the 23rd of this month *Nuggets*, the journal so well known and so well appreciated by St. Dunstaners fifteen years ago, will reappear. Its old editor, Mr. E. le Breton Martin, will again be in charge of it. Like its predecessor, it will be of a convenient size to put in the pocket and the Braille will be interlined—which will mean that there is plenty of room between each line so that it can be more easily read. The reading matter will consist of short paragraphs and articles and will probably include among other things humour, sport, broadcasting, and comments on events of interest. A star in the margin will show where each different item begins. Those who want the magazine can order it by writing forthwith to the Editor of *Nuggets*, St. Dunstan's Headquarters.

There are, of course, two types of Braille—interpoint and interline. In interpoint each line is close together, but interline, such as is being used for *Nuggets*, is spaced and much easier to read. Most magazines and books are inevitably in interpoint and the reader soon loses patience. There are more than a quarter of a million volumes in interpoint in the National Library, but these soon get damaged in transit, and that is another drawback. That is why interline is being used for the revival of *Nuggets*. The magazine will have forty-eight pages. In the main, there will be nothing new in it, but it will contain interesting short items "lifted" from suitable papers and magazines. A venture like this must obviously have the support of the men for whom it is designed, and therefore it would be appreciated at Headquarters if all those who wish to read *Nuggets* would write in at once asking for it.

St. Dunstaner wins a Skittles Handicap

WE congratulate C. Negus, of Wellingborough, who has won the Christmas skittles handicap of the Wellingborough Progressive Club. Negus, receiving 15, won the final with a score of 47. In the earlier rounds he scored 49.

In an interview with a newspaper reporter, he paid tribute to the help he had received from Mr. A. Warwick, the steward of the club. "He set me," he said, "and was one of the biggest factors in helping me to win."

Silver Weddings

CONGRATULATIONS to D. Makin, of Howdon-on-Tyne, and his wife, who celebrated their silver wedding on December 31st, and to W. Kirkby, of Slough, and his wife, whose anniversary fell on January 2nd. On the same day Kirkby celebrated his own birthday, and his son became engaged to be married.

Two Christmas Parties

ON December 20th, eighteen St. Dunstaners enjoyed the hospitality of the Alexandra Musical Society at the Annual Christmas Dinner given to disabled ex-servicemen residing in Birmingham and district. Owing to the very bad fog the number of our men attending was rather below last year.

All the "boys" did justice to the ample Christmas fare provided, and in the draw for lucky numbers, J. R. Brown, of Nuneaton, managed to get First Prize, an 18lb. turkey. Smaller prizes were won by F. J. Brown, of Birmingham (pipe), G. T. Shaw, of Walsall (tray), and W. H. Hines, of Birmingham (cup and saucer filled with chocolates).

Miss Gough, Miss Chadwick, Miss Walters, Mrs. Franks and Mr. Sherratt were also among those present.

A party was again given by the Marquis and Marchioness of Bute at the City Hall, Cardiff, on December 28th, 1935, to all the members of the Cardiff Institute for the Blind, the employees of the Estate, and all St. Dunstaners who were able to attend. Although about seventeen St. Dunstaners had accepted the invitation only about nine turned up at the Party.

The entertainment, which began at 2.45, was a varied programme given by Waldini's Gipsy Band, and continued till about 6.30, with an hour's break for a most excellent tea.

The guests were received by Lady Bute, who also made a tour of the tables during tea. A vote of thanks was proposed to Lord and Lady Bute by a member of the Cardiff Institute for the Blind, and seconded by H. Payne, on behalf of St. Dunstan's.

Each man present received a packet of cigarettes or tobacco, and there were chocolates for the ladies.

L. B.

Bank Holidays

(From a Correspondent.)

BOXING DAY has recently been with us, and as I have no holiday and am always very bitter about banks, I have been looking very closely into this whole matter of Bank Holidays. I want to find out exactly *why* our bankers and money changers and such should be allowed by Law to go and make whoopee like this. Publicans and sinners do not have special holidays.

One does not wake up and find that it is a Drapers' Holiday, nor do our butchers have even Roman Holidays. Search the calendar (or someone else's diary) and you will find only *Bank* Holidays—six of them with a few "buckshee" ones in Scotland.

Just take a banker (but for goodness sake don't forget to put him back). Just take him and look at him. Here is a being whose whole life is one long holiday. Does he moil or/and toil? He does not. All that he does is to wake up in the morning, shake the gold out of his hair, put a crushed pearl into his tea, rise from a luxurious couch, slip on a tail-coat over his pyjamas, and take a high stool behind a counter, surrounded by money with which he never by any chance parts. A rabid pole-squatter does more work than that, and does it longer, for your banker's day is finished at three in the afternoon. Directly the clock strikes that hour, he totters from the scene of his labours, flings off his tail-coat, and creeps back into bed again until next day. After 50 years of this hurly-burly he retires on a fat pension, some ill-gotten overdrafts, and the decorations of the R.D. and the N.S.F. (with Itching Palms).

And it is for these sleep-sitters, for they are not even as energetic as sleep-walkers, that, 61 years ago, some tame philanthropist invented six "buckshee" holidays, during which all banking business is at a standstill and no one knows what capers his account is cutting in its hidden vault.

For, after all, bankers have their holidays like real human beings. Not content with 20 odd hours off a day and six special holidays a year, they have a few months each in spring, summer, autumn and winter, for the good of their health. In fact, they seem to have things both ways. They are blacklegs, and it is not to be borne.

The essence of a Bank Holiday is that all the banks are shut at the same time, and the result is that, for a brief space, there is peace and quiet in the land. All the money in the country has a day off. The millionaire's account lies down in social amity with mine. There is no money. So there are no debts, and everything in the garden is lovely.

Why then should not this excellent idea be extended to bankers' ordinary holidays? As it is, bankers go on holiday at any time that seems good to them—and bad to us. That is wrong. They should go away in a body. In the North there are "Wakes," when a whole community goes away on holiday at the same time. What the bankers need is a "Wake." Then, in summer, they could all down pens, say, on August 1st, shut up the banks, and go away for a month at the sea. The result would be an increase of confidence and (especially) credit all round. While they were away, nothing could go wrong, because there would be no money to go wrong with. It would be like a Bank Holiday, except that it would be a Bank Holimonth.

Eventually, it might be arranged that the whole year should become one great Bank Holiday, and all our national difficulties would be settled for ever. There would be no debts. Automatically the international situation would right itself, and soon all the countries of the world would be amicably installed at the top of the table of the League of Nations, having all been victorious in every home and away match.

I realize that some student of banking is bound to point out to me that there is a flaw in this idea of a permanent holiday for banks, and to suggest that I am nothing but an ignorant vulgar-fraction-wit. That is just where he would be wrong. So far as I am concerned, there is no flaw whatever in the idea of a permanent Bank Holiday. My account, you see, is on a permanent holiday already!

T. ap Rhys is to be congratulated on his performance in a recent five-mile walk at Bangor. Led by an Alsatian dog, supplied by the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association, he finished a close second to the local champion, beating the previous best time by one and a half minutes.

"In Memory"

PRIVATE ALFRED CHARLES ROBBINS
(1/5th Gloucester Regiment)

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of A. C. Robbins, of Charfield, Glos. Robbins was wounded at Ypres in 1917, as a result of which he lost both eyes. A month later, he was admitted to St. Dunstan's, where he took up training in boot repairing and mat making. He continued with these occupations for some years, but his health began to deteriorate, and in due course, he found it necessary to give up all work.

For some years past, Robbins had been more or less an invalid, and during the past year, it was obvious that his health was getting rapidly worse. He died on the 14th December last, and the funeral took place a few days later at St. John's Church, Charfield, and was attended by relatives and friends. Among the wreaths was one from Sir Ian Fraser and his comrades at St. Dunstan's.

Robbins leaves a widow and four children, to whom we extend our sincere sympathy.

Tilling and Southdown Dinner to St. Dunstaners

WE take the following from the *Brighton Evening Argus* :—

Of all the possible object lessons in cheerfulness in adversity this poor world can offer, there is one which transcends all others. It was given at the Brighton Aquarium last night as it has been given for several years.

There were 170 "boys" from St. Dunstan's this time, to enjoy the splendid annual dinner and dance given by the united staffs of Messrs. Tilling and the Southdown Motor Services.

Would that the whole of Brighton and Hove could see the happiness of these heroes on these memorable occasions.

It is 15 years since Mr. M. Richards, of 122 Ellen Street, Hove, the really indefatigable Hon. Secretary, first organized the annual summer outing made possible by the generosity of all the employees of the two Bus Companies, and "Good Old Mark" is still at the helm, with many other enthusiastic workers. Here is the Committee: Mr. A. E. Cannon (Chairman), Messrs. J. Short, W. Clark, F. C. Mortby and L. Benstead (Hon. Treasurer).

After the dinner the "boys" were joined by wives and friends, and the company of more than 300, gaily "decorated" with paper hats, made merry. Messrs. W. Clark and J. Short were M.C.'s.

It was a continuous round of jollity. During intervals, there were accordion solos by Master F. Barber and humorous songs by that inimitable pair, Fred White and Harry Cooper, and the "boys" enjoyed it immensely.

A WELCOME.

At the dinner, Mr. A. E. Cannon, General Manager of the Southdown, presided, and his supporters included Mrs. Cannon, Colonel E. Ball, a member of the Council of St. Dunstan's, the Mayor and Mayoress of Hove (Councillor C. S. Loadman, J.P., and Mrs. Loadman), Mr. F. P. Arnold, Chief Engineer of Thos. Tilling, Ltd., Mr. R. E. Dunhill, Chief Engineer of the Southdown, and Mrs. Dunhill, Mr. L. G. Hopkinson, Secretary of the Southdown, and Mrs. Hopkinson, Mr. P. Button, Local Engineer of Tillings, and Mrs. Button, Mr. H. G. Baker, Local Traffic Manager of Tillings, Mr. J. Hutchinson, Mr. A. D.

Mackenzie, Director of the Southdown, and Mrs. Mackenzie, Miss Thellusson, Matron of St. Dunstan's Annexe, Brighton, and Mr. M. Richards.

"The Men of St. Dunstan's" was proposed by the Chairman, who gave the "boys" a welcome.

Colonel E. Ball, in acknowledgment, said it was nice, after the hurly-burly of the General Election, to come into that atmosphere of comradeship. He raised cheers by remarking that they were pleased that their Chairman (Sir Ian Fraser) had again been returned to Parliament, and he raised further cheers when he referred to their happy staff, to the work of their Matron (Miss Thellusson), and to the gratitude they felt towards the men of the Tilling and Southdown Companies for their wonderful hospitality.

The Mayor of Hove added his tribute to "the boys who set us such a fine example by their brightness," and to those who work so hard to give them these pleasant functions, while Mr. Mark Richards roused further enthusiasm when he acknowledged the co-operation of Directors, Foremen and Managers.

The Committee are now in the midst of their arrangements for next year's summer outing. The public will have an opportunity again of augmenting this excellent fund.

Births

HOLMES.—To the wife of P. Holmes, of Woburn, on the 19th December, a son.

ROBINSON.—To the wife of G. Robinson, of Ferriby, on the 24th October, a son.

Deaths

We extend our sincere sympathy this month to the following :—

ASHALL.—To the wife of T. Ashall, of Billinge, who has recently lost her father.

LEA.—To J. H. Lea, of Mancetter, whose mother passed away on the 29th December, after a short illness.

PIKE.—To S. Pike, of Brighton, whose mother has passed away at the age of 71.

WATSON.—To C. E. Watson, of Bridlington, who lost his only sister on the 27th December.

WOODFIELD.—To the wife of H. Woodfield, of Victoria, British Columbia, whose father, Mr. Percy Stephenson, died in November last at the age of 71. Mr. Stephenson, who saw active service in the Great War, lived in England.

News from Overseas

THE Christmas mails brought welcome letters from overseas. "Pete" Meligan, of Brantford, Ontario, thanking Sir Ian for the Silver Jubilee ash tray, writes:—

I am very proud to have such a grand souvenir and more so to think that St. Dunstan's never forgets, no matter how many thousands of miles away, and the same applies to myself, I shall never forget St. Dunstan's, and just all it means to me.

I am very proud of the way everything was handled during the Jubilee Celebrations. I would certainly have enjoyed being back with the "boys", but I have many pleasant memories of past treats and wonderful times that only St. Dunstan's knew how to give to entertain us, but the greatest blessing of all and which has stood me in such trials, as somehow will crop up, is the teaching and training I received while in "dear old St. Dunstan's." I do not do any work now, except to look after my little pony, but I read Braille a very great deal, and often think just how much I am indebted to three very wonderful ladies, Mrs. Horsfall, Miss Donnell, and Miss Reynolds, who had such a marvellous lot of patience with me, but if they could but know just how much I enjoy my books from the library and the magazines, I know they would feel their patience was well rewarded. I have been very ill, had to undergo a severe operation for appendicitis and also a bad rupture, so have had to take things fairly easy, but I am beginning to feel almost as well as ever. I missed going to work after "The International Harvesters" closed, because I did enjoy being amongst men working and also knowing that I was able to compete with sighted men on the drill machines. However, I find all kinds of odd jobs to do to take my time up and, as I mentioned earlier in my letter, I read a great deal.

C. Purkis, of Preston, Ontario, also dropped a line to say how pleased he was with the Jubilee gift. He goes on to say:

I know I deserve the severest reprimand for not writing more often, but although I have not written, my thoughts are often with St. Dunstan's and the many friends I made while there.

I am still in the poultry game and have close on a thousand hens at the present time. My eldest son is still working with me and we are gradually increasing in volume and output, and are looking forward to a good season again this coming spring. We hatched about thirty thousand chicks during the spring season, the majority of which were sold as day-old chicks, the balance at different ages up to fully matured hens.

It would be a very long story to tell, or start to explain, all my activities, but I have spent a lot of my time trying out ideas of my own. My latest thoughts centred on building a new kind of brooder house to hold a thousand chicks, so as to govern their health, keep an even temperature, and allow easy management with the minimum of time. If it proves a success it will be a great help. Perhaps I will be able to tell you

all about this house next year when I hope to pay you a visit; that is, if I manage to get away for the unveiling of the Vimy monument.

We are very glad indeed to have letters like these, and we ask other St. Dunstaners overseas to follow suit and to let us have a line from them now and again. A note for the Editor slipped in any letter to Headquarters will reach him, and in this way, news, however trivial, can be passed on to other St. Dunstaners, who are always anxious to hear of their friends abroad.

National Egg Laying Test

THE following is an extract from *Poultry Industry*, the official organ of the National Laying Test:—

"The 30 pens in the St. Dunstan's Section are worthy of any laying trial, and we shall see some interesting competition before the close. At present the most interesting feature is that a pen of White Leghorns leads the field. These birds, belonging to Mr. T. M. Fisher, were second at the end of the first month, but they have done so well and egg size is so good that they are well ahead of the field, while body shape is so substantial that I expect to see them stay the course with credit. Mr. A. I. Gwynn is second with a shapely lot of White Wyandottes, five in lay, and Mr. Watson-Brown is third with Reds."

RESULTS FOR THE SECOND PERIOD:—

Position	Name	Test score value
1	Fisher, T. M. ...	165
2	Gwynn, A. I. ...	144
3	Watson-Brown, M. ...	140
4	Carpenter, E. H. ...	127
5	Smith, W. Alan ...	119
6	Holmes, P. ...	116
7	Holmes, P. ...	111
8	Brown, C. H. ...	108
9	Campbell, John ...	103
9	Lea, J. K. ...	103
11	Smy, H. ...	101
12	Westwood, R. ...	98
13	Fisher, T. M. ...	79
14	Jackson, G. C. ...	72
15	Jarvis, A. ...	55
16	Stock, C. ...	53
17	McLaren, D. ...	51
18	Condon, C. T. ...	49
19	James, G. ...	46
20	Hamilton, B. ...	39
20	Powell, G. ...	39
22	Webb, W. ...	35
23	Smith, W. Alan ...	30
24	Jackson, G. C. ...	24
25	Watson, W. W. ...	23
26	Woodcock, W. J. ...	22
27	Chaffin, A. ...	15
28	Stock, C. ...	11
29	Carpenter, E. H. ...	8
30	Hamilton, B. ...	7

Sergeant-Major's Orders

By "BLUE FLAG."

PRIVATE John Smith, 205,678, signaller, familiarly known as "Dusty," had experienced all the excitements of battle and trench warfare. He had learned to take everything as it came and not to be surprised by the unexpected, yet a simple, unlooked-for variance from the usual left to him a lasting memory.

He had just done his bit helping to fight a way along that hell of a road which led to the far side of Les Boeufs. There had been long marches to the line in "fighting order" along the shell-pitted roads from the back area; stumbling in the night along the duck-boards carrying a petrol tin of water with two sandbags of rations slung across a shoulder and a D3 telephone added to his load. The duck-boards came to an end and a further struggle began through mud and water, with bursting shells dropping nearer and nearer.

At last, they came to the front line trench, fatigued and past the growling stage, with a feeling of relief that once again the goal was reached without a scratch. Four days in the front line, and then "relief." A night's rest at 108 Camp, the march to Meaulte for a long and well earned rest.

Snow covered the ground in Meaulte and the continuous frost kept it there. Some said it was cold comfort but it was warmed by wood fires. Nearby were wagons loaded with coal. No need to worry whose coal. There was a dry-canteen and the estaminet, and a blanket at night and no bullets. It was good.

At the end of the long road through the village was a farm which housed the Battalion Headquarters. Officers in the house, "other ranks" in the barn. All shared the lasting benefit given readily and freely by the midden, which occupied the centre of the square farm yard, discovered after passing through the archway. The hens, the cows and the horses all lived in the "square." Even the Orderly Room could find no better home.

The Orderly Room had to have an "orderly" and "Dusty" of the signal section, provided the need.

It was a horrible sleety night and the sleet froze on the face. The only shelter was under the arch. An orderly was no

allowed to shelter in the Orderly Room even if he was very orderly. There may be something written in Army Regulations to prevent that.

"Dusty" went on duty at 8 p.m. and was to remain at his post until 10 p.m. unless he was told by the voice from the Orderly Room that he was no longer needed. That introduced the element of chance, and hope born from it though forlorn, seemed to shorten the time.

At five minutes past eight "Dusty" was given a copy of Battalion Orders to take to the Battalion Sergeant-Major. To turn the collar of his great coat up was against orders so he kept it down but he did put his hands in his pockets though that also was against orders. Head down, watching every step on the frozen ground he made his way up the street and turned to the left up a little entry and knocked on the door of the B.S.M.'s billet.

On entering he found the B.S.M. sitting with his friend, Sergeant-Major White, ("Knocker White"), both looking refreshed after enjoying an evening meal.

"What do you say? Battalion Orders? Read them out to me, Signaller." "Dusty" obeyed.

"Dusty" read well but the B.S.M. read them over again. He always did this set piece when he had time on his hands.

"There's nothing there we haven't done before, Signaller?"

"No, Sir."

"Take that smile off your face, there's nothing to laugh at. It's getting too easy for some of you. How long have you been out here?"

"Six months, Sir."

"Six months and still smiling! That's because you're in the best battalion in the British Army, my boy. Do you sing when we are on the march?"

"No, Sir. I never could sing."

"H'm. That's no good to the battalion. Do you whistle?"

"Yes, Sir."

"What do you think, White? Don't you think this signaller could whistle us a nice tune?"

"Yes, tell him to whistle 'Blighty'."

"Do you hear that? Can you whistle 'Blighty'?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Oh! You can. Well, we don't want it, do we, White? Spoil the dinner and it's cold enough without you blowing a gale. But you're willing boy and that's what I

like about my boys. All willing. Brown. Bring another cup."

The batman placed another cup on the table. The B.S.M. poured rum into it. A double ration.

"Here you are, drink that. You're very wet and it's a cold night. Get straight back to your billet and tell Sergeant Black to put another orderly in your place. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, get a move on and close that door behind you."

"Dusty" went back to the barn and gave his message to Sergeant Black who relieved him from duty with a caution. "You look out for your ruddy self tomorrow if I find out you bin pullin' my leg."

In five minutes "Dusty" was under his blanket. He heard a voice. It was Brown, the B.S.M.'s batman, calling to Sergeant Black, "The Sergeant-Major wants to know if you have relieved that signaller."

"Tell the Sergeant-Major, yes," answered Sergeant Black.

And "Dusty" slept happily and dreamed of a Sergeant-Major who was a gentleman.

The Chairman on the Wireless

CAPTAIN SIR IAN FRASER broadcast a talk on "The Talking Book" on Tuesday evening, December 31st, on the National wave-length. He described the formation of the Sound Recording Committee of St. Dunstan's and the National Institute for the Blind, and described the inception and progress of the scheme which was fully discussed in our October issue and has now come to fruition. He also mentioned Lord Nuffield's generous gift of £5,000, and the authors who had done so much to help by allowing the books to be recorded free of copyright.

Records including examples of the Talking Books were then played. The item lasted for ten minutes and was of especial interest in that for the first time the new "Talking Book" was heard by the public, and by a very large public at that. The recording was extremely clear and pleasant to hear.

SPORTS CLUB NOTES

Tuesday Night Dance

There will be a dance in the lounge at Headquarters on Tuesday, February 4th, at 8 p.m.

Christmas Dance

It was a very large and happy gathering at Headquarters on December 17th when the Christmas Dance was held. The lounge was beautifully decorated, and altogether the evening was a huge success, particularly as it gave a great many men the opportunity of meeting our Sports Sister, Miss Hodgson, now Mrs. Spurway, for the first time since her marriage. Mr. and Mrs. Spurway received a great reception when eventually they were both prevailed upon to make a speech.

Brighton

The Brighton Sports Club is being well supported and the Domino Drive for Matron's prize is going strong.

Although the attendance is very satisfactory, there are still many other St. Dunstaners in the Brighton area who would receive a very warm welcome from everyone if they could come along.

The next meeting has been arranged for Wednesday, January 22nd.

News of Young St. Dunstaners

IT was a great pleasure to receive news of young St. Dunstaners overseas in the many letters which reached Headquarters round about Christmas.

Mary McGowan, daughter of J. McGowan, of Wellington, New Zealand, has, during the past twelve months, done remarkably well in four examinations. She has now secured the senior elocution and music diplomas for the London College of Music.

The son of A. J. Cooper, of Ontario, Canada, has won a medal for singing in a Toronto Public School competition. He is a boy soloist at the Anglican Church (St. Thomas's) in Toronto.

Now to come nearer home.

Willie Martin, the son of B. Martin, of Bray, Ireland, has secured the diploma of the London College of Music.