

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Blinded British Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen

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[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN.]

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

God Save the King

ALL will regret the renunciation of the Throne by King Edward VIII. None more than old soldiers, and particularly perhaps St. Dunstaners. From the earliest days when as a very young man he visited St. Dunstan's, throughout the years when in his travels at home and abroad he spoke to St. Dunstaners, up to the memorable occasion in the Albert Hall when he addressed us as Prince and friend, we will remember him. We wish his reign, which began so auspiciously, could have been a long and great one. But it is not for us to judge his decision. Rather we must respect it. Our wish is that he will live long and happily, and our assurance is that he will ever have a warm place in our hearts.

We will give our generous and unstinted support to the Duke and Duchess of York, who become the new King and Queen. The Duke of York unveiled the Memorial Portrait of Sir Arthur Pearson which hangs in the lounge at Headquarters. The Duchess has on many occasions shown her interest in our work. The burdens of Kingship are great, but I feel sure we will all do our best to lighten them by loyalty and affection.

On the momentous occasion of the statement relating to King Edward's Renunciation of the Crown, I felt moved not to let the occasion pass without a word. This is a report from *The Times*, of what I said :—

"Loyalty of Ex-Service Men"

"Sir I. Fraser (St. Pancras, N.).—The House and the country will feel that any degree to which we can contribute towards avoiding controversy will be for the good of the Realm. (Hear, hear.) I only want to say two things, not in any representative capacity, but as an old soldier. No group in the community enjoyed to a greater degree the understanding, the sympathy and the goodwill of His Majesty than ex-Service men. (Cheers.) I am certain that they will feel not merely that they have lost one who has worked for them for a quarter of a century, but a personal friend. But no group has a deeper sense of the importance of stability and strength at difficult times. I feel certain that their loyalty to the Crown and their help to the new King will be unbounded, and will be given in the greatest possible measure that lies in their power. (Cheers.)"

Blind World Loses Devoted Expert

The blind world loses an expert and a devoted servant by the death of Mr. Leonard Stemp in such tragic circumstances in the recent air disaster. He was proceeding to

Berlin by air to inspect a new recording machine, to acquire technical information, and incidentally to help German blinded soldiers to follow our example and set up a Talking Book Library. The aeroplane crashed shortly after taking off at Croydon aerodrome, with the loss of twelve lives. Mr. Stemp was Recording Manager of the Talking Book and was responsible more than any other person for working out the technique of making long-running gramophone records. Practically all the books we enjoy were recorded by him. Few people are able to do original work. Mr. Stemp did this, and literally his records will remain for the blind world of the future. Mr. Anthony McDonald, our principal reader, writes an appreciation in another column. No one worked more closely with him than Mr. McDonald and I, who deeply mourn his loss.

Widows

I have approached every Government for the past twelve years about various matters, including in particular about widows. There is a good deal of feeling amongst our men, and it is shared by a considerable measure of general opinion, that when a woman has looked after an ex-service man for practically a life-time and then he dies, she ought to receive at least a widow's pension which the widow of an industrial worker gets. Some of our men were able to qualify for inclusion in the scheme under which their widow would be entitled to a pension at any age in the event of the husband's death from any cause, and St. Dunstan's not only went to immense pains to get such men to join, but also paid half the contribution. For those who were left out we later had a small insurance scheme of our own, but I have always felt that I would like to see an opportunity of bringing the rest in. I have quite recently returned to this matter again, and I have a hope that it will at any rate receive consideration and perhaps fairly soon. This is a cautious note, and I do not want to raise hopes, but I thought I would just let St. Dunstaners know that this matter is ever in my mind and that when the right time comes they can be sure no opportunity will be lost.

Christmas Greetings

My wife and I wish all our St. Dunstan's friends and their children a Happy Christmas, and good luck in the New Year.

IAN FRASER.

Memorial Service to Sir Arthur Pearson

ST. DUNSTANERS from the Brighton Home, and many living in other parts of the country, attended the Memorial Service to the Founder of our organization, the late Sir Arthur Pearson, held at St. George's Church, Kemp Town, Brighton, on Wednesday, December 9th, the fifteenth anniversary of his death.

Lady (Arthur) Pearson, D.B.E., our President, Sir Neville Pearson, Bt., Honorary Treasurer, Sir Ian and Lady Fraser, Miss Hamar Greenwood, and Mr. Askew, were also present.

Major Arthur W. Ormond, C.B.E., F.R.C.S., who has been one of St. Dunstan's honorary ophthalmic advisors since the early days of the War, gave the Address. He said: I worked with your Founder, Sir Arthur Pearson, for some years, and came to know him personally and somewhat intimately. Three qualities stand out predominantly in my remembrance of him:—

- (1) His originality;
- (2) His absence of "self-pity";
- (3) His persistence in service and his ideal of service in the cause he championed.

"The most pathetic duty ever demanded of me before the war was to convey to a strong, healthy artisan, with wife and young children, the poignant fact that he was, or soon would be, blind. Little or nothing in the way of help was available from either State or municipal authorities, and this independent and self-reliant individual, who had trusted in his own powers and capabilities to support his dependents, found himself entirely unable to meet the liabilities he had so hopefully undertaken. The power to face such situations with greater hope and less helplessness we owe to Sir Arthur Pearson. Never can the condition of the blind again be as it was before he showed the way of alleviating these tragic occasions. It was the war-blinded men who claimed his attention first, but the civilian blind share in his benefaction now.

(Continued on page 3, top of second column)

Leonard Stemp AN APPRECIATION

IN the death of Leonard Stemp the Talking Book Library has lost a most able and efficient man, as everyone knows who has heard the Talking Books. But those of us who were associated with him in the making of the Talking Books and those of us who knew him at St. Dunstan's have, too, a deep sense of personal loss, and the memory of a man who not only did his job to the best of his ability and with all his heart, but who earned our respect and great liking for the intrinsic goodness and honesty of his character.

He was a man of remarkable integrity and principle: in these days when such qualities are perhaps not so common as they used to be, it was notable to find a quiet unassuming man who, without obtruding them to the discomfort of those of us who did not possess them, could yet clearly claim them.

He had a contempt for lies, pretence and assumption; and a horror of injustice. If he could not speak well of a person, he said nothing. He preserved a calm mind and had no false ambitions. He was more than content to do his job and to go wherever his fate might lead him. And he loved his job: often he stayed working long after hours and often with a splitting headache.

These things I know because I have worked with him for more than two years, and there had grown up between us a friendship which persisted outside St. Dunstan's and our working hours together. He had visited me in my home, and we knew a great deal of each other's lives. I know no one who would not speak of him with the greatest respect and liking.

I have seen him since his death, and I am comforted, as I know everyone will be, to think that at least he died at once.

I know he would like to be remembered not only for his work, but for what he was, a man without shams, the best type of quiet, decent Englishman. Stemp, the recording engineer, will be difficult to replace. St. Dunstan's has lost a good servant, and some of us a good friend.

ANTHONY McDONALD.

Memorial Service to Sir Arthur Pearson (continued from page 2)

"Sir Arthur, by his example, sympathy, and intelligent leadership, helped not only the blind but the seeing also. He gave us a higher conception of life as it might be lived, even after receiving an almost 'knock-out' blow. Gloom and despair were nowhere to be found among his followers."

* * *

During the morning of December 9th, a party of St. Dunstaners from Headquarters visited Hampstead Cemetery where a wreath, in the form of St. Dunstan's badge, was placed on Sir Arthur's grave. A wreath from St. Dunstan's telephonists was among other beautiful flowers.

Armistice Day, 1936

SINCE the first anniversary of Armistice Day, St. Dunstan's has been represented at the ceremony at the Cenotaph, and this year, on the morning of November 11th, a party of St. Dunstaners, headed by Sir Ian Fraser, marched to Whitehall, and took up their position behind the Royal Party. After the ceremony, a wreath was placed on the Cenotaph by Sir Ian. A wreath was also laid by Captain W. A. Perrin, A.I.F., on behalf of the Melbourne Legacy Club.

In the evening a number of St. Dunstaners attended the Remembrance Festival at the Royal Albert Hall.

Lady Mackenzie, the wife of Sir Clutha Mackenzie, has been visiting this country from New Zealand, and on November 11th she marched to the Cenotaph with a contingent of V.A.D.'s and placed a wreath on behalf of New Zealand's war-blinded soldiers.

King George National Memorial Fund

A CHEQUE for £24 6s. 1d. has been sent to the Lord Mayor as a contribution from British blinded soldiers, sailors, and airmen, towards the King George Memorial Fund.

In his letter of acknowledgment, the Lord Mayor asks that his sincere thanks be conveyed "to all who were associated with this splendid gift."

A Christmas Message from Brighton

MY DEAR BOYS,

By the time this letter reaches you, Christmas will almost be here, and I am asking the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW to bring to you, your wives and children, all my very best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. May 1937 be crowned with peace and happiness for you all.

God bless you,
Your affectionate old friend,

Brighton. MATRON.

News in Brief

At a Service of Remembrance, E. Roberts, of Foryd, near Rhyl, met a war-time companion again after nineteen years. They were in France together for three years until in 1917, one was wounded. All these years they have lived within twenty miles of one another without either knowing it.

G. W. Savory, of Melton, placed a wreath on behalf of the British Legion on the War Memorial at Woodbridge, Suffolk.

A. Garbutt, of Stockton, spoke at a Remembrance Service on November 14th, and later laid a wreath at the local Cenotaph.

F. G. Teagle, of Aldbourne, placed a wreath on the Cenotaph at Aldbourne on behalf of the British Legion. Mrs. Teagle was unfortunately unable to be with her husband owing to ill-health.

At the ceremony at the Cenotaph in the Garden of Remembrance, Belfast, St. Dunstan's was represented and wreaths were placed by W. J. Berry, T. Parke, and Mr. N. S. Macauley.

J. Sheehy, of Dover, placed a wreath on the local War Memorial on behalf of Major the Hon. J. H. Astor, M.P., and Lady Violet Astor.

Brighton Busmen's Dinner to St. Dunstaners

FROM the *Sussex Daily News*, November 28th:—

"One of the things that strikes me more and more each time I come to Brighton, is the courtesy and kindness of the bus drivers towards the men of St. Dunstan's who use them daily." Thus said Mr. T. E. Swain, the Appeals Secretary of St. Dunstan's, at the annual dinner, in the Aquarium Café last evening, of the members of the institution, arranged by a committee representing the employees of the Brighton and Hove Omnibus Co. and the Southdown Motor Services.

There were 173 men at dinner, the chair being taken by the Chairman, Mr. A. E. Cannon, who proposed the toast of "The Men of St. Dunstan's."

We live in curious times. In 1914 they thought they were taking part in the "war to end wars," but now they realised that war was again inevitable. Mr. Cannon proceeded to describe the Ypres of the present day, as he saw it when he was there last summer, and told the men of the marvellous memorial just outside.

In reply, Mr. T. E. Swain, the Appeals Secretary of St. Dunstan's, said that the peace-loving days after the war had rather tended to obliterate the memory of the war days, and that the new generation were too young to know of the suffering that it had caused. "The public though," he went on, "have not forgotten the great sacrifice that you made, and posterity will thank you for what you have done."

A great reception was accorded Mr. Mark Richards, the Hon. Secretary of the Organizing Committee, when he made a short speech. He also gave his thanks to the band who, each year, had given their services.

Following the dinner the wives and friends of the men joined in an enjoyable dance, for which Jim Heasman's Band provided the music. Messrs. W. Clark and J. Short acted as M.C.'s for the various spot and lucky number dances, in which prizes were given to the winners.

The Committee responsible for the arrangements were Mr. A. E. Cannon (Chairman) and Messrs. M. Richards, J. Short, L. Benstead, W. Clark and F. Mortby.

St. Dunstan's Standard Dedicated in Melbourne

THROUGH A. F. McConnell, of Victoria, Australia, we learn that on October 5th, in the Victoria Blinded Soldiers' Association Rooms in Melbourne, a replica of St. Dunstan's Standard was dedicated by the Venerable Archdeacon of London, Mr. E. N. Sharpe. The Archdeacon used for the ceremony the same words as those he had used for the dedication of the original Standard at St. George's Church, Kemp Town, Brighton, on December 9th, 1934.

My Holiday in the United States and Canada

by Sgt. Alan Nichols

EDITOR'S NOTE.—I feel sure that all St. Dunstaners will read this story with interest. Those of us who work at St. Dunstan's never cease to marvel at the way our blinded soldiers overcome their difficulties. All of us will agree that the handicap of blindness added to that of being without hands, must present almost insuperable difficulties and trials. Whether he is on holiday or whether in his most useful propaganda work for St. Dunstan's, Sgt. Nichols' cheerful disposition is in line with the best St. Dunstan's tradition, and we congratulate him on a remarkable trip which he arranged and undertook unofficially and entirely on his own initiative.

Not all St. Dunstaners can write from such varied experience, but almost every incident, however homely, can be of interest if it is properly presented. I am sure that St. Dunstaners would be pleased if the REVIEW contained more brief articles or letters to the Editor or other contributions, from St. Dunstaners themselves. The Magazine is smaller than it used to be, but we would increase it—as we are doing this month—whenever there is interesting matter that would justify this course. May I appeal therefore to St. Dunstaners to send me articles or letters on any matters that would be of interest, so that we may make our REVIEW more than ever a magazine for and by St. Dunstaners themselves.

TO any St. Dunstaner who would really like a thrill I recommend the "Queen Mary," a week in New York, a week in Washington, cross back to Toronto and conclude with the last week in the most cosmopolitan city in the world—New York. You will have no difficulty in concluding the holiday completely "BROKE," and in the right and proper manner, happy in the knowledge that you have had a wonderful time and glad that you have to collect from the Purser of the "Queen Mary" the head tax, which you may have forgotten but which now enables you to meet your liabilities—and one can afford to be generous to the ultra-attentive cabin steward, table steward and "bells."

The "Queen Mary" is more than described, more than a wonder ship; think of shopping, banking, gymnasiums, swimming pools, walking any distances with ease and comfort that one might experience while resident at a de luxe hotel, with a menu fit for the most fastidious, and agreeable to any appetite; with superb dining saloons and a variety of diversions including cinema performances

three times daily and deck-games galore; well-filled libraries—in fact, one need never be dull or wonder what to do next.

On September 30th, I sailed with a friend, and for six whole weeks lived as I had never dreamed it possible to LIVE. 90 per cent. of the passengers were sea-sick on the outward trip, but I am a good sailor and enjoyed the gymnasium and swimming pool each morning at 6.30. My appetite did not let me down once—after all, I had paid for my meals. My days were spent in long walks inspecting various parts of this super ship.

My pal and I made a foursome at bridge the first night out and when we bade good-night, or rather, good-morning to each other when the game broke up, we arranged to play each evening, but alas! that was our first and last meeting for bridge—we met four days later. I fear none of them even thought of bridge. My friend did not leave his berth until Saturday evening. We had a very fine cabin steward who looked after me like a brother.

NEW YORK

There was much excitement when the Statue of Liberty was sighted on the Monday morning. The ship was a buzz of anticipation by the appearance of doctors, Emigration Officers and all the hustle and preparation preceding disembarkation.

The chief M.O. gave me much assistance and I was not last to leave but might have been amongst the first three at the Wellington Hotel, New York. I would like to mention that this hotel can supply everything anyone could desire and it is really first-class at reasonable charges. You must try the Wellington when you go to New York.

After lunch I was in conversation with one of the hotel habitués. We discussed philosophy. The same evening some of that conversation was broadcast, with the result that I was visited at the hotel and made many friends. Things moved rapidly, press reporters appeared from all angles and I was kept busy.

During the first week I made courtesy calls on the "Lighthouse," the equivalent to the N.I.B., the Foundation for the Blind. This organization is wholly responsible for the "Talking Book" in

America and is backed by an American millionaire.

Madison Square Gardens is more than our Wembley. Radio City could comfortably house our Albert Hall, while Empire State Building is a modest 110 stories high.

My room at the Wellington was on the twenty-second floor. I attended a Night Club at the Park Central Hotel; the dance and cabaret was on the twenty-sixth floor. From the Rainbow Night Club down to the less expensive, I must say it was never my lot to meet anything not absolutely wholesome and aboveboard. Drunkenness was prominent by its absence; in fact, there was never an occasion when one might have felt embarrassed in the presence of the Clergy.

The Subway (Underground) has one price, a nickel (2½d.) any distance and I was amazed that there is an absence of queues. This is due to the fact that a passenger places his coin in a slot at the turnstile. Our delays and crowds are due to folk buying their tickets and tendering perhaps a £1 note for a 2d. fare, all of which causes considerable delay. The American knows he must have a nickel ready and is prepared. The same applies on the Elevated Railway. No smoking in the stations or on the trains—nobody appears to mind this.

Cinemas open at 11 a.m. and close at 4 a.m. Night Clubs are open from 7 p.m. until 6 a.m. Drinks are thus served twenty-four hours of the day, yet I did not meet a case of intoxication.

In New York one does not get an idea of the real American; all is just hustle and bustle, and those of you who know the vastness of this great city may gauge this by the fact that Broadway itself is at least fifteen miles in length. New York is the easiest city I have ever been in for finding one's way around; all the streets are numbered and are arranged in blocks running from north to south and east to west. Every taxi cab is fitted with radio of excellent quality and one hears, as they ride along in the mornings, court cases being broadcast. The radio never stops and is supplied by firms advertising—the competition amongst these advertisers is responsible for some very fine programmes.

Glancing in hairdressing salons one sees

men having haircut, manicure and shoes shone all at the same time—the American is certainly a time saver. Lorry drivers and steam-roller drivers smoke their cigars. Nothing I can say could really describe New York. One might stand in Times Square, Broadway, for fifteen minutes and see the world walk by; but they do move over there, and we could put a few of our London Parks in Central Park alone.

WASHINGTON

Washington, the capital, some 200 miles from New York, is just a very large beautiful garden city with thousands of cherry trees which have the effect of making all its streets Avenues, and the great imposing stately buildings remind one by their newness that America is just a young country, but for its years, wonderfully progressive. It is estimated that 125,000 automobiles enter Washington between 7 a.m. and 10 a.m. and all these cars are parked and commence to leave the city about 4 p.m. All are clear of the city by 7 p.m. Then Washington resembles, say, Cheltenham on a Sunday night.

Here all affairs of State are dealt with and through the courtesy of Capt. Watson B. Miller of the American Legion. My stay in this very fine city will never be forgotten by me. Capt. Miller introduced me everywhere and officers from the Army and Navy Club called at my hotel to take my friend and me for a day of real enjoyment. There was never a second of that week which was wasted. I was the guest of Capt. Miller at the Army and Navy Club at a luncheon which was attended by Senators, Judges and officers of all ranks, but one was never allowed to feel uncomfortable. No! it is wonderful to experience such real friendship.

Virginia and Maryland are gloriously interesting and I visited the birthplace of George Washington, also his tomb, but I could write much of Annapolis and its historic associations around Washington. I reserve this for later in my next book.

It was with real regret I left the Annapolis Hotel as I had met a lady with whom I had corresponded in 1918 in connection with American Blind Veterans when there was an organization known as "Evergreen" and which our beloved chief, Sir Arthur, visited in 1919. It was

good to meet this lady who had become the wife of a Commander in the Navy, but alas! "Evergreen" had faded out after the wedding and I regret to say that nothing further has been done for our American cousins beyond giving them a very substantial pension which would make our mouths water. We are fortunate however. Yes! I fear more than we shall ever realise. The mortality amongst the American Blind Veterans is more than 33 per cent.

The most impressive sight in Washington, in my opinion, is the tomb of the Unknown Warrior, which is adjacent to a wonderful Amphitheatre built in marble. There is always a guard mounted and the sentries walk on a rubber path round the tomb and, to ensure absolute silence, wear rubber-soled boots—it is most phantom like.

One must see all the beauties of Washington to appreciate to the full its significance.

After leaving the Capital I travelled across to Toronto where a really hectic week commenced. A word about the trains. Do they move? Fast trains average 60 miles per hour on long journeys and one is only allowed to smoke in smoking cars. Refreshments are constantly brought round by coloured attendants and the dining cars supply excellent food at not too extravagant charges.

TORONTO

Toronto is English, comparatively speaking, after leaving the U.S.A., and I found Pearson Hall a relief after hotel life, especially to the exchequer. A very hearty welcome was accorded to my friend and me. A round of sightseeing included a visit to a model farm. Here sixty-eight Guernsey cows were housed in a delightfully well-ventilated shed—it would be better described as a house; these cows supplied themselves with drinking water, mechanically, and believe it or not, radio was part of the equipment. The pigs were really comfy and looked it. I have been in many human dwellings which were filthy in comparison. Again radio, and even the poultry houses were fitted with radio. Had I not encountered these details, I should have had difficulty in believing myself.

NIAGARA FALLS

Niagara Falls can never be accurately described verbally or in writing, but seeing is believing and photography cannot give one the least conception of the realities of this wonder of the world in water power. The drive along the Lake Ontario is amazing: one passes miles of peach trees and grape trees. How would you like motoring 92 miles without changing gear and at a speed of 80 here and there—60 is a very conversational pace—and all the time a perfect radio set is available if required?

While on the subject of motoring, it was my lot to be in a car which was overtaking a limousine crawling along at about 75 and the driver of our car read the following on the rear of the car in front, "If you can read this you are too darned close!"

OLD COMRADES

I can never find words to describe meeting chaps like Billy Dies, Fairfield, (Fairy) McCloud, Williamson, H. Turner, Jones, Capt. Baker and a dozen or so more of the old boys whom I had been in "dock" with at St. Dunstan's. I also called upon young Dan Barker at Hamilton. All the Boys were particularly well and you can imagine my surprise when they threw a luncheon party at Pearson Hall the day before I returned to New York. I must not forget to mention four V.A.D.'s who were at the House, the Misses Cameron and Sutherland, Mrs. O'Gorman and another Sister whose name for the moment has slipped my memory. Suffice it to say I want to remember that day for a very long time.

Volumes might be written, but on some future occasion I would like to speak of the Amputations Association, Christie Street Hospital, and many incidents of note in which I participated, but I must leave Toronto, and I did so, fully determined to pay another visit should the opportunity occur.

Returning on the night train we had a sleeping car, and many hotels would do well to emulate, for real comfort, the American sleeping cars.

The last nine days of my holiday were spent in doing things. I shall never forget my interviews with reporters, Underwood typewriter people, film folk, American Legion, British Legion and hospital officials.

A NEW ST. DUNSTANER

Now comes a story I know is going to appeal to all my pals at St. Dunstan's.

Before I had been in New York forty-eight hours I came upon the distressing case of a Seaforth Highlander in an American Military hospital, a blind L/Sgt. who twenty-two years previously had left the stage in America to pay his own fare to answer his country's call for men to take part in the Great War.

This Britisher enlisted in December 1914, and was discharged in February 1919, a victim to mustard gas poisoning. He returned to the stage and was able to carry on as an acrobat in a double turn with his wife and he managed to get along until two years ago when the mustard gas claimed his sight.

Here once more we find the cruel aftermath of the horrors of war revealed and who can say how many thousands of men and women are now suffering similarly, but who have no claim.

This unfortunate Seaforth Highlander residing in America was unaware of St. Dunstan's and its activities in the interests of blinded officers and men, until he met the St. Dunstaner on holiday.

The blind veteran and his family were just "nobody's responsibility"; he had become a naturalised American subject to obtain the advantages of an American hospital, but when it was learned that he was in possession of a modified British Pension, the American Authorities thought him a British responsibility.

The British Legion in New York could do nothing because of his American Naturalisation status. Can you imagine anything more hopeless?

Upon learning all the details a very sad St. Dunstaner on holiday communicated his find to St. Dunstan's Headquarters London, and it is very gratifying to know that F. Levalle and his wife and kiddie, aged 11, will be reunited, brought back to England and the lost Seaforth Highlander will find sunshine and brightness once more when he enters St. Dunstan's to have his shattered life remoulded and reconstructed. This will be indeed a Happy Christmas for the Levalle family, and the St. Dunstaner's holiday is the happiest he ever experienced by the fact that it culminated in a typical St. Dunstan's act.

I actually made two cents. It happened this way. The darkie who attended the lift had received an English sixpence as a tip; he asked my pal to give him a nickel for it. I said "Give him a dime," thus we all made a profit, a dime being ten cents.

HOME AGAIN

My holiday was as full of interest as an egg is full of food, and when measured in terms of dollars can you wonder that I was not a bit distressed to find myself overdrawn? After all, I had been to Monte Carlo and been cleaned out without meeting a Levalle, so when I stepped off the "Queen Mary" at Southampton a day late on account of terrific storms, it was fine to know I had not missed a meal and I had worked harder than normally, but I was HAPPY.

A. M. NICHOLS.

An Offer to Pipe Smokers

A NOTICE appeared in the December, 1934, issue of the "REVIEW" that Messrs. Nutt Products, Ltd., 195 Oxford Street, London, W.1., had very generously offered to supply a limited number of "Hurricane" pipes to St. Dunstaners at half cost.

The pipe is particularly adapted to the needs of blind smokers. It has a moulded cap which is unburnable and almost unbreakable, but it is attached to the pipe and is easily turned back out of the way for filling or cleaning.

A number of St. Dunstaners have availed themselves of the generous offer made by Messrs. Nutt Products, Ltd., and if there are any other men who desire to acquire a pipe, they can do so by applying to Messrs. Nutt Products, Ltd., at the address mentioned above, enclosing a remittance for 5s. 3d., and mentioning the fact that they are St. Dunstan's men.

Telephonists' and Business Men's Reunion

NEARLY seventy St. Dunstan's telephonists and business men met at dinner at Headquarters on November 27th, for their annual Reunion. Sir Ian Fraser presided.

"In Memory"

PRIVATE FREDERICK WILLIAMSON
(Royal Army Service Corps)

It is with the deepest regret that we have to record the death of a St. Dunstaner who has only recently come under our care, F. Williamson of Warrington. Williamson, who served for practically the whole of the War period, was severely gassed and as a result has suffered considerably for many years. Eventually his sight became so impaired that he became eligible for St. Dunstan's benefits, and he came under our care in June of this year. He was, of course, very ill and unable to take up any kind of training, but in spite of this, the news of his death came unexpectedly.

Williamson died on Thursday, the 5th November, and the funeral took place on the following Tuesday. The interment was preceded by a service in St. Peter's Church, Warrington, and he was accorded full military honours. He leaves a widow, who has nursed him through many years of suffering, and two children, to whom we extend our deepest sympathy.

Birth

ROGERS.—To the wife of T. Rogers, of West Alvington, on the 18th November, a son.

Deaths

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

BAILEY.—To the wife of J. S. Bailey, of Ramsgate, whose mother died on the 17th September, aged 86.

CIMA.—To A. W. Cima, of Wraysbury, whose mother passed away on 28th November.

CONLIN.—To P. Conlin, of Maida Hill, W.9., who lost his brother on the 21st November.

HILL.—To the wife of H. E. Hill, of Devizes, whose father—who lived with our St. Dunstaner and his wife—has recently died.

LATHOM.—To J. Lathom, of Alton, whose mother has died suddenly, at the age of 74. Eight of her nine sons, seven of whom served in the War, attended her funeral.

PAPPS.—To G. Papps, of Dunstable, who has suffered a further loss by the loss of another brother.

PAYNE.—To G. F. Payne, of New Orwell, Nr. Royston, whose mother passed away on the 20th November.

PEACOCK.—To F. Peacock, of Stokesley, who lost his father in September last.

SHAW.—To the wife of G. T. Shaw, of Walsall, who lost her mother on 19th November.

SAUNDERS.—To H. Saunders, of Edmonton, N.18., whose father died on the 25th November.

UNDERWOOD.—To W. A. Underwood, of Hartford, whose father passed away on the 24th November after a long illness.

Marriages

THOMPSON-NESTOR.—On the 7th November, J. Thompson, of Mossley, to Agnes Nestor.

CONLON-DAYSON.—On Saturday, 28th November, W. Conlon, of Kirkintilloch, to Miss Phyllis Dayson.

PULLEN-ROOKE.—On 19th November, at Woking, F. Pullen, of Old Woking, to Miss Amelia Elsie Rooke.

Young St. Dunstaners

Terence Davidson, son of J. Davidson, of Manchester, who is in Palestine with the Royal North Lancs. Regiment, after only nine months in the Service, won the medal for the best regimental shot. He gained 99 marks out of a possible 100.

Lundie, the son of L. Forrester, of Maryhill, Glasgow, has won a bursary and has entered the Allen Glens School.

Joan Walch, the nine years old daughter of J. Walch, of Bolton, has passed the Elementary Grade of the London College of Music in pianoforte-playing, with honours.

Leslie Wild, the son of a St. Dunstaner, A. Wild, who died in 1926, has secured a progressive position with a firm in Stockton-on-Tees. During his last year at school, Leslie won the school prize in English, was awarded his cricket colours, and matriculated. We wish him every success in his career.

W. Woodrow, of Ebbsbourne, has four sons in the Army—all doing well. One has passed out to go to the Research College at Woolwich.

Three young St. Dunstaners have married recently—Constance the daughter of T. Shepherd, of Leighton Buzzard; Ada, daughter of W. Lowings, of Eastleigh, and Doris, the daughter of W. Walker, of Durham.

WINTER SPORTS by a Correspondent

I WAS talking to a red-blooded he-man the other day, who declared passionately that in this country there were no winter sports worthy of the name. I suggested football and hockey. He declared that football was too muddy and hockey too sticky, and that was temporarily that.

I mentioned the joys of skating. He declared that he hated his winter sports sitting down. He had a sedentary occupation in working hours and did not want to do any blacklegging or even black-and-blue legging when off duty. I tried snow-balling. He referred me to the snow statistics for the last 50 years and I had to agree that it was difficult to arrange even International Snow-ball Matches in advance.

In desperation, I put forward beagling. He was not amused. He wanted to know whether the beagles pursued the huntsmen, or the huntsmen the beagles, or if the beagles were the things beagled. I answered "Yes." He said "Who?" I gave it up. My only knowledge of beagling has been obtained from "The Prattler" or "The Illustrious London News," where they sometimes have pictures showing "Lady Marjorie Mock and dog (marked with a cross)," both panting with their tongues out after a spot of beagling. I thought of suggesting Otter Hunting, but was not sure whether it only took place when there was an "r" in the month, and so forebore.

It didn't matter, as it happened, because he said very truly that most of these were rural winter sports. What he wanted were Urban Winter Sports. Personally, I can see no objection to beagling in Piccadilly, although it is just possible that Piccadilly could; but I did not bring the idea forward because now I was on safer ground. I know quite a lot of winter sports, both healthy and invigorating, at the disposal of the town-dweller. So many are there in fact, that his life could be made one long round of exhilarating pastimes.

Take, for example, the very old game of "Chivving the Collector." This starts in September, when your opponent sends you in an Income Tax form to fill in, and it does not end until the following June, when

he forgets he's playing a game, loses his temper, and touches you nicely down for a goal in Brixton Prison. That game gives you nine solid months of Winter Sport.

For the less adventurous there are similar games that can be played with the tradesmen. These do not last so long, but, on the other hand, there is not so much chance of being sent to prison. One branch of this game, called "Dodging the Writ," provides excellent recreation for both mind and body, and, in the course of it, I have even known an unambitious and unathletic citizen become a cat burglar on the roof of his own house, during a keen tussle with a determined opponent. One great advantage of these games is that they can all be played on the Home Ground. Unless you want to lose right away, you don't think of playing away from home on your opponent's pitch.

"Counting the Cost" is another amusing Winter Sport. This pastime is in its heyday from about a week after Christmas to at least the end of January. It contains many ingenious combinations and invariably ends in a mass attack by the other side. You try to tackle that, fail, and go down for the full count of £900 odd pounds or so.

"Demanding the Rise" is another sport, well suited to the winter season, for, not only is it warming, out, if you lose, you have the summer to get over it. It takes place indoors and nearly always resembles a sack race or race for the sack. Your handicap is bogey—the boss. Supposing any profit *does* accrue to the player by a victory at this game, it is the unwritten law that it must automatically be handed over to the wife, or, if the player is unmarried, to the landlady. In this way, no money is taken and the player preserves his amateur status.

"Mocking the Cop" is another good winter game. Its object is to insult a policeman and get away with it. It is best to play it on foggy nights.

"Joining the Night Club" is expensive but quite fast and exciting. If there is a raid, the sport that follows is well worth the money, and the obstacle racing is especially entertaining. The subsequent pastime of "Twitting the Beak" is even more exciting, but the odds are rather against the amateur player. A K.O. can sometimes be averted by a K.C.

SPORTS CLUB NOTES

5 Mile Walking Handicap

THIS event took place on Saturday, 21st November, under ideal conditions and some history was made by the fact that owing to a portion of the Outer Circle road being under repair, Mr. Campbell, the Park Superintendent, very kindly measured out a new 5 mile course comprising the Inner and Outer Circle combined with a portion of the Broad Walk which has, heretofore, never been used for any sporting event.

Sir Ian Fraser officiated as Starter and after a few words of encouragement they were off.

Space will not permit me to give all the details but the appended list will show the splendid times established for this 5 mile event.

Miss Davis and her helpers again served tea, after which Miss Hamar Greenwood presented the prizes and thanked all escorts and officials.

A point worthy of note. It was agreed by the competitors present that the next walk, which is due to take place on January 30th, distance 9 miles, should be in the nature of a team event, captains to be agreed upon, and members to draw on the day of the race.

9 Mile Team Race

The 9 mile team race will take place from Headquarters, Inner Circle, Regent's Park, on Saturday, 30th January, at 2.30 p.m.

Please send all entries to Sports Office not later than Monday 18th January.

January Dance

The next Dance has been arranged to take place at Headquarters, on **Tuesday, 5th January** at 7.30 p.m.

BRIGHTON

I am happy to say that we are getting splendid attendances from the Brighton area. There is still room and a warm welcome for any new comers who care to join in.

The next meeting has been arranged to take place on Wednesday, 6th January at 5 p.m.

But perhaps the best winter game of all is "Ordering the Summer Suit." This is played by two people, the other being your tailor, who always churlishly tries to spoil it by suggesting that you should play instead the dull game of "Paying the Bill" or "Beggar My Neighbour's Neighbour." I have known a contest of this kind between two champions last for months before any definite decision could be reached. Then the tailor gave it up, discarded from weakness, and lost by two suits to nothing.

A Reader Writes :

IN the course of the account of the Wembley Walk this year, it was stated that Jerry gave Brown the "hardest race of his career." I should like to point out that Archie was beaten into third place in March, 1925, and into second place the same year at Birmingham. The following year only seven seconds separated Brown and the third man at the finish at Manchester. Later, at Maidenhead, Brown had a hard race when he was led, the leading man having gained six minutes on him and still far away at fifteen miles. Brown won comfortably enough in the end, but it is only fair that new St. Dunstaners should not regard as impossible something that has, in fact, been done—that is, beat Brown.

These remarks are not intended to criticise Archie. Brown is a wonder walker of St. Dunstan's. Only a wonder man could keep his nose ahead of all rivals so long and if Jerry were now to beat him with a record time, it wouldn't make him an Archie Brown. Indeed, Jerry would still lay far behind Trott, Giles, Gover, Ashton, Fallowfield, and others who have come through the past eleven years of hard sport, and often been responsible for Brown's wonderful record-breaking feats."

Furnished Apartments

BRIGHTON.

Bed and Breakfast; other meals or full board if required. Terms moderate. Children half pr. ce. One minute from the sea and one minute from St. Dunstan's.—Apply Mrs. C. A. Stracey, 21A Portland Place, Brighton.

The Same Old Game, But—

"THE same old crowd, same walks and course, same old winners, and same old" The speaker laughed sarcastically as he went off not finishing his remarks, but it made me think as I often do after such criticism.

It's the same old fireside, same old wireless and may be the same Gracie Fields or Stainless Stephen, but it isn't always the same old song or joke; they've something new up their sleeve.

It is the same old dog that takes one to the same old bar-parlour to meet the same old pal, smoke the same old pipe, and drink from the same old tankard, but there's always a new topic to discuss and something new to interest you.

It is the same old garden or allotment, and same old spade and hoe, same old potatoes to grow, and same old lawn to mow, yet one finds something new. We will have beans here and peas there, and what about another rose tree? All the same, yet something new.

Outside St. Dunstan's sports, one might be a club, national, or International champion, and, after a time, a youngster comes along and the "Old hand" gets the better of him with the same old tactics. But age and youth disagree and finally the old and experienced athlete is beaten. He retires and becomes a trainer, a judge, or club official, and there helps the youngsters and finds new interest in the old sport.

We have no youngsters coming along to our sport at St. Dunstan's. We cannot retire and become judges and other officials to keep up our sport. We must keep active sportsmen, and so it is the same old track, same good old Outer-Circle, same old rivals. But does this suggest a farce? NO! Each of us has exercised our best methods of winning. We have studied and carefully beaten and been beaten by tactics—watch the results. Every man knows every yard of the "Blind Soldiers' Track" in Regent's Park, as a man who plays chess knows every square, and knows each man and his best moves. Pace might be lacking, though a surprise can be looked for now and again, Nevertheless, the battles—and they are battles, battles of wits—are the strongest in any outdoor sport. No members of sports clubs have to use their brains as we have to. Same old distances, same old track, same old rivals—but not the same old tactics and strategy. *We find, and expect, something new each time.*

THE WANDERER.

We Hear That—

H. Nelson, of Gorsley, Glos. has been made Secretary of the local branch of the British Legion for 1937.

W. H. Hill, of Liverpool, sang at the Liverpool Empire on November 22nd at a concert in aid of the Discharged Prisoners Aid Society.

5-Mile Walking Handicap RESULTS

Competitor	Actual Time	Handicap Allowance	Handicap Time	Handicap Position
A.				
1. J. Ap Rhys	44-54	2-30	42-24	5 Fastest Loser
2. A. Craigie	48-38	7-30	41- 8	1
3. W. Birchall	50-23	9-15	41- 8	1
4. W. C. Scott	50-40	8-45	41-55	} Tied
5. A. Lenderyou	51-20	7-30	43-50	
6. W. Lacey	60-12	18-30	41-42	6
3				
B.				
1. A. Brown	41-58	-	41-58	8 Fastest Loser
2. P. Ashton	43-33	3- 0	40-33	1
3. J. Jerome	44- 2	1- 0	43- 2	9
4. H. Gover	45-20	4-30	40-50	3
5. G. Fallowfield	45-26	5-15	41-11	5
6. S. Coupland	47-57	6-30	41-27	6
7. S. Dyer	47-15	6-30	40-45	2
8. H. W. Giles	47-42	6-	41-42	6
9. T. Rouse	49- 7	8-	41- 7	4

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

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