

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Blinded British Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen

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THE REVIEW AND ITS READERS

By THE EDITOR

IT is now just five years since, as part of my duties in charge of St. Dunstan's Publicity Department, I took over the Editorship of the REVIEW, and it seems a fitting moment to pause and take stock.

When I took over, the REVIEW had been considerably reduced from its old size and in the main since then it has consisted of only eight pages. Strange as it may seem this has usually proved quite large enough. Once or twice I have had criticisms that the magazine is so small that it is not possible to use contributions sent in by St. Dunstaners, but this is by no means the case. Actually on several occasions, in spite of the reduced size, we have had what is technically called a "copy scrape"—that is, we have had more space than stuff to put into it—with the result, that at the last minute, this department has had hastily to sit at its typewriter and grind out something—anything—to fill up the vacant space.

At the same time, it should be realized that this eight-page REVIEW is not a rigid quantity. On the other hand, it is perfectly fluid, as is proved by recent "special" issues such as the Jubilee, Funeral, and Coronation numbers, and also by two other numbers, not concerned with any special occasion, when the size went up to twelve pages. These numbers will be remembered for their admirable contributed articles. In this connection, I should like to emphasize that contributions from St. Dunstaners are always welcomed. I earnestly hope we shall have more of them. There are a few stalwarts who write for the REVIEW with some regularity, but, on the whole, very little matter is contributed in this way, and the result inevitably is that the magazine becomes a chronicle of bare facts. This is rather a pity because, now that St. Dunstaners are nearly all back in their homes again and widely separated, the REVIEW is one of the few links between them. Logically, it should be of even more importance than in the early days.

Anyhow, I should very much like to receive more contributions, for, after all, the magazine is run for you men and I should like to see you more thoroughly represented in it. As a slight encouragement it is proposed to give a small money prize each month for the best contribution received, but I should like readers' opinions on this matter and indeed on the matter of contributed articles as a whole. Letters to the Editor, too, are always welcome. They often start a discussion which is not only of interest to the men, but, through the Publicity Department, of importance to national newspapers and so to the whole British public. There are some who dislike publicity like this, but the fact must be borne in mind that the public should realize what we do, and for this, publicity of one kind and another is essential.

Roughly the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW contains Chairman's Notes, notices of those who have passed on during the preceding month, reports of events of the month, future arrangements, sports notes, letters, and occasional contributed articles. I should like readers' opinions of the relative importance of these terms. Personally, I think they are all essential. The Chairman's Notes I think are particularly valuable—though I am afraid there are none this month.

The Chairman is, however, one of our most regular contributors, and difficult as it is, we hope he will continue to give us his usual notes.

I always welcome criticism. And incidentally I don't mind harsh criticism. I was on a London daily newspaper for too many years to be particularly thin-skinned in this direction. I was also a full private in France for three years, and freely criticized by all my superiors.

So much for the REVIEW. Now what of its readers? It is perhaps inevitable that there should not be the same interest in the magazine as there was twenty years ago when you were mostly all together and interested in St. Dunstan's and very little else than St. Dunstan's. Since then interests have broadened. There is home life and business life and the "social whirl," so that it is not to be wondered at if the REVIEW is not so avidly sought after and pursued as it used to be. In addition, of course, there are two other great factors—the wireless and the talking book. When the REVIEW was started, broadcasting was still in the air—although not literally as it is now. Talking books, of course, were unthought of. The gramophone was the only mechanical means of sound reproduction.

There was time then to have the REVIEW read to you, and wives, probably too, had more time to do it then, before the joys of family life came along to take first place in importance. Now, with talking books, broadcasts all day, and talking films as well, there is precious little time to devote to things like the REVIEW, and, anyhow, who would stop listening to someone like Richard Tauber to have dreary stuff like this article read aloud to them.

In spite of all this, I still think that ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW has its own particular niche in the lives of St. Dunstaners, and it is for that reason that I would like the paper to be brought out according to your own likes and dislikes. That is why I am inviting criticism both CONstructive and DEstructive. One thing, in addition to the others I have already mentioned that I should like your opinion on, is the subject of COMPETITIONS. We have tried a few with small prizes from time to time but on the whole the response has not been too encouraging, and I would like suggestions, therefore, for a series of competitions in the future. I have puzzled my brains until they ache, with no result. Will anybody help me with suggestions?

Reverting to talking books, perhaps a solution of one problem may be to produce in the very dim and distant future the REVIEW as a talking book. It would save a lot of trouble, if, instead of having to have the thing read over to you, it could be spoken to you mechanically. One side of a record, or part of it, might be devoted to the current REVIEW and the remainder to real literature. One can imagine the terrible shock it would be when one of you put on a record and leaned back to hear a chunk of the latest "thriller" only to find that the wrong side was uppermost and to be informed that "Little Bessie Blimp, daughter of a St. Dunstaner, has passed with honours her examination in Coloured Wool Work."

St. Dunstaner's Aeroplane Flight

G. W. H. WRIGHT, of Norwich, was a guest of the Norwich Branch of the Comrades of the Royal Air Force on September 23rd when the Branch, with members of the Norfolk and Norwich Aero Club, entertained a number of blind people at Mousehold Aerodrome.

After tea at the Aero Club, Wright was introduced to Sir Harry Lauder, who spent an hour chatting with the guests. At a quarter to six, it was Wright's turn to take

his trip in the air, but before the Gypsy machines took off, all parts were explained to the guests by Squadron Leader H. G. Berry. Then Wright climbed in and they were off. "I thoroughly enjoyed the trip," he writes. "No feelings of sickness, just a delightful sensation of floating through space."

Important

The attention of St. Dunstaners is drawn to the two notices at the end of the back page.

Found—A Trainee Badge

We have received through the police a St. Dunstan's trainee badge which was found near Richmond Road, Bradford. If any St. Dunstaner in that neighbourhood has lost this little souvenir of his training days, we shall be glad to send it on to him.

News from South Africa

E. DENNY and his wife, who have been on a visit to this country, have now returned to Pretoria. Denny writes as follows:—

"On arrival at Cape Town, Mrs. Denny and I were met by Mrs. Chadwick Bates, and she was very interested to hear all that we had to tell her about our stay in England and to receive the innumerable messages which we had been asked to convey to her.

"The Pretoria Agricultural Show was opened by our Governor-General, His Excellency Sir Patrick Duncan, G.C.M.G., on 31st August, and the St. Dunstan's Stand was visited by many thousands of visitors. Articles made by our men were exhibited at the stand, and Sattary, from Cape Town, was very busy demonstrating the art of coir mat making whilst Mrs. Sattary was kept busy taking orders. Mesdames Veale, Battle, and O'Brien, President and Members of the Pretoria After-Care Committee, were in attendance at the stand throughout the show, which lasted three days. On the first day of the show, Her Excellency Lady Patrick Duncan visited our stand and was much interested in everything she saw. The opportunity was taken to present Lady Duncan with a St. Dunstan's Brooch, made in South Africa from South African gold, mined in Johannesburg. The presentation was made by Owen of Johannesburg, and there were also present Kirstein, also of Johannesburg, Sattary of Cape Town, and myself."

Replying to a speech by Denny, Lady Duncan expressed her wish that on some future occasion, he would tell her all about his visit to England and his experiences at St. Dunstan's.

Silver Wedding

Congratulations to H. Wilkins, of Gravesend, and his wife, who celebrated

their silver wedding anniversary on September 28th.

Together during the War

NOW AT ST. DUNSTAN'S TOGETHER

R. EDWARDS, of Twickenham, and T. Crowley, of Cork, who were in the same Lewis gun team in France during the War, have just met again at Brighton, although neither knew the other was a St. Dunstaner.

They were in the Royal Welch Fusiliers, and Edwards was No. 1 on the gun and Crowley No. 2. On August 24th, 1918, as they were making their way down a sunken road, Crowley was shot in the face. Edwards had just time to speak to him before he was taken away by stretcher bearers. Two days afterwards, he himself was also blinded.

Edwards thought that Crowley had died, and neither had seen or heard anything of the other since leaving France until that day at Brighton.

Prizes for Coincidences

If any other St. Dunstaners have interesting stories of war-time coincidences, we shall be very glad to have them. Prizes of 10s. will be awarded to the senders of the two best stories published. The last date for receiving entries is Monday, November 8th. Dates and places should be mentioned where possible.

To R.A.O.B. Members of St. Dunstan's

ON Monday, 27th September, at the King Edward Lodge, held at the King's Arms, Whit Lane, Pendleton, near Manchester, the final part of an interesting ceremony was performed. This was the presentation to Bro. James Lever of his Certified Primo Jewel.

It has been most unfortunate that his presentation has been so long delayed, but as most of your members will remember, this brother was taken very seriously ill and was laid up at a local hospital for about twelve months. However, at the first opportunity, the raising ceremony took place just prior to his leaving convalescent to St. Dunstan's at Brighton.

In the presence of a large assembly of brethren, the presentation was made by Bro. E. Barlow, K.C.M., who most members have met at Brighton.

St. Dunstaner's Success as Cattle Breeder

J. T. SCRYMGEOUR, of Queensland, Australia, has added yet another trophy to his long list of successes as a cattle breeder. This time it was at the Royal National Show, Brisbane, and was awarded for the champion cow. Lord Gowrie, Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia, congratulated Scrymgeour personally on his continued success. The inter-State competition at these shows is tremendously keen, and in Australia to-day, the breeding of stud stock entails the most strenuous work.

This year Scrymgeour had the honour of being appointed State Delegate of the Queensland Clydesdale Horse Society at the Federal Meeting in Melbourne.

"Mrs. Scrymgeour and the girls are well—the latter fast growing up," writes Scrymgeour. "My youngest, Patricia, aged 12, has won riding competitions all over the State, and is considered one of the picked junior equestriennes in Queensland—emphasizing the fact that heredity is a more potent factor than development! My sincerest regards and best wishes to all St. Dunstaners."

St. Dunstaners in the News

THERE was a first-rate article in the *Guildford City Outlook* about F. G. Braithwaite, of Guildford, who celebrated the 21st anniversary of the start of his business on September 21st. A photograph of Braithwaite, and another of his shop, also appeared.

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A long article in the *Rushden Echo* described A. J. Holland's success as a gardener. "Before the war," it said, "he was one of the finest gardeners in the country, as well as being well known as a judge." After he had decided to revert to his old job, Holland said, "I found I had to start learning all over again, which seemed strange, but I stuck at it." Now he boasts one of the finest vegetable and flower gardens in the district. Stocks, asters, and chrysanthemums are his speciality in the floral line—it was with chrysanthemums that he won so many prizes before the war. Last year he was producing beans at twelve to the pound, and gathered twelve cwt. of tomatoes.

A Bouquet from "Stainless Stephen"

SOME time ago I took Les Allen and his Canadian Bachelors to St. Dunstan's Annexe, and we gave a show.

"Meeting these boys at St. Dunstan's is a grand experience. They keep cheerful and unembittered when they could so easily be otherwise, and make you feel how lucky you were to emerge from the 1914-18 business comparatively unscathed.

"These boys give you a different perspective on life, teaching you never to be dissatisfied with your lot, even when the lot's a little, to maintain a philosophic sense of humour."

From an article in the *Radio Pictorial*.

Presentation to a St. Dunstaner

A SURPRISE request to J. H. Mason, of Bognor Regis, to attend a certain rehearsal of the Bognor Legion Band, was followed by another surprise when, in the presence of members and other Legionaires, Mason was made the recipient of a double gold albert with suitably inscribed medal.

In making the presentation, the Bandmaster, Mr. C. Woollard, referred to our St. Dunstaner's indefatigable efforts as Chairman and Organizing Secretary of the Band Fund, and to the fact that he had undertaken the responsibility of the band from the start. Mr. Mercer, the Band librarian, spoke in similar terms.

Mr. Mason, in thanking them, said he believed in encouraging local talent, adding that in everything he had done he had had the valuable assistance of officials and members of the British Legion, and of many well-known Bognor residents. "It is due to the generosity of all these people that my humble efforts were so far successful," he said.

Mason is a shopkeeper in Bognor, who has taken a great interest in local affairs, and is extremely well known in the town.

Prizewinners

C. Pike, of Blackpool, and his wife, were awarded first prize in the Corporation's competition for the best illuminated premises (small boarding establishment class).

Apartments

Brighton

Full board-residence, 30s. per week. Children half price.—Mrs. Stracey, 4 Bloomsbury Street, Brighton.

Gone to Earth

BY A CORRESPONDENT

AT the Club the other day I was chatting of this and that with a comparative stranger when he, very foolishly, admitted that he was a wireless expert. I neighed passionately, flung back my ears, and pawed the ground with a certain amount of frenzy, for I had wanted to meet such a one for many days. He looked a trifle alarmed at these manifestations of my form, and who could blame him? He could tell at once that I was out to tap a little spot of expert knowledge from his hidden reserves.

"Supposing," I asked, "that, right in the middle of the time devoted to programmes, every single set in the land, by some miracle, method, or madness, was switched off at the same time. What would happen then?"

He looked a trifle dazed.

I altered my wavelength and tuned in to a frown. I never *have* trusted experts although, of course, I am never averse from trying to cadge expert information out of them free of charge. Probably this was a man of straw, or even of straws in the hair, like the rest of them.

Even so, he ought to have been able to answer an easy question like that one. I must admit that it had baffled me ever since I had thought of it days before, during the silent watches and noisy clocks of the night, but then I am no expert. Pert or even impert, perhaps, but never ex. This fellow, on the other hand, had admitted that he was on pretty good terms with the ether.

So I repeated my question, breaking the words up into their syllables, in case he had not caught me aright the first time.

"Well," he said at last, in a distinctly unethereal way, "I should imagine that if all the sets were turned off, well—er—nothing would happen at all."

"Surely something would happen," I expostulated. "It stands to reason. One moment all the programmes are rushing about all over the place in one great blare of noise, finding loud speakers to come safely out of (even if it does mean ending a sentence with a preposition), and the next moment every set is shut off and the poor noises have no loud speakers from which to emerge. It is as though the door

were shut on them. They just hit up against the closed sets with a dismal squelching noise, like an Oxford accent gone Billingsgate, and cannot get any further. Surely something must happen then."

My expert closed his eyes as though in pain, but I was not going to be put off like that.

"Come," I said, sternly, "put yourself in the position of a piece of wireless noise. There you are in the studio just emerging from a trombone, an American speaker's nose, or a crooning tenor's shoes. With a whoop of joy you see the mike and make a dash for it. So far, so good. You are waiting to be transmitted, but when you get to the other end you find that there is nowhere to be transmitted to. Every set is shut against you. It is Closing Time in the atmosphere. If only *one* set were switched on, all would be well, but there is not one."

"But," said the expert weakly, "the thing's impossible."

"They all said the General Strike was impossible," I answered haughtily, "and yet it happened. So could this General Switch Off or General Strike of Listeners. Announce, for example, that Sir Stafford Cripps is going to do a bit of reminiscing on 'Monarchs I have Known,' and everyone would switch off automatically."

"What fun," said the expert, becoming almost human, "if he talked to himself for an hour."

"He has been doing it for years, but that is not the point. It would not be nearly such fun for the words he had talked. They would be careering about all over the world in a simply frightful state of mind. Surely something would happen with all this uncontrolled energy dashing about the ether. Enlighten me."

He gave me a look as though he would have liked not only to enlighten me, but to enthrone me as well.

"You see," I went on mercilessly, "what with electricity bubbling and announcers babbling and nowhere for all this bubble and squeak to go to—surely something would go bust in the sky?"

"Yes," he said shaking his head.

That infuriated me. He was in two minds with but a single word.

"Where do the noises go to?" I asked, pressing him shrewdly and I fear a trifle

shrewdly as well. "If they cannot emerge from loud speakers, do they go back to the transmitters and hit the people who uttered them a shrewd blow in the face?"

He looked at me with a hunted expression.

"Or," I went on remorselessly, "do the noises finally earth themselves and blight half the crops in the country?"

There was still no sound from my expert.

"Or is there such a violent electrical disturbance that the whole world goes up in flames with a loud cry of 'Gooooooooo Night Everybody'?"

He gave a desperate look at the door.

"Or do the noises get fed up with such a hostile reception from this world that they go scurrying off to some other planet, shaking our very ether from the vowels of their words?"

But answer came there none.

There had been a General Switch Off of my listener. He had transmitted himself out of the Club and earthed himself in a taxi.

Brief Notes

H. Saunders, of Tottenham, was at the first match of the season of the 'Spurs as usual—a fact which the *Sunday Pictorial* noted. Saunders has not missed a single home match of the team since 1919.

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G. F. Smith, of Stoughton, spent his holiday this year at Ramsgate. They went by steamer to Chatham for the Naval Review. Coming back the engines broke down, and they were out to sea for three hours while they were repaired. They arrived in Ramsgate at midnight!

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J. Hughes, of Sanderstead, won first prize for roses at the Selsdon Horticultural Show, held on 25th September. The roses he submitted were "Madame Butterfly" and "Charles P. Killan." The judges made special mention of the exceptionally good colour of the roses for the time of the year.

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G. James, of Barrow-on-Soar, gained third prize at a recent Show for an exhibit of onions grown by himself.

Young St. Dunstaners

Avis, daughter of A. Peckham, of Wembley, has won a scholarship to Harrow County School. She has also gained another certificate for swimming—this time for 50 yards.

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Peter, the son of R. Boyter, of Pittenweem, Fife, has passed his examination to enter Wade Academy. He and his sister Sheila have also been winning prizes at sports.

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William Neville Moore, son of our St. Dunstan at Southport, has enlisted in the Scots Guards as drummer. He is not yet sixteen but he is already six feet tall. While at school (he won his scholarship there) he had gained every possible certificate for swimming.

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Esther Thompson, daughter of C. F. Thompson, of Carshalton, has gained her General Schools Certificate.

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John Perrett, aged 15, the son of H. A. Perrett, of Devizes, has joined H.M.S. *St. Vincent* at Gosport.

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Violet, daughter of E. Roberts, of Abergelly, has passed, with distinction, a further examination in singing in the Lower Grade, Royal School of Music.

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Elizabeth McLoughlin, daughter of D. J. McLoughlin, of Dublin, has secured a first class pass in typewriting in connection with the Department of Education Examinations in Dublin.

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Pat, daughter of G. Jolly, of Ipswich, has passed Divisions III and IV of the Royal Drawing Society's examination, with honours in Division III.

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Joyce Davies, daughter of J. Davies, of Moston, Manchester, has won a scholarship to Harpurhey High School.

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Harold Coussins, son of our telephonist, L. Coussins, of Glasgow, was selected to swim for his Club against England, and won. He now holds four medals. He has won the Cup for 100 yards breast stroke in the Senior Competition, competing as a junior, and is now being specially trained to go over to Palestine to take part in the Olympic Games, representing Scotland.

Death of Mr. Thomson Brown

ST. DUNSTANERS everywhere, and in particular St. Dunstan's poultry-farmers, will hear, with the deepest regret, of the sudden death, on 8th September, of Mr. J. Thomson Brown. Mr. Thomson Brown retired from St. Dunstan's earlier in the year, and when he came to Headquarters on 18th June to receive his presentations, it was everyone's hope that he had many years before him in which to enjoy his well-earned retirement.

The funeral took place on 11th September at Wimborne Road Cemetery, Bournemouth, and was attended by Mr. Ottaway from Headquarters, Captain F. Ogg, a St. Dunstan's officer, and E. H. Carpenter, of King's Langley, representing our poultry-farmers. Mr. C. S. Walden and Miss Legate, who had worked with Mr. Thomson Brown for so many years, were also present.

Among the many wreaths were those from the officers and men of St. Dunstan's and St. Dunstan's Staff.

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Mrs. Thomson Brown wishes to thank, through the REVIEW, all those friends who sent kind expressions of sympathy to her in her great bereavement.

Original "St. Dunstan's" now "Winfield"

THE old house on the Outer Circle of Regent's Park, known to all of us as the original "St. Dunstan's," has a new name.

The building was purchased a year or so ago by the Count and Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow, who had it demolished in order that a new house might be built on the site. This is now nearing completion.

For many years now, the fact that there have been two places named St. Dunstan's in Regent's Park has caused much confusion, and when Sir Ian Fraser suggested to the Count and Countess that since, with the razing to the ground of the old building, the last link with the name of St. Dunstan's was ended, they graciously assented to the idea that the new building should have a new name.

After some consideration, "Winfield" was chosen. It is one of the names of the Countess's grandfather.

Ex-World Swimming Champion's Message to St. Dunstaners

WHILE H. Crabtree was on holiday, he received an invitation from his old Club, the Bacup Amateur Swimming Club, to give an exhibition swim at their Gala on 11th September. Crabtree, who was at one time ex-Club and Youths' Champion, and a member of the squadron team, had a great reception.

His old trainer was David Billington, ex-world's champion, and Crabtree met him again at the Gala for the first time in thirty years.

Mr. Billington was most interested to hear about St. Dunstan's swimmers, and sent his best wishes to all St. Dunstaners. He mentioned that when he was in Canada, he knew a blind man who would go down regularly to the lake for a swim. His friends had a launch to which they had attached a bell, and in this way he was able to get his bearings.

Births

BRADFORD.—To the wife of E. Bradford, of Sheffield, on September 23rd, a daughter.

Deaths

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

ANKER.—To the wife of M. O. Anker, of Ealing, who lost her father on October 5th.

ASHMORE.—To the wife of J. Ashmore, of Loughborough, whose mother died after a short illness, on September 9th.

BURTENSHAW.—To W. A. Burtenshaw, of Wimborne, whose mother passed away on September 17th at the age of 78.

MAKIN.—To D. Makin, of Willington-Quay-on-Tyne, who has suffered a further bereavement by the death of his mother on September 7th.

PEELING.—To J. Peeling, of Manchester, whose wife passed away on Sunday, September 26th.

RIDDELL.—To the wife of R. Riddell, of Jedburgh whose mother died on October 5th.

SKELLY.—To T. E. Skelly, of Batley, whose brother-in-law has died in tragic circumstances. He was a Bradford man, and was visiting London for the National Band Festival at Alexandra Palace. He was knocked down by a trolley bus at Shepherd's Bush, and was taken to hospital where he died.

Personal

Mrs. Otway and family wish to thank, through the REVIEW, all those friends who sent kind expressions of sympathy to them in their recent bereavement.

SPORTS CLUB NOTES

Swimming Gala

The annual Swimming Gala has been arranged to take place at the Marylebone Baths, on Wednesday, 27th October, starting at 6.30 p.m.

EVENTS

One length handicap, A Section,
One length handicap, B Section,
Plunging.

Entries to Sports Office as soon as possible, please.

CHILDREN'S GALA

The Children's Gala will be held at the Marylebone Baths on Wednesday, 3rd November, at 6.30 p.m. Entries should be sent as soon as possible to the Sports Office.

Six Mile Walk

SATURDAY, 20TH NOVEMBER, 1937

In the hope that more men will enter walks this season, we are holding a 3-mile event in conjunction with the 6-mile walk, three starters being the minimum to warrant the 3-mile. It is suggested that each man goes off his handicap mark. This means that during the race the last would be first. Entries for both events to Sports Office, by 13th November.

Brighton

The next meeting of the Brighton Sports Club is on Wednesday, 17th November, at five o'clock.

Swimming

A TEAM of our swimmers took part in a special race at the annual Gala, at the Surrey Ladies' Swimming Club, on 15th September, at the new Kingston Baths.

The race was a very exciting one. Only a couple of inches separated the first and second, and there was not more than a yard between any of them.

An iced cake was presented by an anonymous donor to our men, who decided to draw for it. F. Jackson was the winner. In a very neat little speech, Jackson thanked the Club for asking them year after year. He said how much our swimmers appreciated and enjoyed the Gala, and hoped they would have the pleasure of coming for many years yet. He added

that he would be very pleased if the donor of the cake would call and have tea with him on Sunday next. *We* might add that he forgot to leave his address!

The result was as follows: 1st, W. Lacey; 2nd, F. Rhodes; 3rd, G. L. Douglas; 4th, A. Peckham; 5th, F. Jackson.

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The Amalgamated Press of London Rowing Club challenged our London four—J. Macfarlane, S. Webster, W. T. Scott and W. Robinson—to row a race on the River Lea over half a mile. Our Four won by a quarter of a length, Mr. Phillip Gibbs coxing.

Appointment

Mr. J. H. Dawkins, late Corporal Major in the Royal Horse Guards (The Blues), has been appointed Sports and Physical Jerks Instructor at St. Dunstan's.

The fact that Mr. Dawkins comes from Bill Tovell's own regiment will, we think, give general pleasure and satisfaction to St. Dunstaners everywhere.

Mr. Dawkins will take up his position at Headquarters in a week or two's time.

British Legion Remembrance Festival, Royal Albert Hall

11TH NOVEMBER, 1937

The British Legion have supplied a dozen tickets for the use of St. Dunstan's men, and have asked that the issue of these should be restricted to men who have not previously attended the Festival. Will all St. Dunstan's men who have not yet attended the Festival and desire to do so this year, make application to Mr. Swain before 26th October. A ballot will, if necessary, be taken.

Official escorts will be provided.

Ypres Day Commemoration Service

The Committee of the Ypres League have extended a cordial invitation to the men of St. Dunstan's to be present at the Ypres Day Commemoration Service, to be held on the Horse Guards Parade on Sunday, 31st October next, at 11.40 a.m.

Will those men who desire to attend the service notify Mr. Swain by Tuesday, 26th October next.

Official escorts will be provided.