

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Blinded British Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen

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[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN.]

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

Armistice

WHEN you read this, another Armistice Celebration will have come and gone. We shall each of us have taken our part. Some ex-Servicemen who are still in hospital, or have to rest at home and cannot get out for one reason or another, will be unable to attend the many services and celebrations up and down the country. We will think of them and wish them relief from their sufferings, or comfort in their loneliness. They will, at least, hear the principal events, such as the ceremony at the Cenotaph, and the Remembrance Festival at the Albert Hall, on the wireless. They will be in tune with the sentiment of remembrance.

Many St. Dunstaners, I know, go to their local Armistice Day service or attend the ceremony at the war memorial in their town or village. It is well that each year we should take our part in these acts of remembrance of the men who fell in the Great War, even as the years pass and it becomes a matter of history.

I go to the Cenotaph in Whitehall with a band of St. Dunstaners—faithful stalwarts these—who attend regularly, whatever the weather, for as many years as we can remember. The National Anthem is sometimes a matter of routine when we sing it at the end of a concert or meeting—a good habit all the same—but at the Cenotaph, when the King himself is there, it seems to have a personal significance, and this year, I feel certain, there will be a particular earnestness in this prayer which will go up from ten thousand of us. Reason will combine with instinct in our appeal for unity through the Crown, and for strength and long life to the wearer of it, who carries so heavy a burden for us.

More Talking Books

The Talking Book project develops slowly but surely. There are enough books in the Library now to enable the Committee concerned to raise the number of readers from 700 to 1,000. The new machines are being ordered and will be available some time in the New Year. There may be some little delay as manufacturing is difficult now, but there are a few machines immediately ready for those who want them before Christmas. Half the Talking Book machines go to St. Dunstaners and half to other blind people, and there are now 350 blinded soldiers using the Library.

The scheme is established. It has been, and is, a great success. Any who have hesitated should now come in and take advantage of this extraordinary boon. There is a really good selection of books of all kinds. Some who have not read much in the past will probably say "I only like thrillers or detective stories". There are plenty of these, but I have noticed how I myself, and many others amongst my friends, as we have taken up

reading again with the Talking Book, have come to enjoy more serious works. There is a good demand for biographies, travel books and some of the classic novels. Write for particulars to Horace Kerr at Headquarters. He will tell you what is in the Library and the price of the machines.

Some have asked me, "Why don't you publish the very latest novels the moment they come out?" Our reason for not doing so is a very good one. I make the guess, and I think it will prove right, that out of a hundred novels published this Christmas not more than ten will be remembered next March, and probably not more than two will be spoken of in a year's time. A book has to prove itself before it is worth recording. That is why we wait a year or two and then choose the best-sellers. But here and there it is possible to pick a book which you can be almost certain will be a good one, and we have done this in the case of *Great Contemporaries*, by Winston Churchill. This was published about November 1st, for the general public, and by the beginning of December it will have actually been recorded and will be in our Library. This is a fine book, and I am sure many will find it interesting. A note as to the latest additions will be found on page 5.

Welcome Suggestions

My friend, Fallowfield, who was deafened as well as blinded, writes me a number of suggestions. Some are more interesting to deaf St. Dunstaners than to others, but some are of general application. I think all St. Dunstaners will agree that our organization ought to go out of its way to do what is possible to help our deafened comrades.

Fallowfield asks if instructions can be written in braille about the routine which will be observed at the new Brighton Home, and if a description of the new Home itself, and of the surroundings, can be prepared in braille. This could and will be done, and it will no doubt be of special interest to deaf St. Dunstaners who will then be able quickly to pick up information as to what is going on.

He asks, also, for a good braille library. We shall certainly see to this. And another of his points is that the waste-paper baskets, mats and trays which are used in the Home should not only be made by St. Dunstaners but should be of the very best. It seems that sometimes we have used articles made in the course of training at the Brighton Home. I can understand the reason for this, but I agree with Fallowfield that the goods we use should be the best so that they are a good advertisement to all who come.

I am very glad to have suggestions like these. We will certainly do our best to see that the new Home is in every respect as agreeable as it can be for all St. Dunstaners.

IAN FRASER.

Editor's Note

THE Editor's appeal in last month's REVIEW has met with a good response.

A number of interesting suggestions have been made, all of which will receive consideration.

Many St. Dunstaners, too, have answered it in a practical way by sending in contributions, and this twelve-page number is the result. Several articles have been unavoidably left over, but their authors may rest assured that they have not been forgotten.

It was mentioned last week that a small money prize will be awarded for the best contribution received each month. This will come into effect next month, and articles used this month will be considered then. The "coincidences" competition, of course, is quite apart from the "best contribution" contest.

From Sister Boyd Rochfort

MY DEAR BOYS,

You have all been so kind in past years remembering me with your nice cards and calendars at Christmas that I want to ask you if, instead of exchanging our greetings in this way, I may accept yours now, and send mine to you through the REVIEW.

My time being rather limited, I find it is difficult to send or acknowledge the many cards we have exchanged in past years—(latterly I have received over seven hundred!)—but I want you to know that my thoughts and good wishes will be with you *all*, just the same as always.

Your friend,
SISTER BOYD ROCHFORT.

St. Dunstan's
Brighton.

Brighton News

NOVEMBER 5th marked yet another milestone in the long and happy association existing between the local Transport Organizations and the men of St. Dunstan's. Under the chairmanship of Mr. Cannon, who was supported by many of our old friends, one hundred and forty-four St. Dunstaners sat down to dinner in the Aquarium Restaurant.

These gatherings are always very jolly affairs, and the boys did good justice to the excellent menu provided. The speeches were of a warm and cordial nature, and after toasting "His Majesty the King" the Chairman then proposed a toast to the Men of St. Dunstan's, and said how very pleased he was to welcome us on behalf of our hosts.

In responding to the Chairman's welcome, Mr. Jock Boyd expressed a very cordial vote of thanks.

Their Worships the Mayors of Brighton and Hove also paid a warm tribute to all concerned for this happy evening.

Mr. Mark Richards, the moving spirit behind these activities, was greeted with loud applause. He said how very much to heart he and his comrades had the interests of St. Dunstan's.

As Mr. Richards was concluding his remarks, our Chairman, Sir Ian Fraser, arrived, accompanied by his daughter.

Sir Ian thanked our hosts for entertaining us, and also for their ever ready help when travelling on the buses.

After dinner we danced to the strains of Mr. Cheeseman's Band, who always give their services on these occasions, until 11.30 p.m. with one short interval for the drawing of Lucky Numbers.

V.C.

★ ★ ★

H. Manning, at the London Hospital, was taking an incoming call the other day. The voice seemed familiar and he asked, "Isn't that Mrs. Benjamin?" The caller replied that she was. It was Mrs. Benjamin, a frequent visitor to the old House, and Manning had recognized her voice, although it was eighteen years since he had spoken to her.

Mrs. Benjamin was delighted to hear that she was talking to Manning, and sent him a box of cigarettes to celebrate the occasion.

Gardening Notes

To destroy slugs, crush one Meta tablet to powder and mix it with sufficient bran to fill an ordinary shoe box. The powder should be well mixed with the bran, and a little sprinkled over the garden in the evening.

Meta tablets can be obtained from chemists at 6d. per packet.

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From the fourteen pounds of Queen Mary potatoes which he has received from Headquarters, D. Maclean of Reading has dug 188 pounds of ware and about twenty pounds of small ones. Can anyone beat this?

Armistice Dance

THE Armistice Dance was held at the Portman Rooms on November 9th.

It was a jolly informal affair, and, in fact, was more in the nature of a reunion, for it was noticeable this year that the majority of St. Dunstaners were content to leave the actual dancing to the younger generation while they got together to talk over old times. For those who wanted to dance, however, our own Band was there to give its usual first-rate programme of music.

Captain Sir Ian Fraser, who was accompanied by Lady Fraser and Miss Jean Fraser, welcomed the guests. He expressed everyone's deep regret that Matron Thellusson was unable to be with them—the first Armistice Dance she had ever missed. They sent her best wishes for a speedy recovery.

Sir Ian then introduced to St. Dunstaners Mr. J. H. Dawkins, who had been appointed to fill Corpl. Major Tovell's place, and who was there that night in his official capacity for the first time.

Sir Neville Pearson, Bt., our Honorary Treasurer, and Colonel Eric Ball who is Chairman of the Brighton Home Committee and Senior Member of St. Dunstan's Executive Council, were popular guests, and Sir Neville's humorous speech of thanks later drew roars of appreciation.

Colonel Ball called for three cheers for Sir Ian and Lady Fraser, and these were given with enthusiasm.

And then it was 11.30 and "Auld Lang Syne." Another Armistice Dance had come to an end.

St. Dunstaner Meets the King and Queen

ON October 20th the King and Queen, in the course of their Yorkshire tour, visited the Ministry of Pensions Hospital in Leeds. Disabled ex-service-men were lined up in the recreation hall to receive them, and the first man to whom Their Majesties spoke was our St. Dunstaner, G. H. Heeley, of Wakefield, who is a shorthand typist at the Ministry.

Here is Heeley's own story.

"For some time past it has been known that the Ministry of Pensions Hospital, Chapel Allerton, Leeds, was to be visited by Royalty on October 20th, but beyond the possibility of cheering, along with other members of the Area Staff, somewhere near to the Hospital, I had not anticipated anything further. However, at 3.30 p.m. on that day, I was warned, together with four members of the staff, to report in the Chief's room, and it was then I heard that we were to represent the Area Office in the main corridor of the hospital.

"Promptly at 5.40 p.m. the Royal Party arrived, and soon they were walking down the corridor. First of all the Queen stopped to have a word with one of the sisters, and the King moved along to have a word with the dispenser. It was then I received a thrill. The Queen had resumed her place beside the King and they were approaching the spot where I was standing. The whole party came to a halt and I heard the Medical Superintendent of the Hospital mention my name and give to someone the information that I was blind, the result of a bullet, and that I was now engaged in the Area Office as a typist. The Medical Superintendent came forward and said to me that the King would like to shake hands with me. I heard his Majesty say, 'A bullet?' Then he put forward his hand and said, 'How do you do? I am pleased to meet you.' I was proud to return the greeting and the grip. The King then asked me, 'How long have you been in the Service?' I told him eighteen years, and he asked, 'How do you like the work?' I replied that I liked it very much. At this point the King turned to the Queen and told her how I had been wounded. For the moment I

think the Queen was a little affected. Then Her Majesty came forward, put her hand into mine, and said, 'How do you do? I am pleased to meet you.'"

About a fortnight before the visit of the King and Queen, the Minister of Pensions, Mr. H. Ramsbotham, M.P., visited the Area Office where Heeley works, and was greatly interested in our St. Dunstaner. A photograph of the Minister chatting to Heeley appeared in the *Daily Sketch*.

Another Presentation

From the *News Chronicle*, October 20th: "When Mr. F. W. Thompson, blind ex-Serviceman, was presented to the Duke and Duchess (of Gloucester) at Tavistock yesterday, he fulfilled his ambition to shake hands with every member of the Royal Family.

"Mr. Thompson, who served in four wars, was with General Gordon in the Sudan, and on return was presented to Queen Victoria. He was blinded in the Great War."

Thompson sends us the local Press reports of the Royal visit and adds: "Perhaps I shall be meeting the King when he comes to Tavistock on December 1st."

Letters to the Editor

The Editor, ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,

How many children belong doubly to St. Dunstan's, i.e. have both parents members of that organization? As one who was a humble member of the staff nearly twenty years ago, I have tried to keep in touch with some of these, and have three children of my own. Of course our Chairman and his wife head this list with one daughter.

How could we find out how many more there are? And perhaps some day these young people might meet at Headquarters before they themselves start marrying, and so complicating the matter too much.

SHEELA THOMPSON,
wife of C. F. THOMPSON,
Carshalton.

A CORRECTION

The Editor, ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,

In last month's REVIEW you stated that my son, Harold Coussins, is to swim for Scotland in the Olympic Games in Palestine. Will you please correct this statement?

He is being trained with a view to being sent to Palestine to swim at the Jewish Macciebie Games, and when he represented Scotland against England, England beat Scotland.

L. R. COUSSINS, Glasgow.

Talking Books

HERE is a further list of books which are being added to the Library.

The Fellowship of the Frog, by Edgar Wallace.

Read by A. E. McDonald.

A thriller.

The Cask, by Freeman Wills Croft.

Read by A. E. McDonald.

A thriller.

The Solange Stories, by F. Tennyson Jesse.

Read by Faith Loring.

Short detective stories.

Elizabeth and Her German Garden, by "Elizabeth."

Read by Faith Loring.

The humorous reflections, in diary form, of an Englishwoman married to a German.

Red Wagon, by Lady Eleanor Smith.

Read by Lionel Gamlin.

A story of life with a travelling circus.

Green Gates, by R. C. Sherriff.

Read by Eric Gillett.

The experiences of a retired City man and his wife in their search for happiness.

The Old Wives Tale, by Arnold Bennett.

Read by Eric Gillett.

A story of the lives of two women of the Potteries, giving a remarkably fine picture of Paris during the Siege. Rather a long book, but well worth reading—it is considered generally to be Arnold Bennett's greatest novel.

The Valleys of the Assassins, by Freya Stark.

Read by Jessie Hennel.

A woman's travels in Persia.

Pride and Prejudice, by Jane Austin.

Read by Doris Pemberton.

A charming study of manners in the early nineteenth century. H.V.K.

★ ★ ★

From the *Gloucester Citizen*, October 14th:

"Compliments were paid last night to Mr. H. Nelson—a blind ex-Serviceman—for the way in which he has carried out the duties of hon. secretary of the Lea and District branch of the British Legion. The occasion was the annual meeting, held at the Crown Inn, Aston Ingham. Mr. Nelson's report was read by the Chairman. It showed that the branch had a most successful year, every member having done his bit to make it efficient."

Young St. Dunstaners

Elsie, daughter of W. Muir, of North Gosforth, has secured honours in the Elementary Music Examination. Only five pupils in the country secured such honours.

★ ★ ★

The son of H. Hurst, of Great Longstone, won numerous prizes at the Flower Show for flowers and vegetables, and only just missed winning the Cup.

★ ★ ★

Joan Rees, daughter of G. Rees, of Thornton Heath, has passed the London General School Examination with matriculation.

★ ★ ★

Margaret Nash, the daughter of the late J. Nash, of Aylesbury, has gained the Oxford School Certificate.

★ ★ ★

Ethel, the daughter of Vere Jones, of Northwich, although only fourteen and a half years of age, has passed three examinations in shorthand and type-writing.

★ ★ ★

Olive, the daughter of J. Roughley, of Northwich, was married on October 2nd.

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Bernard Inman, the eldest son of B. Inman, of Sheffield, has won third prize in the Sheffield Evening Schools Examination in Practical Mathematics.

★ ★ ★

Eric, the son of F. Stratton, of Shirebrook, has passed the preliminary examination which enables him to sit later for his qualifying examination as a chemist.

★ ★ ★

Arthur Price, who is nearly 15, and son of A. Price of Pontypool, has gone to the Prince of Wales Sea Training Hostel, Limehouse.

★ ★ ★

Frances, the daughter of F. P. Best, of Birmingham, has obtained her School Certificate with Matriculation credits.

National Laying Test

WE were late arrivals at the Annual Dinner arranged by the National Laying Test and the N.U.P.S., at the Great Central Hotel, on October 21st, for fog on the outskirts of London delayed us.

Once there, however, we were soon at home, for the St. Dunstan's competitors were grouped at two adjoining tables. Unfortunately, the absence of one competitor and escort, and one technical visitor made our party incomplete. The absentees were greatly missed, and we were all sorry that, for various reasons, they could not be present.

The evening was a great success. After the Loyal toast we enjoyed an amusing entertainer, and this was followed by the real business of the evening—the presentation of the prizes.

The prize-winners and prizes in the St. Dunstan's section were:

Hill, R. E.

St. Dunstan's Chal. Cup First position
Jacobs & Spearman Chal-
lenge Cup ... Best individual bird
Gold Medal
Silver Winter Medal
Cash Prize £7
Cash Prize £2. 2s. ... Best pen White
Wyandottes
Canteen Cutlery ... Best individual bird

Holmes, P.

Silver Medal ... Second position
Cash Prize £5
Cash Prize £1. 1s. ... Fourth position
5 cwt. Layers' Mash ... Best pen of R.I.R.s

Smith, W. Alan

Bronze Medal ... Third position
Cash Prize £2

McLaren, D.

Cash Prize £3 ... For birds typical of
their breed, and
all alive at end of
Test

Jackson, G. C.

Cash Prize £2

Hammett, H. A.

Cash Prize £4. 4s. ... Best pen of White
Leghorns

Pink, A.

1 cwt. Chick Feed ... Best pen not re-
ceiving any other
award

The new Trials have already started at Milford. We have not quite so many entries this year as last, but the quality of the birds sent in is very good.

It will be interesting to watch these pens during the year, and especially interesting to note the progress of the No. 1 bird in each pen. These birds are competing for a special award which will be given to the best No. 1 bird, irrespective of the success of the remaining birds in the pen. It is a severe test of St. Dunstaners' ability in selecting the best bird of the six they submit, and should lead to much friendly rivalry.

Our St. Dunstan's competitors have faith in their entries. "I am going to be here (at the Dinner) next year," I was informed by one successful competitor, and his attitude is typical of all.

I know that every competitor cannot win, but it is the right spirit; a spirit that persists, and in the end, will attain success. D.W.F.

Report for the twelfth period of four weeks.

Position	Name	Test score	value
1	Hill, R. E.	...	1122
2	Holmes, P.	...	1004
3	Smith, W. Alan	...	939
4	Holmes, P.	...	928
5	McLaren, D.	...	914
6	Pink, A.	...	880
7	Carpenter, E. H.	...	873
8	Knopp, H. A.	...	867
9	Coman, A. E.	...	864
10	Fisher, T. M.	...	827
11	Fisher, T. M.	...	812
12	McLaren, D.	...	776
13	Jackson, G. C.	...	751
14	Hammett, H. A.	...	744
15	Brown, C. H.	...	740
16	Smith, W. Alan	...	718
17	Chaffin, A.	...	716
18	Powell, G.	...	704
19	Richardson, H.	...	689
20	Stock, C. H.	...	637
21	Davis, G.	...	625
22	McIntosh, C.	...	607
23	Chaffin, A.	...	566
24	Webb, W.	...	539
25	Carpenter, E. H.	...	533
26	Woodcock, W. J.	...	519
27	Gwyn, A. I.	...	507
28	Campbell, J.	...	503
29	Hamilton, B.	...	479
30	James, G.	...	459
31	Miller, H. S.	...	458
32	Miller, H. S.	...	290
33	Boorman, F. W.	...	118

"Coincidence" Competition

BELOW is a selection of stories which have been submitted in our "Coincidence Competition." A further selection will be given next month when the prize winners will be announced.

Belonging to the Salonica Army, M.E.F., it was not possible for any of us men to receive much pleasure in life while we were out of the trenches, as we were always under canvas and away from any village. What amusement we did have we had to make ourselves, unless, by that lucky chance we were transferred to Malta, which meant serious illness or war wounds. I did manage to get this far, with malaria and yellow fever, in time for Christmas, 1916, and leaving in April, 1917, arrived back at Salonica on the 24th, and I rejoined my battalion about the middle of June. I was asked to report to the Company Captain about the middle of July, who told me that I was to have a fortnight's rest down at Janus, a rest camp about twenty miles down the line. I was surprised, for there were many men who had had no rest at all. Anyway, I went, and this is the coincidence.

In the rest camp, there was only the Army Canteen and the Y.M.C.A., and in the latter place there was the book of Her Majesty Queen Mary, about St. Dunstan's Hostel for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors, describing the running of our Headquarters, and Workshops, and even giving photographs of the latter. Reading best part of this book during my fortnight's stay, I had practical knowledge about St. Dunstan's. Arriving back to my battalion, the beginning of August, 1917, we went in the trenches for our month's debating with Johnny Bulgar, and during a raid on the 30th, I received my wounds which resulted in total loss of sight.

The book of Her Majesty was new, and no doubt had just been published and forwarded out there, 2,000 miles away, and was the only reading matter in the camp at that time. I looked upon it after as a warning and preparation of what I was about to receive. When I paid my first visit to Headquarters and the Workshops, with other men, from St. Mark's College, I was not a stranger, and I had my mental vision of what the place looked like.

Wallasey. W. T. MONAGHAN.

Many St. Dunstaners will remember the row of telephone boxes which stood in the hall at the Bungalow. One day in '18, being temporarily at a loose end, I decided to ring up an ex-colleague named Shopland, who had worked in the same office as myself before the War. We had not met or corresponded since August, '14, but I had learnt that he had come through all right. Accordingly, I went to one of these telephone boxes to ask for my number. Just as I entered the box the bell rang and, as I was there, I thought I would take the call. So I lifted the receiver and, "Hullo," came the voice from the switch-board, "Could you find C. G. Williams, please; a Mr. Shopland wants to speak to him". After an interval of more than four years he had chosen that identical moment to ring me up.

Hampstead, N.W.3. C. G. WILLIAMS.

Going back to 1915, on April 22nd, 1915, the Germans attacked us at St. Julian, using gas. As there were no gas masks or respirators available at that time, Colonel Bickerton issued pads. The following morning, April 23rd, having been sent back during the night to guard the road in Ypres, I was on duty when a shell struck the road, and totally blinded me; a few minutes later I was picked up and carried to the dressing station, about 200 yards away. Colonel Bickerton was in charge of the dressing station when I was carried in, and it was not until May, 1933, eighteen years later, that I met Colonel Bickerton again, this time at St. Dunstan's Headquarters, when he examined me and I became a St. Dunstaner.

J. R. BURTON.

Portchester.

Panel Massage

IN the various new measures being put forward to promote better standards of health for our people, I would like to point out that a very vast field of help to this end is not being used to its fullest advantage.

That field of help is known to the medical profession as Physical Medicine and includes all such treatments as Massage, Remedial Exercises, Diathermy, Ultra-Violet Ray (Artificial Sunlight), Infra Red Rays, Galvanic, Faradic, Sinusoidal and High Frequency Currents, Four Cell Schnee Baths, Local and General Radiant Heat Baths, etc.

When I say it is not used to its fullest extent, I mean, that at the moment its application is limited to the out-patient departments of hospitals, where such exist, and where private practices in such forms of treatment have been established.

The efficacy of these treatments is now firmly established and should, in my opinion, be available to every panel patient, which would immediately widen the field of utility of physical medicine and be a very great helping factor to a Fitter Britain.

There are large bodies of well-trained technicians, recognized by the medical profession, ready to carry out all such forms of treatments. I am sure that panel doctors would welcome the facility to order and supervise such treatments where they are considered necessary and advisable. Panel patients would undoubtedly be greatly benefited and the Nation's bill for ill-health materially lessened.

During the War, these various forms of treatments were proved of considerable

value to many thousands of wounded men, and since that time, considerable time and thought has been expended on this field of curative therapy, and that field has, therefore, been considerably extended in its scope and will become invaluable in the Nation's fight for Fitter Britain.

Make these treatments available to all panel patients. Little or no additional administrative machinery is necessary, it is here already, in the National Health Insurance Act.

The recognized societies are ready to do such work. The patients need it. The doctors would welcome it; then why not? The "supply" will not be forthcoming until the demand is great enough. Therefore, it is up to all panel patients to demand this invaluable aid to fitness through the various necessary channels, such as sick benefit societies, trade unions, The National Health Insurance, debating societies, etc.

We have already dental and optical benefits, let us then have physical medicine benefits, the advantages of which are recognized by all the doctors, the patients, and the public.

J. S. WHITELAM.

Brief Notes

C. Aplin, of Warley, gave his daughter Eileen, away at her wedding on October 26th at Warley Barracks. The *Daily Express* and the *News Chronicle* both had photographs of the bride and her father after the ceremony, Aplin's five medals and St. Dunstan's badge coming out well.

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T. North, of Walsall, placed the British Legion wreath on Walsall Cenotaph on November 11th. In a letter to us he recalls another Armistice Day, November 11th, 1918. "I was in training at St. Dunstan's at the time and I remember how we all left our work and marched to Hyde Park to hear the speech of our late beloved King George."

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The November (Poppy Day) number of the *British Legion Journal* contained a special article, "The Last Thing I Saw." It included contributions from Captain Sir Ian Fraser, Capt. William Appleby, Captain Gerald Lowry, H. V. Kerr, "Sammy" Webster, H. T. Eaton, W. Heushaw and E. Bates.

Sea Angling

THE occasion was the middle-day of the local club's Sea Angling Festival.

It was a grand day in every sense. There were eighty-seven competitors, chiefly spurred on by the splendid catches of yesterday. The foreshore of the little town was unusually active for the early morning. 9 a.m. and the boats to be on their stations by 10, at which time the official flag would drop to indicate the Festival had commenced. Twenty-eight little boats took their places within the waters allotted and the lines were cast. In perfect peace and restful pleasure the hours slipped by, and at 3.30 in the afternoon the official flag was hoisted as the signal to cease fishing; pull for the shore and weigh-in, was the order.

Now I suppose I am not the best type of angler; I am keen, I must confess, but my call to the seas is usually strongest when I hear "the fishing is good." This was the case on that middle-day of the Festival, so I duly entered my name, and complete with tackle, rod and line, and an ample supply of fat juicy lugworms, I made one of the party of three in our boat.

Things went well with me. I had hooked six before the others drew their first one, and as there were prizes in plenty my hopes began to rise. Yes, there were prizes for the biggest fish, the heaviest fish, the longest fish, the roundest fish, etc. I seemed to be specializing in dabs, good fish and worth eating. Yes, there was a prize for the flattest fish, so if only I could manage to get a really big one I should be all right. My best so far was only eight ounces. We went steadily on, and I still kept in the lead of our boat, but it seemed that other boats were doing great things farther afield. We shifted our position, and after another short lull the biting came fast and furious. It was excellent sport, and one of our three got a 2-lb. plaice which became the envy of my heart. However, I managed to keep ahead and landed with a bag of twenty-six fish, very pleased and hopeful for the weigh-in.

From the admiration and interest of the old ladies and small boys who insisted on making a personal inspection, for approval, or otherwise, of every angler as he landed on the jetty, I gathered there were few, if any, so far, presenting more favour

than my bag of fish. It seemed to me to weigh at least 10 lbs., but that estimate proved quite wrong when I reached the weigh-in on the pier.

For everybody's delight, and of more serious interest to the club competitors, they had erected a black-board, and as the weighing-in proceeded, magic numbers and names appeared from time to time to report and register the state of the competition in its many aspects—the number of fish, total catch, flattest fish, roundest fish, etc.

Quite modestly I retired into the buffet. I had eaten little all day, being somewhat aesthetic when it comes to cutting up juicy lug and ragworms with one hand, and holding a sandwich in the other. Somehow the appetite seems to fade. Whether it is the worms or the rocking of the boat or the excitement of the sport, I have not decided, but it's a sure thing that some such state does overtake the less hardened angler on these occasions.

Sitting in that buffet and drinking tea with my friends I experienced that pleasant feeling of certain to win something. I was informed my name was on the board for the greatest number of fish and also the top weight—5 lbs. 10 ozs., they told me. However, there were still many more bags to weigh-in yet, and it looked a long job.

Reaching home I was well received, since I had a fine bag of fish to offer and some hopeful news of the competition.

The next day duly arrived and the prize for the top catch with it, nicely packed up and brought along by the Chairman himself.

Our Chairman is a fine old type of Lancastrian. Wearing his usual angling outfit he was ushered in with a bulky parcel under his arm. To the great excitement of the family the prize was unveiled by the Chairman, who expressed his great pleasure in making the journey himself and apologized because it was not the Grand Challenge Silver Bowl. There was a quiet as the paper covering was slowly unwrapped, revealing a massive and heavy glass toilet table set, two candlesticks, three glass pots, a stand for rings, all contained on a thick glass tray, and all in jade green glass.

Both my wife and daughter seemed to shrink from it. I suppose their artistic

sense was offended. The old fellow continued to praise my efforts, and went on to tell us how the Club, all being sportsmen of the highest calibre, were glad I had won such distinction and he, on their behalf, expressed their pride in honouring such a one as myself. By this time I was hard put for words to express my thanks; however, I managed to say some very nice things at the same time keeping a close grip on my modesty as a fellow sportsman, and the old fellow left us.

Now came the problem: what could we do with the prize? I could see my wife was not keen, so I offered it to my daughter for her room, but no; both were loath to hurt my feelings and put up the plea that they were already fixed up in the matter of dressing-table sets. Clearly something was wrong—either the colour or design. Strewn on the table it made an impressive collection, but there were difficulties. My wife suggested that if I had won it last year instead of this year we could have given it as a wedding present, but at the moment she knew of no one getting married.

It all seemed very ungrateful to me, but I slowly understood the real meaning of a "white elephant," and condescended to have it put away and perhaps forgotten for all time. Who knows?

The sequel to my fishing achievements came later in the day when my daughter informed me that another blind man, fishing off Weymouth, four-and-a-half miles out to sea, had hooked and landed a shark weighing 199 lbs.

This completely squashed any sense of pride in my abilities as a sea angler. "Where did you see that?" I asked. "Here it is, in the newspaper; a photograph as well."

Enough! I am content to catch flat fish, even though they may be small. "You can eat what I catch," said I. But the reply came, "Well, Dad, if you had caught that shark in the Competition you might have got that Silver Challenge Bowl and we could have put our flowers in it; you can't do anything with your prize, can you?"

So that is sea-angling. I am not discouraged—far from it. I strongly recommend it to all who can sometimes get down to the sea; it's a certain cure for nerves or depression. Try it, and I'm sure you will agree.

F. C. S. HILLING.

SPORTS CLUB NOTES

Sports Meeting

THE winter meeting of the Sports Club took place at Headquarters on Tuesday, October 5th, when Sir Ian Fraser presided over an excellent attendance.

The Chairman stated that this was the first occasion on which the sports group had met since the death of Corporal Major Tovell, and expressed his sincere regret. Everyone stood for a few seconds in silence, in memory of a good friend and helper.

Sir Ian said that after careful consideration, it had been thought that the best way in which to find a new Sports Instructor would be to write to "The Blues" (Tovell's old regiment), and they had sent along Corporal Major Dawkins. Mr. Dawkins was received with applause, and he assured everyone that he would do his best to follow in the steps of his old friend and colleague.

The suggested programme of Socials, etc. was presented. A monthly dance would be arranged on the first Tuesdays throughout the season, except in the case of the opening October dance. Concerts would be arranged. Whist Drives would be held on vacant Tuesday evenings. The Christmas Party would be held on December 14th. Sir Ian hoped that a lecture, too, could be arranged. It was agreed that notices would appear in the REVIEW, and that there would be no special circulars.

Indoor Sports.—After some discussion it was agreed to carry on with the old programme. Physical jerks were, however, to be added, and it was decided that if these were not patronized well, they should be dropped.

Swimming.—Instructor Jones presented his programme. Practice nights were to be on Wednesdays and Fridays for the men and their children.

Football.—All the clubs have very kindly offered the same facilities as heretofore.

Summer Sports.—The following final points were given out amid applause:—

A Section		B Section	
A. Crook	47	W. Birchall	55
S. Edwards	33	Jock Brown	47
McSteel	31	W. Lacey	34
T. Collyer	9	B. Ingrey	23
T. Roden	3	F. Winter	22
		W. Henry	20
		A. Lenderyou	6

The following ruling was passed in regard to Summer Sports:—

That where there are five or more competitors in a section there shall be two prizes, but where there are less than five competitors there shall be only one prize.

In determining whether there are five competitors in a section only those shall be counted who have secured more than five points in that section in the season.

Walks.—The following programme was passed after some helpful discussion:—

6 Mile Walk	...	November 20th
9 Mile Walk	...	January 22nd
12 Mile Walk	...	February 26th
15 Mile Walk	...	April 23rd
Birmingham Walk	...	March

H. Gover suggested that a Strolling Club should be formed for those who felt that racing was a little too strenuous. The Chairman thought this a very good plan, but said he would prefer it to be left for this year, but H. Gover could arrange something with his friends this year if he liked.

Tickets for outside events.—The Chairman said that he had been able to obtain twenty double tickets for the variety concerts given by the B.B.C., and these would be issued in twos and fours each week, to be fitted in before Christmas. Names should be sent in to Miss Morris, and if more than twenty names were received a draw would be made. This would apply also for tickets for other events.

The Chairman said how glad he was to welcome some of the old friends at the Meeting—Mrs. Spurway, Miss Woolrych and Mr. Roberts (of the Natappro Club, Wembley).

J. McFarlane expressed the meeting's thanks to Sir Ian for attending and taking the Chair.

Christmas Party

The Christmas Party in the Lounge will be held on Tuesday, December 14th.

Brighton

The Sports Meeting of the Brighton Club on Wednesday, October 13th, was made the occasion of the presentation to Miss Audrey Rayson from St. Dunstan's men of Kent and Sussex, and the gathering of men and their wives, which overflowed through the doors of the Netting-room, provided just the happy, informal, homely atmosphere suitable to the gift which was made to Miss Rayson as a

token of appreciation of the many years she had spent in paying kindly visits to the families of St. Dunstaners in South-East England. It was quite unlike a formal presentation, and in that signified that the bond between the men and their late Visitor was a very personal and intimate one. Miss Rayson had chosen to receive a silver cigarette box, and her first thought was to fill it up, and take it round personally to each man in the gathering.

The business of the meeting followed.

At the request of Sister Morris, everyone stood for a few moments as a tribute to Corporal Major Tovell.

Sister Morris also expressed the regret of the meeting that Matron was not able to be with them, and their hope that she would soon be well again.

It was decided to carry on with the Domino Tournament through the winter, and a letter was read from Matron very kindly offering again her special prize.

Further meetings would be announced each month in the REVIEW and given out at the meetings. No postcards would be sent.

A splendid tea was provided by Sister Peacock, after which the first Domino Tournament of the season was begun.

The next Sports Meeting at Brighton will be held on Wednesday, December 8th, at 6 p.m.

Annual Swimming Gala

THIS Gala took place by kind permission of the St. Marylebone Borough Council at the new St. Marylebone Baths on Wednesday evening, October 27th.

The attendance was not quite as large as usual owing to the bad weather. Many of the competitors were, I think, of the opinion that they had had quite enough water for one day without going to the baths in the evening.

The racing was, however, particularly good. In A Section H. Crabtree won by the small margin of 3 ins. from P. Crafter, S. Douglas being 3rd only half a yard behind. This is the fourth successive year that Crabtree—who started from scratch—has won this event, but a special word of praise must be given to Crafter for putting up such a fine performance, especially as he is a newcomer.

In B Section W. Birchall, in a great race, again managed to beat his rival, F. Rhodes, by a couple of feet, Lacey being third only a yard behind.

In the Plunging Competition J. Mellor was first with a plunge of 29 feet plus a handicap of 9 feet, making a total of 38 feet. F. Rhodes was second with a plunge of 25 feet 6 inches, plus 12 feet, total 37 feet 6 inches. W. Birchall 29 feet, plus 6 feet, total 35 feet, was third. Mr. Jones acted as judge and Mr. Bloxham presented the prizes to the winners.

We were very pleased to welcome many of the wives of the competitors, but some of them seemed a little peeved at what they considered was the unconscious time their husbands kept them waiting while dressing, but as a brave young husband—without wife—remarked, it is about the only occasion in the year when they can get their own back on their better halves.

Mr. Jones proposed a vote of thanks to all the helpers and prize givers and expressed Mr. Ellis's great regret that he was unable to be present. Mr. Swain suitably replied.

Children's Gala

ALTHOUGH there was not a very big entry in the girls' section, the racing on November 3rd was very keen. The results were as follows:—

		Start	Go at
1st	Mary Burran	9 secs.	Go
2nd	Jean Rhodes	scratch	9
3rd	Joan Ollington		4

The boys had a better entry, but we would still like to see more in both classes. After a very good race the results were as follows:—

		Start	Go at
1st	Eric Burran	6 secs.	2
2nd	Cecil Rhodes	3 "	5
3rd	Harry Birch	scratch	8

University Rugby Match

We have received from the Cambridge University Rugby Union Football Club a number of tickets for the University match at Twickenham on Tuesday, December 7th.

Will those St. Dunstaners who would like to attend send in their names to the Sports Office not later than Tuesday, November 30th, when a draw will be made for the tickets if necessary.

"In Memory"

Private WILLIAM CLIFFORD SHAW.
(12th Royal Fusiliers)

It is with deep regret that we announce the sudden death of W. C. Shaw, of Brighton, formerly of Hucknall.

Shaw was blinded in 1915 in France. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1917 and was taught basket-making, at which occupation he worked until a short time before his death. His passing on October 22nd was very sudden as, although he had not been very well for a few days, he was able to be up and about until the evening before.

The funeral took place a few days later at Preston Cemetery, and was attended by Miss Downing, Miss Boyd Rochfort, several St. Dunstan's men and their wives, and Orderlies Hawkett and Mitchell. Many wreaths were received, including one from Sir Ian Fraser and his comrades at St. Dunstan's. Shaw leaves a widow to mourn his loss, to whom we extend our sincere sympathy.

Private RALPH SWEETING
(Lancashire Fusiliers)

With the deepest regret, we have to announce the death of R. Sweeting, of Rochdale. He served from 1914 to 1915, when he was wounded at the Dardanelles, coming to St. Dunstan's at the end of that year. He was trained as a mat-maker and netter, but for many years has been unable to carry on at either of these occupations. He had not been at all well for several months, but his death, which took place on the 1st November, was unexpected.

A wreath was sent from Sir Ian and comrades at St. Dunstan's. We offer our sincerest sympathy to his relatives and friends.

Silver Weddings

Congratulations to V. Clay, of Nottingham, and his wife, whose silver wedding was on October 24th; to D. G. Morgan, of Tredegar, and his wife, whose anniversary was the following day; to J. Irvine, of Glasgow, and his wife, who celebrated theirs on November 1st; to T. Shepherd, of Leighton Buzzard, and his wife, whose anniversary was on November 9th; and to T. H. Millard, of New Tredegar, and his wife, whose silver wedding falls on November 14th.

Births

GROCOTT.—To the wife of A. W. Grocott, of North Kensington, on the 11th November, a daughter.

LAKE.—To the wife of E. Lake, of Beverley, on October 10th, a daughter—Margaret Rose. (see "Deaths.")

TOMKINSON.—To the wife of H. Tomkinson, of Kilburn, on the 9th November, a daughter.

Deaths

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

BARNES.—To W. Barnes, of Bradford, and his wife, whose son, aged seventeen, passed away on the 8th November, after a comparatively short illness. His death was due to pneumonia.

BLACKMAN.—To T. Blackman, of Market Harborough, whose wife died on November 12th.

LAKE.—To E. Lake, of Beverley, and his wife, whose little daughter, born on October 10th, lived only two days.

WRIGHT.—To Mrs. Wright, widow of the late W. Wright, of Wilsden, who lost her daughter Joan, in October, under tragic circumstances.

Memorial Service to Sir Arthur Pearson

LADY (ARTHUR) PEARSON, our President, has expressed a wish that the annual service in memory of the late Sir Arthur Pearson shall, in future, be held in St. Dunstan's own Chapel at the Brighton Home. In the future this will, of course, take place in the Chapel which is being built at the new home at Rottingdean, where there will be room for a large congregation composed of those at the Home at the time, and many who live in the neighbourhood. But this year the service will take place in the little Chapel in the old Home. It is impossible, therefore, to invite St. Dunstaners from Brighton and district to attend. Only those residing in the Annexe will be able to be accommodated.

As usual a deputation of St. Dunstaners will proceed to Hampstead from Headquarters on the morning of December 9th to lay a wreath on Sir Arthur's grave. Subscriptions of not more than one shilling towards the wreath should be sent to Mr. Askew at Headquarters.

Marriage

CAVANAGH-READ.—W. Cavanagh, of Sunderland to Lilian Read, of Brighton, at St. Mary's Church, Sunderland, on October 28th.

Apartments

Brighton

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