

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Blinded British Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen

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[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN]

NATIONAL SERVICE

A St. Dunstan's Suggestion

OUR Chairman has asked us to publish the two letters that follow, as he thinks they will be of interest to many readers.

PURLEY OAKS,
SOUTH CROYDON,
23rd March, 1938.

DEAR SIR IAN,

No doubt you will remember the speech given by Sir Samuel Hoare a few days ago on "Air Raid Precautions" and the help required. He was asking for a million helpers all over the country to be trained in case of emergency.

I have a suggestion to make re St. Dunstan's telephone operators. I think through you or perhaps individually, we St. Dunstan's men may be of some service to the country, as there are probably between one hundred and one hundred and fifty trained operators, and I am sure the majority would only be too glad to do their bit in some small way in hospitals, fire stations, town halls, or local government offices, or even in telephone exchanges.

I myself, will apply locally and offer my services, but I do think if the authorities knew that they could get trained men like us they would jump at the chance.

This is only a suggestion on my part and I should be glad to have your views on the question.

Believe me,
Yours respectfully,
P. GARRITY.

ST. DUNSTAN'S HEADQUARTERS,
1st April, 1938.

DEAR GARRITY,

Thank you for your letter. I think the spirit of your letter is admirable and believe that it will be shared by our comrades generally.

I have carefully thought over your proposal that I should consult our blinded soldier telephone operators and ask them to volunteer for emergency service and send a united offer of help to the Government. This is a very attractive idea, to which I feel certain our men perhaps without an exception would respond, but it presents great practical difficulties. Nor am I convinced that services offered centrally would be the most valuable our men could render.

We have one hundred and six telephone operators, of whom twenty-nine are employed in Government departments or by local authorities, and seventy-seven in businesses large and small, mainly in Greater London.

Practically every business contributes something to the life of the nation, and if an emergency should arise one of the most important services our men could render would be to help keep the business going in which they serve by sticking to their posts and setting a good example to others who are younger and less experienced. If this would be our men's first duty, and it is a very important one, they would not be able to undertake any other whole-time duty.

Each man would, however, be able to do a night shift or share a night shift with others from time to time in an emergency such as an air raid. The need for this would arise, it seems to me, not in the business which engages the man's attention during the day, but in connection with some local community service near his home. Our men are not only skilled telephone operators, but as a result of their military service and middle-age, ought to have a quality of steadiness that might be of great value.

I suggest that any St. Dunstaners who feel as you do should give their names to the town clerk or the Air Raid Precautions officer in the Metropolitan Borough, County Borough or Town in which they live and offer their services on the lines suggested. Or, alternatively, they might write to me and I would offer their services to the nearest public authority to their place of residence.

I am glad to have your telephone message that I may publish your letter in our Magazine for I think the subject will interest many of our fellow St. Dunstaners.

Yours sincerely,

IAN FRASER, *Chairman.*

News of St. Dunstaners

J. Butler, of Waterford, Ireland, has been appointed organizing secretary of his local cycling club. He intends to ride tandem to Cork—a distance of about eighty miles—for this year's Reunion.

☆ ☆ ☆

D. Munro, of Aberdeen, secured thirteen prizes for his baskets at Turriff Exhibition—six firsts, four seconds and three thirds. He sold all his articles and secured a number of orders. Great work!

☆ ☆ ☆

Their daughter May, presented R. McClusky, of Crewe, and his wife with a grandson on March 17th.

☆ ☆ ☆

A. Attrell's parents celebrated their golden wedding at Polegate last month. Mr. Attrell sen. is seventy-one and still works for the East Sussex County Council.

Praise for Our Band

J. Hughes, of Sanderstead, is secretary of the Entertainments Committee of the Selsdon Branch of the British Legion. The branch has just been re-formed and it held its first dance last month. At Hughes' suggestion, St. Dunstan's Dance Band attended, and he has been asked to express the Branch's thanks to the Band for their excellent playing and the assurance that no other band but ours will have their future engagements.

Mr. Ernest Kessell

Our old friend, Mr. Kessell, celebrated his seventieth birthday last month and St. Dunstaners will join with us in wishing him many more happy years.

When Mr. Kessell retired from St. Dunstan's in 1932 he had completed eighteen years' work as Treasurer. He came with Sir Arthur Pearson in 1915 and he saw St. Dunstan's founded.

Since his retirement he has continued to lead an active life. He is a member of Kingston Town Council, and his work for Sir Arthur's first charity—the Fresh Air Fund—is as great as ever.

R.A.O.B. News

When the Progress Lodge of Soberton paid a visit to the Prince of Wales Lodge last month, F. W. Matthews, as P.W., was asked to take over the Royal chair. This was an honour for Matthews, since there were also present many past and present Provincial Grand Primos from the surrounding districts.

The P.G.M. for Southampton is W. Lowings, of Eastleigh, and both he and Matthews were in great demand when they did their share of entertaining later.

S. C. Loram, of Brixham, has been elected a Knight of the Order of Merit of the Brixham Prince of Orange Lodge. He is Chairman of the Benevolent Board of the Brixham and Dartmouth South Hams Province, and President of the Knights' Chapter.

Garden Topics

WHEN you read this it will be time to plant the following:—

Carnations—These are seedlings and will start to flower from mid-August until about the end of October. Edmunds Super Strain, 1s. 6d. doz. are mixed colours; the other is Giant Hardy Perpetual Double Chabaud. These are 1s. doz. and of course you pay postage. Brake the ground down finely and plant about 1 ft. apart up to the first leaves.

Also plant early chrysanthemums now. They want 18 ins. of room each way. Where you put each plant, put one good handful of bone meal and mix it well in the soil, the depth of the trowel. Put the plant in up to the first leaves and make firm with the hands, tying a small stake against each plant. If the ground is dry give them a good watering in, and when they have been in about ten days, just pinch out the extreme top.

Next month, asters: As it is not safe to plant them until the end of May, keep the soil lightly stirred amongst growing plants.

A. J. HOLLAND.

Notes from South Africa

I WAS listening in to Droitwich last evening to the St. David's Day programme and wondered whether the boys in the Annexe were listening also. And I could almost see the little Welsh sister straining her ears to catch that part of the programme that was broadcast from Johannesburg which is only thirty-five miles from where I am typing these notes. If she was listening it must have reminded her of the happy days she spent in sunny South Africa.

I listen in to Droitwich very often and never miss the six o'clock news, and I imagine myself sitting in the Lounge or Braille Room at Brighton as I used to do. Of course there is a difference of two hours between South African and English times at present—six o'clock in England being eight o'clock in South Africa. During the English summer this difference is reduced to one hour.

Last week-end I had a visit from Archibald, who will be remembered by many St. Dunstaners. He resides at the small village of Gilletts in Natal about five hundred miles from Pretoria, where the usual amenities of an English

village do not exist, for there is neither church nor cinema, and not even that institution which is so very necessary for the quenching of thirst. I believe that such places in Brighton are designated by various names such as "The Barley Mow," "Ye Mason's Tavern," etc. etc., but I am not quite clear on this point. Perhaps some worthy St. Dunstaner will enlighten me.

Archibald's stay in Pretoria, though altogether too short, was made as happy as could be desired, and he spent a very enjoyable time and was pleased to meet his old friend Mulinder of "The Buffs" who had visited him a few months previously.

All South African St. Dunstaners were overjoyed to hear of the appointment of Miss Boyd-Rochfort to the position of Matron of the Brighton Annexe. They would like to come over to offer their congratulations in person but, as this is impossible, respectfully tender same through the columns of the REVIEW. A very happy future for the Brighton Annexe is foreshadowed.

I have just resumed my old post as Pretoria correspondent to *The Springbok Magazine*, which is the official organ of the British Empire Service League in South Africa. In this connection, I have been asked to write an article of 1,500 words on "Reminiscences of my stay at St. Dunstan's"; this I hope to do in the near future.

Captain Donald Simson, Honorary Secretary of the League in London, recently visited South Africa to make arrangements in connection with the pilgrimage which leaves South Africa in May next to visit the graves of the fallen in Belgium and France. The members of the pilgrimage will be received by His Majesty The King at Buckingham Palace and will spend some time in England and will also visit Germany.

This Pilgrimage is of special interest to St. Dunstaners because the honour of leading it has been given to the Chairman of St. Dunstan's in South Africa, Brigadier General W. E. C. Tanner, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

All South African St. Dunstaners send their good wishes to all members of the staff and boys in all parts of the Empire.

E. DENNY.

Comedy

SEVERAL months ago, when everybody was out but myself, I answered a ring at the front door bell. A lady wished me good afternoon and inquired whether she could inspect the workshops. I think I looked very blank as I returned the salute and asked, in mystified tones, what workshops she meant. "I am a factory inspector," she informed me, and though I could not see why she should want to inspect my workshop I obligingly escorted her out into the garden and to the hut.

"This is not the only work-room, is it?" she inquired. "Yes, madam," I replied, smiling to myself. "But I thought those sheds I saw behind were the factory," she exclaimed. "The only sheds I know are the cattle pens in the market," I assured her. "Do you mean that you are the only one working here?" she queried persistently and, I thought, with a touch of suspicion. "Yes, madam," I replied, "and I do not see how you could mistake my hut for a factory." "Oh, it was not the hut, it was the brass plate with your *trade mark* and I'd seen that line of sheds as I came down the hill and thought it was a new factory here." "The trade mark on the brass plate," I replied, "is St. Dunstan's badge." "Well I never," she said. "Do you mean to tell me you are a blind soldier? Well I thought you looked funny when I came to the door and you opened it, but I didn't think you were blind, and I am sorry." "No need to be sorry, madam," I assured her. "The funniest thing is that there is still somebody who does not even recognize St. Dunstan's badge, but I hope the factory met with your approval."

A. RADFORD.

Drama

She laid the still white form where others had laid before. No sob, no sigh forced its way from her heart, throbbing as though it would burst.

Suddenly a cry broke the stillness of the place—a single heart-breaking shriek; then silence; then another cry. Then all was silent but for the murmur which seemed to rise from the core of her being. She left the place without a backward look. She would lay another egg tomorrow.

R.Z.H.

Talking Books

Here are some more talking book titles which are being added to the Library:—

The Proud Servant, by Margaret Irwin.

Read by Faith Loring.

A historical romance of the Scottish wars in the reign of Charles I.

Sorrell and Son, by Warwick Deeping.

Read by F. P. Bayley.

A story of the struggles of an officer in the post-war period to educate his son and give him a chance in life.

Death in the Clouds, by Agatha Christie.

Read by Eric Gillett.

Another Monsieur Poirot detective story.

Old King Cole, by Edward Shanks.

Read by Alan Howland.

A modern story of black magic in a country village.

The Happy Return, by C. S. Forrester.

Read by A. E. McDonald.

A good sea yarn about the days of sailing ships.

South Riding, by Winifred Holtby.

Read by Ivor Tyler.

A long, modern novel about present-day conditions in Yorkshire, with very interesting character-studies.

The History of Mr. Polly, by H. G. Wells.

Read by Alan Howland.

A romantic comedy of middle class life in the Edwardian days.

The Spotted Lion, by Kenneth Gandar

Dower.

Read by Lionel Gamlin.

Hunting for spotted lions in the Kenya Colony.

Lord Jim, by Joseph Conrad.

Read by E. le Breton Martin.

One of this popular author's most famous stories.

The Autobiography of G. K. Chesterton.

Read by Lionel Gamlin.

The Life and Times of King Edward VII

by Andre Maurois.

Read by Robert Speaight.

H.V.K.

Review

"In the Steps of the Master"

SO much has been written concerning Palestine that some justification seems necessary to indicate to St. Dunstaners, particularly those modern Crusaders who served in the Egyptian Expeditionary Force. In the first place, this talking book does not deal with the Great War, but as

Letters to the Editor

The Editor, ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,

The "Coincidences" competition in the REVIEW produced some world-beaters, but there is the boot on the other foot, too.

When I was in Moorfields' Hospital, City Road, E.C.1, I met a totally blind man who had also lost some fingers. I knew this as he was unable to learn to talk properly to me, but like most of the wounded, found a way out. He told me of the Braille watch, that he lived at Barking, was in the East Essex, wounded at a listening post, was a dispenser before the war, told me heaps but never his name and for fifteen years I've been trying to find him.

There are a good few people I'd like to meet again. For instance, as a mere youth upon the outbreak of the war, I came into contact with a full sergeant of the R.F.A. whose horse was shot from under him at Mons. He sustained a broken leg and laid so long unattended, that his leg set all crooked and much shorter than the other. His name was Skates, or Scates, and his batman was partly blinded too. This old chap went through the Boer War and for a time between the Boer War and Great War worked at Brentford Gas Works. I liked him and was very fascinated by his smartness, his well polished brass and in particular the guns on either arm above his sergeant stripes, and one day he said to me, "I dunno, George, but I think you'll fill out and make a gunner yet". At the age of sixteen in that same year I became a gunner in the R.F.A. I'd love to find that old timer, but he was an old timer then and I guess time has overtaken him. But did his old batman—known as "Jake" ever get to St. Dunstan's?

This old Sergeant Skates, or Scates, and his batman were in the Council and Grammar Schools Hospital, Aylesbury, Bucks, in June, 1916.

GEO. FALLOWFIELD.

DEAR SIR,

I am sure there are many St. Dunstaners, like myself, who eagerly await the arrival of the REVIEW, and also look forward to its reading by our wives or whoever may attend to our wants. Why do we do this? Simply because we feel that it is a part of St. Dunstan's; in fact a family letter so to speak. Yet many of us are content to sit back and await each month for something worth while, not troubling to contribute ourselves to its pages. I am one of those slackers, and yet I always look forward to its arrival more than anything else. To my mind it is like a letter arriving from distant friends; it makes you feel that St. Dunstan's is very much alive, and that you are part of it, so why not try and make the REVIEW the medium of conversation between us all. I do not see why we should not form a debating society through its pages. Those who would wish to partake in these matters could send along their names to the Editor; a small Committee could then be arranged to select the subject each month and in turn the members be asked to contribute. Perhaps some of my fellow St. Dunstaners will state their views on this suggestion.

A. R. CLOVER, Long Melford.

its title implies, that of the travels of the author, Mr. H. V. Morton, during his journeys in the Holy Land.

In reviewing *In the Steps of the Master*, my excuse must lie in the hope that the records will mirror a little of the lives of a people who not only lived in the time of Jesus, but after two thousand years continue to observe the same way of living.

Mr. Morton takes us into the narrow winding streets of Jerusalem, David's Street, the Via Dolorosa, and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; even into the narrow confines of the Tomb of Christ, upon the site of the Temple of Herod where now the Mosque of El Aksa stands out in simple and dignified architecture.

The heterogeneous mass of the population during Passover week with its varied religious rites as of the Latins, Jews, Moslems, Greeks and the peculiar ceremonies of the Abyssinian Church on the roof of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, give a very intimate idea of the past glories of Judea in a modern Palestine with its secular differences between Arab and Jew.

From Jerusalem to Bethlehem for a glimpse of the Manger in the Church of the Nativity. On to Hebron, possibly the oldest town in the world, to Beersheba where in the dim ages of the past, Abraham watered his flocks at the wells.

Northwards to Galilee, eastwards to Amman, across the Jordan and southwards to the dead city of Petra, are a few of the many places in which there is such a very close association where the Master taught and travelled.

An immense amount of historical fact from Vesasian, Titus, Josephus, and in more recent times Lawrence and Peak, makes this book one of the most interesting that the writer has yet heard, and if my recommendation can be taken for anything, it is well worth while getting it from the Talking Book Library.

"BOOKWORM."

A Digging Hint

A. Allen, of Alton, Stoke-on-Trent, has been doing a good deal of digging with the aid of a long board. To keep this in position, he has had holes bored at each end, through which he puts a long metal skewer. This goes deep enough into the ground to hold the board steady.

National Laying Test

Report for the fifth period of four weeks, January 24th to February 20th, 1938.

| Position | Name | Test Score | Value |
|----------|----------------------|------------|-------|
| 1 | Campbell J. ... | 532 | |
| 2 | Holmes, Percy ... | 423 | |
| 3 | Knopp, H. A. ... | 418 | |
| 4 | Carpenter, E. H. ... | 416 | |
| 5 | Brown, M. Watson ... | 408 | |
| 6 | Jarvis, Albert ... | 394 | |
| 7 | Fisher, T. M. ... | 383 | |
| 8 | Gwyn, A. Ivor ... | 376 | |
| 9 | Jackson, G. C. ... | 367 | |
| 10 | Powell, G. ... | 356 | |
| 11 | Fisher, T. M. ... | 349 | |
| 12 | Hill, R. E. ... | 343 | |
| 13 | McLaren, D. ... | 308 | |
| 14 | Roberts, Harry ... | 306 | |
| 15 | Holmes, Percy ... | 304 | |
| 16 | Smith, W. Alan ... | 289 | |
| 16 | Hammett, H. A. ... | 289 | |
| 18 | Hamilton, B. ... | 281 | |
| 19 | Smith, W. Alan ... | 276 | |
| 20 | Brown, C. H. ... | 259 | |
| 21 | Hamilton, B. ... | 243 | |
| 22 | Chaffin, Albert ... | 232 | |
| 23 | Capper, A. H. ... | 214 | |
| 24 | McIntosh, C. ... | 211 | |
| 25 | McLaren, David ... | 203 | |
| 26 | Stock, C. H. ... | 197 | |
| 27 | Woodcock, W. J. ... | 184 | |
| 28 | Capper, A. H. ... | 175 | |
| 29 | Webb, W.... ... | 140 | |

Making a Spirit Level

S. F. PRIDEAUX, of Brighton, has been interested in making a spirit level. A holiday visitor to Brighton suggested one way to him and although this method was certainly most ingenious—it involved the use of a marble in a bottle, the level to be judged by the movement of the rolling marble—it did need a great amount of concentration and patience.

Prideaux suggests another method, which, he says, "will not deter the most feeble-hearted of us." Here it is:—

Imagine an inverted "T" square, the horizontal piece as the straight edge, the perpendicular as the plumb bob. Most of you have seen the builder using one.

METHOD OF CONSTRUCTION

The straight edge of the horizontal piece is approximately 3 ft long, by $\frac{7}{8}$ inch thick

and 6 inches deep. Ordinary floor boarding is ideal. The piece for the plumb bob is of the same boarding, and 2 ft. 6 in. long. Take your marking gauge and place the pin at the 3-inch mark, and mark in the usual way. Find the centre of the straight edge, *i.e.*, 18 inches, then mark 3 inches on either side of this centre mark. This leaves 15 inches on each side of the half joint that must be cut. Now measure on the perpendicular piece which is the plumb bob, 6 inches up from one end; this is the other half joint. Now get that handy man you have as a friend to mark and cut out a pear-shaped hole. The base of the pear rests on the 6 inch line of the half joint. One inch from the top, which is the other end to the half joint, put in a $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch nail and tie the string of the plumb bob, allowing enough just to clear the wood. Glue the half joints and when set, screw with five screws, one at each corner and one central.

Now for the pin that controls the alignment. This is put at the base of the pear-shaped hole: this is so adjusted that the plumb bob pin just touches when dead level is found.

S. F. PRIDEAUX.

Young St. Dunstaners

Jack Loram, son of Mr. and Mrs. Loram, of Brixham, became a First Class Stoker in eight months after joining the Navy; he went abroad last September to China, and will soon be sitting for the Higher Educational Test. If he passes, his next rating will be that of Leading Stoker. He is on H.M.S. *Dorsetshire*.

☆ ☆ ☆

John D. Floyd, son of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd, of Teignmouth, has passed Elementary (Grade 1) Examination in Pianoforte Playing with Honours at the Torquay Centre.

☆ ☆ ☆

Sidney Back, son of Mr. and Mrs. Back, of Shaldon, joined the Navy last May, and is now First Class Boy. He joined his ship at Plymouth on April 1st.

☆ ☆ ☆

Stanley Eden, son of Mr. and Mrs. Eden, of Sidford, has been over two years in the Navy, and is now Ordinary Signaller on H.M.S. *Revenge*.

Names and Numbers

By A CORRESPONDENT

A LETTER-WRITER to a newspaper has just lashed himself into a frenzy and a couple of split infinitives, in ten lines of deathless (because lifeless) prose, asking the World and his wife why in the Heck (and his wife) otherwise sane citizens insist on having names for their houses instead of numbers. For once, I think, even I must sympathize with that prize Press pest (say that quickly several times), the letter-writer. Especially if he should be a postman!

For, where numbers are names, a postman's lot is definitely not a happy one. Like the soldier, his life's motto must be "No names, No packdrills," for houses that are names must be as bad as packdrills to him, especially if he is new to his beat, so to speak.

After all, numbers are more or less plain sailing. You do know that No. 101 is somewhere past No. 1, and, although it may be discouraging to find a letter addressed to No. 1001, still the postman does know where he is even if he regrets where he has got to get to.

Numbers are at least logical. Not so, names. The super-intelligent postman, given letters for Kosy Kot and Mon Repos in the same road, might legitimately assume that they were neighbours—only to find that Kosy Kot is here (or there) and Mon Repos just past the little shop five turnings down where you furtively decant your betting slips.

Equally, you would look for The Hall and The Grange at the aristocratic end of the road near the Recreation Ground and find them almost on top of the tram-lines, while "Sewerage" might be the palatial residence of the local money-lender and Carey-street sidesman. In fact, the only time I have ever known likes to be neighbours was in the case of a householder, who was so mortified with the presumption of the house next door calling itself a Pied à Terre that he came all over scholar himself and called his own semi-detached rabbit-hutch, Pied Piper. The same man, I believe, thought that Hamelin was Prince of Denmark.

Anyhow, why should houses alone have this privilege of shedding numbers and

taking names? Supposing the same thing were to happen in the Army? *What* a shock the Sergeant would have if you numbered off from the right, "One, Two, Three, Mon Repos, Five, Six, Seven, Mademoiselle from Armentieres, Nine, and the Same to You." I am sure that it would be very bad for discipline, the French language, and the Entente in general.

Or again, supposing that the telephone became all name-conscious? Fancy, instead of asking for GERard 123456, having to demand Gerrard LOVE in A MIST. The operator *would* be mortified!

Take motor cars again. What fun it would be (for others) if a policeman wanted to take the number of a car and, instead of finding RD XfLfL, being confronted with a name like Sans Souci or Avec Knobs Sur, which is its Gallic Equivalent. He would probably go up in flames and write rude inscriptions on the front door of the Police college.

I maintain that there ought to be uniformity throughout all our daily lives and that, if names are allowed for houses, they ought to be allowed for everything else as well.

What fun then we should have in turning all the numbers around us into names! I would back my old typewriter against the world at this job. My present wireless licence is 43,5967, and, when I type it, it always appears on the paper as @/L(-&—, which seems to me to be a very sweet sounding name indeed!

Old Friends

In a recent letter to the Editor, a St. Dunstaner writes:

"Can't we have news of some of our old friends who have retired, both male staff and V.A.D.s? They read news about us. Can't we have news about them?"

"Why not ask them to write to the REVIEW and tell us about themselves, and what they are doing now?"

We need hardly say that we are always glad to hear of our old friends, and if any of them can find time to let us have news of themselves, we shall be very glad indeed to pass it on to St. Dunstaners through the REVIEW.

Believe It or Not

A page of selections from the many entries received for this competition. The prize of ten shillings goes to C. T. Condon, of Basingstoke, with a consolation prize of five shillings for W. Last of Crynant.

Scene: St. Dunstan's Lounge. Time: week before Easter, 1918. The mail has just arrived, and sisters are very busy reading letters for the men. One man sits on a chair with an unopened letter in his hand. He is approached by a sister, who asks, "Shall I read your letter?" The St. Dunstaner smiles, thanks the sister, and proffers the unopened letter. The sister smiles, and takes the letter. The letter is opened, and sister reads at the end, "From your loving sweetheart, Mabel." The man smiles with satisfaction. The sister smiles expectantly. The sister sits down in the adjoining chair, inclines her head towards the St. Dunstaner and commences to read. Before many passages had been read, it was evident that spring was in the air with Mabel, because she informed her lover what plans she had made for a rollicking time for both of them when he came home at Easter. The St. Dunstaner's smile gets broader. The sister smiles more audibly. Then she comes to a passage at which she not only smiles audibly, but laughs aloud. The St. Dunstaner also laughs aloud, but jumps up immediately from his chair, and going to the back of sister's chair, inserts a forefinger in each of her ears. "Now read on," he says.

B. HAMILTON, Brookville, Nr. Thetford.

Several years ago when I was living in a little village in Carmarthenshire, there was a lot of talk going around about a ghost called the "White Lady."

One evening when I was going for my usual walk into the village, a distance of two miles, I heard someone following me and at intervals touch my legs. I at last turned round and said, "Hey, mate, what's the game." This I repeated about three times. In the end, getting no reply, I got thoroughly annoyed, and said, "If you don't answer I am going to hit out with my stick." Still getting no reply, I aimed, and to my amazement the ghost gave a loud "Baa." It was our local shopkeeper's pet lamb.

On arriving at the village I called at his shop. "Well, Griffiths," I said, "I've at last discovered the ghost." He got quite excited and told me to report it to the police, but when I told him who the ghost was, and hoped I had not killed him, he had a good laugh.

W. LAST, Crynant.

I once had an hen which laid seven eggs in one day. She had appeared broody for several days so I decided to let her sit. As is my custom, I felt her all over. On doing so, I discovered she had an unlaidd egg near the vent, which undoubtedly was the cause of her uneasiness.

Overnight I gave her a dose of oil, put her into a box by herself and left her till morning. At 7.30 a.m. I handled her and found the egg was still in the same position, but on going back an hour later I found she had laid four eggs,

which I took away, and by the afternoon she laid three more, which made the total of seven eggs in one day.

C. T. CONDON, Basingstoke.

Some years ago my father kept pigeons, and one particular pair were what he called Black Baldheads. They were given this name because with the exception of three white feathers in each wing and a white head, the rest of the bird was all black; they were a pure bred pair. He declared that he would know the hen bird amongst others because it grew one black feather in the centre of its head, and although plucked out it would re-appear. In and around the neighbourhood, five hundred birds were stolen during one Christmas, but the night prowler could not be traced. My father fell a victim to the snatch and grab, losing twenty-one birds, including this particular pair, and at the time the hen bird was branded with the black feather. One evening my father made a tour of the bird shops, and on looking in one of the windows he noticed a pair of black baldheads for sale. On going into the shop he got a close view of them. He noticed the hen bird had a black feather in its head and soon made up his mind they were his birds. My father asked the man if he knew who had sold them to him, and he replied that he did not know his address, but as he had bought a good number of birds from the man he would know him again by sight. After purchasing the birds, and asking the shopman to keep them until they were called for, he made his way to the police station and gave them full particulars. To give further proof, my father got a detective to fetch the birds and arranged to meet him at a chosen spot the next day. When the detective met him with the pigeons he said, "What are you going to do with them now?" My father said, "Let them loose and then go round to where I live." On going into the garden the two birds were in the nest pans cooing away.

During this time they had locked up several suspects, and these were lined up at the station with policemen in private clothes, and the shopman, looking through a window at the men, picked out one who proved to be the thief.

G. S. CHAPPELL, Saltford.

My memory takes me back to a little incident which happened while I was staying at the Brighton Annexe.

I was sitting amongst the "big people" in the quiet lounge listening to the news on the wireless; the room was pretty full. During a lull in the news, a loud voice broke the silence with "He's a poor announcer," or words to that effect. My mind instantly settled on an article of Sir Ian Fraser's published in *The Radio Times* under the heading of "The Companionship of Broadcasting," in which he pointed out that every interested listener had a favourite announcer.

After the news was over, being curious to know the cause of the dislike in this instance, I got hold of the man and asked him the reason. Imagine my surprise when he said to me, in a very indignant tone, "When he reads the news out I never back a winner."

J. WATSON, Manor Park.

The Third Man

MR. MATLOCK looked at the younger man he had summoned to his luxurious office. Anxiety was written all over the great Hatton Garden diamond merchant's face. "I have received a telephone communication from Lord Wigham," he said. "You were aware he intended coming to town to see those specimens?" The younger man nodded. "Well," continued Mr. Matlock, "He has a chill and is unable to come up, but he is anxious to see the diamonds to-day. You are to take them down to his place in Hampshire. You have been there before. Do you think you can manage alone, this time? There are £12,000 worth." The other nodded. He was a man of few words. "Perfectly, sir," and he rose to go.

By bus to Waterloo and in a third-class compartment with what looked like a week-end case, the young man journeyed down through the lovely county of Surrey into Hampshire, and on the road two men in a high-powered car also journeyed to the same village. They were also diamond fanciers. They had received certain information from a lower member of Lord Wigham's household staff.

It was dusk when the two men stopped their car in a narrow lane and waited for their confederate, who now made his way with caution towards them. "He's here," he said, "he's stopping the night with a brother who lives a mile this side of the village, first cottage on the left. It lies back from the road behind a high hedge. The brother is a blind poultry-farmer. His wife has gone to market and won't be back until about eight. Your job is to lure our man out and nip into the cottage and get his case. Tell him he's wanted on the phone at the post office. Before he's back you ought to be all over that cottage, blind man or no blind man." "O.K.," and the three separated.

At ten minutes to seven, the car drew up near the blind poultry farmer's cottage. One of the men tiptoed past the cottage for a few yards, then walked briskly back, turned into the garden gate, walked down the long path and knocked at the door. It was quickly opened.

"The postmistress up at the village wants Mr. George Taylor to answer a phone call. A Mr. Matlock wants him."

"Very good," replied young Taylor, somewhat surprised, "Thanks for the trouble." "It's no trouble," replied the crook truthfully, and turned.

A moment later Taylor emerged and walked briskly towards the post office.

It was now dark and the first man tiptoed down the garden path and round to the back of the cottage. Opening the back door, he switched on his torch. Quickly he decided that the diamonds could have only been left in the sitting-room where the blind man would guard them. Tip-toeing through the small scullery into the neat little kitchen, he saw the light of a lamp showing along the bottom of the door. It shone through the keyhole, too, and this told him where the lock and door handle was. He advanced carefully, then suddenly stopped and listened, straining his ears. There was no mistaking it; he could hear a man's voice, but exactly what he was saying he could not tell. He stopped and put his eye to the keyhole but could see only the feet of a man and the crackling fire. He put his ear to the keyhole and could now plainly hear a man reading aloud. He straightened his back and uttered a curse under his breath. It was no use, the other would be back in a few minutes.

He turned, and as carefully as haste allowed, fled up the garden path. His confederate, hearing the quick footsteps, set the car in motion and swung open the door. The man jumped in as it shot forward. "I haven't got it," he yelled above the roar of the engine, "there was a third man Joe could not have known about. No good hanging about here now. That chap'll know something's in the wind as soon as he knows the phone call is crook."

Meanwhile, George Taylor did not want telling twice there was no call for him. He turned and raced up the hill in time to see the man dash out and jump into the car, but he was able to make a mental note of its number. He reached the cottage and burst into the room. There was his case apparently not touched. His blind brother sat with outstretched legs, his left hand in his trousers pocket, his right hand holding his pipe lightly in his mouth, whilst he puffed gently at it with his ear well cocked to a thriller that was being read to him from a TALKING BOOK.

G. FALLOWFIELD.

Cheer from the Sick Ward

R. Z. HURRELL, of Lowestoft, has been staying for the past two weeks in the sick ward at Brighton, with the following result.

☆ ☆ ☆

"Ellee Barno!" a voice sings out. "Karnee Banarto!" comes an answering cry from a bed in the distant corner of the ward. It is the morning greeting, and at frequent intervals during the day it echoes through the ward, and occasionally during the night. "Ellee Barno!" "Karnee Banarto!" Ask what it means, and you will be told it is the language of the Oozlem bird in shorthand. Also on inquiry one will be told that the clump, clump of the beach railway is due to it having square wheels; or that the rumbling of the dinner wagon, as it proceeds from kitchen to ward, pushed by two orderlies, is due to engine trouble. The whirr of the wagon is heard, and a voice rings out, "Come and get it," the signal that breakfast or any other meal is ready. Those able make their way to the dining table, but two, feeling their way along the beds have a minor collision. "Hello," says one, "who are you?" "I am Day. Who are you?" "I am Knight, Sonny Knight," "That's fine. I am Darkie Day." "Good, let's go together and we will be by Day and by Knight." And so they grope their way together to their place at the table and separate with the greeting of "Good-night, Mr. Day"—"Good-day, Mr. Knight."

As we sit at the table the banter goes on. "I say George," a voice says, "will you do me a favour to-day and lend me your face? I want to go ratting." "Sorry, old boy," comes the reply from the much scarred man, "You are unlucky to-day—I am off home. You see, the rate collector calls to-morrow, and I must be there to open the door so that when he drops his bag and runs for it, never to return, I get one of the family his job. The last seven rate collectors have died or given up their jobs."

"Any more dinner wanted?" comes a voice, and it is answered by many—"Any more for the Skylark?"

"Have some of this tripe. It's grand," sings out someone. "Plain one side, purl the other." "I will have some prunes and custard, please." "Shut up," says another. "Every time I hear your voice it looks like rain," but the prunes and custard are forthwith delivered, and the hands

of the sixty-seven-year-old recipient are directed to the plate and the spoon with the remark, "I don't think I shall rear you." "What's the weather like?" comes the voice of a man whose only movements for many years has been from bed to bath-chair. "Fine! A glorious morning!" comes the answer. "Then get my golf clubs ready; I will have a round." "All right. But you will want your glasses on; it is a bit misty."

A cheer goes up as a late arrival dashes in shuffling along at the terrific speed of one yard per minute. "Now then, Arthur, make it snappy." "I'll be right there, Angel Face," comes the laughing reply, "as soon as the traffic light changes." "But who do you think you are—Count Charno, or 'Ore-Belisha?"

And so the good humoured banter goes on, day after day, month after month, and year after year, midst warm handshakes, as old friends depart to and old friends arrive from many distant parts of the British Isles—England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and from the colonies. Comrades, and the best of friends.

"Ellee Barno! Karnee Banarto! Ennee more-for-the-Skylark?" R.Z.H.

[A prize of ten shillings goes to Hurrell as the author of the best contributed article of the month—Ed.]

A New Competition

How many words can you make from the words

ST. DUNSTAN'S HEADQUARTERS

When you have discovered as many as you can, make your list and send it to the Editor, stating at the top the number of words you have found.

The same letter must, of course, be used only once in one word, and plurals are not allowed.

Ten shillings will be awarded to the sender of the longest list and two prizes of five shillings to the next nearest.

Closing date: May 4th.

On St. Dunstan's

FRIEND, we greet you for this pleasant spot We know, and should one recollect us not, Say we remember, though in days so far away.

Our Haven, nay a palace we can say. Greetings! For all you stand to be, Long life and joy and tranquility.

W.A.M.

SPORTS CLUB NOTES

Birmingham Walk

April 2nd

OWING to altered conditions, this year's race was arranged as London versus The Rest.

This certainly brought about the keenest possible rivalry. The Rest Team had evidently made up their minds to show the London Team the way to go round the give and take course.

At 5 miles, The Rest had established a 4 point lead, the London Team, however, were not to be denied and redoubled their efforts, so that at 8 miles The Rest were only leading by 1 point, from here there was a terrific struggle for supremacy which resulted in a dead-heat. But what a dead-heat! It was worth going miles to see W. C. Scott being urged by a very red-faced

—yet very proud, young Boy Scout—to maintain his two yards lead from H. Kerr. As Kerr was the last scoring member of his team it will be seen what their efforts meant.

The result shows, that as far as walking is concerned, St. Dunstan's do not believe in the "Too Old at Forty" maxim.

Archie Brown and Jerry Jerome both beat the record for A Section, and so that it would not appear one sided, Tommy ap Rhys knocked a bit off the B Section record also, truly a noble achievement.

Congratulations are due to the various officials who arranged what was described as the best race on record.

Various veiled threats were heard as to what will happen next year, so perhaps it will be as well to arrange for relays of escorts in case the pace becomes too hot and both teams break the record.

Birmingham Walk Result

| Competitor | Actual Time | Handicap Allowance | Handicap Time | Handicap |
|-----------------------|-------------------------|--------------------|-------------------------|------------------------------------|
| | <i>hrs. mins. secs.</i> | <i>mins. secs.</i> | <i>hrs. mins. secs.</i> | |
| A. Brown | 1 23 35 | Scratch | 1 23 35 | |
| S. K. Jerome | 1 25 10 | 1 0 | 1 24 10 | |
| T. ap Rhys | 1 25 40 | 1 30 | 1 24 10 | |
| P. Ashton | 1 26 43 | 4 0 | 1 22 43 | |
| W. Trott | 1 28 13 | 4 30 | 1 23 43 | |
| W. Giles | 1 29 5 | 10 0 | 1 19 5 | 2nd |
| J. Coupland | 1 30 28 | 9 30 | 1 20 58 | 3rd |
| H. Boorman | 1 32 3 | 6 30 | 1 25 33 | |
| G. Fallowfield | 1 33 14 | 4 30 | 1 28 44 | |
| W. S. Castle | 1 34 30 | 14 0 | 1 20 30 | 3rd but has prize in Scratch Race. |
| T. Rouse | 1 37 3 | 15 0 | 1 22 3 | |
| W. C. Scott | 1 37 51 | 15 30 | 1 22 21 | |
| H. Kerr | 1 37 58 | 14 0 | 1 23 58 | |
| A. Craigie | 1 38 33 | 13 0 | 1 25 33 | |
| W. Clampett | 1 38 43 | 14 30 | 1 24 13 | |
| R. J. Williams | 1 42 48 | 16 0 | 1 26 48 | |
| P. Cashmore | 1 43 27 | 25 0 | 1 18 27 | 1st |
| J. Walker | 1 43 37 | 17 0 | 1 26 37 | |
| G. Jolly | 1 50 48 | 23 0 | 1 27 48 | |
| A. Taylor | 1 50 59 | 20 0 | 1 30 59 | |
| J. Salt | 1 58 39 | 25 0 | 1 33 39 | |

A SECTION SCRATCH RACE.

| | <i>hrs. min. secs.</i> |
|---------------------|------------------------|
| A. Brown | 1 23 35 |
| S. K. Jerome | 1 25 10 |
| P. Ashton | 1 26 43 |

B SECTION SCRATCH RACE.

| | <i>hr. mins. secs.</i> |
|---------------------|------------------------|
| T. ap Rhys | 1 25 40 |
| H. Boorman | 1 32 3 |
| W. S. Castle | 1 34 30 |

TEAM RACE.

LONDON

| | |
|--------------|----|
| A. Brown | 1 |
| S. K. Jerome | 2 |
| H. Boorman | 8 |
| H. Kerr | 13 |

THE REST

| | |
|--------------|----|
| T. ap Rhys | 3 |
| W. Trott | 5 |
| W. Giles | 6 |
| W. S. Castle | 10 |

"In Memory"

Corporal ABEL BRAERTON KNIGHT.
(Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry)

It is with deepest regret that we announce the death of A. Knight, of Bognor Regis.

Knight was wounded at the battle of Ypres early in 1915, when he lost one eye, and was very badly injured in the other. He came to St. Dunstan's and was trained in massage, afterwards setting up practice in Canada. He remained there for some years, and then returned to this country, where he practised in the North of England. His health, which had been greatly affected by his war service, began to get worse, and he underwent several operations. This meant giving up his massage practice, and for the rest of his life he was forced to take things easy, endeavouring to keep in the open air as much as possible. During the past few years it was apparent that he was gradually going downhill, but nevertheless his death on February 22nd came as a great shock to everybody.

The funeral took place a few days afterwards at Bognor Cemetery, and was attended by his wife and family. Also two old St. Dunstan's comrades and their wives, Mr. and Mrs. Jerome and Mr. and Mrs. Parkinson, were present. There were many wreaths, including one from Sir Ian and his comrades at St. Dunstan's.

We extend our very sincere sympathy to Mrs. Knight and her sons and daughters.

Sapper WILLIAM PAUL
(Royal Engineers)

WITH deepest regret we have to report the death of another St. Dunstan, W. Paul, of Redcar.

Serving with the Royal Engineers; after four years service Paul came to us in August, 1918, from the 2nd London General Hospital. He was a very apt pupil and secured first class certificates for boot repairing, mat making and netting. He carried on with his various activities for several years, but of late was content to do only wool rug making.

He was ill for a few days only, and his death on February 28th was very unexpected. He was buried on March 3rd, after the funeral service at Redcar Parish Church.

A wreath from Sir Ian and his comrades was sent from London, and we extend our sincere sympathy to his widow and seven children whom he leaves to mourn him.

Birth

JARMAN.—To the wife of T. A. Jarman, of Copnor, Portsmouth, on March 19th, a daughter—Patricia Winifred.

Silver Weddings

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan, of Wood Green, who celebrated their silver wedding on March 19th, to Mr. and Mrs. D. Gibson, of Winchburgh, whose anniversary was on the 28th, and to Mr. and Mrs. A. Tillotson, of Cleveleys, Blackpool, whose anniversary fell in February.

Miss Lester

Much to her regret, our friend, Miss Barbara Lester, finds that she will not be able to organize a Tuesday evening concert this season. Many business and domestic worries have made it impossible for her to spare the time necessary to ensure a successful evening. "But," Miss Lester writes, "I will certainly do my utmost to arrange a 'bumper' show as early next season as possible."

St. Dunstaner Wanted

We have received a letter from Mrs. A. Walton, of Norwich, who is very anxious that the news of her mother's death should reach the blinded soldier mentioned. She writes:—

"When Mr. Moore was blinded in the War through investigating a German 'dummy,' my late mother visited him in the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital. He has always remembered her and now she has passed on, and I think it my duty to acquaint him. Mr. Moore came from London."

Derby Sweepstake

Closing date, May 23rd. Mark your envelopes "Derby Competition," and please send your name and address with every application.

Holiday Apartments

Blackpool.—Apartments. Board optional.—Mrs. S. Evans, 36 Orchard Street, Blackpool.

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

Sandown.—A. Vernon caters for bed and breakfast, or full board.—15 Louis Road, Lake, Sandown, Isle of Wight.