

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Blinded British Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen

No. 242.—VOLUME XXII. [NEW SERIES] JUNE, 1938

PRICE 6d. MONTHLY.
[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN]

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

Reading Aloud Over Radio

I THINK St. Dunstaners will be interested to hear that serial reading aloud will shortly be started by the B.B.C. An experimental series has been planned as follows:—

Twelve readings from *Portrait of Clare* by Brett Young, read by E. Martin Browne.

Eight readings from *The Old Wives' Tale* by Arnold Bennett, read by Hugh Miller.

Eight readings from *Midwinter* by John Buchan, read by Owen Read.

The first two dates are: Tuesday, July 5th, 1.40 to 2 p.m., and Friday, July 8th, 12.55 to 1.15 p.m., both on the National programme. These days and times are to be retained as fixed points in the ensuing weeks.

I suggested this experiment, the object of which is to prove or disprove the popularity of serial reading aloud. I believe that this innovation will be of interest to many blind people, but it is not intended solely for them. I think that there are many hundreds of thousands of sick people and old people and others who would enjoy twenty minutes' reading aloud at an appropriate time in the middle of the day.

As the readings are being serialized the greatest measure of enjoyment will be secured if the listener hears the beginning and listens regularly. That is why I am calling attention to this matter. Will any St. Dunstaners who think they will like the readings, make a point of listening to them and writing to me after a month or two to tell me what they think about them?

Blinded Sailors and Airmen

At a St. Dunstan's Reunion at Maidstone the other day, a St. Dunstaner who was an ex-petty officer in the Royal Navy, politely called me to order because in my speech I had referred to blinded soldiers and had not mentioned sailors. I remember being similarly put on the mat some years ago at Portsmouth. This is a fair criticism and I plead guilty and offer my sincere apology to my sailor friends. I might add an apology to the blinded airmen as well.

About 95 per cent of all St. Dunstaners were soldiers, and so one gets into the habit of speaking of blinded soldiers as an inclusive term. I have had a brief search of our records made and there are approximately fifty-five sailors, eight marines and eight merchant service men, and there are some forty airmen. No one will attempt to compare the services rendered to the Country by the Royal Navy or the Army, or the Air Force. They were all of the best and the sacrifices made by these arms were in every case all they could offer. The reason for the overwhelming preponderance of soldiers among the blinded is, of course, that the strength of the Navy and the Air Force lay more in ships, machines, bombs and gun power than in individual men, whereas the strength of the Army lay largely in the number of troops that could be put in the field. Moreover if you were a sailor or an

airman you did not stand very much chance of being blinded. You were either alive or dead. I am glad to pay tribute to our blinded sailors and airmen and will try to remember in future to include them in references to St. Dunstan's men. We should all of us do this. The official title of our organization is correct in this respect for it is "St. Dunstan's for Blinded Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen".

The King Talks to St. Dunstaners

Members of the Royal family have always been extremely gracious and kind to St. Dunstaners. There must be scores of occasions upon which a member of the Royal family who is inspecting a guard of honour, or making a public tour of inspection, whether at home or in the Empire, has stopped to say a word of encouragement to one of us. When Their Majesties visited Lancashire recently, they made a point of singling out disabled ex-servicemen for a handshake and a chat wherever possible. Five St. Dunstaners were honoured in this way—J. Greaves, at Oldham, R. E. Naman, at Eccles, E. Lupton, at Burnley, H. Thomson, at Warrington, and J. Spinks, at Ashton. Apart from the good luck of these Dunstaners, upon which we congratulate them, we are glad to feel that St. Dunstan's and St. Dunstan's badge has been thus honoured by the King.

IAN FRASER.

Reunion Meetings, 1938

DURING the past month, reunions have been taking place all over the country, and as we go to press, only the Southsea and Colchester meetings remain.

There were first-rate attendances at all meetings. At some, we welcomed new St. Dunstaners, especially one who made the journey to the Bristol meeting in his invalid chair.

A new competition, "Passing the bowler hat", caused a good deal of merriment, the hat coming off decidedly worse in most cases.

At Bristol, the first meeting, a St. Dunstan's officer, the Rev. Harold Gibb, represented Sir Ian Fraser, and Mr. Gibb also presided at the Birmingham meeting a few days later. Captain A. D. Macdonald, M.C., a member of St. Dunstan's Executive Council, was in the Chair at Newbury. At Manchester on the first day (it was a two-day meeting) Col. Eric Ball, L.C.C., who is Senior Member of our Council and Chairman of the Brighton Home Committee, presided. Col. Ball also took the chair at Norwich. Another guest at Manchester was Councillor Moss, who is Chairman of the Blind Persons Act Committee of Manchester City Council. For the first time, the men of the West Country met at Plymouth and here Miss M. Hamar Greenwood, a member of the Council, presided.

Captain Sir Ian Fraser who was accompanied by Lady Fraser on each occasion, presided at the Maidstone, Bedford, Glasgow and Newcastle meetings. A well-known worker for ex-servicemen was our guest at Maidstone. He was Councillor C. Gordon Larking, J.P., Chairman of Preston Hall and Chairman of the Kent Council of the British Legion.

At Bedford, the guest of honour was Mr. Donald Fraser, J.P. Mr. Fraser, who is our Chairman's uncle, is a very well-known breeder of racehorses. Asked for a "tip" for the Derby, Mr. Fraser said, amid laughter "Keep your money in your pockets"—advice which many St. Dunstaners probably wish ruefully they had taken.

Commander A. D. D. Smyth from Headquarters attended the Derby and Leeds meetings. At the latter meeting, Dr. Alfred Roche, M.C., of the Ministry of Health, North Eastern Division, who is Sir Ian's cousin, presided.

Brief Notes

D. Batchelor, of Ratley, near Banbury, won several prizes with his bantams at Banbury Show.

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St. Dunstan's has received a gift of £25 from Mr. Ronald Colman, the film actor. The cheque was sent from California accompanied by the message, "Good wishes".

Brighton News

DERBY DAY

JUPITER PLUVIUS may have succeeded in damping the countryside on Derby Day, but he had no such effect on the spirits of our party—was it not a new thrill for the majority of them?—they had read, talked and bet on the Derby but never dreamed they would have the chance of going to it, yet here they were, on their way, so what did it matter if rain was threatening—was it not pleasant to be driving through lovely English lanes, to exchange information about tips received from the right quarter, to be units in the stream of orderly one-way traffic and had we not our own medical officer on board in case of heart attacks, strong weaknesses or broken pockets?

The scene on the Course was one not to be forgotten. There seemed to be as many people as leaves in a forest—people drawn from every walk of life, of every shade of opinion, who had thrown off the worries and cares of everyday life, the one object being to spot the horse which would carry off the Blue Riband of the Turf. Everybody seemed to be giving—the bookies were giving information and the punters were giving their money. It was all very exciting and helped one to realise what the ex-Kaiser meant when, on one of his visits here, he remarked, "You English need never fear a revolution, so long as you have racing".

We did not make our fortunes but it was a great outing and there is always the satisfaction of being able to say, "Yes, I was at the Derby when Bois Roussel beat the favourite, Pasch".

Competitions

The prize of ten shillings for the longest list of words made from the one word, "Ex-servicemen" goes to J. H. Mellor, of Addiscombe (160 words).

The runners-up were E. A. Alexander, of Bournemouth (144) and H. Exall, of Peckham (136), both of whom receive five shillings.

Several St. Dunstaners sent in longer lists, but as these contained plurals, proper names, and, in some cases, non-existent words, their numbers were rapidly brought down.

Here is a new competition. Below is a "word-square". You will see that complete words are made whether we read from left to right or from top to bottom.

CAT
ALE
PEN

A prize of ten shillings will be awarded to the sender of the best "word-square" with the word BADGE as the top line. It must, of course, be a five-line square. Mark your envelopes "Word-square" and send in your entry to reach us not later than Monday, July 4th. The Editor's decision will be final.

Garden Topics

HOE the soil between your plants once a fortnight; that is better than too much water.

Now for a short note about tomato plants. Keep all the side shoots out while they are very small, taking care not to damage the truss of flowers, and when you tie them to the stick, leave room for the stem to swell. When the plants that are in the garden have got the third truss of flowers showing, it is best to pinch the top of the plant out three leaves above the truss and you will get better fruit. Never cut the leaves off the plants to the main stem. When the fruit is nearly full grown, just take off the side of the leaves that hang over the fruit and they will be of better flavour, and when the fruit is of that size soak the ground in dry weather once a week with water that has stood in the sun; do not water the plants overhead, and then you will find your fruit will not crack when we get rain and cold nights late in the season. A. J. HOLLAND.

National Laying Test

Position of No. 1 birds at the end of the 8th period:—

R. E. Hill ...	3433	W.W.	167
G. C. Jackson	3361	R.I.R.	159
D. McLaren ...	3379	R.I.R.	146

Holiday Apartments

Blackpool.—Apartments. Board optional.—Mrs. S. Evans, 36 Orchard Street, Blackpool.
Brighton.—Board residence or bed and breakfast. Terms moderate. One minute sea front and Annexe.—Mrs. Stracey, 4 Bloomsbury Street, Kemptown, Brighton.
Sandown.—A. Vernon caters for bed and breakfast, or full board.—15 Louis Road, Lake, Sandown, Isle of Wight.
Morecambe.—Homely apartments, two minutes sea and bus station.—E. Anderson, Elm House, 16 Balmoral Avenue, Morecambe, W.E.

Derby Sweepstake, 1938

THERE is still no doubt about the popularity of our Derby Sweepstake. Entries this year were up considerably on those of the previous two years. The number of tickets sold was 1,338, and after printing and postage expenses, £160 was left to be distributed in accordance with the published rules.

The draw was made in the Lounge at Headquarters on Thursday, May 26th. A. Craigie and W. E. Ellinson, of Warwick, did the actual drawing, in the presence of Miss M. Hamar Greenwood, Mr. Fobbs and a number of St. Dunstaners and members of Headquarters staff.

RESULT:—

First. BOIS ROUSSEL

J. Fay, Brighton £80. 0s. 0d.
Ticket No. 399

Second. SCOTTISH UNION

W. Dimond, East Grinstead £32. 0s. 0d.
Ticket No. 753

Third. PASCH

J. Ingram, Maidenhead £16. 0s. 0d.
Ticket No. 334

The holders of tickets drawing runners in the race received £1. 13s. 8d. each. These were: C. Ross, Padiham (151), Blandstar; T. Thorpe, Torrisholme (446), Caerloptic; F. A. Cole, Birmingham (1211) Chatsworth; T. Thorpe, Torrisholme (447), Cave Man; W. J. Patter, Gosport (569), Faroe; F. C. Davis, Street (1130), Flyon; A. H. Patston, Paignton (111), Golden Sovereign; G. E. Crook, Herne Bay (427), Halcyon Gift; J. Attrell, Polegate (170), Licence; S. W. Smith, Northwood (640), Malabar; L. Sheridan, Stourbridge (263), Manorite; W. Capstick, Lancaster (814), Mirza II; H. Porter, Southampton (781), Portmarnock; W. F. Cork, Elham (889), Pound Foolish; G. M. Riseley, Marhamchurch (1062), Slip On; W. F. McCarthy, Attleborough (1172), Tahir; S. Dyson, Harrogate (336), Troon; A. E. Hodgkins, Porchester (145), Unbreakable; G. F. Furniss, Bolton (1101), Valerian III.

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R. Middlemiss, Birmingham (1119), and J. R. Harkness, Hornchurch (418), drew Seventh Wonder and What a Lad which, unfortunately, did not run in the race.

C. H. Wheeler, St. Albans (1254), drew The Field.

The Maidenhead Stroll

ON May 29th a party of St. Dunstan's sportsmen met at Maidenhead Station, and, under the able guidance of Mr. Roberts of the Natappro Club, did a leisurely stroll of some seventeen odd miles through the beautiful country surrounding Maidenhead. The party started off escorted by two bicycles and what had once been a motor car. The weather was kind and so was one of the bicycles, for if any one of us felt leg weary we were pushed up the hills on it by Mr. Roberts. The route chosen led through quiet lanes until we arrived at the old "Bell" Inn at Waltham St. Lawrence, built in the 16th century. A halt was called here for refreshments, liquid and otherwise, and here occurred a very neat little snatch and grab raid. Albert Waite was just handing a sandwich to Charlie Gover, when snicker-snack, it was woofed out of his hand by the landlord's dog. Albert reminded Charlie that there was no necessity to snatch, not realising who had actually partaken of his generosity. When the culprit was found out, Bob Martin who was escorting Franky Rhodes and Percy Ashton, suggested a few of his famous powders might not come amiss to the snatcher, who thereupon disappeared and was seen no more.

After finishing our bread and cheese, we all drank our beer, excepting Leslie Hinds who got his kicked over on to the carpet (Jerry Jerome's big feet got the blame for this) then we all left Waltham St. Lawrence after visiting the old Church. We walked on through White Waltham to the village of Cox Green, where a sumptuous tea was provided by Mr. and Mrs. Speer, to which we all did full justice. We then returned to Maidenhead Station over part of the old 25 miles course, after a thoroughly enjoyable day for which we had to thank our old friend Mr. Roberts for acting as host, and Charlie Gover who organised this very successful stroll. Let's hope it may be the fore-runner of many others.

S. K. J.

For Sale

"Beatty" electric washer, with mangle attached, complete with accessories. Practically new. Cost £37. 10s. Cheap for quick sale.—Capt. R. W. H. Callaghan, 28 Beaconsfield Road, Blackheath, S.E.3.

Blind Howlers

I am no admirer of the synthetic sort of howler which is too obviously a false creation of the adult mind; those which are natural and spontaneous, the outcome of pure innocence, are often very intriguing.

The genuine variety is like a mirage flattering its victim in a howling desert of ignorance. I have gloated over many which have come my way during a long experience of teaching the blind, and the samples following have at least the merit of being original—fresh, so to speak from the farm house.

"Sound is caused by motion in mater" is a fair example of the kind which come from mis-spelling. "When eating water, H₂O, is necessary to provide moisture". Here, the comma left out makes as much difference as the one wrongly inserted by the parson who is reputed to have written that he "wore no clothes, to distinguish himself from his fellow Christians." The short-sighted reader sometimes mistakes a vowel, and the following line from "Richard the Second," so rendered, was greeted with all the hilarity it deserved—"Bloody with sparring (spurring), fiery-red with haste."

This error was doubtless entirely without guile, but the boy who wrote from dictation that "Quebec stands upon a running commentary (rugged promontory)" may have done so with his tongue in his cheek.

Most of these gems, I suppose, arise from a confusion of words such as Mrs. Malaprop's "Allegory on the banks of the Nile" and her fit of "hydrostatics." Thus when conditions underfoot were very bad one morning after a silver frost, it was said locally that the going was shocking for presbyterians. Our champion howler, invited in a General Knowledge paper to explain what a cheque is, said "it is what they give you at the Co-op when you buy something, but mother says it is no good because you get charged more." From time to time he continues to howl to good purpose, although he is not quite so rash and random as when he defined an autobiography as "a story of one's past life, written by oneself, as if they were some other animal or thing."

What can be said of the following, except that they are too crude for classification?

"The name of Pharaoh's daughter was Phares."

"The vernal equinox is a green belt of land round the equator."

"Poverty is caused through no money." (This was again the work of our chief howler, and though correct, was hardly an adequate explanation.)

"Rates are a blotch on the scutching of many towns; they get higher and higher." (This was perpetrated in a moment of elation, following the discovery of "rates" from the anagram "tears").

Talking of anagrams, another boy evolved from "James Stuart" the slogan, Use Jam Tarts, instead of the expected A Just Master.

An interesting glimpse of a boy's sense of relative values is occasionally granted in all unconsciousness. A member of a lower form solemnly wrote, "He lost his book, his wife, and his house," which reminded me of the man in Lincoln who used to drive his pig out of the town during air raids, leaving his wife to shift for herself.

Answers are often disconcerting, because they are, in a way, true.

During a lesson on rivers, an introductory question as to where the rain went when it came down, received the reply, "in the sink". But what I like best of all was the effort of a young Indian who joined us about fourteen years ago. I was anxious to find how far his studies had gone in arithmetic. "How old" he was asked, "would a man be who was born in 1895?" After manipulating the types in his Taylor frame a good deal, he got this right. The date was then moved back to 1869 or so to make the sum a little more difficult, and this too was worked out correctly. Finally he was asked how old the man would be if born in 1848? Some minutes later, I went round to collect the unexpected answer that "he would be dead."

Teaching may be hard work, but it has its rewards; and after all, one must agree with the saying that boys are the most reasonable of creatures, for they care not how little they get for their money.

P. S. SUMNER.

R.A.O.B. News

E. Williams, of Shipley, was made a Certified Primo of the R.A.O.B. on May 23rd.

"Parting is such sweet sorrow"

WITH the strains of the National Anthem echoing in my ears, I wended my way on to the lawn where everything seemed so tranquil, and where a faint mixture of gas and salt air pervaded the atmosphere. The distant washing of the waves on the beach sounded like a soothing lullaby to all things which were settling down to rest, and all seemed peace and contentment. After a while I turned my steps to the Quiet Lounge—or Braille Room as it is now called—to rest my tired feet after the dance, and was surprised to find it deserted, and from the wireless the loud speaker disgorged a modern dance tune, which sounded more like a score of rampant cats with empty tin cans tied to their tails. I turned it off and sat with my leg swinging over the table just under the instrument, and my thoughts began to wander, eventually resting on the new home in which we should shortly be spending our future Bank holiday week-ends. What would the future have in store for us, what would the winter be like up on the open road, and, most important of all, would there be that happy family atmosphere which has existed for so many years? The tremendous home from home feeling which has pervaded the Annexe since its inception. "Perhaps" I said to myself, "and yet, I wonder. It's the uprooting that hurts, and it has got to be born again. I wonder, I wonder." And my thoughts ran on, one thought tumbling in over another, and suddenly I heard a whisper in my ear, "Thou art thinking of the future, my friend" and without turning my head I replied "Yes" with a deep sigh. "Do not let it worry you, the future for you and your comrades will be all that you would desire, but for me I shudder to think, and I dare not contemplate it."

Who was this who sounded so doleful and forlorn? Not one of the staff, for it was a strange voice to me. I turned my head and beheld a strange figure in a plumed hat and white surcoat, shod in sandals leading upwards from which leathern straps bound cloth coverings round his legs. I recognized him at once. He was one of the Greek hunters from the chase on the tapestries surrounding the walls of the room. "You are of the Caledonian Chase" I said. "Yea" he

replied "I was, but I tired of that, years past. Things of much greater interest entered my life just on twenty years ago when a kind and generous association handed over the deeds of this place to your beloved Founder, Sir Arthur, as you most endearingly call him. You see, I know much about you, for I have watched and watched and never tired of the vigil, and now as the time is drawing so near when I shall no longer be with you to watch and listen, I felt I must speak with one of you, for the time is fleeting and soon the gamesters will be back to fill the tables and the uproar and jollity will be immense and our quiet solitude will end." "Speak on, friend" I said. "Tell me what you have seen and heard and what things have interested you most—I will not interrupt."

My friend sighed deeply once more, paused for a while, and then began. "I have watched your comings and goings, I have laughed with you and sorrowed with you, I have seen you at your work and at your play. There are those whom I see regularly, and there are those who come not again, both of your staff who have seen to your well being, and those of your comrades. But trouble not yourself on their account, for they are with you in a higher realm, and your joys and sorrows are theirs. There are those also who do not come at all, but that is their loss, my friend. I have been deeply interested in the lessons that go on here, and how I have smiled and chuckled at the little man in the corner with his stiff leg stuck aggressively out in front of him, and the pupil before him with a vibrant forefinger hovering over a be-pimpled page—Braille you call it—the smile of satisfaction as the poor harassed fellow progresses well, and the sudden change to chagrin, the pursed lips, the wrinkled brow, the sighs of hopelessness and despair as the unfortunate pupil stumbles and ploughs his way along the line at the rate of a minute per letter, wearing one word flat with his quivering pendulant finger before he passes on to the other, and the look of relief on the little fellow's face as the lesson is over. A Master Mason once, and now a Tutor, good hunting for a Yorkshireman. Then there is the little lady who guides erring fingers on a rattling contraption with six keys which makes the spots for him to rub out when he endeavours to read what he has written.

The little bird I call her, a fund of information and a walking dictionary and encyclopedia, for she rarely fails to give you any information you desire of her.

"I have heard your discussions on soccer, rugger and myriad subjects. The various dialects and the language have been difficult to follow, the latter being positively out of my comprehension altogether, and the stories—subtle, yea, very subtle. I have smiled at the sudden cry of 'Sister' as a tale is being related and the teller has suddenly bethought himself that there may be others than the boys present. I have watched the tall Irishman languidly stretch himself out on the settee when no one was about, and the multitudinous trips back and forth of Bobbie, the 'cheerful one,' and the expression of pleasurable anticipation as he passes through on Sundays and calls out 'Ye roast beefe of olde England, Yorkshire and two veg.' I hear the groans and clicks of lips as the racing news is read to you through that wonderful box of tricks, the excitement during the football and cricket season, and I have been as excited as yourselves over your wagers on the great race of the year which has just been run, and this brings me to your card games. You do not throw the dice as we did in our day, it was good, but your card games are much more interesting. Ah! my friend, if you could only see the faces of some of your comrades when they play. The grim look of determination on an 'uncertain misere' as you call it, and the placid air of indifference when holding a cert. I have watched Freddie the incomparable one, Poker Face I call him, sit solidly from hour to hour, speaking barely above a whisper, and only raising his voice when declaring that his cigarette packet is empty and then relapsing into his pose of detached placidity to await the proffered weed. And oh! the post mortems as you call them, after each hand of Bridge, most especially between your friends Cowley and Collins. It is most amusing, and not less is the advice proffered at your elbows by enthusiastic onlookers.

"And so I could go on from one thing to another and as it has gone on, so I have learnt and understood you, and having understood, marvelled at your tenacity and your philosophical outlook on life. Ah! to think that it was all the outcome of that terrible conflict

which I have heard you all talk so much about, and still there are wars and rumblings of more to come. How impotent I feel, and yet all the time have the urge within me such as Omar Khayyám felt when he wrote—'Ah! could you and I with fate conspire, to grasp the sorry scheme of things entire, would we not shatter it to bits, and then remould it to our hearts' desire.'

"But hearken, my friend, I hear distant steps of the returning gamesters, and I must go. You have been patient and borne with me well. Farewell, good friend, fear not for the future: all will be well with you and your comrades, but for me—I fear me it will be naught but the tick-tack of machines, and the odour of malt and beer. Farewell, for here comes one of your comrades well charged with the latter." "Farewell," I murmured, and as I slipped off the table, the door opened and a merry voice called over his shoulder, "Have you got the cards, Blossom?" "WEEK-ENDERS."

St. Dunstaner Builds Himself a Dug-out

SERGEANT ALAN NICHOLS has built himself a gas and splinter-proof dug-out at his home in Finchley. "The dug-out is 10 ft. by 8 ft. and 18 ft. high. It is covered by 3 ft. of earth, reinforced with bent iron. Ventilation is provided by two sheets of perforated zinc along the edges of the trap door, but when these are removed the chamber will be absolutely air-tight," says the *Hendon Times*. The floor is of cement and the walls and ceiling are timbered with sleepers. Above the roof is a layer of concrete and earth.

When Nichols' nephew, who is a builder living in Leeds, saw it, he made a similar dug-out at Garforth. This has so impressed the local A.R.P. authorities that they are planning similar shelters, and have started work on a specimen dug-out near the Civic Hall.

Mr. Sellers, who is chairman of the A.R.P. Committee, Leeds, told a *Yorkshire Evening Post* reporter, "Mr. Nichols deserves the highest praise. We are very much impressed by what we have seen. It strikes us as the ideal 'funk-hole' for householders."

SPORTS CLUB NOTES

General Sports Day

June 18th, 2 p.m.

Important Notice

OWING to the lengthy programme, we hope that all taking part will assist us by arriving on the ground sharp to time.

It has been found necessary to change the order of events this year owing to the new ruling in the Shield competitions of each man competing in all events.

The new order of events is:—

1. Children's races : 2-4, 4-6, 6-9, 9-12, 12-15
2. Shield events
3. Heats of sprint
4. Ladies' surprise race
5. Ladies' egg and spoon race
6. Final of sprint
7. Three-legged race
8. Throwing the cricket ball
9. Throwing the football
10. Single jump
11. Putting the weight

Please note that an extra event for the very young children has been added to the children's races, and that they commence sharp at 2 p.m.

Annual Regatta

THE Regatta will take place at Putney on Wednesday July 20th, at 1.30 p.m. It is unfortunate that the date is so late in July this year, owing to other Regattas having been arranged for the 6th and 13th.

Vesta and Thames Rowing Clubs have very kindly loaned their premises for changing once again. Tea will be served at the Thames R.C. as usual.

Below is a list of events. Please help us by sending along your entries in writing as soon as possible and not later than Monday, July 11th.

No competitor may enter for more than two events excluding cup events. In all events prizes will be awarded according to the number of entries.

PROGRAMME

Inter-Club Cup Events (Brighton, Birmingham, London, and Manchester) Double Sculls
Pair Oars

Single Sculls, Sections A and B.

Double Sculls (at least one Section B man in each boat).

Pair Oars (at least one Section B man in each boat).

One-armed Pair Oars.

Single Sculls, for veterans, 45 years and over.

Events for both Sections if numbers permit.

Single Sculls, for totally deaf St. Dunstaners, Sections A and B combined.

Open Fours—The President's Challenge Cup. Presented by Lady (Arthur) Pearson, D.B.E.

Brighton

The keenness of the Brighton sportsmen was very marked at the May sports meeting, and we are looking forward to the next meeting in June.

Young St. Dunstaners

Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Condon's daughter, Mary, who will be remembered by many St. Dunstan's men, was married at the beginning of May to Mr. J. E. B. Davage.

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The son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Welton, of Cleethorpes, has passed his Second Engineer's examination for the Merchant Service. He is the first to do this since the examinations have been resumed in Hull.

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Another young St. Dunstaner is to be married shortly. She is Sarah Ann, the youngest daughter of J. Daly, of Dublin.

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Derek, the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Hammett, of Carterton, Oxford, has won a junior scholarship to Burford Grammar School.

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True to the family tradition, Brenda Thomas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Thomas, of Cricklewood, has passed with honours in the Third Grade Transitional Examination, London Schools of Music.

Births

COUPLAND.—To the wife of J. Coupland, of Preston, on May 29th, a son.

SIDA.—To the wife of H. Sida, of Lovedean, Nr. Portsmouth, on the 21st May, a daughter.