

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Blinded British Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen

No. 257—VOLUME XXIV [NEW SERIES] NOVEMBER 1939

PRICE 3d. MONTHLY.
[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN]

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

THE policy of St. Dunstan's may be said to fall into two parts. Firstly, to carry on as far as possible, in war conditions, its well-established services for existing St. Dunstaners, and secondly, to prepare to give every possible help to any new young fellows who join our ranks.

Looking back upon all that has happened since war broke out, I think we have carried out these policies satisfactorily. At the opening of the war we got our Convalescent Home at Brighton ready to take new cases. The necessity to do this work in a hurry, and the possibility of immediate casualties, led to our reducing the number of men in residence very considerably in the first few weeks. But as soon as the initial work was done and we saw that we might reasonably expect a quiet and more or less normal time, we increased the numbers in the Home again, and as I write it is very full indeed, and any visitor there would find it difficult to distinguish between the present situation and the same place a few months ago, before war began. One ward has been kept for emergencies, and there are doctors and nurses resident in the building. Otherwise, everything is just the same.

The first new patient from the present war came into St. Dunstan's last week. He was not wounded, but one of his eyes had been very severely damaged in an accident. This has been operated on and it is hoped that, in a few weeks' time, he will be fit to leave without any serious impairment of his vision. I am afraid that the majority of the cases that come to us will not be so fortunate, but it is at any rate a satisfaction to feel that we can do this splendid remedial and healing work. The young man concerned was a Telegraphist in the Navy. Although one of his eyes is all right, he has both of them bandaged up as part of his treatment, so that for the next few weeks he will, for all practical purposes, be blind. The other day I gave him a braille watch, and he was delighted to be able to tell the time by himself. He says he has never been so comfortable in any hospital, or so well looked after, and is full of praise for St. Dunstan's.

Before leaving the Hospital, let me say a word about the staff there. Commander Paul, having been called up, Mr. Davenport has taken over the duty of Commandant. He is Commandant in just the same sense that Commander Paul was, but in addition, of course, he is a very distinguished Harley Street Ophthalmic Surgeon. He is, therefore, called Medical Commandant, and will take charge of the place during the war. He has an Assistant-Surgeon, Mr. Cross, who has done general surgical and medical work as well as eye work. Between them, Mr. Davenport and Mr. Cross look after all medical matters in the combined Home and Hospital. Dr. Fyffe continues to be our Visiting Medical Officer, and is called in when necessary.

Miss Boyd Rochfort remains Matron of St. Dunstan's and continues her work at the Home, looking after the welfare of the men and V.A.D. and other staff. A Ward Matron, Miss Postlethwaite, has been appointed to look after the medical side, and Sister Scott has been made Assistant Matron so as to understudy both Miss Boyd Rochfort and Miss Postlethwaite, and take over their tour of responsibility when either of them is off duty. Sister McCarthy remains, and there are four Moorfields Sisters. Mr. Hawketts remains Head Orderly. Miss Pain, I am glad to say, has accepted my invitation to return and take charge of the Braille Room, and she and Mrs. Broughton, who is very kindly assisting her, are specially busy now dealing with a considerable number of Great War St. Dunstaners who have lost their sight very recently and are going through their training. At present, of course, the staff are devoting themselves almost entirely to helping run the place as a Home for old St. Dunstaners, but we have carried out our undertaking to the Government by having everything ready for an emergency.

As I said in an earlier note, if and when new casualties become very numerous, we shall provide for the growth of St. Dunstan's in a similar manner to the way in which it grew in the last war.

The welfare organisation is now working more or less normally, carrying out all its ordinary duties in connection with our men's welfare in their homes all over the country. Although it has meant a very great uprooting for the staff, they have settled down satisfactorily at Brighton. Thus we can be sure that the welfare work of St. Dunstan's will go on, even if London should unfortunately become difficult to work in owing to air raids. We have also placed at Brighton copies of all our important records, so that, should our Head Office in London be bombed, we can still carry on with our appeal and other work. Meantime, the Appeal Staff continues in London at full pressure, as is necessary should we have to meet additional liabilities.

I am spending more and more of my time in London, looking after the appeal work. This week I shall be here all the time, for I have much to do here, and there is no special call upon me at Brighton.

We have re-started the Tuesday Club Night in London, and a small number of men turn up for whist, dominoes, etc. Last night a larger number turned up for the Dance at Headquarters, which took the place of our usual Armistice Dance. We are trying to start a Club or Sports Meeting at Brighton again. Raglan Street is continuing more or less normally, in spite of depleted staff, and great difficulties. Children's allowances and other payments are going out more or less regularly, as in peace time. The regularity and certainty of all these things is good, but it has only been achieved by the splendid co-operation of all concerned, and we must not take it for granted. We are entitled to congratulate the staff upon the way in which St. Dunstan's is going on almost as if nothing had happened. It represents a very great achievement and the overcoming of immense difficulties.

I hear that the Social and Technical Visitors are doing their best to get round their areas, but, of course, their visits will not be quite so frequent as in normal times. Travelling and the black-out make every journey more troublesome and much longer. Nevertheless, we are all grateful to this Staff, in whom both the organisation and our men place such faith, for carrying on as best they can.

We are not losing any opportunity which presents itself of selling our goods. We have disposed of a number of articles to the Office of Works for new Government buildings, and we are in close touch with the Ministry of Supply about netting and other things our men make. For the moment these inquiries are only leading to small results, and since we have very great stocks they will not be reflected in more work for the time being, but they are all in the right direction.

No one can tell what will happen, but it looks to me as if any really big campaign on the Western Front will be put off until the early spring. My friends who were in France will remember that, in the last war, the really big engagements, involving hundreds of thousands, and even millions, of men, were more or less confined to the months from, say, March to October, while the months from November to February were on the whole quieter. This is natural, of course, owing to the difficulty of movement during the winter. Thus, unless aid raids take place on a great scale, I do not expect any big change in St. Dunstan's in the next few months.

IAN FRASER.

Armistice Day, 1939

ALTHOUGH the customary Armistice Day Service was not observed this year, many wreaths were laid at the Cenotaph. Early in the morning of November 11th, Sir Ian Fraser, with R. Graves, N. Downs, and A. Craigie, placed a wreath on behalf of St. Dunstaners throughout the Empire. Corporal Major Dawkins accompanied them.

Sir Ian then went by train to Brighton, where, at eleven o'clock, he placed a wreath on the Memorial, "In remembrance of their comrades from the blinded officers and men of St. Dunstan's throughout the Empire." Sir Ian was accompanied by Matron Boyd Rochfort and two St. Dunstaners—W. Sebbage and F. Berisford.

Beautifying an A.R.P. Shelter

B. Quigley, of Cleadon Park, South Shields, has made an excellent job of his Anderson shelter. With the aid of large upright slabs of rough stone, he has built up the front and sides of the shelter, and filled the intervening space with plants. The terraced effect is really attractive—and the shelter itself is quite invisible.

Keeping in Touch

IN these uncertain times it is very difficult for the REVIEW to keep track of St. Dunstan's men and their activities, and because of that it will become more and more difficult for St. Dunstaners to have news of one another.

The REVIEW is intended as a news bulletin, and we welcome items of news about St. Dunstaners.

There is no need to notify the Editor separately. If you are writing to Mr. Ottaway, or Mr. Swain, about this or that, and you think other St. Dunstaners might be interested, just add, "Please tell the REVIEW." That is all.

Canine Topics

H. Marsden, of Liskeard, has had a wide experience in dog-breeding, and is himself a white bull-terrier breeder.

In this and in forthcoming issues of the REVIEW he will pass on to other St. Dunstaners the benefit of his knowledge.

DURING my recent stay at the Home, my connection with dogs and doggy journalism being unknown to my fellow St. Dunstaners, I was much interested

to learn of the breeds of dogs in which individual St. Dunstaners were interested. What a collection they were! Bedlingtons, Bull-terriers, Alsatians, Scotties, Wire-haired Terriers, Manchester Terriers, Black and Tan Terriers, Whippets, and Greyhounds.

On one of these breeds, the Manchester Terrier, I found myself in conversation one day with a St. Dunstaner on its merits and origin. As others seemed at one time or another to have been interested in the Manchester, I think that in my initial article in the REVIEW, I could not do better than give the history of this breed.

This article is the forerunner of a series of monthly topics on breeds and methods of breeding, together with articles upon heredity, reversion, and evolution. In fact, a series which has appeared in the various American canine journals for which I have written.

The Manchester Terrier of To-day

Like that of a great many other pedigree dogs, the origin of this breed is somewhat shrouded in obscurity, and from the lack of recorded authentic data, the task of giving its history is very heavily handicapped. Certain it is that its forbears flourished at the beginning of last century. The terriers of that sporting period were of nondescript types. The general practice among the doggy fraternity was to divide dogs into two distinct classes, and two only—English dogs and foreign dogs, and under these two sub-divisions the canine race in England remained for a great many years. Even at the Great International Show, held in Islington Hall, London, in 1864, there were more foreign dogs benched than there were in 1934. Calling all unknown breeds of dogs "foreign," because their English genesis was in doubt, did not help in the compilation of real authentic records. As these "foreign" dogs were kept by fanciers of the working class at that time, there is proof, however, that they were crossed with the various English types of terrier extant. The larger breeds were also crossed with the large "foreign" dogs.

Take the Cuban Bloodhound. It was termed a foreign dog, but it was common to use St. Bernards as sires with English bloodhound dams. The offspring were then called Cuban Bloodhounds, and were of massive size, and they were also obtained

by crossing the St. Bernard with the English Mastiff.

Another type of very much smaller dimensions greatly resembled the wire-haired terrier of to-day, but with a Cairns headpiece and a white, shaggy coat; a wicked looking little tyke, judging from his picture.

Then there was the White English Terrier. This terrier is the foundation stone of the principal terrier breeds of to-day, and the variety is extinct when, had breeders only considered its immense value, it would not have been so.

Another type of terrier was the rough Black-and-Tan. Very often black, white and tan. More stocky in build, and a heavy, rough coat. The Whippet, too, was of a fairly even type.

With these different materials to work upon, the Manchester Terrier did not owe its birth to the aristocrats of that day. It was a product of the dog breeders of the middle class of the community, and, strangely enough, it has never, in England, risen in the social scale of canine favouritism as other terrier breeds have done. As a workman's dog it came into being, and to-day is the same. In and around the river Mersey, this new breed made its appearance, and, when it grew more in the public eye, it was at once called the Black and Tan, and later the Manchester Terrier, being larger than the White English Terrier, with many of the characteristics common to the latter breed.

Thus it is more certain that the Manchester Terrier has in its composition strains of English White Terrier, Whippet, Rough Black and Tan Terrier, and undoubtedly some of the blood of those so-called "foreign" terrier-type dogs that were abundant between 1800 and 1850.

The common terriers of that date were game little beggars, and the Manchester inherited that gameness from its several ancestors. As a matter of fact, it has to-day some characteristics which are not common to other terrier breeds. When the breed became stabilised, it was taken up by the working classes with rapidity, because it achieved such a reputation as a rat-catcher, and when rat-killing in pits was the rage, the Manchester quite held his own, his wonderful agility serving him well, and not

being given to "yapping" like other terriers, he got on with his work. So the breed progressed, and Birmingham took it up. It travelled to Wolverhampton and Coventry, but it founded its home in Lancashire. In the town of Rochdale it was bred on good sound lines about 1870, by Mr. Abraham Whitehead, who also bred St. Bernards. This gentleman did quite a lot to take the roughness off the breed, and he sold many of his dogs for what was, in those days, a very large sum. As he was my uncle, I can vouch for this, as he had one Manchester dog, for which he had been offered £100, run over and killed, in the year 1880, a few days after refusing the offer.

The Black and Tan Terrier Club—a Northern organisation, now defunct—was formed, and the breed standardised by a scale of points being drawn up and adopted.

At the present time there is no club representative of the breed in existence in England. This fact is to be deplored, as it is very rarely seen, only in variety classes, and in the breed classes which are put on annually at Crufts'.

Good specimens in England are few and far between, so greatly has the breed deteriorated in the public eye, and there is no reason why it should not come again and take its place as the pal of the sporting working man, to whose domestic conditions it readily accommodates itself, and will readily disport itself with the youngsters, will not bark unnecessarily, only at the approach of strangers. When a Manchester barks, a stranger is somewhere in its vicinity, and he will not stop barking until the danger is removed. The breed is invaluable as watchdogs, is even tempered, and not quarrelsome.

Wise Words

Be ambitious to live content with small means; seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; be worthy, not respectable; and wealthy, not rich. Listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages with open heart. Hear cheerfully, act bravely, hurry never, and always let the spiritual grow up through the common.—*W. H. Channing.*

★ ★ ★

All revolutions come from the slowness of evolution.—*Paul Valery.*

Where the Blind Man Scores

IN these days of black-outs, the blind man scores over his sighted friends. "We've got the rest of the world beat," one St. Dunstan has said, although, as Sir Ian Fraser mentioned in a broadcast talk recently, this idea must not be taken too literally. Even when a place is in pitch darkness it is surprising how much can be seen when the eyes get accustomed to the situation.

Sir Ian was broadcasting from the B.B.C. Home Service on September 27th. His subject was: "Getting about in the dark," and Sir Ian acknowledges his indebtedness to G. Fallowfield, of Shoreham-on-Sea, who suggested the idea.

Sir Ian gave one or two very simple little tips, familiar to all St. Dunstaners. "If you do have to get up in the night to go to a shelter or a cellar, you will need shoes and a warm coat—and your gas mask. Put them close to the bed and practise getting in and out of bed in the dark, putting your feet in the shoes, finding your coat, etc.

"If you are groping your way along a passage, don't put your hands out in front of you, but put one arm in front of you with the forearm across you—like a boxer defending himself. This will protect you against the edge of any door.

"If there are stairs, count them, and memorise the number. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, the banister follows the exact run of the stairs; run you hand lightly along it, slightly in advance of your body, and it will tell you where the corners are, and where the steps begin and end.

"Lean a little back when you are walking along, then if you come to an unexpected step, you won't be so likely to fall forwards.

"If you have to cross an open room, or a bit of a lawn to reach a shelter, tie a stout string across it to serve as a guide.

"I hope many, if not all of us, will be spared the unpleasant experience of an air-raid, but if you have made yourself familiar with the journey to the shelter, and made a routine of putting your things where you know you can find them, you will feel much more comfortable in your mind because you will know you are going to be all right, and so you will sleep soundly and not worry."

Sir Ian's talk was repeated in another programme on October 25th.

Puzzle Corner

Here are the answers to last month's problems:

The four pieces of metal weigh respectively 1, 3, 9, and 27 lbs. It will be seen that by using these weights, it is possible to weigh any quantity from 1 lb. to 40 lb.

★ ★ ★

In the second problem the missing words were:

Honest, Shovel, School, Author, Re-echo.

How Many Boxes?

(Answer this in one minute!)

If a person has a large box with five small boxes in it, and two very small boxes in each of the small boxes, how many boxes are there in all?

(Answer on p. 7.)

Do You Know?

(Answers on page 7)

- 1.—The emu, the kiwi and the ostrich, poor birds, can't what?
- 2.—In operatic circles, what is an impresario?
- 3.—Which acid is beneficial to a bad burn?
- 4.—What is the largest known tree?
- 5.—What planet, nearest to the sun, requires eighty-seven days to rotate?
- 6.—Why are Friends called "Quakers"?
- 7.—Who invented the piano?

Quite Well!

AN old sergeant was noted for his ability as drill-master and was invariably assigned to the task of breaking in new recruits. There came to the Company a captain with advanced ideas, who quickly noted that his best N.C.O. was as proficient in profanity as he was in the Manual of Infantry Training. He took him to task.

"Sergeant," he said, "I have no complaint to make of your ability, but I want you to realise that you are to teach these men how to drill and not how to swear. Now I expect to see some improvement in your methods."

The following day he overheard the sergeant at instruction:

"Now I want to see you step out lively, my sons. And keep your eyes straight to the front, my sons. And hold your heads up, my sons. You know the kind of sons I mean!"

The First Favourite

MODERN racing really begins with Eclipse, born during an eclipse in 1764. He never ran till he was five, never lost a race, and got to know the courses so well that he used to slow down after passing the winning post. When he died, in his twenty-sixth year, Eclipse had sired four hundred horses.

He was probably the fastest runner of his time. But nobody knows which horse has actually been the fastest runner of all time: for there is no race run where horses are entered without regard to age or weight, though it is usually estimated that a thoroughbred, with a rider, can cover a mile in 1 min. 36 sec., going full gallop.

The horse, after being the only means of travel and transport for five thousand years, is being completely displaced. The British cavalry is being mechanised and even cowboys now ride round in flivvers instead of on broncos.

But, rather oddly, as the horse dies out for use, the horse has been coming back for exercise and for pleasure. Riding schools have trebled in Britain since 1930, a pony club founded eight years ago has got eleven thousand members.

—JOHN HAMPDEN in *The Sunday Express*.

Sense and Nonsense

Reprinted from "Parade"

IT is an indiscreet and troublesome ambition that cares so much about fame; about what the world says of us; to be always looking in the faces of others for approval; to be always anxious about the effect of what we do or say; to be always shouting to hear the echoes of our own voices.—*Longfellow*.

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A learned person is usually one who has read everything and thought of nothing—a walking encyclopedia with no place to go.—*Howard Blake*.

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Broadly speaking, there are only two classes of people in the world; those who wish to do as they like with themselves, and those who wish to do as they like with others.—*William J. Robins*.

★ ★ ★

The world is full of fools, and he who would not wish to see one must not only shut himself in alone, but must also break his looking-glass.—*Boileau*.

Armistice Party

ALTHOUGH various difficulties made the usual Armistice Dance out of the question this year, a very merry party was held as a substitute on Tuesday, November 7th, at Headquarters. In spite of the black-out, there was a good attendance.

Sir Ian and Lady Fraser spent a long time with the guests. Miss Morris, of course, was there, and others who came from Brighton for the party were Mr. Swain, Mr. Ferguson, and Mr. Mace. Corporal Major Dawkins, too, was able to get leave for the occasion.

Herr Hitler's Dream

HERE is a story, strange as it seems,
Of Hitler the Nazi, and his terrible dream.

Tired of the Allies, he lay down on his bed,
And amongst other things he dreamt he was dead,
He was all straightened out and lying in state,
His little moustache frozen in hate,
And when he was dead he found out to his cost,
His plans and his passport to the rest were lost.

He left this earth and to heaven went straight,
And proudly he marched to the Golden Gate,
St. Peter looked out and in a voice loud and clear,
Said, "Hitler the Nazi, you can't get in here."
So Hitler turned back and away he did go,
With the greatest of ease to the regions below,
But the Look-out Angel, who was well worth his hire,

Just flew to Satan and gave him the wire,
So Satan said, "Fellows, I'll give you a warning,
I'm expecting Herr Hitler down here in the morning,
I'm telling you straight and I'm letting you clear,
We're too blasted good for that fellow down here."

"Oh Satan! Oh Satan!" Herr Hitler then cried,
"I heard what you said when I waited outside,
"Oh, give me a corner, I've nowhere to go,"
But Satan said, "Nix, a thousand times no."

He kicked Hitler back, and vanished in smoke,
And just at that moment Herr Hitler awoke,
He called for Hess in a lather of sweat,
"I'll crave no more for the Reich, you can bet,
I can't go to heaven, that I can tell,
But it's a damned awful thing to be kicked out of Hell."

D. J. McLOUGHLIN.

Fallacies

CLOUDS do not float. Their particles are always tending to fall. As long as there is condensation to replace the particles that drop out, clouds keep forming—and so appear to remain aloft.

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The hair does not turn grey in a single night through fear or shock. Greying of the hair is a natural process and may be hastened by poor health conditions and nervous ailments, but it cannot happen overnight.

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A receding chin does not designate weakness of character. Strong mechanical pressure during the growing period is responsible for the warps in the architectural structure of one's face, chin, and jaw.

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Man does not have one less rib than woman. This popular misunderstanding undoubtedly arose from the Biblical version of man's creation.

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Elephants do not drink through their trunks—they are merely used to aid in getting the water to the mouth.

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Tonnage. Contrary to general belief, the word tonnage has nothing to do with the weight (displacement) of a merchant vessel. In early days, the size of a trading-ship was estimated by the number of TUNS (barrels) of wine she could carry in her hold, and it is from this we get the word TONNAGE OF TUNNAGE.

Do You Know?

(See page 5)

- 1.—Can't fly.
- 2.—The manager of an opera company.
- 3.—Tannic.
- 4.—The peppermint gum tree, grown in Australia.
- 5.—Mercury.
- 6.—Because the founder of the Society of Friends, George Fox, felt that none could know Jesus Christ without quaking and trembling.
- 7.—Bartolomeo Cristofori, a harpsichord-maker of Padua, Italy, in 1709.

Answer to Puzzle Corner

16 boxes.

Memorial Service to Sir Arthur Pearson

THE Memorial Service to Sir Arthur Pearson will be held this year at the Chapel of the Brighton Home, at 2.30 p.m. on Sunday, December 10th. The day upon which Sir Arthur died was December 9th, but Lady (Arthur) Pearson and Sir Neville Pearson have expressed the wish that in future the Memorial Service should be held on the Sunday nearest to the Memorial Day.

Sir Neville Pearson, will read the Lesson, if his military duties permit.

The majority of the congregation will be men staying at the Home, but a certain number of seats will be kept for men who live in or near Brighton, if they will apply to Matron by December 5th. In the event of there being more applications than there are places, Matron will give preference in the allocation of seats to those who knew Sir Arthur Pearson, and if there are still not enough seats, she will take a ballot. St. Dunstaners, therefore, who live in or near Brighton and wish to attend the Service should write at once to Matron and tell her.

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

Letter to the Editor

The Editor, "St. Dunstan's Review."

DEAR SIR,

Re your notice in the October "Review" about a pencil, etc., found at Hove.

I seem to remember Sir Arthur Pearson presenting a gold pencil to Mr. Arthur Kingston Stewart, in recognition of his services as organist and choirmaster at St. Dunstan's during and after the war. Mr. Kingston Stewart now lives at Hove, I think in Queen's Gardens, and it is possible the articles belong to him.

Yours faithfully, E. KESSELL.

(We are indebted to Mr. Kessell for his letter and are getting into touch with Mr. Kingston Stewart at once.—ED.)

Silver Wedding

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Garbutt, of Stockton-on-Tees, who celebrated their Silver Wedding on July 9th.

Young St. Dunstaners

James, the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Dunlop, of Bonnyrigg, Midlothian, was married on October 14th to Roberta Allan.

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William, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Shayler, of Liverpool, was married to Miss Frances Naylor, on August 19th. He is now serving "Somewhere in France." His brother, George, is in the Merchant Service, now on the high seas "dodging the U-boats," adds Shayler.

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The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Cass, of West Hartlepool, was married on October 7th to Mr. Arthur Sampson.

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Betty McLoughlin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. J. McLoughlin, of Dublin, who is well known to Irish St. Dunstaners for her vocal contributions at Irish Reunions, recently broadcast with success from the Dublin station.

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Dorothy, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Chilton, of Leighton Buzzard, gave splendid assistance to the authorities in connection with the evacuation arrangements. Dorothy, who is practically an invalid, is a "second" in the Girl Guides. She worked very hard, sitting at the railway station, directing the parties of children as they came off the train.

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Jean Pattinson the daughter of our late St. Dunstaner, A. Pattinson, of Whitley Bay, has passed an elementary examination to become a member of the Royal Academy of Operatic Dancing.

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The son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Sharpe, of Ingleton, has been promoted to the rank of Lance-Bombardier at the age of 19, and is now "Somewhere in France."

A Coincidence

In a letter to Sir Ian Fraser, T. Dickinson, of North Moulsecombe, Brighton, writes that his son, Sydney, who had joined the R.N.V.R. in September, 1938, was called up on August 28th, 1939—the same date exactly on which his father was called up in 1914. Both Dickinson and his son were volunteers.

SPORTS CLUB NOTES

Summer Sports Results, 1939

Section A		Section B	
1st A. Crook	87	1st W. Lacey	86
2nd H. Steele	44	S. Webster	86
3rd T.W. Collyer	34	3rd W. Birchall	42

Walks

We have had one or two requests for a walking programme in the New Year.

Would members wishing to take part please send their views on the following programme to the Sports Office, as early as possible:

- 3 mile.
- 6 mile.
- 9 mile.

Christmas Party

We hope to hold a Christmas Party on Tuesday, December 19th, commencing at 7 p.m.

To enable us to make necessary A.R.P. arrangements, will members please send their applications for themselves and one escort to Miss Morris, as soon as possible.

Owing to the limited numbers allowed, applications will be taken strictly in rotation.

Bridge League

ANOTHER Bridge League Tournament has just finished. R. Graves and A. Waite were the winners with seven matches out of nine, while three other pairs tied for second place, losing only three games out of the nine.

A Duplicate Bridge Match—Telephonists *versus* The Others—will be held early in December. H.G.

Dart Boards for the Troops

As a result of collections at the Tuesday Night Socials, three dart boards have been sent to the troops from St. Dunstaners, through the *Daily Mirror* Fund.

Birth

STUBBS.—To the wife of J. Stubbs, of Knotty Ash, Liverpool, on November 3rd, a daughter.

Death

LACEY.—We extend our very sincere sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. W. Lacey, of Edmonton, in the loss of their youngest daughter, at the early age of 20.