

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Blinded British Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen

No. 246.—VOLUME XXIII [NEW SERIES] NOVEMBER, 1938

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[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN]

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

The Brighton Home

THE new Brighton Home, now a going concern, is a great success. This seems to be the unanimous opinion of all concerned.

The first group of men to go for holidays and periods of convalescence arrived during the second week of October, and soon the Home was full, one hundred and twenty beds being occupied.

I have asked the Editor of the REVIEW to include in this month's number a description of the building, and in subsequent months to devote a page to describing some aspect of the Home itself or of life at the Home so that gradually all may get the fullest possible impression of the place and its work.

The Editor is printing on another page a few of the many letters we have received from St. Dunstaners. These give a better idea of how the place has struck our guests than I could.

The credit for the new Home goes to St. Dunstan's, not to individuals. The Council, the Brighton Home Committee, the Headquarters Staff concerned, the architects and builders, have made it a splendid building in a suitable place. Matron and her staff at Brighton and the men who have already been our guests or who will be in the future, will put into it—indeed, have already put into it, the spirit of St. Dunstan's.

I think all of us who have to do with St. Dunstan's may feel very proud of it and may feel confident that in years to come this generation of blinded soldiers will enjoy many healthful and happy times at St. Dunstan's, Ovingdean, Brighton.

Early St. Dunstaners should read this

Mrs. Toft, wife of a well-known St. Dunstan's osteopath and masseur, was a V.A.D. Braille teacher at St. Dunstan's during the war years. She was a girl of eighteen, and she wrote some sketches or studies of the men she met and taught. No names, no pack drill, has been Mrs. Toft's motto, but many of us will recognize the types and some the individuals. This book is reviewed elsewhere. I call attention to it because I am quite sure that all early St. Dunstaners and V.A.D.s, and others who knew us in those years, will delight in reading this book. It is published by John Murray. It costs 3s. 6d. at any bookstall, or you could ask for it at your library. It is called *The Spirit of St. Dunstan's*. It will remind you of poignant and happy times.

IAN FRASER.

SUBSCRIPTION FORM

To the EDITOR of "ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW,"

HEADQUARTERS OF ST. DUNSTAN'S WORK, INNER CIRCLE,

REGENT'S PARK, LONDON, N.W.1.

Please send me the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW for { *one year* } for
which I enclose { *7s. 6d.*
3s. 9d.

Name _____

Address _____

N.B.—Please strike out the period and charge not required.

The Duke of Kent and a St. Dunstaner

J. Paterson, of Thirsk, was in the Seamen's Hospital, Greenwich, when the Duke of Kent visited it last month.

The Duke went into Paterson's ward to speak to a seaman who had been on the *Discovery* but on being told that our St. Dunstaner was there, he asked to see him as well. His Royal Highness stayed some time chatting to Paterson.

For Pipe Smokers

The makers of "Hurricane" pipes have generously renewed their offer of a limited number of their pipes to St. Dunstaners at half price.

The pipe is particularly adapted to the needs of blind smokers.

St. Dunstaners who wish to avail themselves of this offer should apply to Messrs. Nutt Product Ltd., 195 Oxford Street, London, W.1, enclosing a postal order for 5s. 3d. and mentioning that they are St. Dunstan's men.

Sports and Pastimes Competition

THE result of the voting in this competition was extremely interesting. Walking easily secured first place, but cards, dominoes, and reading Braille all received the same number of votes and tied for second place. The full result of the voting was as follows:

- | | |
|-----------------|---------|
| 1. Walking | |
| 2. Cards | } (tie) |
| Dominoes | |
| Reading Braille | |
| 5. Gardening | |
| 6. Rowing | |
| 7. Swimming | |
| 8. Cycling | |
| 9. Darts | |
| 10. Chess | } (tie) |
| Fishing | |
| 12. Golf. | |

A. Smith, of West Hartlepool, sent in the coupon which most nearly corresponded with the correct result and the prize of two guineas goes to him. No notice was taken of the order given by competitors of cards, dominoes and reading Braille. As long as they were placed 2, 3 or 4, they were assumed correct.

Another competition on p. 10.

National Laying Test

REPORT for the Final period of four weeks to September 4th, 1938.

Position	Name	Test score	value
1	Campbell, J.	...	1,259
2	Knopp, H. A.	...	1,087
3	Brown, M. Watson	...	1,068
4	Carpenter, E. H.	...	1,060
5	Fisher, T. M.	...	1,027
6	Gwyn, A. I.	...	1,014
7	Jackson, G. C.	...	955
8	Holmes, P.	...	932
9	Woodcock, W. J.	...	885
10	Hill, R. E.	...	876
11	Hammett, H. A.	...	815
12	Chaffin, A.	...	796
13	Brown, C. H.	...	794
14	Jarvis, A.	...	793
15	Hamilton, B.	...	771
16	McLaren, D.	...	739
17	Smith, W. Alan	...	734
18	Capper, A. H.	...	731
19	Fisher, T. M.	...	678
20	Powell, G.	...	671
21	Holmes, P.	...	652
22	Roberts, H.	...	645
23	McIntosh, C.	...	631
24	Webb, W.	...	621
25	Capper, A. H.	...	577
26	Hamilton, B.	...	541
27	Smith, W. Alan	...	536
28	Stock, C. H.	...	403
29	McLaren, D.	...	379

Mr. Kessell

St. Dunstaners will be interested to know that Mr. Ernest Kessell, C.B.E., who was returned unopposed for one of the wards at the last election, three years ago, in the Royal Borough of Kingston-on-Thames, was opposed in this election, when he was returned with a majority of 552, the second highest majority in the Borough.

Prizewinners

A. Bristow, of Bexhill, took four first prizes, one second, and two thirds with his canaries at a local show held in October.

☆ ☆ ☆

Won by the family in 1929-30, the son of H. Hurst, of Great Longstone, has again carried off for them the Silver Cup for vegetables and flowers at the local show.

Brighton News

Dedication of the New Chapel

THE RT. REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF CHICHESTER on Tuesday, October 25th, dedicated the Chapel of our new Brighton Home. On October 26th, the *Sussex Daily News* wrote:

War-blinded men formed the choir when the Bishop of Chichester dedicated the Chapel of the new St. Dunstan's Home at Ovingdean yesterday afternoon. A blind organist—Dr. Leonard Marsh—presided at the sweet-toned Compton organ and the Lesson was read from Braille by Captain Sir Ian Fraser, Chairman of St. Dunstan's, who lost his sight in the war.

The dedication service opened with the hymn "Our Blest Redeemer." The Rev. R. M. Raper, Vicar of the Chapel Royal, who has recently been appointed Chaplain of St. Dunstan's, conducted the service, and the Rev. George W. Tyson, Superintendent of the Brighton and Hove Methodist Circuit, taking the place of the Rev. Dr. J. Scott Lidgett, who had been invited to attend as a representative of the Free Churches, offered two of the prayers.

After he had read the Lesson, Sir Ian Fraser walked to the Bishop, who sat near the altar, and said: "Right Reverend Father in God, we pray you to dedicate this Chapel."

The Bishop replied: "I am ready to proceed to the Dedication."

His lordship then dedicated the building, the Font, the Altar and the Communion vessels.

Taking as his text the words: "The tabernacle of God is with men," the Bishop spoke of the Chapel as a tent of tryst with God—a place where they could meet their Commander-in-Chief and their Father in one. "All of you know," he continued, "the Chapel of the old St. Dunstan's in Brighton, and you loved it. The memories and prayers of that old Chapel are not lost. They come here, they inspire this new tent with their fragrance."

"I am sure we are all very glad to find with us not only Sir Ian Fraser, who is so heroic in the splendid service he gives to all who go to St. Dunstan's, but Lady Pearson, bringing with her the fragrance and memory of the devotion of St. Dunstan's. It is a great link, a great sense of continuity which binds us to the first St. Dunstan's in Regent's Park as well as our own local St. Dunstan's in Brighton."

His lordship spoke of the encouragement and exhilaration given by the building, with its lovely colours and the sunshine coming through the windows.

"Draw the inspiration of your lives—not easy lives I know," he continued, "from the faith which it teaches. The Chapel is yours. It will be a refreshment and an encouragement to you while you are here and the Chaplain, Mr. Raper, will give you his teaching and his friendship. And when you go away from here to your own homes its inspiration will go with you—its sympathy and its healing, its assurance of God's love, its promise of a new Heaven and a new earth and restoration."

Mr. Tyson read a message from Dr. Scott Lidgett regretting that the changed date of the

dedication made it impossible for him to attend.

"With us all," the message went on, "a sanctuary of worship, prayer and meditation is of inestimable value. I think this is especially true in the case of our brothers who are deprived of sight. Thrown back upon themselves it is most important that they should be lifted above themselves into worship and fellowship with God and thereby into fellowship with one another. The chapel of St. Dunstan's will, therefore, be a sacred reminder of this need and an essential instrument of fulfilling it."

Among those present were Lady (Arthur) Pearson, D.B.E., President, and widow of the founder of St. Dunstan's, Captain Sir Ian Fraser, Chairman, and Lady Fraser, Sir Neville Pearson, Bt., Hon. Treasurer, Lieut-Colonel Eric Ball, Chairman of the Brighton Home Committee, Miss M. Hamar Greenwood, Major J. Brunel Cohen, Dr. J. S. B. Forbes, Commandant of the new Home, Miss W. Boyd Rochfort, Matron, and Mr. W. G. Askew, Secretary of St. Dunstan's.

A Visit to Miss Rayson

FOUR coaches loaded with a very happy party of Brighton and District After-care men, with their wives, left Steine Street, Brighton, for the housewarming party of their late After-care Visitor, Miss A. K. Rayson, at Plummers Plain, Horsham, Sussex. We were met on arrival by Miss Rayson, Matron, Mrs. Broughton and Miss Jones, our present Visitor, and several other ladies.

The house itself stands in about eight acres of ground. Tea was served on the lawn, after which the wives had a competition between themselves, playing clock golf. Several very nice prizes were given by Miss Rayson. The men had a draw which also included very useful prizes. During the time the competition was going on, a large number made a tour of the house which is very nicely set out. We then made a tour of the kennels, where Miss Rayson had got some beautiful dogs. Just before leaving I was asked to thank our hostess for the very nice time which she had given us, and Matron gave me a horseshoe to present to Miss Rayson for good luck in her new undertaking, which is breeding dogs for show.

Since our visit to Plummers Plain, there has been a dog show in Brighton, and from the local papers we have read that Miss Rayson took three first prizes and the Kennel Club Challenge Certificate. I think that the horseshoe must have brought her luck, and I am sure every St. Dunstaner who came in contact with her will wish Miss Rayson still further success and good luck.

R. W. H.

The New Brighton Home

THOSE St. Dunstaners who have already been to the new Brighton Home will by now have passed on to their friends their news and views of this wonderful new building of ours. For most, however, it will probably be some time before they are able to see for themselves exactly what the Home is like. The following general description of the building will, it is hoped, give some idea.

Our Home is a landmark on the Sussex coast. Like an aeroplane resting on a hill, it comes into view as we approach along the coast road, the rounded glass of its cockpit gleaming in the sun.

St. Dunstan's own bus brings us up the drive and along to the main entrance. Those who are on foot will follow the handrail which leads from the road, up to the rubber strip which leads across to the pavement outside the entrance.

The building is of biscuit coloured brick and, in the modern style, has a vast expanse of window space. The window frames are turquoise. Golden-fawn and turquoise is the colour scheme of the whole building.

The lower part of the cockpit, which is of brick, has "St. Dunstan's" in letters 2ft. 6in. high across it. These letters are neon-lit at night. The upper part of the cockpit is rounded and is of glass. Above it flies our standard. At the foot of the building, immediately below the cockpit, is the Chapel. A stone figure of Winged Victory, bearing St. Dunstan's Badge, surmounts the Chapel.

Entrance Hall.

The entrance hall is the basement of the cockpit. As we go in, the hall porter's office and J. Boyd's Appeals Office are to the right. Then come the stairs, winding direct to all floors. Behind the stairs are men's cloakrooms and dressing rooms, including a sports room, with shower, foot-baths, etc. Coming back to the entrance, on the opposite side are J. W. Mahony's Massage Clinic, a ladies' cloak-room, and two lifts—one to take chair cases—which reach all floors. A tobacco kiosk completes the main part of this floor. Being built on a hill, the rear of the building is underground and this has been utilised for the boilers, etc.

Main Floor.

If we go by the stairs, steel studs in the banisters give us our bearings. A row of studs close together indicate the next (Main) Floor. Afterwards, each floor is signalled by one, two, three, four and five studs. On each floor too (not at each flight) at the head of the stairs, there are waist-high swing gates edged with thick rubber tubing. The rule of the stairs is "Keep to the right."

The Main Floor houses all the most important rooms which, as on all floors, lead off from the Hall. There are four sides to the Hall—the stairs side, the lifts side (opposite), the cockpit, and the rear.

On the stairs side are sun terraces and a telephone booth for St. Dunstaners. On the lifts side are more sun terraces from which lead off a model room (with its beautiful scale model of the Home), a visitors' room, and eight talking book rooms. The dispensary is also on this side of the Hall.

In the cockpit are the general offices, with Matron's room on the lifts side. In the rear of the Hall are the Dining Room and the Lounge. A door in the Dining Room leads to the rooms mentioned on the terrace. The Lounge communicates with the Quiet Lounge, typing and Braille rooms which run alongside the other terrace but which cannot be entered that way.

First Floor.

On this floor, on the stairs side is a dormitory, or ward—Dormitory 1. On the lifts side is Dormitory 2. In the cockpit are the Sick Ward and the Sick Lounge. The rear of this, and every other floor with the exception of the Fifth Floor, houses staff.

Second Floor.

The lay-out of this floor is similar to that of the First Floor. Dormitory 3 is on the stairs side; Dormitory 4 on the lifts side. Now we have reached the glass-fronted part of the cockpit, and doors lead out from here to a sun terrace.

Third Floor.

Two more dormitories. In the glass bay stands the master wireless set which operates the earphones and loudspeakers all over the building.

Fourth Floor.

This floor and the Fifth Floor are smaller than the lower ones. A door on the stairs side leads to staff quarters

only. On the lifts side, a door leads along a corridor passing the basket-room, the Roman Catholic Chapel and the rug room. Coming back to the Hall, men's cloakrooms are on the lifts side towards the rear. A glass bay still forms the cockpit.

Fifth Floor.

Two large winter gardens are in the wings of the Fifth, and last, Floor. Doors on both sides of the Hall lead to them. On the lifts side are men's cloakrooms.

In the rear of this floor are the well-equipped kitchens from which meals are sent down to the Dining Hall, four floors below, by electric lifts.

Throughout the building, there are continuous handrails. Doors leading to dormitories, the Lounge, and the Dining Hall are edged with thick rubber tubing ensuring protection and quiet. Every essential door is plainly marked in raised letters. The building is centrally heated.

St. Dunstaners write—

TO CAPTAIN SIR IAN FRASER,
DEAR SIR IAN,

My wife and I returned home yesterday from the new home at Ovingdean.

After the first day or two we soon got used to it. It is in a splendid position and I must congratulate you on the marvellous building. It will catch every bit of sun and will put new life into us all.

I was very pleased to meet so many of the men who were with me at St. Dunstan's in 1916 and 1917. I have had a wonderful holiday.

I also wish to show my appreciation of the sisters and orderlies, old and new, who were all kindness itself.

Yours sincerely,

A. W. MORRIS.

Pontypridd.

TO LADY FRASER,
DEAR LADY FRASER,

We, the undersigned telephonists, desire to express our appreciation of the cordial way in which we were received at the new Brighton Home last week-end, and to personally thank you for your untiring efforts to make the time spent there by St. Dunstaners, a pleasant one.

My colleagues and I are very delighted with the way in which the house is arranged for our comfort, and feel sure that when St. Dunstaners have got used to it, they will find that its amenities are many.

In conclusion, we wish to thank Sir Ian, the Matron and the Staff at Brighton for their unceasing labours during the past few weeks for our welfare and future happiness at the Home, and would assure them of our full support and co-operation in their task.

Yours sincerely,

F. CRADDOCK.
J. J. KNIGHT.
R. J. VINE.
H. V. FRAMPTON.

TO CAPTAIN SIR IAN FRASER,
DEAR SIR IAN,

As you have no doubt heard, I visited the new Home at Brighton this week-end, and thought I would like to give you my impressions which may be put in few words: the place is perfect.

I feel it reflects great credit on those who have planned it so competently. Every smallest detail seems to have been thought of—the stairs are gentle and easy, and so clear are the indications on the balustrades and doors, and so alike are the corridors on each floor, that after only a few hours the place seemed quite familiar to me.

I don't know what system of heating you have, but the temperature was ideal, and the beds most conducive to slumber!

Already the Home seemed to possess the St. Dunstan's atmosphere to which Lady Fraser contributed so much by her presence.

I was slightly apprehensive as to crossing the main road, but I tested this with another totally blind man. We stood at the Belisha beacon, held out our hands in a commanding manner, and both lines of traffic came simultaneously to a stop.

May I congratulate you and all those who have contributed towards the making of such a magnificent place.

Yours sincerely,

E. TOFT.

London, N.W.11.

TO CAPTAIN SIR IAN FRASER,
DEAR SIR IAN,

I feel I must voice an opinion concerning my holiday at the new Home. I do assure you, in all faithfulness, that it has been one of the happiest times of my life, and I cannot find sufficient words in the dictionary to express one small part of my appreciation.

A first impression upon entering the hall may be of bewilderment at such a spacious apartment, but the lasting impression is the simplicity, but efficiency, of every arrangement connected with the Annexe. As a matter of fact within one hour of entering I was so at home in the ward and dormitory that I felt I must have stayed there on several occasions. Progress, in visualizing the dining-room, lounge and the other rooms on the main floor, was not quite so rapid, but I found that frequent use, and a greater familiarity with these, began to produce that sense of satisfaction which "something attempted, something done" always brings.

There is one department, however, I really must speak about because I believe it is often remarked that if you wish to put a man in a good frame of mind you must "feed the brute." I cannot speak too highly of the kitchen staff and the dining-room arrangements. I never did enjoy my meals so much as I did last week. It was the constant talk of the table—"no complaints."

May I be permitted, also, to pay a humble tribute to the tireless energy displayed, at all times, by Lady Fraser, whose willingness to do whatsoever she could, has been radiated to every member of the staff, and is in turn, transmitted to everyone who enters the Home.

Yours sincerely,

GEO. H. HEELEY.

Wakefield.

A Visit to Meccano Works

IT was whilst staying at Hoylake, near Liverpool, that we had the opportunity of visiting the works of Messrs. Meccano Ltd., in Liverpool.

After passing through the offices where two hundred and fifty typists were busy at work, we found ourselves right in the factory. It is difficult to describe the place. The whole factory is worked on the conveyor system; there are conveyors overhead, on the table level, along the floor, and from one story to another, and every department is in touch with each other on a buzzer system, too. There is no hurrying and scurrying or fetching and carrying, but each employee works steadily to the time the materials or parts of toys, etc., are brought along to them on this conveyer system which to us seemed so very different to a factory before the war.

In many cases huge machines were stopped whilst we had the opportunity of feeling as much of them as we could, and their work was explained carefully to us. We had the luck, I might say, of finding a Mr. Edwards, one of the officials, able to talk to the deaf as well as our escorts. In the case of the smaller and less dangerous machines, we were permitted to sit down, the metal or part of a toy being put into our left hand; the girl then guided it so that we played it correctly; then we pulled over a lever and felt the machine do its respective task. In this way, as we went along, we made a complete tinplate railway rail, a toy railway wagon and oil-tank. We saw the patternmakers at work and this was all explained, and later the dies in the machines filled with liquid metal, all kinds of toys and parts of toys, in addition to the Meccano parts, being turned out.

The painting department was a very large and interesting place. We saw at the end of a table-high endless belt—(conveyor)—small models of all kinds placed on in a set order, *i.e.*, a motor-car, a battleship, aeroplane, motor-bus, larger car, piece of toy furniture and so on. Sitting along a table between which the conveyor ran was a long row of girls. Each one painted her respective article in about five seconds as it came to her, and then it went along to another girl who packed her respective article for drying. Then there was the shield painting. This was done on

the same system—each girl had her job. It might be to paint certain parts of a motor-bus—perhaps only the wheels—but no other part was touched, and all was done on the spray method with metallic paint.

We saw the various strips of Meccano placed into frames and hung up and conveyed to the girls who sprayed it and then sent the frames along for drying.

The girls in the painting department only work forty-five minutes of each hour: the remaining fifteen minutes they are off, so that they can breathe fresh air.

We saw in the showrooms and demonstrating rooms girls making the most up-to-date Meccano models for the Christmas bazaars all over the country, and many of the latest Meccano produce that will be released only for the Christmas shopper. We enjoyed, too, a time at the switches working the huge Hornby railway there.

Those who have not been in a factory since they downed their tools to join up during the War would find modern methods amazingly simple and easy: no bustle and rush, yet the work done much more quickly.

G. FALLOWFIELD AND G. J. WHEELER.

From Our Press Cuttings

The Daily Express:

MONTAUBAN (France)—Fifty-year-old blind war veteran Georges Pons dived fully dressed into the Tarn River yesterday and saved his eight-year-old son, who had fallen in where the river is deep and swift.

Guided by his wife's shouts from the bank, Pons reached the child, caught him by the leg, and brought him to safety.—Exchange.

The Christian Science Monitor:

WILMINGTON, Del.—Blind twenty-four years, John C. Cousineau none the less "saw" his native land this summer, hitch-hiking 8,400 miles cross continent. Home to-day from his trip, he termed the United States "one of the most beautiful places in the world."

Mr. Cousineau said he had 150 different pairs of eyes to help him see the country—the eyes of drivers and passengers in automobiles that gave him "lifts."

It was the third such trip for Mr. Cousineau, who "thumbed" 2,350 miles to Saginaw, Mich., his birth-place, last year, and 1,700 miles to Quebec in 1936. It gives him a three-summer mileage of 12,450 miles.

Quiet, smiling, he came home with a keen, full memory, and a suitcase stocked with postcards and pamphlets.

Statistically, he summed it up as 57 rides going, 34 coming back. Expenses, 71 dollars 11 cents.

The Spirit of St. Dunstan's

THE story of St. Dunstan's has been told many times—by St. Dunstaners themselves and by those who have come to know and admire St. Dunstan's men. Now, for the first time, its story has been told by an ex-V.A.D.—one who came to us as a girl of eighteen to work with us and laugh with us in the dark days of 1915-18. Eventually to marry one of us. The V.A.D. was Miss Violet Duché, and under that name she has just published her book, *The Spirit of St. Dunstan's* (Murray, 3s. 6d.).

In a preface, Sir Ian Fraser writes: "No single factor contributed more to our new view of life than the understanding and sometimes affection of these girls and young women whom we called collectively V.A.D.'s. Quietly they moved amongst us, tending our daily needs, keeping their heads when we were losing ours, acting as lightning conductors for the flashes of anger and despair that from time to time seemed to overwhelm us, calming frayed nerves, teaching us to read and write, bringing us back to normality. This aspect of St. Dunstan's will be remembered by all the blinded officers and men and by the hundreds of V.A.D.'s who so freely gave their services, many of them 'for the duration.'"

Miss Duché's book takes the form of sketches of some of the men she knew at St. Dunstan's—"Heldar," shy and diffident, but an apt Braille pupil, who was reluctant to keep to her promise the girl he was engaged to, until she convinced him that marrying him would be no sacrifice. Of "Jinks," who was blinded on his 22nd birthday and took his blindness bitterly until his mother told him of the plans she had made for his future, that he was to come to St. Dunstan's. Life held a new meaning then.

When His Majesty King George V was visiting St. Dunstan's, "Ginger"—one of the star turns of the Braille room—waited trembling lest he be asked to demonstrate. The moment arrived. "I completely lost my head and for a hideous moment I forgot even the alphabet. Then a strange lucidity took possession of my brain, and to my own astonishment, I began to improvise. The King marvelled, congratulated me warmly, and passed on." There is a brief sketch, too, of "the Belgians."

"Pat" is a St. Dunstaner who talks bitterly of people who take him out, merely, he says, to parade him. He, too, had taken his blindness hardly at first. In a few hours, however, he is his own charming self, meeting old friends and arranging a "spree." He hates popularity. He is, as he laughingly says, "a rough diamond."

There is a sketch of "Jolly," who has had his right arm and four of his left fingers amputated; and of "Billy," who is only seventeen but in constant pain. To him, happily, comes quick release.

The last is "Michael"—tall and handsome; essentially unspoilt. He has had the worst news from Major Ormond, but there is no bitterness or self-pity. He will always be an inspiration to others, by his gallant example; he will have beside him "Sister May" who was glad to give up security and a life of ease for Michael "with nothing to offer but his own sterling self."

"No picture of the early days of St. Dunstan's," writes Miss Duché, "would be complete without mention of the man who was not only its Founder but the embodiment of the spirit he wished to spread. Courageous, cheerful and independent, he inspired in the men a desire to emulate his example. . . . Stirred by the magnetism of his personality, they were endowed with a new dignity; no longer was their affliction a calamity, but an opportunity."

Such is Miss Duché's tribute to the men she knew at St. Dunstan's. "As their example has been such an inspiration to me in my life, my hope is that this little book may also hold a message for those who come across these pages."

A Useful Hint

Mr. N. S. Macauley writes:

I have heard of two cases recently where men have broken their dentures through knocking them out of their hands when brushing them. It has occurred to me that this must be quite a usual thing, and rather expensive by way of repairs.

If they were to half fill the wash basin with water before starting cleaning operations, and keep both hands close to the water while brushing, there would be very little fear of damage occurring. Even fragile lower dentures can be dropped into water from a height and suffer no damage, whereas a very slight knock on a porcelain basin will break them.

Armistice Dance

Tuesday, November 8th, saw yet another Armistice Dance at the Portman Rooms, Baker Street.

A record number of St. Dunstaners attended and there were many happy reunions. St. Dunstan's own band gave their usual splendid programme, and, of course, one of the "high spots" of the evening was the "Lambeth Walk."

Sir Ian Fraser and Lady Fraser were there to welcome the guests. Sir Ian said that they were very pleased to have with them that evening a number of old and new friends. There was Colonel Eric Ball, whom everyone knew as Senior Member of St. Dunstan's Council and Chairman of the Brighton Home Committee, Miss Hamar Greenwood, another member of the Council, and there was their friend, Colonel Bickerton. They also had with them Mr. R. C. Davenport, who, in Sir Ian's words, was to have the "tough job" of taking Col. Bickerton's place when he retired from his office of Ophthalmic Surgeon at St. Dunstan's at the end of the year. Many other old friends were there, too, and Sir Ian said that if he mentioned two alone, it was because they were typical—Sister Pat, who was first Matron at the old House, and "Auntie" Read.

Later in the evening, another member of the Council arrived—Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Carpendale, who had hurried away from another engagement in order that he might be present.

Dancing went on until 11.30.

Reminiscences of a Sports Commentator

CAPTAIN H. B. T. WAKELAM, the well-known B.B.C. sports commentator, has written a book of reminiscences which he calls *Half-Time*. He says that in his first broadcast commentary on the England-Wales match at Twickenham in January, 1927, he had with him in the box a St. Dunstaner. Being nervous, he was advised to talk as if he were just describing the game to him. The idea worked splendidly. He was so desperately keen to keep his neighbour fully informed, that he raced away like a maniac. "Then and there," he says, "I got into the habit (which I still maintain is essential) of being just a fraction of a second ahead of the actual game."

Who was the St. Dunstaner?

Young St. Dunstaners

Audrey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Heeley, of Wakefield, has passed her School Certificate examination at the age of fifteen. She has been awarded a senior scholarship, tenable at Wakefield Technical College, and hopes to take her Civil Service Examination later.

☆☆☆

Last month we wrote that Alan Cook, of Wood Green, had passed his Matriculation. Now we hear that his friend, Norman Johns, has also passed this examination. These two young St. Dunstaners have swotted for their matric. together. They will go to different schools, however.

☆☆☆

Vera, daughter of J. Bannister, of Skelmersdale, has obtained a certificate for swimming for her school. The distance was half a mile.

☆☆☆

Peggy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Greaves, of Sheffield, has passed her School Certificate examination.

☆☆☆

Elizabeth ap Rhys, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. ap Rhys, of Bangor, has obtained her Higher School Certificate; she was top girl in the county. As a result, she has been offered a State scholarship which she will take up when she is nineteen. Their second daughter, Ceridwen, has matriculated at the age of fourteen, passing the School Certificate in all eight subjects.

☆☆☆

Joan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Sayers, of Minster, has won a scholarship to St. George's Commercial School, Ramsgate.

☆☆☆

Richard, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Tanner, of St. Ives, Cornwall, is a fine athlete. Running is his speciality, although cycling comes a close second. He won the Cup for the One Mile Race at Penzance County School in the record time of 5 mins. 2 secs., the Cross Country Race of 5 miles 1 furlong, in 33 mins. 19 secs., and is the only boy in Penzance School to have won his County Colours for the Mile.

☆☆☆

Christopher Potts, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Potts, of Norton-on-Tees, married Lilian Cowey at Norton Parish Church on August 6th.

Keeping the Ball Rolling

The Editor,

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW.

DEAR EDITOR,

While at Brighton, somebody read a REVIEW in which W. T. Scott, of Streatham, started what I believe was intended to be a book of St. Dunstan's reminiscences—*Keeping the Ball Rolling*. I do not know if it is still going, but if it is, I should like to submit my contribution.

A. J. RADFORD,
Castle Cary.

It was dark, very dark. In fact the chap on my left said it was "Hellish dark" and he was right—with the darkness punctuated by vivid flashes of guns, bursting shells and soaring Very lights. We crawled on our bellies like snakes, a few inches at a time, to some bushes that had once been a garden hedge where we were to take up our position and protect the British Army from surprise attack. The time—11 p.m., May 25th, 1918. There were no trenches, only shell-holes, and two Jerry machine-guns "scissoring" us. They scissored us all night, but we had orders not to reply. We had only to watch and listen and hold the shell-holes if attacked. Seven hours later. "Look out, they're coming," yelled a chap over on the left, and they came.

It was something bumping that woke me up. I was feeling like a mummy with my face tied up, and I reached with my hand to feel what was the matter but they were tied up. Then somebody spoke. "Want anything chum?" It was one of the stretcher bearers. "Where am I?" "Nell Lane, Manchester. You'll be inside in a minute." That was nine o'clock on the evening of the 30th. Four days. Was I hungry, and they gave me a drink of milk! "Fancy bringing the poor chap over here," said a nurse. "Give me a chance," says I, and they did. I was the only blind chap in that hospital, but as soon as I was O.K. they shifted me to St. Mark's. "You're going to St. Dunstan's," said Miss Preston. "I am not," said I, thinking St. D.'s was one of those horrible "institutions" one step removed from the cemetery. "Oh, yes you are!" said Mr. H., and I swore.

"Would you like to come out with me?" said a strong masculine voice. "Sure," says I. We went to tea somewhere and somebody asked me would I like to have something read. There were half a dozen chaps listening in, and that lad sure could read. The dial had mended up, but the right mitt and the left leg were still swinging it, and I cussed as I heard a lot of chaps dancing and singing, and a lot of girls, too, it sounded like. "Well, we'd better be off," said my friend, and I said good-night to the lady, and anybody who happened to listen, and wished myself back in Nell Lane, where they didn't torment you taking you to hear other folks enjoy themselves. "How'd you like it?" said my companion. "They seemed to enjoy their lives O.K. Where was it, an hotel?" "In a way, yes; that was St. Dunstan's." "What, where all the blind chaps go?" "Yes; all the men in your ward will be going there." "Who were the folks dancing and singing?" "Only the boys and the sisters."

That set me thinking. I'd cussed flashes ever since leaving Nell Lane. I'd cussed the Colonel

at Whitworth Street and I nearly cussed the M.O. at St. Mark's who had been M.O. to my old battalion in the early days and had sat chinning on my bed. Why? Because he said I was blinded and he couldn't do anything. I quit the cussing, and Miss Duff started in to show me things, and Miss Preston started me on the road to independence with that horrible watch that you had to grope at. Soon I was mooching around. Gee, whiz, a lot of these guys were smashed up heaps worse'n me, and actually looking forward to going to St. Dunstan's.

It was November 11th, eleven o'clock, and the maroons went off, and there was I and a few more marooned up there in the Board-room. That was a climax, being kicked out at eleven o'clock, the last minute of the blessed war. Well, I said "Give me a chance" when I landed in Nell Lane, and did I get it?

It's just over twenty years now. I read and write and enjoy life and health. Days are short and full. Did I get it?

Letters to the Editor

DEAR SIR,

In June, 1918, I was invalided home minus the left eye. In the following August I was detailed fit for home service, and sent as ward orderly to Northampton Military Hospital. On arrival there I found a staff of seven R.A.M.C.'s (who had not been overseas) assisted by local V.A.D.'s. At meals we were joined by a man of the Gloucester Regiment who was always on soft diet. About the second or third day one asked me if I had been on the field, and where. I said "At Neuve Chapelle, March, 1915." Would I tell them my experience? I thought they wanted to do a bit of leg pulling, but they assured me it was not so—so I told them the following. It was on the second night after the battle. We had orders to mop up a piece of ground. We had nearly finished our section when a party with a stretcher next to us thought they heard a call. Groping about they found two men both injured in the leg and one, a splinter of shell had entered his mouth, splitting his tongue and palate. At this the Gloucester man asked the orderly next to him to ask for further details. When I had given these he came to the end of the table, shook my hand warmly and mumbled: "If you ever see those pals of yours again, thank them for me." He was waiting for a roof plate to be fitted, and left the hospital a few days later.

At the Fifty-third Reunion I was able to convey his thanks to my comrades.

S. W. WAIN,
Derby.

DEAR SIR,

I thought the following might amuse REVIEW readers. It's a true story.

The other day my daughter (aged eleven) asked me what "ruddy" meant. I told her—a reddish complexion. She immediately said, "How does that apply to the dog when she is white? That is what you call her sometimes." I did not quite collapse, but very nearly.

W. BURTENSHAW,
Wimborne.

A Visit to a Deaf-blind Holiday Home

ON August 23rd, a very happy evening was spent by five St. Dunstaners at the holiday home at Hoylake for the deaf-blind. Messrs. Fallowfield and Wheeler were spending a holiday there, and Mr. Home, the secretary, very kindly invited Messrs. Harry Cook, T. Milner, J. C. Owen, W. Shayler and S. Williams to spend the evening with their old comrades. Unfortunately Messrs. Shayler and Williams could not turn up.

A very fine dinner had been prepared by the matron, and after dinner the visitors were shown over the home. Then all adjourned to the house of Mr. Watson (one of the committee) where liquid refreshment was very kindly provided by the host, during which a good deal of talking was indulged in and we (the visitors) told our South Country friends of some of the wonders of Liverpool and its environs.

Mr. Home has put his heart and soul into this work, and I am sure that he must be very gratified when he knows of the pleasure he gives to those who come to stay at the establishment, but he is not satisfied and will not be until he has carried out his next project, i.e. to have a much larger place and thus find accommodation for a larger number. One of his most heart-breaking tasks is to have to refuse many applications from all over the country. It would be very interesting to know what Messrs. Fallowfield and Wheeler thought of the North of England and also what their impressions of the home were. J. C. O.

I Remember

It was my typing lesson (it happened in 1915). I suggested to Miss Woods, my teacher, that I should type a letter to my brother George, who was at that time a soldier stationed at Chatham. So away I went. I had got well into the letter when the late King George V paid a surprise visit to St. Dunstan's. On his round he came to where I was typing, and asked me to let him see what I was doing. His surprise must have been very great for what I had written was "Dear George."

H. E. HILL.
Devizes.

Competition

How many words of two or more letters can you make from the word, BRIGHTON? A prize of 10s. 6d. to the sender of the longest list. Proper names are not allowed. Closing date: 5th December.

SPORTS CLUB NOTES

Swimming

The annual Gala took place at Marylebone Baths on Friday, October 28th. Although the attendance was not up to expectations, the races were very keenly contested and the public were surprised at the close finish of both races. F. Rhodes thanked all present for assisting, the prize donors, and Mr. Roberts, Mr. Blake and Mr. Bloxham who helped to judge.

RESULTS

(one length handicap)

Section A—	T. W. Collyer	1st
	H. Crabtree	2nd
	G. L. Douglas	3rd
Won by a touch with third man a foot away		
Section B—	F. Rhodes	1st
	W. Lacey	2nd
	W. Robinson	3rd
Won by 2ft. Third man one yard away		
	Plunge	
	W. Lacey	1st
	F. Rhodes	2nd
	H. Crabtree	3rd

After prizes were presented, Mr. Bloxham thanked the "boys" for their display and expressed his pleasure at being with them once again. So ended a very pleasant evening.

Children's Gala

LAST Friday, November 4th, the children's races were decided at Marylebone Baths, and with a record entry, some most exciting races were witnessed by mothers and fathers and other spectators. It was difficult for Corpl.-Major Dawkins and an independent judge to tell 1st, 2nd and 3rd, so close were the finishes. Jean Rhodes in girls and E. Burran in boys swam a great race only to be beaten into 3rd place by touches; both started from scratch mark.

Results:—

Girls	B. Tomkinson	1st
	M. Burran	2nd
	J. Rhodes	3rd
Boys	I. Wylie	1st
	J. Henry	2nd
	E. Burran	3rd.

After the races Mr. Ellis, who has had a long illness, kindly presented the prizes with a cheery word for each winner.

W. JONES.

University Rugby Match

We have received from the Cambridge University Rugby Union Football Club a number of tickets for the University match at Twickenham on Tuesday, December 6th.

Will those St. Dunstaners who would like to attend send in their names to the Sports Office not later than Tuesday, November 29th, when a draw will be made for the tickets if necessary.

Bridge Club

Telephonists have challenged the Mas-seurs to the best of three matches to be played before Christmas, and Drummer Downs, representing the "other trades," has challenged the Telephonists and Mas-seurs, thus making a three-cornered contest. For further information regarding this contest, see your sectional representative.

H. GOVER,
Secretary.

Brighton SUMMER SPORTS, 1938 FINAL SCORES

SECTION A.	Total Points	H'cap	Result
1st W. Gannaway	330		330
2nd S. Pike ...	290	—30	260
3rd C. Kirk ...	235		235
4th G. Lidbetter ...	210		210
5th T. Rouse ...	230	—50	180
6th R. Williams ...	90		90
7th G. Fallowfield	65	—20	45
8th T. Astbury ...	25		25
SECTION B.	Total Points	H'cap	Result
1st T. Dickinson	400	—30	370
2nd G. Peach ...	395	—50	345
3rd T. Millward ...	225		225
4th T. Ashe ...	200		200
5th W. Markwick	145		145
6th G. Bullen ...	25		25

The next meeting of the Brighton Club will be held on Wednesday, December 14th.

Silver Weddings

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. A. Aldridge, of Dagenham, who celebrated their silver wedding on October 19th, to Mr. and Mrs. Welton, of Cleethorpes, whose anniversary was on October 26th, and to Mr. and Mrs. J. Papps, of Dunstable, who will celebrate theirs on December 8th.

☆ ☆ ☆
Mrs. Levett, wife of our St. Dunstaner, J. L. Levett, of West Worthing, runs a domino tournament at the Blind Home Club in Worthing every winter. She herself has taught many of the blind and deaf men and women at the Home.

Home Counties Rambles

With reference to the notice in last month's REVIEW, St. Dunstaners have been invited by the Home Counties Ramblers to take part in their rambles, further dates of which are given below. Any number will be welcomed and only the railway fare would have to be paid.

Sunday, December 11th	"The Heart of Herts" Special train	Dep. Kings Cross 9.35 a.m. to Ayot, Fare 2s.
Sunday, January 1st	To Kingswood	Dep. Victoria a.m. Fare 2s.
Sunday, January 8th	"Fine Views"	Dep. Waterloo a.m. To Clandon, Fare, 3s. 6d.

If you wish to attend will you please notify the Sports Office of your intention to enable the organizing secretary to make the necessary arrangements.

Subsequent dates for rambles will be published later.

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 on the afternoon of Friday, December 9th.

Sir Neville Pearson, Bart., will read the Lesson, and the Service will be conducted by our Chaplain, the Rev. R. M. Raper.

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 6th. 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 Headquarters.

"In Memory"

PRIVATE A. DAVIES
(12th Yorkshire Regiment)

We record with deep regret the death of A. Davies, of Middlesbrough, which occurred on August 6th.

This St. Dunstaner came to us in December, 1917, having served from the early days of the War until March, 1916. Trained as a mat-maker, he carried on with this occupation for some time and was very happy in his work, but for very many years, he has been more or less bedridden.

A wreath from Sir Ian Fraser and his comrades was sent from London for the funeral.

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to Mrs. Davies, who has nursed her husband devotedly for so many years, and to her five children.

LANCE-CORPORAL MARTIN LANE
(King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry)

We deeply regret to announce the death of M. Lane, of South Tottenham.

Lane was badly wounded at the battle of Ypres, as a result of which both his eyes had to be removed. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1915, and was trained in both basket and mat-making, continuing with the latter occupation until the time of his death. His health had not been good for some little time, but his last illness was so sudden and so short that his death, which took place in the North Middlesex Hospital on September 20th, came as a complete shock to his relatives and friends. The funeral took place a few days afterwards, and was attended by many relatives and friends. There were a great number of beautiful wreaths, including one from Sir Ian Fraser and his comrades at St. Dunstan's.

Our deepest sympathy goes out to Mrs. Lane and her family in their great bereavement.

PRIVATE THEOPHILUS STEVENSON
(1/5th King's Own Royal Lancashire Regiment)

We have with very deep regret to record the death of T. Stevenson, of Padiham.

Enlisting in July 1916, Stevenson was wounded at Cambrai in 1917, and as a result came to St. Dunstan's early in 1918.

Although not strong, he was a first-class workman, and for many years was happily and busily engaged with his boot repairing and clogging rather more perhaps than with his mat-making, which he had also learned while with us.

About two years ago, however, his health broke down completely, and for some time he has been more or less an invalid. His death occurred at his home on October 16th.

Members of the British Legion acted as bearers at the funeral which took place four days later. A wreath from Sir Ian and his comrades was sent from London. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to Mrs. Stevenson and her two children.

MASTER-AT-ARMS GEORGE FRANK YARROW
(Royal Navy)

We record with deepest regret the death of October 5th, on G. F. Yarrow, of Portchester.

Yarrow lost his sight while serving in the Royal Navy, in which he had served for twenty-two years, and came to St. Dunstan's in 1917 for training. For some time he did a little work at Netting, but recently had been able to fill in his time without needing an occupation. His health had always seemed fairly good and his death, which occurred so suddenly, was a great shock to his relatives and friends. Pneumonia had followed influenza.

Yarrow was buried at Kingston Cemetery a few days later and his funeral was attended by his family and many friends, including several St. Dunstaners. There were many beautiful wreaths including one from Sir Ian Fraser and his comrades at St. Dunstan's.

PRIVATE JOHN SMITH
(2nd Batt. Royal Scots Regiment)

We have heard with the deepest regret of the death of J. Smith, of Auckland, a British blinded soldier who had settled in New Zealand. He passed away in the Auckland Hospital on October 13th, after having suffered from very indifferent health for many years.

Although blinded as a result of war service, of course, Smith did not come under St. Dunstan's care until March, 1935.

He leaves a widow and three children, to whom we extend our deepest sympathy.

Births

BROOKS.—To the wife of A. T. Brooks, of Bourne-mouth, on October 12th, a son.

DEVLIN.—To the wife of S. T. Devlin, of St. Helens, on October 18th, a son—John.

Death

BUCHANAN.—We extend our deepest sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. H. Buchanan, of Wood Green, who lost their little son, John Douglas, tragically, on October 14th. John, who was only six years old, was knocked down by a lorry while he was playing, and was killed.