

# ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

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For Men and Women Blinded on War Service

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[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN]

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## CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

THERE is on another page a report of a Reunion of St. Dunstaners who are deaf as well as blind. I will not make comparisons between one disability and another for this would be both invidious and uncertain, suffice it to say that St. Dunstaners as a whole wish the best of good luck to those among their number who suffer a double disability, whether it be the deprivation of hearing or limbs or health; blindness itself is enough of a handicap. The reason for a special Reunion for the deaf-blind is obvious enough, namely, that they cannot take a full part in the ordinary social functions which most others can enjoy.

Mr. Thomas, or Wally, as his friends call him, thanked all those who have learned the deaf-blind hand language which enables staff or St. Dunstaners to talk freely with their deaf fellows. I echo these thanks and would encourage others to try. Several members of the staff can teach it. So can the deaf-blind themselves.

It is my custom when I go to Ovingdean, to talk to new St. Dunstaners and answer questions when I can. On my last visit some questions were asked which I think may be of general interest, and I will give the answers I gave on the spur of the moment so that other St. Dunstaners can criticise them.

Do blind people have blind babies?—I was asked. Once in a blue moon, I said, any person may have a child which is unusual or defective in some way. But people who are born normal themselves are no more likely to have abnormal children than dogs whose tails have been cut off when they are young are likely to have puppies born without tails. There are, of course, some conditions, such as cleft palate and colour-blindness, to mention but two which are hereditary, so is left-handedness. I am left-handed, so is my daughter and one of my grandchildren. This can hardly be coincidence.

But characteristics acquired by accidents like war blindness are not transmissible. It should be said, however, that among the blind are some whose blindness, or tendency to blindness, is hereditary and if any blind person is in doubt about this matter he should privately see his doctor and ask advice which would, of course, be confidentially given and regarded. Let me say finally on this subject that there have been about 5,000 St. Dunstaners from the two wars and there must be well over 10,000 children and I only know of one born blind.

Another question—do you recommend carrying a stick or a white stick? Indoors no stick. Outdoors an ordinary stick or a white stick always. A stick gives you the power of feeling a short distance ahead to see the edge of a pavement or the presence of a pillar-box or opening or what not. It is objected by some that a stick makes you noticeable, but I say that feeling about with your hands makes you more noticeable and is awkward and difficult. As to whether it should be a white stick I leave this to the individual to choose for himself and would not advise. Some feel it helps them that people should know they

are blind and that this aids their progress and is easier also for the sighted. Personally I do not favour a white stick, but then I do not walk alone to the office every day.

Sometimes, however, I go for a walk alone on a Sunday when my wife is busy or simply because I want to. The other day I was walking alone in Regents Park and came to a familiar corner, or I thought it was, but I was wrong—I had been listening to something that was going on around me and it was really the entrance to Bedford College so I went straight into a wheel-barrow full of muck. Fortunately one is ready for anything and I did not fall over. I should have found it difficult to have extricated myself if I had not had my stick to feel around with and a motor-cyclist who had seen me in peril told me what had happened. Some would feel, especially those newly blinded, that this experience was so humiliating that they would rather not risk it and would stay at home. It is not fear of getting hurt, but fear of looking foolish. I say, conquer this feeling. Get out as much as you can, never mind what they say. It is better to get that beer when your wife is putting the children to bed than to be talked out of it or deprived of it by sensitiveness. You will find that the longer blindness is with you the less you care what they say and the more independent you can and will be.

When walking and indeed at all times, keep your head up both spiritually and actually. You will feel better and you will not crack your head so easily. But don't keep it up unnaturally. Some blind people do this because it is easier to hear with your head up a bit and your mouth open. But it looks barmy, so avoid it.

I have written this on the new St. Dunstan's braille writer. What a boon to be able to read what you have written as you go along, especially when you have been interrupted and want to know where you had got to. The St. Dunstan's braille writer writes upward like every modern typewriter.

IAN FRASER.

### News of St. Dunstaners

G. Gadsby, of Leeds, has been granted permission by H.R.H. the Princess Royal to fish in the waters in the grounds of Harewood House.

★ ★ ★

Jock Macfarlane, of Ilford, has been appointed Chairman of his Departmental Branch of the Civil Service Union, and is also a representative on the staff side of the Whitley Council and National Council.

★ ★ ★

Mr. and Mrs. A. Spurgeon, of Halstead, won three first prizes and three second prizes at Halstead Horticultural Show.

★ ★ ★

Esmond Knight has made a happy return visit to Church Stretton—this time for location scenes in the film, "Gone with the Wind," in which he is taking part. Moreover, he stayed at the Longmynd.

★ ★ ★

Gerry Brereton received a terrific reception from the audience when he sang in Hughie Green's radio feature, "Opportunity Knocks," on September 15th.

★ ★ ★

D. N. MacReady, of Birmingham, will also be heard over the air on October 26th. He will be in the Wilfred Pickles programme, "Have a Go."

### Tradition

*Did you hear Drake's drum beat  
When British tars withstood the heat  
In confined space, near dead for sleep,  
Kept safe the honour of his fleet?*

*Did you see Lord Nelson's eye  
Proudly gleam as they passed by,  
To teach the world tradition's tie,  
When translated into "Do or die."*

*Was Beatty's cap still more askew,  
When Kerans and his gallant crew  
Smashed Yangtze's boom and raced clean through  
To serve Wan Hue a British brew?*

*Oh what a story to relate,  
Writ in darkness and lonely state,  
Of unconquered men who challenged fate,  
And staked their claim among the great.*

*How difficult in words to tell,  
This deathless tale of seamen's skill,  
For words are but shadows small  
When deeds like this they would recall.*

*So heroes who on Olympus dwell,  
Sound the clarion note to tell  
Of Amethyst's brave dash through Hell,  
The crowns reserve for Jack and Bill.*

T. ROGERS.

### London Club Notes

It has been suggested that the Club should hold a Whist Drive on Saturday evenings, say, once a month, for those who are unable to get along on Tuesdays. If there is a sufficient demand, we will do so. Drop me a postcard at the Club and let me know your views.

P. ASHTON.

### Bridge Notes

During the week, September 10th to 17th, eleven St. Dunstaners availed themselves of the great hospitality of our friends at Harrogate, when Mr. John Morrison and Mr. Frank Noakes did all in their power to ensure that we had a good time, and we did. There was plenty of bridge to satisfy even the most enthusiastic, and with our stalwart "Aubrey" as twelfth man, we were able to play three teams of four in each fixture. Messrs. Gover, Nuyens, Winter and Thompson upheld the prestige of the Club by getting into second place in the main match at the "Stray Bridge Club." This was our ninth visit to Harrogate, and for those interested there will be a tenth visit in 1950.

Note.—Bridge A.G.M. on Saturday, December 10th, and the Bridge Christmas Party on Saturday, December 17th.

FRANK A. RHODES.

### Indoor Activities

The week ending September 25th saw the conclusion of several Sir Arthur Pearson Memorial Prize competitions at Ovingdean.

Complications were soon manifest but these were very quickly ironed out by Mr. Jack Jarrold, Ovingdean's very able and competent Sports Instructor, and thenceforward things went very smoothly. All games were keenly contested and excitement ran high, especially in the darts T.B. and S.S. individual finals. Congratulations to the following Cup winners and runners-up:

### Crib:

Winner, F. C. Fleetwood, West House.  
Runner-up, J. W. Gill, Manchester.

### Dominoes:

Winner, W. Shayler, Liverpool.  
Runner-up, J. Dennick, Manchester.

### Darts:

### Teams:

Winner, London.  
Runner-up, Ovingdean.

### Individuals:

Winner (T.B.), G. Blakeley, Ovingdean.  
Runner-up, J. Edwards, London.  
Winner (S.S.), S. Russell, Manchester.  
Runner-up, E. Irons, Ovingdean.

On behalf of all competitors, I would like to thank Matron Pain and Commandant Fawcett and all those who so kindly helped to make the week-end such a success.

### Home Notes:

A reminder! Don't forget the Dance on December 5th. Admission free. One man, one escort, at the Chelsea Town Hall.

Another chance to practise for the forthcoming Sir Arthur Pearson Memorial Prize dance competitions on January 13th.

TINY FLEMING.

### Outdoor Sports:

One Mile Walk, September 24th  
Highgate Harriers, at Parliament Hill Track

### RESULTS

	H'ep. Time	All. Time	Actual Time	Pos.	Pts.
A. G. Bradley	7.22	2.10	9.32	5	5
D. Faulkner	7.42	2.00	9.42	6	—
T. Gaygan	7.54	0.50	8.44	2	4
E. Cookson	8.23	2.40	11.03	9	3
W. Miller	8.25	0.30	8.55	3	2
H. McSteel	8.31	1.10	9.41	4	1
A. Brown	8.33	Sc.	8.33	1	1
J. Lynch	8.38	2.15	10.53	8	1
W. T. Scott	8.58	1.15	10.13	7	1
B. F. Campbell	—	—	—	—	—
M. Burns	—	—	—	—	—

### Prizewinners

Handicap—A. G. Bradley, W. Faulkner.  
T. Gaygan.  
Fastest Time—A. Brown, T. Gaygan.  
W. Miller.

Our thanks are due to the Highgate Harriers, and especially to Mr. McSweeney, for this Invitation Race; also to the donors of prizes, and to Mr. W. H. Harris, the Hon. Handicapper.

Make a note of these dates:

Oct. 29th—Two mile race.

Dec. 3rd—Three mile race, to be held in conjunction with a three mile Novices' Race.

Those wishing to take part should send in their names to Cpl. Major Jack Dawkins, at the Club.

TOMMY GAYGAN.

### Placements

V. Wake, of Barrow-in-Furness, on a capstan lathe with Messrs. Vickers Armstrong; A. Needham, as a tobacconist at Holloway Road, N.19, a shop until recently held by H. S. Holden, who has now moved to Hindley, Lancashire.

### Letters to the Editor

To the Editor, "St. Dunstan's Review."  
DEAR SIR,

There may be a few of our fellows who might be in a position to help solve the problems of the Deaf-Blind in London. It would mean paying them a visit now and again, or writing in Braille. A few lessons and a little practice soon makes it possible to communicate with them. If anyone is interested I would be able to put them in touch with a deaf-blind person in their locality.

Yours sincerely,  
W. T. SCOTT.

46 Leigham Avenue, S.W.16.

To the Editor, "St. Dunstan's Review."  
DEAR SIR,

I have been reading on the talking book "The Riddle of the World," a series of lectures in theology by Dr. Cairns. I found it pretty heavy going in parts, but Anthony MacDonald, the reader, provided a spot of light relief at the end of the first half of the second record. After the usual "This book will be continued on the other side of the record," I let it run on for a few seconds whilst attending to the machine, and, to my surprise, the voice came on again presumably talking to an assistant—"Slam on before you mark it, eh luv?"

Yours truly,  
FRED RIPLEY.

Leatherhead.

(Enquiry at the Talking Book studio revealed that the procedure is for Mr. Pinder to mark up the details relating to one recording before going on with the next. The meaning, therefore, of this affectionate injunction may be interpreted as "I am in a hurry. Let's get on with the next recording before you fiddle about with your marking up."—ED.)

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

Since I made an offer of Ange Marie creams to St. Dunstaners' wives and daughters, I have had many requests asking if it was possible to obtain Vanishing and Cleansing Creams only, and I am pleased to say that this can be done. The two creams can be sent, post free, on receipt of postal order for eight shillings. When ordering, will friends state whether they wish the Vanishing cream

white or tinted. Special boxes have been made for Christmas orders.

Will friends please note that the name of my company is now Ange Marie, Ltd., but of the same address.

Yours sincerely,  
A. G. FISHER.

6 Whitehill Gardens,  
Glasgow.

### Venetian Blind!

The gondolier smiled broadly and spat. "That is where the bad Lord Byron lived." I yawned and sank further into the dilapidated upholstery of the ancient gondola. Venice bored me from the start with its hoards of foreign tourists, spivs in the guise of photographers and postcard vendors, they seemed so out of place in this romantic age-old city.

Where was this romance and glamour to-day? At the Palace of the Doges maybe—St. Mark's Cathedral perhaps, but not for all the mosaic work in Venice could I find it. When the cafe orchestras in St. Mark's Square struck up, I thought I was being offered a portion, but I was wrong. Boogy did not fit in, even to a jive fiend like myself, and the rhythm was subsequently lost in the milling cosmopolitan crowds.

The life-blood of Venice is its tourist trade, and no doubt this is well catered for. The shops are magnificent, the wares breath-taking, with prices to match, at least to us poor British. We contented ourselves with a few small trinkets, whilst the Americans went for the big stuff—"Whatever the price, I'll buy it."

The gondolier suddenly announced in a vino cracked voice "Bridge of Sighs." Absentmindedly I let trail my fingers in the dirty waters below—and I sighed.

J. A. LEE.

(Author's note: The foregoing was my impression of Venice, recently visited by my wife and myself during a tour of North Italy. The whole of the trip was very enjoyable; everywhere visited came up to our expectations with this one exception. Italy has made an amazing recovery since the war. Only three years ago, where people once begged for bread and sold their souls for cigarettes, we now found a certain prosperity. Reports on how it has been achieved vary, but hard work on the part of the Italian people must have played a large part.—J.A.L.)

### The Muffled Drums' Reunion

This year found us all at Ovingdean where C. Jay, a new deaf St. Dunstaner, joined us. On September 30th we sat down to a dinner with Matron, Commandant and other senior members of the staff, and both Matron and Commandant told us how pleased they were to welcome us there. Saturday morning found us strolling along the top of the cliffs with our V.A.D. escorts and in the afternoon we went into Brighton, from where we boarded a small yacht and sailed along the coast to Newhaven and back. We were joined in the evening by members of the Sussex Deaf Association and a jolly match of fives and threes dominoes was played which we won; this was followed by supper and a few words from Matron and the Rev. Williams, who had brought along the sighted deaf.

On Sunday afternoon we went by coach to Alfriston for tea. We found two donkeys in a field and Joe Jordan and Williams put their arms round the donkeys' necks and had a chat with them. Snapshots were taken while many two-legged donkeys stood by busting with laughter. So would have you!

On Monday, Mr. Mackay, our Welfare Superintendent, had an individual chat with each man and in the evening we went to the dance, which was a topper! We visited Northgate House on Tuesday morning, where we found a party of happy children of St. Dunstaners. The house is a splendid one, delightfully situated with a fine view of the glorious South Downs and sea. It has lovely grounds for the children to play in during fine weather, a large conservatory and plenty of toys and games inside.

After lunch we met Sir Ian and Lady Fraser. Now it may be thought that Sir Ian enters a room, we deaf are told, all let fly at him at once with many and varied questions, and the whole affair develops into confusion. Nothing of the kind. Sir Ian sits with Lady Fraser, Matron and Commandant and a stenographer. Each man has an interpreter and after Sir Ian has expressed his pleasure at meeting us again, he calls upon us one at a time in alphabetical order to ask any questions or make suggestions. These are translated by the interpreters, who are V.A.D.s, and Sir Ian replies slowly and with pauses, so his replies can be also translated. W. Ruddock

brought along the N.I.D. badge, which is a dark red one with gold letters, "DEAF" upon it, and suggested it might be worn with our St. Dunstan's badge. The idea was supported and Sir Ian who was impressed, will investigate a suitable design for those who would like one.

Questions over, we took tea with Sir Ian and Lady Fraser, after which they took their leave.

On Wednesday we went to Barcombe Mills, where some of us had an unusual experience, for in the past the V.A.D. sat in the stern of a boat steering on a lake or river, while we took the sculls, but on this occasion we lounged in the punt while the V.A.D. took the paddle! Our trip along the river over, we took tea in the old mill. In the evening we all sat down to a farewell dinner at which the different departments of Ovingdean were represented. The meal over, Commandant made a delightful little speech which was replied to by different "Muffled Drums" during which great tribute was made to Matron Pain, her V.A.D.s and orderlies. It was also mentioned by Jordan that if there had been any mistakes it was on our part. Jordan, by the way, had a most embarrassing experience. He had his left hand on a small glass, his right on a large glass, and a huge cigar between his lips and a charming V.A.D. on either side of him, and didn't know which to use his hand and lips for first!

Like last year, all too soon we had to pack our bags and twiddle our fingers for the last time this year and say "So long." It might be interesting to know the Muffled Drums are the first holiday boys at Ovingdean for nearly ten years. We can recommend it. You'll enjoy a stay at Ovingdean.

THE WANDERER.

### From the Chairman's Post-Bag

"I was wondering if some arrangement might be made with the B.B.C. so that the Talking Book Department might be allowed to record for their use the wireless plays."

GEORGE MORTIMER.

Sir Ian replies: "We have seriously considered recording broadcast plays, but we feel that we would be duplicating what is already available, and thus depriving the blind of a certain amount of reading material. Our Library is so limited that we do not want to put into it anything that can be heard through another medium."

### West House Notes

As our time at West House draws to a close, we try to make the most of all the entertainment and gaiety we can, but those men, escorts and staff who attended the party given by Simpson's of Piccadilly on September 8th had no difficulty in having a really superb evening. Sixty-two from West House joined the London men and other guests at 6 p.m. for cocktails, after which they adjourned to the Ballroom and downstairs bar. Everything, as usual whenever Simpson's give a party for the lads, was splendidly arranged and their staff gave of their best service. The band with Mr. Teddy Lawford was excellent. Free beer was provided and other delicious refreshments.

We had several breaks from dancing during the evening, the first being when Sir Ian, Dr. Simpson, Colonel E. Baker, O.B.E., M.C. (a distinguished figure in the Blind World of North America and Canada), and other guests, including one of the Australian trainees, Trevor Baker, from Ovingdean, made brief speeches. Later we had three cabaret turns, and then, with half an hour's dancing in between, came Judy Shirley and Jack Barker, whose turn met with much applause. Last, but not least, we had our friend, Thora Hird, who has previously visited West House and has caught not a little of the St. Dunstan's spirit. Dancing was resumed and we broke up at 11 p.m., and I might add no one needed rocking on arriving back in Brighton in the region of 1 a.m. on the Friday morning.

On September 10th we had our annual tea party for the escorts. All our guests appeared to enjoy themselves and we had several competitions. We were so happy that Lady Fraser, Matron Pain and the Misses Carlton and Heap from Ovingdean were able to come along to make the acquaintance of our escorts.

Friday night dances have been well attended and on the 23rd the men down for the week-end for the Sir Arthur Pearson Cup Games at Ovingdean joined our boys here.

Several of our men went to the Battle of Britain Service at the Dome on Sunday, September 19th.

September, as most of you know, was not without its note of sadness and we

were all very grieved at the passing of "Sammy" Shields and Harold Birley.

It is hoped to give you the news of the last twenty-two days' activities at West House in the November issue of the REVIEW, which will, of course, be published after we have closed down for the re-building.

### Bowls

A blind bowls player in New Zealand—not a St. Dunstaner but a World War I veteran who lost his sight at his work a few years afterwards—has sent us a most interesting Press cutting relating to his skill at bowls. He is Mr. F. A. Clarke, of Hazel Street, Upper Hutt, Wellington, New Zealand. We feel that bowls players among St. Dunstaners might be interested in his prowess at this game and if they would like to get in touch with him, will probably get some enjoyment from correspondence on their mutual hobby.

Our friends in the Dominions seem keener players of bowls than we have so far been. Captain Gilbert Nobbs recently took a party of blinded Australian St. Dunstaners to the Bowling Green at Manly. "Local bowlers," wrote "Reveille," the Australian magazine for returned ex-Servicemen, "were intrigued as to whether they would master the game. Not only was it proved that the game was possible for blinded soldiers, but they showed uncanny skill—a number of shots receiving well-merited applause from the spectators."

The President of the Club welcomed the blinded "diggers," saying that the game that day was unique. He hoped that the game would bring to the blinded players that spirit of comradeship so emblematic of the sport. In reply, Captain Nobbs said those there to-day would inspire others. This would not be for showmanship, but the fulfilment of the wish to fraternise with their fellow men.

### Razor Blades Wanted

Chris Williams, of Kingston, would welcome old, clean razor blades in any quantity. He has found a market for them and is selling them for the benefit of the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association.

Gifts of blades should be sent to him at 36 Tudor Road, Kingston-on-Thames.

### From London To Worthing —By Taxi!

On Friday, September 9th, twenty-five London St. Dunstaners and their escorts were given a very enjoyable outing to Worthing by the Fulham Taxi and Allied Trades Benevolent Association. The following is a first-hand account by a St. Dunstaner who was one of the guests:—

"After assembling at 191 Marylebone Road at 9 a.m., each couple was given the number of a taxi, whereupon the driver of that vehicle was responsible for his fare throughout the day. We moved off to a good start and drove via Hyde Park and Fulham to the open country. A splendid drive through lanes took us to the village of Lowfield Green, in Sussex, where a halt was called for sandwiches and liquid refreshments, provided by the local British Legion and Women's Institute. After this welcome break we again boarded our respective taxis and proceeded in convoy to the amazement of the villagers, who stared open-eyed at twenty-five London taxis disturbing the peace of the Sussex countryside, and wondered if it was some new manoeuvre or anti-invasion venture!

We finally arrived at Worthing prompt at 1 p.m., where we drove along the front to Bestmays. We alighted and were greeted by the Mayor and Mayoress of Worthing. After the mayoral welcome, we entered Bestmays for a delightful lunch of chicken, ice-cream, etc., with drinks to suit every palate! After the toast to the King was drunk, the Mayor made a short speech of welcome, followed by a few words from Mr. L. W. Wightman, the Secretary of the Fulham Taxi Benevolent Association. Mr. C. E. Thomas responded on behalf of St. Dunstan's. The party then broke up and spent a lovely afternoon wandering round Worthing, escorted by their drivers. We returned to Bestmays for tea at 5 p.m., then set out in convoy once more for the return journey to London, again stopping at Lowfield Green for excellent refreshments. With some difficulty everybody was persuaded to rejoin the taxis and we were all taken as near to our homes as possible.

I would like to pay tribute to the organisers for the well-timed and faultless planning in this day's outing. It was indeed a great success and pleasure to us all."  
H.C.

### Talking Book Library

A mixed bag of six books has, I believe, put paid to a few of the already groaning library shelves. History, adventure, and whimsy cover the books as rough headings.

"The Private Adventure of Captain Shaw," by Edith Shay, read Lionel Marson, is set in the late eighteenth century and depicts a young Yankee sea skipper detained by the French during the Reign of Terror, his vicissitudes and subsequent triumph. There is a two-fold love interest and, in all, it is quite a good yarn.

"The Purple Plain," by H. E. Bates, read Franklyn Engelmann, is a last war story of the R.A.F. in Burma at a period when those initials no longer meant our Royal Absent Friends. A fine sample of descriptive writing, plus nervous tension, a beautiful portion of Burmese overtime, and the inevitable prang make a wizzo story.

The Collected Short Stories of E. M. Forster, by, strangely enough, E. M. Forster, read Arthur Bush, is the best of its kind to date, and of the collection "The Machine Stops" was the yarn I preferred.

"Garibaldi and the Making of Italy," by G. M. Trevelyan, read Duncan Carse, is beautifully written history, and personally, I bracket this man, G. M. Trevelyan, with Winston Spencer Churchill as the literary giants of our day.

"The Story of an African Farm," by Olive Schreiner, read Gordon Little, is the whimsy part of my heading, but is interspersed with anecdotal fact. A tragedy of two girls and a boy during their upbringing on the veldt. A trifle dated but interesting.

"Judith Paris," by Hugh Walpole, read Eric Gillett, is somewhat heavy going, in the author's series of the Herries family, and, I suspect, the reader had great difficulty in remaining awake over some prosy passages. The Cumberland setting is refreshing but the scarcity of incident makes the book tedious.

Blessings!

"FATHER NELSON."

★ ★ ★

T. Till, of Lancaster, is back in this country after a 9,000-mile round trip by plane to Arizona. He had been away nearly a year. On the flight home he was introduced to Carnera, the ex-heavyweight boxing champion.

### Hitch-hiking— with a Wooden Eye

Perhaps you will say there is nothing remarkable about this story; it is only a record of a hitch-hike of 250 miles by a man of 41 and a boy of 14. As, however, the planning and completion of this journey has had the effect of restoring my self-confidence and dispelling the growing sense of frustration that was getting me down, it may also encourage others. Also, it facilitated the annual fortnight's holiday in the West Country, otherwise impossible through high costs.

My son, a Scout, suggested hitch-hiking. He had a tent weighing 4½ lbs., mess tin, solid fuel cooker, enamel mug, ground-sheet, four ex-army blankets and toilet case, and my wife made two rucksacks from coat canvas at a cost of 3s. 11d. When fully packed, they weighed 24 lbs. each. Sufficient rationed goods were included to allow four breakfasts to be cooked; for other meals we relied on cafes.

The route was checked; all that was wanted was fine weather. We started from Brighton on August 17th in brilliant sunshine, and at Worthing we received our first lift—a most fortunate one. Arundel, Chichester, Havant and Romsey were quickly left behind, and we were set down in Salisbury in time for lunch and a visit to the Cathedral. Reluctantly we left its cool shade behind and set off along the hot, dusty road to Wilton. At Shaftesbury a Somerset miller responded to our signals; he entertained us vastly while making his village calls, which ended at Mudford, three miles from Yeovil, where we decided to spend the night. A man in an orchard proved to be the village postmaster, baker and general storekeeper, and promptly offered us the orchard as a site. Whilst I made the beds, Brian prepared a welcome supper of eggs, cheese and salad, eaten in the hush of a cool and lovely evening. I fell asleep thinking how easily we had covered more than half the journey in pleasant and diverse companionship.

Reveille was crowed by a cock at 5.45 a.m.—a cloudy morning, hot and oppressive. As I completed my toilet, inwardly blessing the soft West Country water that allows one to shave comfortably in cold water, large thunder drops fell in scattered flurries. Soon we were on the road for Yeovil, and

took a 'bus through the town. On the Crewkerne road rain was falling heavily, but after a small private bus had carried us to Chard, there was bright sunshine again. Thence a 16-mile tramp to Honiton, where an Army officer offered us a lift to the Exeter by-pass. After lunch in a cafe, and a four-mile walk with thunder threatening, a van picked us up and soon we were entering the Plymouth city boundaries; as we did so the sun broke through. We were completing our trip as we had begun it, in beautiful sunshine. We made our way along the lovely Armada Way, and in a few minutes were at our destination—two days earlier than we had thought. We were on top of the world.

So, after a year of feeling my movements restricted, and inability to live normally since I was both blind and diabetic, I have regained morale, self-respect and confidence; I can now return to St. Dunstan's with the knowledge that my future career is assured of success.

And my wooden eye (my walking stick) is safely parked in the hall stand, waiting for the next summer holiday.

Footnote—Expenditure on meals, 15s. 2d.  
C.V.L.M.

### Summer Holiday at Northgate

It was with a very sad heart that I said "goodbye" to Northgate, after my lovely summer holiday, my last visit there.

The weather was simply perfect; most days we were on the beach where we had immense fun bathing, also catching shrimps, in which everyone had great interest.

One afternoon we all went into Brighton to see the Viking ship, which was really very interesting, and, to our great surprise, went out in a motor boat which sailed right round the ship.

We often went for the most beautiful walks. We would set off with our tea packed up in the old pram, nicknamed the "Hugin," and would make our way up over the Downs.

The view from Northgate is really wonderful. From the windows both the sea and the Downs can be seen, also the dear old windmill, which looks over the village.

I would like to say to all those children who have not yet been to Northgate, to try and persuade your parents to let you go. You can be assured of enjoying a really good holiday. MARY LOVERIDGE.

### St. Dunstan's Camps

"What are these Camps?" I am so often asked by St. Dunstaners who have never been. And new campers tell me after the first day, "We never thought it was like this!"

Well, what are they? They were started by the Navy in 1945—Commodore Lacombe heard how St. Dunstaners before the war had held camps and that war conditions, rations, etc., made a revival very difficult. He said "I think the Navy could help. We can give you accommodation, feed you, and arrange a programme of entertainments."

So the Navy took us "on board," and gave us that warm-hearted welcome which belongs to the Services. They were a little shy at first, but, as usual, St. Dunstaners soon put them at their ease; then they enjoyed it as much as their guests. Year after year I have been told that our visit is good for the morale of the station, and that there are no grouses for weeks after we leave.

In five years we have made many good friends at Lee-on-Solent. Two of the best friends ever have been transferred from H.M.S. Daedalus to St. Dunstan's—I mean Commandant Fawcett and Chiefy Moore.

What a summer this has been! At Lee this year we could sun-bathe and sea-bathe all the time. The Solent was calm and lovely for our trips to the Isle of Wight in Air-Sea Rescue Boats, and St. Dunstaners took the helm in turn. There were conducted parties round the air station to inspect all the new types of planes, and campers went into the link trainer to get the sensation of piloting an aircraft.

A three-mile walking race, with naval escorts, made a great impression on the Navy, who are putting up a silver challenge cup next year, to be kept in the Ward Room, and a miniature cup for the winner. The Navy's estimate for the time for the course was 40 minutes. Congratulations to:

Jerry Jerome, home in 26 mins.	
Duggie Faulkner, 1st T.B.	26.10 sec.
Paddy Campbell, "	26.25 sec.
George Fallowfield	26.40 sec.

Next morning a programme of field sports was laid on. Joe Kibbler's time in the running surprised the Navy.

Our evenings were spent at parties and dances in a different mess each night, the

messes competing to see who can arrange the best show.

The popularity of the week at Lee has made it impossible for years to find enough beds for all who apply, so this summer the R.A.F. were asked if they would have a Camp as well. They offered a most delightful site at Shawbury R.A.F. Station. Being near Church Stretton I thought this would appeal to men who knew that country in their training days.

It was all new to the R.A.F., and at first they were a little over-anxious, and so afraid we should not find enough amusement. I think they were amazed how happy we were in our own party, rowing, swimming, basking in the sun, playing cards, etc. My husband joined the party at Shawbury on the third day of camp and was amused to hear all the R.A.F. discussing what they would do at the camp "next year."

The "barracks" were not like barracks at all. Everyone had a room to himself, with fitted drawers and cupboards. Two charming sitting rooms at a Y.M.C.A. were put at our disposal with radiogram, wireless, and tea at all hours, and there was also a most friendly sergeants' mess.

Shawbury is rather different to Lee. It is a quiet country holiday, with swimming and rowing, country walks, and darts at the village local. Some days, trips to Shrewsbury, and a glorious day in the Carding Mill Valley at Church Stretton. Some evenings were left free and there were two dances and a very good show in the theatre by well known B.B.C. stars.

Thank you, R.A.F.

A. SPURWAY.

### Stewart MacPherson Thanks St. Dunstaners

From the "Sunday Chronicle," September 18th:

"But let me be serious for just one moment. I do want humbly to thank those most gracious people in St. Dunstan's who have sent me those far too complimentary letters in braille.

They will be a cherished possession of mine. I don't quite know how to say 'thank you' really, but if that Canadian tongue of mine can perhaps help you to 'see' the things you cannot, I shall be a very happy man.

Thank you, gentlemen, for a great compliment."

STEWART MACPHERSON.

### Ovingdean Notes

Variety, they say, is the spice of life. This then may be one reason why it is hard for us to realise that not a month has yet passed since our return to the Training Centre from our summer holiday.

Straight away we found ourselves enveloped in a host of different activities. Firstly, there was the Physiotherapy Conference and almost immediately afterwards we welcomed to Ovingdean the finalists to the St. Dunstan's Club games. These came from all parts of the country and though they stayed only for a week-end yet it gave us all, staff and trainees, an opportunity of meeting some of the men who, we hope, will be coming to Ovingdean in increasing numbers as time goes on. The result of the games will be reported elsewhere in the REVIEW, so it only remains for us to say we hope our visitors enjoyed themselves.

About the Deaf Reunion, which has just ended, we will say little except that if the fellows enjoyed themselves as much as we did in having them, then they surely had a grand time—and we believe they did. We shall look forward to their return.

Amongst our visitors to Ovingdean this month we have been happy to welcome Colonel Baker, from the Canadian N.I.B. and himself a St. Dunstaner of World War I. He came first as a guest of the Physiotherapy Conference and later returned to make a tour of the Training Centre to get first-hand knowledge of what is being done here.

The really remarkably fine weather we have had this summer made it possible for us to enjoy to the full the excellent arrangements made by Mr. Cheeseman (London) for the last River trip of the season. On this occasion, as previously, we were joined by other disabled ex-Servicemen and, to the accompaniment of a special band on board, we steamed gaily down the Thames to Windsor.

A very pleasant evening was organised for our visiting Darts Match Team when they visited Worthing on September 21st. The host was, once again, the Mayor of Worthing who, by this time, is counted as an old friend of the team.

### Test Results

Preliminary.—J. G. Hill, A. Hodges.  
Advanced.—J. H. E. Davies, R. Evans.

Senior.—D. Jennings.

Writing.—T. Baker (Australian), H. Duxbury, C. Fraser, G. Clarkson, E. Crook, J. Blakeley, C. G. S. Oliver, J. H. E. Davies.

Typing.—M. Wesley, W. P. Scott.

### A Modern Application for a Job!

DEAR SIR,

By your advertisement I see you are needing the assistance of a highly experienced, reliable and intelligent telephone operator, with exceptional qualifications. As that exactly describes myself, you are fortunate to meet me; I shall be free next week and might help you. My present firm has been enjoying my assistance for ten years; they are most distressed at my departure and at a loss to know how they can carry on without me.

Should I accept your post, my requirements are:

1. Ten pounds a week salary, to be paid in advance.
2. A five-day week and a five-hour day.
3. Two months' holiday, to be fixed by myself.
4. For transport, either a car or allowance to cover taxi fares.
5. Canteen meals to be provided, or some equivalent.
6. Nobody else to be allowed in my office or to control my work.

It will be well to reply by return or you risk the disappointment of losing me. You have twenty-four hours to consider, after which time no reply can receive attention.

Yours (if you are lucky enough to get me),  
S. B.

### A Puff of Smoke

The new Sister was escorting two St. Dunstaners to a place of entertainment. St. Dunstaner: "Sister, when we get there will you see if you can get me a Manniken?" "A mannequin, Jimmy," slightly astonished. "Yes, I often get one there, I like them." Sister, more perturbed than ever: "But I don't know how to get one for you, I've never been asked before." St. Dunstaner: "Why, you've only to ask and they'll soon say if they have one." Sister now takes the plunge. "But, Jimmy, mannequins are girls." "Girls, I don't want a girl, I want to smoke!" Collapse of second St. Dunstaner, and was Sister's face red! "WESTHOUSIAN."

### Young St. Dunstaners

Raymond Burgin, Southwick, has passed the University of London Intermediate examination in Science and now hopes to go forward to his final Honours Degree.

Raymond Sharpe, Kirkstall, Leeds, who has been trained at the Royal Military School of Music, gained a second prize for clarinet playing from 250 candidates and an additional certificate for the violin.

Leonard Frampton, Highams Park, has passed his Inter B.Sc. (Eng.) examination and was also referred in one subject of the first part.

Norman Hunt, Regent's Park, has matriculated with three distinctions and five credits.

Jean Clover, Long Melford, has passed her Cambridge School Certificate with eight credits and one pass.

Brenda Hazel, S.W.19, has passed her Higher School Certificate with exemption from the Intermediate.

Mr. and Mrs. Hildick's son, of the Metropolitan Police, has done well in examinations and hopes shortly to go into the C.I.D.

Maisie Gore (*nee* Maisie Taylor), Bournemouth, who last year won the "Sunday Pictorial" Open Air Girl competition, with a free week at Butlin's Camp, this year won the "Holiday Princess" competition at the same camp.

### Marriages

Jean McCairn, Birkenhead, on July 16th to Matthew Anderson.

Eileen Milner, Aintree, on July 23rd to J. W. Lynch.

Robert Kennedy, Barnhill, by Dundee, on May 7th to Helen Montague.

David Hollinrake, Haslingden, on April 2nd to Dorothy Preston.

Raymond Boase, Bradford, on July 23rd to Marjorie Hilda Litt.

Dennis Temperton, Ingleton, on August 13th to Joan Adams; and Betty Temperton to James Fletcher.

Frederick Porter, Seven Kings, on July 23rd, to Joyce Munford.

Joan Hill, Blackpool, on September 19th.

Edward Brockie, Torphins, on September 1st, to Frieda Fry.

### Grandfather

W. Samworth, Edgware. His son, Terence, who used to work at St. Dunstan's, now has a son.

### Colonel E. R. Bickerton

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of that good friend of St. Dunstan's, Colonel R. E. Bickerton, R.A.M.C. (T.), D.S.O., M.B., CH.B., who has been a member of St. Dunstan's Ophthalmic Advisory Board since its formation in 1922, and Honorary Secretary of the Medical Advisory Committee since 1930.

Colonel Bickerton took much more than an ordinary professional interest in the men of St. Dunstan's, and hundreds of men of both wars who passed through his hands will remember with deep affection his wise advice and generous friendly care.

A Memorial Service was held at the Church of All Saints, Margaret Street, London, on September 19th, at which St. Dunstan's was represented by Mr. L. Banks, Pensions Officer, and the men of St. Dunstan's by Messrs. H. Crabtree, N. Downs, and W. Lacey. Corporal Major Dawkins escorted the party.

Among the wreaths sent for the funeral were poppy wreaths from St. Dunstan's officers and men, the Executive Council of St. Dunstan's, and Sir Ian and Lady Fraser.

### Silver Weddings

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. W. Muir, Whitley Bay, July 26th, Mr. and Mrs. T. Milner, Aintree, Liverpool, September 23rd, and Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Brown, Burton-on-Trent, September 27th.

### Thoughts at Armistice

#### Friends at Rest

*Grieve not, gentle souls. The night of waiting  
Passes in swift tranquillity away,  
And the sympathetic stars that fill your eyes  
Fade in the promise of approaching day.  
Yet pray for us; earth's self-diminished hour  
Of meteoric flight draws to its close;  
For even as you bend in prayer, shall come  
That dawning whence the light supernal flows.*

*Grieve not, good friends, but take your rest  
In the pleasant anteroom of Paradise,  
'Till full perfection clothe you with its grace  
And soothe and satisfy your deepest sighs.  
Earth melts away; yet with its perishing  
Heaven's morning breaks in sweet, unending day.  
'Twill not be long, for the fingertips of time  
Already touch the hilltops far away.*

R. J. V.

## “ In Memory ”

### Corporal Charles McIntosh, 5th Highland Light Infantry

With deep regret we have to record the death of Charles McIntosh, a St. Dunstaner whom many of the early training days will remember as an outstanding and fine personality. He served from August 11th until October, 1916, and came to St. Dunstan's soon afterwards. He was wounded at Gallipoli; he not only lost his sight but his right leg and one finger were amputated. He trained first as a shorthand typist, then as a poultry farmer and worked with great success in Scotland for many years.

A short while ago he was taken ill. He was to have attended the Edinburgh Reunion for the presentation to Miss Wood, in which he had taken an active part, but this was impossible. He was taken to hospital in Edinburgh, where he died on September 1st.

A wreath from Sir Ian Fraser and his friends at St. Dunstan's was sent for the funeral in Edinburgh. Our deep sympathy goes out to his widow and family.

### Trooper John Hugh Matthews, 2nd Life Guards

It is with deep regret that we record the death of J. H. Matthews, of Rhyl. Serving from November 20th, 1914, he was wounded in December, 1916, and he came to us two years later. He trained as a basket maker, and he carried on this work right up to within a short while of his death. He had, however, not been a fit man for a considerable time. He was admitted to hospital on August 12th, and he died there five days later.

Among the flowers at the funeral was a poppy wreath from the Chairman and his St. Dunstan's friends. We extend our deep sympathy to his wife and family.

### Private Harold Birley, 2-5th Manchester Regiment

We record with deep regret the death of H. Birley, of Swinton, Lancs., who came to St. Dunstan's in August, 1917, after having been wounded at Cambrai. He trained in boot-repairing and mat-making, and worked at his trade for many years, but his health had begun to fail and he was obliged eventually to give up boot-repairing. Some time ago he had a severe heart attack, but he was especially anxious to spend his holiday with his friends, particularly J. L. Housden, at Brighton. To our regret he was taken ill and died the day after his arrival at West House.

His body was taken home for burial, and Mrs. Dunphy, St. Dunstaner W. Joyce, Mrs. Eaton and Mrs. Lang, of the Manchester Club, were present at the funeral, for which a wreath was sent from Sir Ian Fraser. Our sympathy goes out to his wife and family.

### Gunner Edward Bates, Royal Horse Artillery

With deep regret we record the death of E. Bates, of Guildford. When the war of 1914-1918 broke out, he was serving as a regular soldier with his regiment. He was wounded in October, 1914, and came to St. Dunstan's in April, 1915, one of the first twelve men to be admitted. He trained as a masseur, but in 1946 he was forced to give up working on account of his poor health. His wife had nursed him devotedly but she herself became ill, and it was arranged that he should go to Ovingdean, but he died there on September 21st.

The funeral took place at Leatherhead, and among the many flowers was a poppy wreath from Sir Ian Fraser and his St. Dunstan's friends.

Our deep sympathy is extended to his wife and family.

## Births

EARNSHAW.—On September 22nd, to the wife of H. Earnshaw, of Morris Green, Bolton, a daughter—Brenda Ann.

FOWLER.—On October 6th, to the wife of Stanley Fowler, of Beeston, Notts, a daughter—Yvonne Collette.

GRESSON.—On July 25th, to the wife of F. Gresson, of Horsham, a son—Barry Victor.

PRESTON.—On September 28th, to Isobel, wife of Geoff. Preston, a daughter—Gail.

TINGAY.—On October 10th, to the wife of R. Tingay, of Patcham, a son—Michael Roland.

TREVELION.—On October 5th, to the wife of L. Trevelion, of Margate, a daughter—Eileen Elizabeth.

## Death

CORNS.—Our deep sympathy goes out to Isaac Corns, at present in Victoria, Australia, who lost his wife on September 14th.

## Marriages

CHADWICK—SHIELS.—On July 29th, C. Chadwick, of Rochdale, to Miss R. Shiels.

MILLER — FOSTER.—On September 24th, H. S. Miller, of Skegness, to Mrs. Foster.

PENNELL — GOLDSMITH-DEBONAIRE.—At St. Mark's Church, Brighton, on September 10th, C. J. Pennells, of Brighton, to A. M. Goldsmith-Debonaire.