

# ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Men and Women Blinded on War Service

No. 375—VOLUME XXXIV

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[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN]

## CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

MR. W. G. Askew, O.B.E., has completed thirty-one years' service at St. Dunstan's and has attained the age of sixty years. The normal retiring age for men in St. Dunstan's service is sixty-five years. Mr. Askew has expressed to the Council his desire to take things a little more easily as he is, like many of us, getting older, and he suggested going on to part-time work. Mr. Askew is one of those men who never does things by halves, and is an extremely hard worker, and I think he is very wise after the strain of recent years to let up a bit. The Council and I personally welcome the opportunity of ensuring that his extremely valuable services shall continue to be available to us in the fields in which they are most difficult to replace, and we have accordingly agreed that he shall go on to part-time work at part-time salary for the remaining five years of his service. Mr. Askew will move his office to South Audley Street, where he will attend several days a week, and Mr. Lloyds will be appointed to the office of deputy secretary and will be in charge of all the administrative work carried on from Marylebone Road. Mr. Askew will continue to hold the office of Secretary of St. Dunstan's and will advise the Council and the Chairman on matters relating to our outside relations with the Government and other bodies and our general policy. He will also act as secretary to the Council and remain the head of the staff. This change will be a great advantage to St. Dunstan's, for the complexity of our business has grown greatly in recent years and St. Dunstan's is a vast undertaking involving great responsibility for those in charge. Mr. Askew will have more time for thinking and helping to plan and guide at the highest level which is very necessary in these days. Mr. Askew has been my colleague for over thirty years now, and no one knows better than I the value of his single-minded and wise judgment. The present disturbed state of the world involves a widespread organisation like ours in the making of plans to meet all emergencies, and I have the more confidence in placing these matters in Mr. Askew's hands if he is free from day to day administrative, executive and staffing problems. Mr. Lloyds, who is a chartered accountant, has been our financial secretary for some years, and since his return from a Japanese prison camp has been taking more and more responsibility. All will, I feel sure, wish Mr. Askew enjoyment of his next five years of important work and will wish good luck to Mr. Lloyds in his new responsibility.

IAN FRASER.

### London Reunion Dance

The London Reunion Dance will take place again this year at the Seymour Hall, Seymour Place, London, W.1 (close to Marylebone Tube Station), on Wednesday, November 29th, from 7.30 to 11 p.m.

This dance is primarily for St. Dunstaners living in the London area, and it is not possible to book any accommodation for those who cannot return to their homes the same night.

One ticket will admit a St. Dunstaner and one escort; (it is regretted that children under sixteen cannot be included).

Application for tickets should be made to Mr. Mackay, at Headquarters, *as soon as possible*, and in any case not later than Monday, November 6th.

### The Queen's Tribute

On July 17th, Her Majesty the Queen concluded her visit to Northern Ireland with a visit to the Lord Roberts' Memorial Workshops at Castlereagh. Her Majesty spoke to a number of the fifty disabled ex-servicemen employed there, and in declaring the building open said: "We all owe a special debt to those who have been disabled in the war. We cannot discharge it better than by doing everything in our power to enable those who have fought our battles to recapture their longed-for independence, and thereby once more to take their place among their fellow men to lead again a useful and contented life."

### Mr. Banks' Marriage

On August 12th, the marriage took place of Mr. Leslie Banks, M.B.E., Pensions Officer at St. Dunstan's, to Miss Muriel Joan Winder, of Hove. Miss Winder was a car driver for St. Dunstan's, at Brighton, until last year, when she left to take up another appointment.

The congratulations and good wishes of all St. Dunstaners will go out to them.

Many St. Dunstaners have expressed a wish to subscribe to a wedding present for Mr. and Mrs. Banks. The Commandant has offered to act as Honorary Treasurer, and contributions should be sent to him at Ovingdean.

### Placements

J. Miller, of Glasgow, as a capstan lathe operator with Messrs. L. Sterne & Co., Ltd.; T. Woods, of Chorley, as a cafe proprietor.

### West House

By the time St. Dunstaners receive their REVIEW, the work of reconstructing West House will be finished, and the men who have to reside permanently at St. Dunstan's will have been transferred from Ovingdean and Blackpool, where they have been temporarily accommodated. The few remaining beds are already earmarked for men requiring extended convalescence in a quiet surrounding, with the nursing and medical facilities which will be available there.

The contractors have done their work well, and they are only a week or two later than we originally contemplated.

Mrs. R. Avison, who is a qualified nurse, has been appointed Matron, and many St. Dunstaners will know and remember her as she assisted us in a temporary capacity for some months in 1946 and 1947, and again in 1949, when we required skilled help in the sick wards.

### Wilfred Pickles Keeps a Promise

"Dickie" Richardson opened his tobacconist's shop in Worcester on August 22nd, and Wilfred Pickles kept a three-year-old promise to be his first customer. The promise was made to "Dickie" when Wilfred visited St. Dunstan's Training Centre at Ovingdean in 1947, in his radio feature, "Have a Go."

Not only were Wilfred Pickles and Mrs. Pickles there, but the Mayor of Worcester and the Mayoress were present, and Colonel Eric Ball, Senior Member of our Council, represented St. Dunstan's. After making his first purchase, Wilfred took off his coat and turned salesman—and the police had to keep the crowds in check!

When the little ceremony was over, Dickie and his party were invited to lunch at the Guildhall, at the invitation of the Mayor.

It was altogether a great day!

### Board Residence

St. Dunstaners visiting London, their wives, families and guide dogs (if any) are cordially invited to stay at Mernay House Private Hotel, 53 Bembridge Villas, Notting Hill Gate, London, W.11. (Owned and managed by St. Dunstaner John Martin).

### London Club Notes

On Saturday, September 2nd, the London Club reopened and on that afternoon the Bridge Section started off with a well attended Drive, and in the evening a merry coachload set off for the "Prince of Wales," Buckhurst Hill, for a keenly contested Darts, Dominoes and Crib match. Our hosts presented us with a new dart board for the Club and we are looking forward to entertaining their team at our club. On July 15th our walkers competed in a match with the R.A.F. at Halton, and the results shown elsewhere will prove the keenness of all the competitors. After the race we were entertained to tea, and a speech of welcome was made by Flight Lieut. Cobb. Our thanks are due to Ron Towers and the R.A.F. boys who made us so welcome and subscribed to the prizes won by our chaps. We are looking forward to the return match on October 14th.

The London Club is now well in its stride, and we look forward to seeing new faces during the coming winter.

P. ASHTON.

### Outdoor Section

September 23rd—Highgate Harriers Invitation 2 miles walk, Parliament Hill Fields, 2.30 p.m.

October 14th—St. Dunstan's 4 miles walk, Regent's Park, 2.30 p.m., match with R.A.F., Halton.

### Bridge Notes

We started July with a Bridge Drive and honours go to Fred Winter and partner as the winners. Later in the month we were given a good game by Barclays Bank and they won by a good margin. The rest of the month was quiet. As the permanent attendance of the Club is growing, the old idea of teams of eight must give way to teams of twelve, if not it means three quarters of the club sitting out when we have matches, and also that a great deal of the members of the club never get an opportunity of playing competitive bridge at all. Now that we are affiliated with the London Business Houses Association, we are going to extend our range as regards teams who would like to visit us. We have entered a team of four in the league in connection with the L.B.H., and perhaps next year, if it proves a success, we might manage eight.

J. MUIR.

### Indoor Section

The club is once more in full swing and a busy time lies ahead. Details of forthcoming events whenever possible will be announced in the REVIEW and always on the Club notice board. Will members who are able to attend Club regularly please pass on information regarding Club activities to those who are unable to do so. The programme being arranged for the coming winter months has been asked for by members and it is hoped that all functions will be well attended. Please watch this column and the notice board.

A Get Together Dance will be held at the Chelsea Town Hall on October 13th. Admission 2s. 6d. Fully licensed bar, light refreshments, spot prizes. Dancing to Ralph Parkins and his band, 7.30 till 11.0. Tickets can be obtained from Mr. Willis or Miss Ibbetson at the club, or from any Committee Member.

TINY FLEMING.

### Five Mile Walk

Match  
St. Dunstan's v. R.A.F., Halton, 15th July, 1950  
Sealed Handicap in Conjunction

Order of Finish	Name	Club	Time	RESULT	
				H'cp. All.	H'cp. Pos. in H'cp. Time in H'cp.
				m. s.	
1	Gaygan	St. D.	41:28	Scr.	41:28 6
2	Johnson	R.A.F.	42:16	1:05	41:11 5
3	Eastwood	R.A.F.	42:45	1:50	40:55 3
4	Moseling	R.A.F.	45:02	3:00	42:02 8
5	Brown	St. D.	45:18	:50	44:28 12
6	Griffiths	R.A.F.	45:34	4:30	41:04 4
7	Miller	St. D.	45:39	2:40	42:59 11
8	Smith	R.A.F.	46:40	4:20	42:20 9
9	White	R.A.F.	47:39	4:45	42:54 10
10	Hailes	St. D.	47:44	9:50	37:54 1
11	Stafford	St. D.	49:24	10:05	39:19 2
12	Gardner	R.A.F.	50:35	9:05	41:30 7
				R.A.F., Halton 2, 3, 4, 6, 8 =23 points	
				St. Dunstan's 1, 5, 7, 10, 11 =34 points	
				Scratch Prize, Gaygan.	
				Handicap—1st, Hailes.	
				2nd, Stafford.	

### The Retreat from Mons

W. Webb, of Great Houghton, who served in the Connaught Rangers, wants to know what other St. Dunstaners were in the retreat from Mons.

### Blood Donor

D. T. Edwards, of Hatch, Bedfordshire, has been a blood donor thirty-eight times.

### After Thirty-three Years

To those who were fortunate enough to have spent some of their time at the College Annexe in Regent's Park:—

It has been proposed that a Reunion should be held before we all grow too old! The suggested date would be Saturday, November 28th, 1950. A lunch, smokes, chat and afternoon tea, 12.30—5.30 p.m.

A fee of 10s. 6d. would be necessary to cover expenses.

Further details will be announced in the October REVIEW if sufficient numbers of men and ex-V.A.D.s are prepared to co-operate. We do so hope it will be a real family gathering, and that as many as possible will come. Replies must be received by September 30th, and may be sent to any of the undersigned.

We hope to arrange accommodation for any who come from a distance, and cannot be put up by friends in town.

F. C. B. LLOYD, *Hon. Sec.,*  
*Organising Committee.*

W. T. SCOTT, *Hon. Treas.*

DUSTY MILLER, *Assistant Sec.*

Quince Tree Cottage,  
Bolney, Sussex.

### Our First Newspaper Correspondent

W. J. Carthy, of Rainworth, has been appointed Newspaper Correspondent there by the *Mansfield Reporter*. In announcing the appointment, the newspaper gave a report of our St. Dunstan's fine record—first as an active member of a Liverpool aero club, where he learned to fly, then in the R.A.F., his admission to St. Dunstan's and subsequent settlement as a shop-keeper, and lastly his many British Legion, R.A.F.A., and other activities. The article concluded: "The *Mansfield Reporter* has been without a representative for a long time, but the waiting has, we now realise, been well worth while. We take a sense of pride in breaking a St. Dunstaner into journalism."

### Indian St. Dunstaner's Success

Congratulations to Gopal Krishna Unny, late Petty Officer in the Indian Navy, who last June passed his matriculation, and has now gained the Diploma for Public Administration of London University.

### St. Dunstaner Flies to Australia

Our old friend, I. Corns, has just returned to Australia by air. Here is his description of his journey.

★ ★ ★

I started my flight at 10.45 a.m. We flew to Rome, which was the first stop, then took off again, arriving at Cairo on the same day, June 12th, at 9.45 p.m. Here we stayed the night. The next day we were off again, being airborne at 8 a.m. and heading for Karachi, at a height of 1,500ft. and an air speed of 300 miles an hour. Coffee kept us going until lunch time, when we had a large plate of boiled ham, salad with fresh buttered rolls, and a little drop of the "doings" to wash it down. The air hostess then came round and let down the back of our seats so that we could have forty winks. Six hours later we touched down at Karachi. A light dinner and we were airborne again to arrive at Calcutta at 4.30 a.m. Here we refilled our petrol tanks for the big hop to Singapore, which we reached at 3.30 p.m.

Breakfast at 5 a.m., then for the long hop to Darwin. Not once did I lose any meal. I am just as good a flyer as I am a sailor. We landed in Australia at Darwin at 8 p.m. Then comes the fun.

The captain came to tell us that Sydney aerodrome was flooded, and we might have to stay the night. At 2.30 a.m. he came to us again and called for volunteers for the trip to Sydney by flying boat, and little Corns rushed at the chance. Twenty-one of us got aboard the flying boat at 3 a.m., and arrived in Sydney in heavy rain—and believe me it can rain in Sydney. This was at 4.30 p.m. We were then told that a Skymaster was to leave for Melbourne at 5.55 p.m., and the only way to catch it was to get a taxi and rush to the aerodrome, which we did, only to be told that there was to be a delay as the airstrip was under water. However, we were in the air again at 7.50 p.m., heading for Melbourne, and at 9.33 p.m., on June 16th, I was met by my family. A grand meal at my daughter's home, and then the clock struck 2 a.m. Into the car I got with my son and his family and headed for Oakleigh, 20 miles away. More chinwag, and then I made my way to bed at 4 a.m., only to start dreaming of my flight and my air hostess.

P.S.—I think I stood the trip well, as I am seventy years of age. I. C.

### Reunions

On July 4th, Birmingham and District St. Dunstaners held their annual meeting. It was a grand party. Mr. R. Strong, Organising Secretary of Birmingham County Council of the British Legion was the guest of honour who welcomed them. Some forty Midlanders were present.

On Friday, the 7th, Colonel Eric Ball presided at the Cardiff Reunion, at the Park Hotel, and here the British Legion guest was Captain J. Prince, M.B.E., General Secretary of the Cardiff and District Branch.

The Liverpool Meeting, as usual, was spread over two days. Nearly one hundred St. Dunstaners in all came together at Reece's Restaurant on Thursday, July 20th, and Saturday, the 22nd. The guest of honour at the first meeting was Mr. A. R. Cannell, M.B.E., member of the North Western Area, British Legion, and on the second day, Mr. T. F. Lister, C.B.E., a member of the Executive Council of the British Legion, who, incidentally, was the Legion's first Chairman. Most welcome guests also at this meeting were Major and Mrs. Charters.

On July 24th, at Manchester, Captain S. H. Hampson, M.B.E., M.C., M.A., National Vice-Chairman of the British Legion, and Chairman of the North Western Area, was the guest of honour. Mrs. Irvine and Matron Davies were among old friends present.

The Leicester meeting on August 11th saw some fifty St. Dunstaners assembled for a happy meeting and a pleasant little ceremony—a presentation to Mrs. Argyle. Mr. R. E. Cruickshank, v.c., Vice-President of the Leicester and Rutland County British Legion, was the guest of honour.

### Test Results

**Typing.**—H. Webster (Bor.), W. Edwards, J. Dix, H. Westby, F. Boughton, A. Robinson, J. Miller, F. Lipscombe, W. Flowers, O. J. Robson (Bor.).

**Preliminary.**—H. Roberts (Bor.), G. L. McKay (Bor.), W. Flowers.

**Senior.**—W. Evans, R. Fullard.

**Writing.**—J. Cowan, H. Roberts (Bor.), R. Green (Bor.), T. Harrison.

**Advanced.**—J. Todd.

### From All Quarters

G. W. R. Shepherd, of Aldfold, who takes a great interest in social activities, has founded a Young Conservatives Branch in his village.

J. O. Gannon, a new war St. Dunstaner, was presented to His Holiness the Pope when he visited Rome recently. A correspondent in the *Catholic Times* (which also published a photograph) described him as "one of the finest Catholics it has been my privilege to meet."

When Winchcombe Branch of Toc H returned to its headquarters after ten years, Cheltenham members visited it, and one of their number—St. Dunstaner "Bunny" Hare—presented a doormat made by himself. The mat was a small token of appreciation for what Winchcombe members had done in the past for St. Dunstan's. The mat had the letters "Toc H" worked on it.

W. B. Riley, of Capetown, has been on a visit to this country, visiting his 78 year old mother. He returns to South Africa in September. A Halifax newspaper, reporting his visit to his home town, recalled his business success, both in this country and in South Africa.

F. Mills, of Tavistock, gained two first prizes for cucumbers, and second prize for shallots, at the local Show.

W. Bignell, of Edgware, won the challenge certificate for the best sable doe, and another first prize, at the Rabbit Show at Hendon, in August. Entries came from all parts of the country.

E. H. Carpenter, of King's Langley, spent a holiday recently at Prestatyn Holiday Camp. During the first week, from one hundred pairs, he won the Old Time Waltz competition, and was in the final three in his second week. The adjudicators select from the one hundred pairs twelve, then six, then three.

A. T. Wigglesworth, of Bradford, who is one of our one-armed telephonists, had a complimentary write-up in the local paper recently. Alf is now telephone operator on the Shipley Council's switchboard.

W. Storer, who is telephonist at Rugby Hospital, has had severe pain recently in his leg. His doctor tells him that he still has shrapnel from his old wound in it. Treatment is helping it at the moment, but he is awaiting the result of an X-Ray.

### "You're Welcome"

By W. T. CURTIS-WILLSON, M.B.E., J.P.

The memories of great events in which one has been privileged to take part often hang upon some seeming triviality. The outstanding memory for me of the Seventh Imperial Press Conference, held in Canada this year, will be the kindness, courtesy and grace of all the Canadians whom I met. The universal response of these people, whether cabinet ministers or shop assistants, bus drivers or hotel servants, to any word of thanks was "You're welcome."

My wife and I were indeed made welcome, and we felt that that homely rejoinder was not merely a matter of speech, but a real expression from the heart.

The Conference was an important occasion and I was greatly honoured to be selected as one of the twenty delegates from Great Britain, who assembled at Quebec early in June, with other Empire representatives from Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Malaya, Bermuda, the Bahamas, the West Indies, Fiji, Malta and Gibraltar.

The British group travelled to Canada on the new C.P.R. liner, the *Empress of Scotland*, and made the journey from Clyde to Quebec in just under seven days.

The business of the Conference was transacted in the four principal cities of Eastern Canada—Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto. It concerned the Press of the Commonwealth, its relations with the Dominion Governments, the Colonial Office and all the departments at home which are concerned with the intricate web of communications—the supplies of newsprint, Colonial Press laws, and, of course, the very controversial question of the proposed British Press Council.

The gravity of the problems, however, was not allowed to interfere with the social side of this Empire gathering. Indeed, the social side is no less important than the business sessions, for it is in the day-to-day contacts with people from all over the world that the complete picture of how the British Empire is made up can be properly learned.

It was our extreme good fortune to meet the Governor General of Canada, Field Marshal Viscount Alexander, the Prime Minister, Mr. St. Laurier; that outstanding Empire statesman, Mr. Mackenzie King;

Mr. Humphrey Mitchell, a native of my own Sussex, and a most competent Minister of Labour, and scores of other leading citizens, who all sought to make us feel that we were indeed welcome in this vast Dominion. It is sad to record, so soon after our return, the deaths of both Mr. Mackenzie King and Mr. Mitchell.

At an official garden party, General Crerar, who commanded the First Canadian Army in France and Germany, sought me out. My son's Squadron had been attached to his Headquarters and before he was killed, my boy frequently acted as personal pilot to the General. It was typical of these warm-hearted people that this leader of men should have a kindly word for the father of one who had served him.

The ordinary folk were no less hospitable, and the warmth of the homely greetings everywhere we went left a deep and abiding impression on our minds. Canada is a great and inspiring Dominion. You sense at once the excitement and exhilaration of a nation who sees its destiny quite clearly and is determined to achieve it. Though this country has tremendous natural resources, there is no vulgar display or boasting of immense wealth. There is the pride of the craftsman who controls some great machine.

There is, too, an immense patriotism, which shamed some of us by its intensity. In Montreal, my wife and I journeyed to the top of Mount Royal. This is the largest inland port in the world, and the sight of its skyscrapers, its acres of docks, the armada of shipping coming up and down the mighty St. Lawrence, is in itself an unforgettable picture; but the abiding memory for my wife and me of this visit to Montreal is an inscription on a granite cairn on the highest point of Mount Royal. It says simply "This memorial is erected to commemorate the visit of His Majesty King George the Sixth, Monarch of this Land, and of his Queen, Elizabeth, 1939." The ringing challenge of that phrase, "Monarch of this Land," shows the love and devotion which Canada bears to Great Britain.

This spirit is equally evident in Quebec, the Gateway of Canada, with its quaint old French streets and squares, its delightful restaurants; in Ottawa, that proud and lovely city; and in Toronto, with its fine

universities, and its modern planning.

I was privileged to visit Queen's University in Toronto, and meet the noted Canadian statesman, Mr. Vincent Massey, whose family benefactions to this university run into millions of dollars.

We enjoyed every minute of our stay. We worked hard and we played hard, and at the end of three weeks we were tired physically, though we were stimulated mentally. Our Canadian hosts had foreseen that this might happen, and so the whole party was transported to Royal Muskoka, deep in the glorious lake scenery of Ontario, where we spent four delightful carefree days. But even here we experienced something which shows the spirit of the new generation of Canadians. All the chambermaids, the waiters, the porters, and, indeed, all the staff, excepting executive heads, were university students, who were thus earning in their holidays money with which to pay their fees when terms restarted.

I did not forget my St. Dunstan's colleagues in these travels. How could I when at the head of the conference was Colonel the Honourable J. J. Astor, so long a faithful member of St. Dunstan's Council, and Mr. Alan Pitt Robbins, was also a distinguished member of that company. In Toronto I met Colonel Eddie Baker and his charming wife, and with them I visited Pearson Hall, the headquarters of St. Dunstan's in Canada, and there met many members of our brotherhood.

The tradition of service to the war-blinded is as alive in Canada as it is at our own headquarters. Colonel Baker had just returned from a visit to the Maritime Provinces, a round journey of 2,000 miles by air, and when, later in New York, I met Mr. Allen, head of the American Foundation for the Blind, he was the very next day after our meeting joining up with Col. Baker for a visit to the west coast, another 4,000 miles round trip.

In Canada, Col. Baker looks after the civilian blind as well as the war-blinded, and is in touch with every community throughout the length and breadth of Canada.

I have not the space to deal with the many interesting places we visited. I can only say that our Canadian hosts saw to it that, in our three weeks as their guests, we should gather, in that brief time, as much knowledge as we could of their inheritance.

Once, when getting out of a coach in Toronto, I was helped most ably by the driver. I thanked him and back came the friendly "You're welcome," and he added "I am proud to be of service to you. I am used to it because my grandfather was blinded in the Boer War, and, as a lad, it was my joy to help him."

So the impression will always remain with me of a vigorous, forward-marching people, who yet find time to be gracious, kindly and courteous, and make you feel all the time that "You're welcome."

★ ★ ★

Mr. Alan Pitt Robbins, News Editor of *The Times*, writes:—

It was my privilege to visit Canada in June and July to attend the Imperial Press Conference. The news that I am a Governor of St. Dunstan's had preceded me and led to one very delightful experience. I had promised to address a luncheon of the Empire Club of Canada, at Toronto. When I arrived the Chairman informed me that as a gesture of their appreciation of the work which St. Dunstan's is doing it had been arranged that one table should be placed at the disposal of the Canadian Institute for the Blind, and the group at that table gave me a particularly warm welcome. They were under the care of Captain Woodcock, and they were a grand bunch of men. They had all been to St. Dunstan's and I was delighted that, at the end of lunch, I was able to spend about twenty minutes with them talking about their life in London. Needless to say they were vociferous in their appreciation of the kindness and the skilled attention which they had received in England, and one of them delighted me particularly when he said "I never expected that I should have a chance to meet a personal friend of Sir Ian," and then he paused for a moment as to the right form of address, and added "and Chips." Of the happy party I met that June afternoon one stands out very clearly. He greeted me with the remark "You will never forget my name. It is just D I E S, plain Bill Dies . . . but he never does." His cheerful personality dominated the gathering. He insisted that many St. Dunstaners in England would still remember him. If any of them read this issue of the REVIEW this is to let them know that Bill Dies is still flourishing and is a walking advertisement for St. Dunstan's.

### From Mrs. Argyle

I would like to take this opportunity of thanking all the St. Dunstaners and their families in my old area for the lovely presents—a shooting stick and a leather suitcase—you gave me at the Leicester Reunion on August 11th, and to tell those who were unfortunately not able to be present that day of the pleasure your gifts have brought me.

I was delighted to be among so many old friends on this happy occasion, and I was deeply touched not only by the kind words of Dennis Pettitt and Ernie Woofenden at the little presentation ceremony, but also by the many good wishes and messages of affection received from all sides.

The gifts themselves will be a constant reminder of the many happy years spent with St. Dunstan's. I thank you all most warmly and give you my very best wishes for the future.

BESSIE ARGYLE.

### For Wives Only

We recently invited St. Dunstaners' wives to pass on any tips which they had found useful in helping their husbands and themselves. Here are the first:—

1. Always keep hubby's clothing, etc., in fact, everything he uses, separately from the rest of the household, then he can help himself without troubling.

2. Clean all spots off his walking-out suits. These will appear no matter how careful he is.

3. When changing furniture around in the room *tell him*, and so avoid barked shins and unprintable words.

4. A tin tray by the side of the bed for a smoking husband. This can be easily lifted on to the bed, and so avoid burns on the sheets, etc.

And lastly, if you are going out for the afternoon leaving hubby to make his own tea, place the teapot either in the sink or a bowl; this avoids a puddle on the floor.

After thirty-three years one lives and learns.

Basingstoke. (Mrs.) M. D. CONDON.

### Silver Weddings

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Cook, Harrow, June 4th; Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Prideaux, West Wickham, June 13th; Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rogers, Langford, August 4th; Mr. and Mrs. E. H. North, Taunton, August 25th; Mr. and Mrs. W. Coleman, Carshalton, September 6th.

### Talking Book Library

#### Astronomic August

This holiday month has broken all records for its mass of new releases. There are 12 new books, so I'll dive straight in.

Robert Gladwell read the first three.

"The Causeway," by W. Lear, is a romance concerning a youngish Lancashire schoolmaster of poor family who works in London and lodges in a vicarage. The vicar, three parts crackers, and his daughter, an angel, make a humorous background to the drab hero's very ordinary progress. Just a readable, everyday yarn, no frills or thrills.

"When the Wind blows," by C. Hare, is an orchestral 'Who done it?' with a rather complicated legal motive. The inconvenience of having the soloist strangled, just before her appearance, alarmed, as might be expected, the members of a provincial orchestral society. A short and quite interesting thriller.

"Faithful Company," by Frank Swinerton, concerns a publishing house run by a father and son of strange inhibitions and unpleasant characteristics. Their frustrated young editor is the main character, and he has a busy time looking for a new job and getting rid of a miserable spouse. Horrible, funny, and delightfully written.

The next two Joseph McLeod read.

"The Stricken Deer," by Lord David Cecil, gives the detailed life of William Cowper, the poet, who must have had a terrible life, wondering all the time when his next spell of insanity would come. However, he managed to do some fine writing between whites. The author writes beautifully and loves his 18th century poets dearly, but I cannot recommend this book to general readers.

"The Bride of Lammermoor," by Sir Walter Scott, is a tragedy at whose climax even I could not raise a laugh. Parental suppression of a love match has an astoundingly tragic result in the days of arranged marriages. The scene is set in 18th century Scotland. Read on!

Eric Gillett was the reader of the next two.

"Cry, the beloved Country," by A. Paton, is not a pastoral fantasy but an extremely interesting account of relations between white and black in South Africa, and in the form of a novel, groans at the complexities of the colour problem. Good,

interesting reading for all—the pick of the bunch!

"Family Roundabout," by Richmal Crompton, is a quiet domestic novel of two families. The volume is undoubtedly a woman's book. I fail to enthuse!

"The Sky and the Forest," by C. S. Forrester, reader Arthur Bush, strikes me as the most unusual book of the month. Equatorial Africa in the days of Arab slave traders and the extension of the Belgian Congo. The story is that of a simple native chief who falls eventually to the march of progress, but before succumbing he enjoys a dazzling and adventurous career. Absorbing and out of the ordinary!

"Kilvert's Diary," by F. Kilvert, reader Duncan Carse, is exactly what the title states. Kilvert was a last century country parson and the book is the echo of a slower, less complicated age. Vital interest seemed lacking to me.

"Trevannion," by L. A. G. Strong, reader John Marsh, has a sinister background but for the main part it is a gay tale of a bevy of country town characters who provide great amusement, including three ringside commentaries of local boxing. Good!

"Joy and Josephine," by Monica Dickens, reader Jean Metcalfe, can only be described as a dear little story, unless, of course, one dislikes children and their antics. A little orphan girl of doubtful identity is adopted by a grocer's wife and her growing up is quite a frolic. Good reading and very human!

"The Elusive Pimpernel," by Baroness Orczy, reader Alvar Lidell, is too well known generally for my comments, but in case that is not so, I can say "Gad, sir, how exciting!" "NELSON."

### Blackpool Notes

In spite of the inclemency of the weather during the summer (months), we have had the most delightful outings, including a return journey via Morecambe and its famous illuminations, and although the Fylde cannot vie with the famous Sussex fortnight, we had one happy day at Haydock Park on August 17th, in spite of not-so-full pockets of the race fiends.

On July 14th a small party joined in the British Legion Parade to the opening of the new Club in Springfield Road. We now have an open invitation to the Club, so will Legionnaires please note. E. D. L.

### The Braille Review

A number of items which it has not been possible to include in the Braille "Review," owing to the lateness of their arrival will be printed in the Braille "Review" next month.

### The Race Question

The canter in St. Dunstan's coach from Ovingdean to Lewes or Brighton race track is a warming-up introduction to thudding hooves, noisy, colourful panorama and, surely, to the full gamut of the human emotions—or nearly so. If you suffer from scruples there is no need to bet, jamb yourself into the crowd in the stand and bend a willing ear to the voices around. You will get something from life that no vaudeville could offer. Here are a few that came my way recently. Rass Prince Monolulu gave us his old buck-and-wing greeting, and two winners! The verse-an-worse on his race-sheet started a discussion as to whether the Poet Laureate of Queen 'Bess's time received a civil pension of one hundred guineas and a sac of butt, or one hundred guineas and a bag o' soot. We accepted this Stygian topic as a lucky omen and betted on Black Rapsallion. There was no sequel, so we decided that it must have been one hundred guineas and a bag o' soot. The general complaint was that there were too few runners. We had the solution; suggesting that racehorses be sold on the hire-purchase system. This was vetoed on the count that there would be too much racehorse and not enough track. An extinguished gentleman loomed into view, and offered us the names of four winners for a shilling. In response we guaranteed to him the names of the first three of all six races, and tendered the mid-day paper.

In the last race we backed Snailer, and he came down the track as though it was Judgment Day and he was the last one up. When Sisters Hand, Margo, Morgan, Woods, Fletcher and Leeson collected our winnings, they were bowed under its weight. Thus, a few winners, a few losers, a company of chummy men and sisters, picnic lunches, a gasp, a laugh, a lament, were the ingredients of a really enjoyable day. Southampton. W. E. BROOKES.

### Grandfathers

P. Sheridan, Glasgow (twins); G. Hadfield, Ottery St. Mary (twin grandsons); R. J. Vine, Ealing; R. Wylie, Bromley; S. L. Ball, Neath; A. Lane, Cardiff.

### Young St. Dunstaners

Dudley Woodget, Bournemouth, is now a B.A. of Cambridge, and is taking his Teacher's Diploma.

Mary Duxbury, Oldham, has obtained her Teacher's Diploma at Reading University.

The daughter of G. L. Douglas, of Osterley, has passed, with honours, her Final Teaching Examination to enter London University.

Neil Stewart Macfarlane, Ilford, has passed the first part of his Banking Degree.

Marjorie Shaw, Ashton-in-Makerfield, has gained her A.L.C.M. diploma with 92 marks out of a possible 100. She is 18.

Patrick Tuxford, Redditch, has won a flying scholarship awarded by the Government; the scholarship is worth about £150. Pat already has his "A" gliding licence.

Alan Leigh, Warrington, has passed an examination to enter a Secondary Technical School.

Andrew Young, Glasgow, has passed his Finals and is now M.B., Ch.B. He took his degree in the shortest possible time. This means that both Mary and Andrew, son and daughter of our late St. Dunstaner, have both qualified as doctors since their father's death.

Fred McAndrew, B.Sc.(Hons.) has been appointed Science Master at De la Salle College, St. Helier, Jersey. This is his first appointment after his degree course at Bristol University. He was a Flying Officer for six years.

James Ashe, Lancing, has passed his B.Sc. degree.

George Fallowfield, junior, has won yet another Challenge Cup. It was for the longest flight with his diesel-engine model plane.

Jacqueline Scrimgour (Middlesbrough) has won a scholarship to the Secondary Grammar School.

### Marriages

Billy Allen, Morecambe, on May 27th.  
Walter Ronald Watterson, Morecambe, to Miss Jean Jardine.

On July 8th, Jack Clamp, New Bradwell, to Doris Williamson.

On July 15th, Ivy Pearson, Prestwich, to Laurie Downes.

On March 25th, Rosine Maher, Kennington, to Sidney Baker.

John Loveridge, Harrow, on August 19th.

Freida Anderson, Letham, on July 17th, to Walter Dalgity.

Charles Firth, Heswall, on August 12th, to Madeleine Touchon, of Neuchatel.

John Power, Brixton, on August 26th, to Eileen Smith, at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Camberwell.

Gwendoline May Keen, Purton, Wilts., on August 16th, to Harry John May.

Henry Francis Ollington, Earlsfield, on July 15th, to Maisie Howard.

### I'm Just Kidding

*For twenty-five years I've been married,  
For twenty-five years I've been wed.  
For twenty-five years I've been cajoled and harried  
Till I've wished I was bloomin' well dead.  
A woman is just like a rocket,  
Her tongue lashes out like a flash,  
At night she will go through your pocket  
And pinch all your small petty cash.  
She'll sit at the table dining alone  
And when for a square meal you're pining,  
She'll give you an Oxo, then toss a fish bone—  
On the mat with the cat you are dining.*

*But now, you blind guys. I must alter my tone,  
I'm feeling a positive wreck,  
No longer I feel I am sitting alone,  
I feel a soft breath at my neck.  
Alas, it's my wife, she has entered the room,  
In manner she sounds most forbidding.  
In one hand the dustpan, the other a broom,  
"Don't swipe, dear, I'm only just kidding."  
Ah, now she has gone, the danger's now past,  
I'll be telling you just what I think.  
A Nero am I, I'm game to the last,  
These womensfolk drive you to drink,  
You go to the local, finances are chronic,  
It is then that she upholds your fear,  
"Yes, sweetie pie, I'll have gins and tonic"  
And you have to have one small beer.*

*Now I'll stop kidding and tell you the truth,  
The things that I've said are inane,  
Could I but recall the days of my youth,  
Why, I'd wed the same lass again.  
And if there's going to be a life hereafter,  
And somehow I am sure there's going to be,  
I'd pray that angel wings would gently waft her,  
To a place beside me in that Holy See.  
To all you sweet females, St. Dunstaners'  
wives,  
With honour blind hubbies address you,  
You are our helpmates, the light of our lives,  
You're wizard, you're super, God bless you.*

E. H. NORTH, Taunton.

### The Taximen's Outing

On Friday, July 14th, nearly sixty St. Dunstaners and their escorts from the London area participated in a most enjoyable outing to Worthing, arranged by the North London Taxi Trade Benevolent Association.

About thirty taxis assembled at 9 a.m. outside Headquarters, each driver taking two couples under his wing. The convoy soon began threading its way out of London to the open country, and after a pleasant drive stopped at the Sussex village of Lowfield Heath for very welcome "elevenses," kindly provided by the local Women's Institute. The taxis eventually arrived at Worthing in time for a delicious lunch and everybody was given a warm welcome by the Mayor of Worthing, who was present. After speeches by the Mayor and Mr. Louis Levy, the Honorary Chairman of the North London Taxi Trade Benevolent Association, our old friend, Mr. Bert Crabtree, voiced the thanks of all St. Dunstaners present for all the kindness and thought which had made the outing possible, and Mrs. Rhodes spoke on behalf of the wives.

During the afternoon, St. Dunstaners, escorts and drivers, were able to wander in individual groups along the promenade and shore, but returned for a grand tea at the Congregational Hall before boarding the taxis once more for the homeward journey. Lowfield Heath was again a half-way halt for refreshments, with some of the hosts entertaining the party in a merry, musical fashion. The convoy dispersed at Coulsdon in order that each driver could take his charges their several ways, but before this happened Mr. Levy personally said goodbye to everyone present, and this was greatly appreciated.

It was without doubt a grand day—even the weather was in our favour—and our warm thanks are due to Mr. Levy, his Committee and all the drivers for their great friendliness and ever-watchful attention to our every need.

### Marriages

GOULD—WILLIAMS—On July 22nd, Eileen Gould, late of East Ham, and now of Ilford, to Mr. Dennis Williams.

HOPKINS—On August 5th, N. Hopkins, of Cardiff, whose bride is a physiotherapist in the hospital where he himself works.

### Mrs. Margaret Lloyd

St. Dunstaners will learn with the deepest regret of the death of Mrs. Margaret Lloyd, mother of Sister Lloyd, at the age of 100 years and eight months. In spite of her great age, Mrs. Lloyd retained almost to the last her great interest in everything around her, but for St. Dunstan's men especially she had a very warm affection.

Paul Nuyens represented St. Dunstaners at a Service which was held at All Saints' Church, Putney Lower Common. The funeral took place in Wales.

### Mr. W. H. Morrison

St. Dunstaners of the First War particularly will hear with deep regret of the death of "Bill" Morrison, senior car driver to St. Dunstan's for many years. Mr. Morrison was chauffeur to Sir Arthur Pearson before he entered St. Dunstan's service in April, 1917. For the last five or six years of his time with us he was chief driver at Raglan Street. He retired in October, 1934, having reached the age limit.

The cremation took place at Golders Green Crematorium on August 17th, and St. Dunstan's was represented by Drummer Downs and Mr. T. Watson, D.C.M.

### Births

CHADWICK.—On July 28th, to the wife of Clifford Chadwick, of Preston, a daughter—Margaret Mary.

GREEN.—On August 15th, to the wife of B. Green, of Upper Portslade, a daughter—Diana Mary.

MARTIN.—On July 24th, to the wife of A. W. Martin, of Peacehaven, a son—Allan Arthur.

NOLDE.—On July 21st, to the wife of N. F. Nolde, of Leytonstone, a daughter—Beryl Ann.

O'SULLIVAN.—On August 11th, to the wife of D. F. O'Sullivan, of Kennington, a daughter—Mary Josephine.

SOUTHALL.—On July 10th, to the wife of S. Southall, of Smethwick, a son—Colin John.

SPENCER.—On August 11th, to the wife of P. Spencer, of Weston-super-Mare, a daughter—Rosemary Jane.

### Death

JORDAN.—Our deep sympathy goes out to G. M. Jordan, of Cardiff, who lost his wife on September 10th.

## “ In Memory ”

### Private John Robinson, *Royal Army Medical Corps*

With deep regret we record the death of J. Robinson, of Wortley, Leeds.

He came to us in 1919 and was trained as a boot repairer and mat-maker. At one time he had a business but of late he had taken over a poultry farm so that he might have the outdoor occupation which his health needed.

A wreath from Sir Ian Fraser and his St. Dunstan's comrades was sent for the funeral, which was attended by Mrs. Dunphy.

Our deep sympathy is extended to his wife and family.

### Private Herbert Martindale, *1st Garrison Battalion, Manchester*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of H. Martindale, of Moreton, Cheshire.

He served with his regiment from November, 1914, until November, 1919, but although his sight was severely damaged in that war, he did not come to St. Dunstan's until May, 1941. During practically the whole of his time with us he suffered greatly, but with a fine courage. He was able only to do very light work, and was devotedly nursed by Mrs. Martindale for a long time. He died at his home on July 13th.

At the funeral were present his St. Dunstaner friends of the Liverpool Club, Messrs. Jackson (chairman), Blakeley, Wright, Shaylor, Firth, Power and Owen; Matron Vaughan Davies, and Miss Doel, Welfare Visitor. The floral tributes included wreaths from Sir Ian Fraser, his comrades at the Blackpool Home, and from members of the Liverpool Club.

We extend our deep sympathy to Mrs. Martindale and her two sons.

### Private John Thomas Rouse, *Royal Army Service Corps*

We record with deep regret the death of J. T. Rouse, a permanent resident of our Brighton Home.

After his service in the first Great War, he came to us in September, 1919. He trained as a mat-maker and carried on with this work for a considerable time. For many years, however, he had suffered ill-health and had been in and out of our Homes many times. He was taken very ill at Brighton shortly before Christmas and went into the Sick Ward at Ovingdean. Pneumonia intervened from which he never really recovered. He was buried in St. Dunstan's plot in the Brighton Cemetery.

A poppy wreath was sent from Sir Ian Fraser and his St. Dunstan's comrades.

Our deep sympathy is extended to his relatives.

### Private Thomas Pritchard Johnson, *17th Manchester Regiment*

We record with deep regret the death of T. P. Johnson, of Ashton-under-Lyne.

Enlisting in September, 1914, he was wounded in July, 1916, and came to us the same month. He was trained as a mat-maker but indifferent health made him practically an invalid for many years.

A wreath from the Chairman and his St. Dunstan's friends was sent for the funeral.

To his wife and family our sincere sympathy is extended.

### Private Thomas E. Skelly, *2nd West Riding Regt.*

With deep regret we record the death of T. E. Skelly, of Batley.

He served with his regiment from December, 1915, until June, 1917. He was wounded at Fampeaux in April, 1917, and became a St. Dunstaner two months later. He trained as a boot repairer but for a great number of years his health had been poor and life had to be taken easily. His great interest was his children's careers and he lived, as he wished, to see them all launched for the future. His death occurred very suddenly on June 30th.

A wreath from Sir Ian Fraser was sent for the funeral.

Our deep sympathy is extended to Mrs. Skelly and her family.

### Private George Hills, *Royal Army Service Corps*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of another of our "permanent" family, George Hills. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1940 and trained as a netter, but a short while ago he entered Ovingdean, as he was quite alone, having no relatives.

He died suddenly on August 12th. He was seventy-four years old.

Wreaths from Sir Ian and his Brighton friends were among the flowers at the funeral.

### Sergeant John Henry Warren, *8th Cheshire Regt.*

We record with deep regret the death of J. H. Warren, of Macclesfield, which occurred suddenly at Brighton on June 24th.

He served from August 22nd, 1914, until August, 1917, in which month he came to St. Dunstan's, after being wounded the previous February at Kut. He was trained in poultry farming and mat-making, but for some years he was not able to undertake much work owing to illness. His wife has also been ill and he was admitted to Ovingdean. His daughter was on holiday with him, prior to taking him home, when he collapsed and died at Brighton.

Burial took place at his home; our poppy wreath was among the many flowers.

Our deep sympathy goes out to his wife and children.

### Private William James Nicholls, *2nd Royal Fusiliers*

With deep regret we record the death of W. J. Nicholls, of Harringay.

He had served with his regiment until 1916, and a year later was blinded through an explosion when working on munitions. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1917, where he trained in basket-making.

He had come to Ovingdean for a holiday and he died very suddenly there on August 6th. He was sixty-five.

He leaves a wife and grown-up family to whom our deep sympathy is extended.