

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Men and Women Blinded on War Service

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“Fear Worse Than Blindness”

SIR Ian and Lady Fraser attended the Newcastle Reunion on August 21st. Although parts of Sir Ian's speech were familiar to blind people and were addressed to a wider public, we think that what he said may be of interest to our readers, and particularly to those many St. Dunstaners who take part in public affairs or who themselves make speeches about our problems from time to time. We accordingly print the following extracts from a report of the speech.

“Blindness is a very great handicap, for the sense of sight is man's most useful instrument. But it is not the most disabling of all handicaps. Fear, for example, is worse. Fear of death, or, more serious still, fear of life, is much more disastrous to peace of mind and to normal living. Those whose eyes are bad and who think that they may become blind may be encouraged by the thought that the fear of blindness is worse than blindness itself.

“Fortunately the world is full of kind people, foremost amongst whom I put the average blind man's wife, but it is not always convenient to use somebody else's eyes, and so you must learn to substitute other senses for that of sight. Many blind men may walk about alone with remarkable facility, not only at home or in the garden but also in the streets, going to and from their work, or to the club or the post office, or occasionally the local pub. They hear their way, occasionally correcting an angle or a distance by the touch of a walking stick. Many learn to read with their fingers and to write by means of braille or the typewriter. And there are many inventions which mitigate the handicap of blindness.

“Provided that a man has the spirit to conquer, and most have, and provided that he can be given adequate training and a proper settlement in a suitable job, there is a life full of activity and contentment for most.

“St. Dunstan's, so far as England and Wales and the rest of the world is concerned, and the Scottish National Institution for the War-blinded, Edinburgh, have between them done a job which has not been undertaken by any other organisation in the world. None has covered so completely the problem of rehabilitation and life-long care of a whole class of people in the community. St. Dunstan's or its branches or associates in the Mother Country, in the Northern Kingdom, and throughout the British Commonwealth, have cared for every ex-Serviceman and a few women who have been blinded in the two world wars, or during the years between. Every one has been given the best training that experience can suggest and money can buy. Every one has been provided with a gainful occupation to pass the time if wounds or ill-health forbid a more strenuous life. Every one has been settled in a home and a job where this is not forbidden by health or circumstance. Every widow and every orphan has been treated as a member of our great family. There

is no greater brotherhood of blind men and women in the world, and there is no organisation that has undertaken its task so fully and so successfully. The British public have subscribed for this great work voluntarily, and no grants have been asked for or received from the Government. This is not a complaint; indeed, we are glad that we have not been taken over under the National Health Service, for St. Dunstan's is not a hospital in the ordinary sense, and we have no doubt whatever that in the freedom of a voluntary agency we are able to give more individual attention and a greater diversity of help than would be possible under any set of State rules."

Speaking of aids for the blind, Sir Ian said that the Talking Book was developing rapidly, and they were adding a new volume to the Library every week. These books included literature of all kinds for all tastes; reading was done by B.B.C. announcers, and it was of the greatest value to some thousands of blind people, including not only soldiers, sailors and airmen, but also the civilian blind, for the Talking Book project was the joint concern of the National Institute for the Blind and St. Dunstan's. They were now engaged in research work to discover whether magnetic tape might not be better than disc records for their Library. If this experiment bore fruit, a whole book would be recorded in one cassette which would run for ten to fifteen hours.

London Reunion Dance

St. Dunstaners in the London Area are reminded that the London Reunion Dance will be held on Wednesday, November 29th, from 7.30 to 11 p.m., and that 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*. One ticket will admit a St. Dunstaner and one escort (it is regretted that children under sixteen cannot be included).

The College Reunion

We are sorry the wrong date for this was given previously. It is on Saturday, November 25th.

As it is not an official St. Dunstan's Reunion, anyone requiring tickets must apply at once in order that final arrangements may be made. Applications should reach Miss Miller as soon as possible.

The rendezvous and all details will be sent by letter as soon as the names of those wishing to come are known. They will also be published in the November REVIEW. The Committee is delighted to have received quite a good number of applications already.

Tickets, 10s. 6d. each person, from Miss Miller, Quince Tree Cottage, Bolney, Sussex.

Placements

J. Hill, Ash Green, Surrey, as a telephonist with Messrs. Marsh & Ferriman, Worthing; A. G. Emerson as a shopkeeper, at Redfield, Bristol.

Exhibition for the Blind

Last year the Science Museum at South Kensington, as an experiment, held a Display of Exhibits and Models specially arranged for blind people. The experiment was so successful that it has been decided to stage a further and more ambitious exhibition from Saturday, November 11th, to Sunday, December 10th, inclusive.

The display will not be open to the general public, and will be staged in Gallery 1—to the right of the main entrance, Exhibition Road—thus avoiding the use of the staircase or lift.

Whenever possible, individuals and small parties of, say, four or five, with escorts, should give two or three days' notice so that a member of the Museum staff may be available to offer advice and assistance. This does not mean, however, that unbooked visits would be unwelcome, but visitors would risk the possibility of finding the Exhibition somewhat crowded.

The exhibits and models will be arranged on tables with a shortened version in braille of the standard printed label, a copy of which will also be supplied so that escorts may read the fuller information to their friends.

The Museum is open free, from 10 a.m. to 6.0 p.m., on weekdays, and 2.30 p.m. to 6.0 p.m. on Sundays.

Grandfather

W. McCarthy, Stretford, near Manchester, to twins. (Twins for the third time in the family.)

London Club Notes

On October 2nd the London Club had the first of a series of Talks. The subject was "Britain's Larder," and the speaker Lt. Comdr. J. F. Bredin, of the Central Office of Information. Details of forthcoming talks are given below. They give great scope for discussion; we hope that fellows will turn up in strong numbers.

The Highgate Harriers All Walking Meeting, held at the Parliament Hill Fields Track on September 23rd, in aid of St. Dunstan's, was a great success, attracting 244 entries. Nine St. Dunstaners were among the starters. The handicap race went to S. Tutton who, with an allowance of five minutes, set off at a good pace and was never headed. His walking and pace showed a remarkable improvement. Good luck Stan! In the absence of T. Gaygan, who was convalescing, A. Brown won the fastest time medal with an actual of 18.19. C. Williamson, walking for the first time since his sojourn in hospital, showed great tenacity in finishing in good time.

P. ASHTON.

Bridge.—We opened our Club activities with our usual Bridge Drive. This was a great success, forty people being present. It was won by L. Douglas, with J. Muir second and A. Wiltshire third. Our next treat was our annual trip to Harrogate, which was voted one of the best we have ever had. Our first success was coming in third, in open competition, in a company of sixteen tables. We then had our usual round of matches at different clubs. Some we won, some we lost, but I don't think anybody worried a great deal. We were delighted to have Blodwyn Simon with us this time. We finished up this wonderful week with a Bridge Drive and entertained some eighty people—a very gratifying result of our visit. Miss Blodwyn Simon presented the prizes.

The month ended with a match against the Surrey Docks team, who gave us a good game and managed to win in the end by two thousand and sixty.

Indoor Section.—Here are the details of the series of Talks mentioned above. They will take place in the Staff Canteen at Headquarters, at 7.30 p.m.

Friday, November 24th—"Athletics in Britain," by Mr. Jack Crump, Hon. Sec., British Amateur Athletic Board.

Friday, December 8th—"What is the British Council?" by Mr. Paul Reed, Information Dept., The British Council.

Friday, December 29th—"Who Pays the Taxes?" by Mr. Hugo O'Hear (Aims of Industry Speakers' Bureau).

A **Grand Dance** will be held at the Chelsea Town Hall on December 18th. All members are cordially invited. Tickets can be obtained by post, free of charge, or from the Club now. Each member will be allowed to bring one friend.

Our Charlie Brampton made a score of 103 at whist last month—a record for the London Club. It would be interesting to know if this has been attained by any other club or member.

Our Darts Club is going from strength to strength, with challenges from all quarters. Any member interested, please let me know. We have some real good "do's."

TINY FLEMING.

Outdoor Section.—The next Walking race will be on November 18th, from Bedford College, starting at 2.30 p.m., and the distance 5 miles. All entries and enquiries to T. Gaygan or Jack Dawkins.

Highgate Harriers 2 Miles Invitation Walk, September 23rd:—

R.W.A. Medals—1st, A. Brown; 2nd, W. Miller; 3rd, P. Cryan.

Handicap Prizes—1st, S. Tutton; 2nd, C. Stafford; 3rd, W. T. Scott.

Institute of Magicians.—On Monday, September 11th, St. Dunstan's magicians had an At Home and gave a short show. First to appear was Chas. Luker, with the sympathetic silks, soft soap, and the enchanted vase. Alf Wiltshire, assisted by his wife, had five cards chosen by one of the sighted escorts, who put them in his pocket. Mrs. Wiltshire then named them one by one absolutely correctly. Bruce Ingrey presented the apparently empty wonder box, from which he produced many silks, and Percy Ashton gave two card effects, Out of this World, and the Four Aces. A 4-ace routine in the form of labels from cigarette cartons, and the sand frame, were presented by Smudger Smith to complete the St. Dunstan's boys' efforts.

At the request of the St. Dunstaners, their tutors—F. A. Willis, Ethelbertine and Madam Zoma—also performed. Madam Zoma thanked everyone for a most enjoyable evening.

F. A. WILLIS.

Birmingham Club Notes

Craft Competition.—September was a very full month for us all. On Sunday, the 10th, members brought in their entries. A garden section included prize-winning gladioli and tomatoes from P. Cashmore. The gladioli bloomed for three weeks. All entries were judged by a group of Red Cross friends. Many articles not for competition were also given by members or their wives. Token prizes only were awarded.

Rugs 1st, T. O'Connor.
E. Mills.

Baskets 1st, J. Dennick.
2nd, J. New.

Bags 1st, J. New.
2nd, H. Allsop.
3rd, T. North.

Trays 1st, J. New.
2nd, L. Fensome.

Miscellaneous—L. Fensome.

All these articles will be on sale on October 21st, on a St. Dunstan's Stall at the Red Cross Bring and Buy Sale—our members giving all their competition entries. Added to these will be a wonderful supply of similar articles made by St. Dunstaners elsewhere. This fine effort is a great tribute to St. Dunstan's generosity and provides even a greater link of friendship with Birmingham Red Cross workers.

Swimming Gala.—On Saturday, September 16th, the Second Annual Swimming Gala was held at the Bournville Men's Baths, by courtesy of Messrs. Cadbury Bros. Works Council. It was a most encouraging second effort and we were thrilled to receive entries from teams from Liverpool and the North, the East Midlands, London and Birmingham. We shan't be satisfied until we have the added pleasure of a Brighton team. There was excellent competition, and a really high standard displayed. A delightful "Bournville" tea for competitors, stewards, judges and visitors was presided over by Mrs. Spurway, who awarded the cups and prizes. The Birmingham St. Dunstan's Challenge Cup went to the East Midland Team with 27 points, making Mrs. King very proud, and the T.B. Individual Championship Cup to G. Stanley (Market Harborough). Congratulations from our Club!

Unfortunately a rush for cars and trains was inevitable, so the time for chatting was brought to a minimum. May we use this opportunity of thanking those who supported us so generously, and the Club secretaries and escorts?

Next year the entries will be far more numerous, we expect. We shall always hold the Gala on the second or third Saturday in September, so we hope this date can be left free from fixtures.

Here are the rest of the results:—

One length T.B.:

1st, G. Stanley (East Midland).
2nd, A. Phillips (London).
3rd, W. Thornton (Birmingham).

One length First War:

1st, S. A. Chambers.

One length Backstroke:

1st, G. Stanley (East Midland).
2nd, R. Craddock (Warrington, for Liverpool).
3rd, W. Thornton (Birmingham).

One length Style Competition:

1st, C. Stafford (London).
2nd, G. Stanley (East Midland).
3rd, A. Phillips (London).

Plunging:

1st, P. Spencer (Weston-super-Mare, for London), 39ft. 4in.
2nd, A. Phillips (London), 37ft. 2in.
3rd, J. Daly (Liverpool), 34ft. 9in.

Diving:

1st, G. Stanley (East Midland).
2nd, W. Thornton (Birmingham).
3rd, R. Sherriff (East Midland).

Relay Race:

1st, London Team.
Thank you—everybody who came.
P. A. FAIRHEAD.

At Mons

A. E. Snook was at the battle of Mons and in the Retreat. He served from August 16th until he was knocked out by mustard gas at Paschendaele in November, 1917.

For Wives Only

Here is a tip which I find useful for my husband's pullovers. Sew a small button inside the front neck and hubby will always know which is the front.

Mrs. GRANT.

Glossop, Derbyshire.

The Reunions End

August saw the last of the Reunions for 1950. On Saturday, the 19th, Colonel Eric Ball welcomed some fifty St. Dunstaners at the Queen's Hotel, Leeds. Two days later, the Newcastle meeting was held, and at this gathering Sir Ian and Lady Fraser were the guests of honour. Sir Ian was attending various British Legion functions in the north-east. Other welcome guests at Newcastle were Mr. Donald G. Hopewell, and Alderman Mould, representing the British Legion. It was a great regret to everyone that Captain Appleby was unable to be present, owing to a sudden illness, and a message was sent from the gathering wishing him a speedy recovery.

The Glasgow Reunion was held on August 23rd. Among the guests were Mr. Kenneth Fraser, M.B.E., past National Vice-Chairman of the British Legion, Scotland, and Mr. and Mrs. Inglis Pollock. Mr. Pollock represented the Glasgow Advisory Committee, Scottish National Institution for the War-blinded (Newington House).

Brass Sleeve for Walking Stick

The National Institute is now able to supply a brass sleeve to fit on the end of the ordinary white walking stick. Supplies have been obtained to meet the requests of users who found that the ends of the sticks became badly scored as a result of tapping them against curbs, etc. The sleeves are made of 18-gauge brass, the outside diameter being $\frac{3}{4}$ in. and the overall length being 5 inches. Each sleeve is drilled with one hole for fixing, and the cost, complete with screw, is 6d. each. Customers ordering should quote Catalogue No. 9456.

Thirty Years Ago

From the "St. Dunstan's Review," October, 1920:—

"On September 27th, Mr. R. C. Raffé, a lecturer at the Northern Polytechnic, came to St. Dunstan's and gave an address on 'How Wireless Telegraphy Works,' in which he explained the wireless system, and afterwards showed and explained some instruments to a few specially interested men.

"On Monday, October 4th, the lecturer was Sir Arthur Pearson, who came by special request, to give us an account of the management and production of a newspaper."

From All Quarters

Alan Reynolds, of Shrewsbury, is a telephonist by profession, but he has a most successful side-line. He and his wife have a miniature sweet-factory at the back of his house, where they make over forty varieties of sweets and toffees. The necessary machinery has been installed and Alan can carry out practically all the processes himself. Some day he hopes to sell wholesale as well as retail. The Welfare Department recommends his samples!

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St. Dunstaners R. Coupland and George Allen are fish traders at Hull Fish Docks and the house magazine of Messrs. W. and T. Avery, Ltd., weighing machine manufacturers, recently had a full page story about them, with two excellent photographs. The scales they use are standard ones of 5 cwt. capacity. At first their weighing operations were carried out quite accurately by feeling the graduations on the steelyard; more recently, Avery mechanics have co-operated by producing a notch and spring device which makes their tasks even easier.

★ ★ ★

Bob Paterson, of Thirsk, was out with his dog, Marshall, the other day when they passed some electricians searching unsuccessfully for a leak in an underground cable. A little further on the dog stopped dead. Our St. Dunstaner gave the word "Forward," but Marshall would not move, so his master stooped down to see what was wrong. There was a crackling noise below the surface of the road. He went back and brought the workmen to the spot. Marshall had found the leak.

★ ★ ★

David Ferguson, one of our Canadian St. Dunstaners, with Patricia, his wife, have been passing through this country after a visit to the battlefields of Normandy, where David was blinded. They have travelled by tandem and on Saturday, September 30th, they were interviewed by John Ellison in "In Town To-night."

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ST. BERNARD DOG wanted.—Offers or suggestions would be welcomed by C. Wilkinson, 17 Claremont Avenue, Beverley High Road, Hull.

The Physiotherapy Conference

More than a hundred physiotherapists met in conference at the Training Centre, Ovingdean, during the week-end of September 8th. The Conference unanimously supported a resolution calling for higher salaries for their members working in hospitals, and also resolved "that private practice in physiotherapy, massage, etc., meets an important public need, especially for men engaged in sedentary professional work, and athletes, and that it should be encouraged by the Ministry of Health."

Speaking at a luncheon which preceded the Conference, Sir Ian Fraser said there were now 119 St. Dunstan's physiotherapists in the United Kingdom. Sixty-eight of these were blinded in the first world war and the balance were young men. Two-thirds were engaged in private practice.

Other speakers included the Mayor of Brighton (Ald. S. Davey, J.P.), Mr. S. C. Tarry, chairman of the Physiotherapy Advisory Committee (who presided over the Conference), Dr. C. R. Woodard, Mr. Fred Gabey (the former Olympic hurdler), Mr. J. D. Calder, Miss D. A. Pain, and Major Basil Curtis, Public Relations Officer.

One of the features of this year's Conference was a special manipulations course and demonstration by Mr. T. G. Roden. There was also a display and demonstration of modern equipment by Mr. Eastwood, the Southern representative of the Medical Supply Association, a demonstration of Plaster-of-Paris Technique by Miss Martin, Superintendent Physiotherapist at the Royal Sussex County Hospital, and a demonstration of portable Gymnasium and Remedial Apparatus by Mrs. Guthrie Smith.

At the main Conference Meeting, which was presided over by Sir Ian Fraser, the guest speaker was Dr. C. R. Woodard, whose subject was "Physiotherapy and the treatment of Athletic Injuries." Dr. Woodard, who has treated some 10,000 athletes in four years, told the Conference, "You have a tremendous job to do, and I am especially glad to see that many of you are now being recognised by our athletic organisations, to their considerable advantage."

Sir Ian Fraser told the meeting that thirteen St. Dunstaners had completed their physiotherapy training during the year; one had gone to South Africa, another to New

Zealand, while a further fifteen were now in training. Sir Ian paid tribute to the services rendered by Miss Goole, as secretary of the Advisory Committee, and by Mr. Ronald Priestley, the Head of the Physiotherapy Department at St. Dunstan's. He also complimented Mr. Tarry for his work in his capacity of Chairman of the Physiotherapy Advisory Committee.

Other speakers included Mr. C. J. R. Fawcett and Mr. J. D. Calder. There followed the election of the Advisory Committee for the following year, which resulted as follows: Mr. S. C. Tarry (re-elected chairman), Messrs. M. Burns, J. D. Calder, G. Cock, C. W. W. Cooper, C. J. R. Fawcett, A. Fisher, L. Howell, W. G. Morris, B. Purcell, W. T. Scott, and N. McLeod Steel.

The B.B.C.'s Radio Newsreel of Saturday, September 9th, included an excellent report of the Conference, which was taking place that week-end.

Black Magic

Voyaging from England to South Africa, I played cards in the saloon with the other passengers during the evenings. A Lascar bar-steward hovered about in the lounge ministering to our need of refreshment. Apparently, after my first night's play, he went back to the crews' quarters and told of this mysterious person, whom they knew to be blind and yet, by some form of witchcraft, was able to see playing cards and take an animated interest in the game, just like the other players. The fact that I felt the braille markings had evidently escaped the bar-steward's notice, and even when I explained this phenomena, my "feat" remained a source of great wonderment. I cannot imagine what consternation would have been caused had I been a member of St. Dunstan's Institute of Magicians.

JAMES ELLIS.

Recommended

Mrs. Harding, wife of Bill Harding, of Finsbury Park, can recommend some excellent kennels which board dogs in their owners' absence. A car collects and returns the dogs and special care is promised for St. Dunstaners' dogs. The address is Hoxey Kennels, Oak Grange, West Clendon, Surrey.

Talking Book Library

Stupendous September

The spate of releases has continued this month and I was surprised to find nine more books to talk about after coping with a dozen last month. However, here goes.

"The Gathering Storm," by Winston S. Churchill, reader Duncan Carse, is the opening volume of "The Second World War," in which Mr. Churchill covers the ground between the wars. To those who would say that it is easy to be wise after the event, I reply "Hark back to the early thirties and remember the then-called war-monger as the voice crying in a wilderness of political wishful thinking." The volume is pleasantly read and a joy to read.

"Their Finest Hour," by Winston S. Churchill, reader Duncan Carse, is the factual relation of our most critical period during 1940. The Battle of Britain in technicolour!

"Panther's Moon," by V. Canning, reader John Marsh, turns out to be a gripping secret service thriller after first appearing to be an ordinary circus yarn. Well told, well read, and well worth listening to.

"Without my Cloak," by Kate O'Brien, reader Mary O'Farrell, is the story of an Irish family which starts off with a bang, and though the continuation is hum-drum, it manages somehow or other to hold the interest throughout, mainly, I believe, on account of perfect choice of reader.

"Love Among the Ruins," by Angela Thirkell, reader F. P. Bayley, is a further book in this author's series on the lines of Anthony Trollope, in which the Beltons, the Carters, the Deans and other old favourites figure prominently. A county rather than a country setting, and although I can perceive snobbishness, I cannot be sure whether the writing is slightly humorous or entirely satirical. I leave you that point to clear up, but I do not recommend the attempt.

"The Life of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle," by J. Dixon Carr, reader Norman Shelley, is very interesting and informative. His background of heraldry was hardly conducive to the creating of Sherlock Holmes, but his writings all had a grip on the reader which grip the biographer manages to retain.

"The Flower and the Wheel," by Adrian

Bell, reader Arthur Bush, is a farmer's meditations on farming. The emphasis is on wheat and its growing and getting. He admits a sentimental jolt at the horses' replacement by tractors, but rejoices at the advantages that such replacements give to the agricultural industry. Pleasant reading!

"The Power and the Glory," by G. Green, reader Robin Holmes, is a sordid story of a persecuted priest in Mexico. The priest in question is at his best when attached to the business end of a brandy bottle, but he is the most savoury of a collection of desperate characters. However, there is a readable story in the maze of squalor and fatigue.

"Dominique," by E. Fromentin, reader Alvar Lidell, is, more or less, the autobiography of a country gentleman of Villeneuve. The author infuses into the story great sensitivity and sensibility, which, though now outmoded, were very popular ingredients last century, the date of this tale. Not an exciting morsel for our callous generation.

Au revoir.

"NELSON."

Points from Letters

Jock Muir writes: "There must be many in St. Dunstan's from the last war who were golf players and, like myself, thought that this form of sport was finished for them. I can assure them it is not, and for over fifteen years I got quite a kick out of a round. Of course, it cannot be anything to compete with sighted players, but it is amazing how good we can get, especially in putting. I found in putting if one placed the heel of the left foot into the ball of the right, and then got someone to tinkle the hole with the flag, and then follow the sound with the toe of the left foot, it was possible to get a very good line."

"Take a low grip on the putter and scoop the ball forward as distinct from tapping it, and you will not be far off the hole."

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"Is there a St. Dunstaner who has a generator and who would like some 25 volt electric light bulbs, for which I have no further use? It seems a pity to throw them away if they would be of use to someone else."—Jack Chappell, Birds Green, Stonards Hill, Epping.

Two Cape Town Reunions

We read, almost with envy, of regular annual reunions of St. Dunstaners in various parts of Britain. Here in South Africa, because of the great distances and the fact that our troops are widely dispersed, it is impossible to arrange such gatherings regularly, so that besides the reunion itself, there is always some special reason for these family gatherings in South Africa. There were two special reasons for these parties, and they were the guests of honour, two St. Dunstaners recently arrived in Cape Town.

A little party was held on the evening of Wednesday, August 16th, for those who could not attend a luncheon the following day. Both functions were, of course, presided over by our old friend and counsellor, Mrs. Chadwick Bates. Mrs. Southwell-Jones represented the Committee, and those present included Mr. and Mrs. Wilf. Helm, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Schemper, Mr. and Mrs. Nick Goosen, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Ellis, Capt. and Mrs. Carr Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Bass.

We were gathered to meet and welcome Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Taylor and Mr. and Mrs. John Verster. Eddie, although of the First World War, is a new St. Dunstaner. His ship had stopped at Cape Town en route for Ovingdean, England, for a period of training for Eddie. John Verster has just returned from England and is now a qualified physiotherapist. John was able to give Eddie all the latest news from Ovingdean. In a little speech, Eddie Taylor thanked St. Dunstan's for all that they had done for him. We all wish Eddie and Mrs. Taylor *bon voyage* and a very happy stay in England, and we wish John and Mrs. Verster every success in their new practice at Somerset West.

Another St. Dunstaner who has just gone on a voyage is Jimmy Crawford. He and Mrs. Crawford are spending a well-earned holiday afloat. They will sail up the east coast as far as Zanzibar, calling at the various ports on the way up. Jimmy and Mrs. Bass went on a similar trip a couple of months ago. They thoroughly enjoyed it and returned much benefited by the ozone.

Another St. Dunstaner whose holiday took him over the waves is Bill Riley. He and Mrs. Riley left Cape Town last month to spend a holiday in England. While on the subject of holidays, we are looking

forward to seeing Tom and Mabs Hart, with their son, Christopher, when they come to spend their holiday at the Cape next month.

Jock and Mrs. Reid, with their daughter, Brenda Rose, returned to Pietermaritzburg a short time ago after spending a few weeks in Cape Town. It was no holiday for Jock, who spent five weeks in hospital. However, it was worth while because we hear that Jock's operation was reasonably successful.

We were sorry to hear that Nils Nilsen and Mr. van Blerk were not well enough to attend either of the little parties.

We are feeling particularly proud of one member of the staff here in the Cape Town office. Miss Leonora Percy entered the big typewriting contest held in Cape Town, and was successful in winning the Championship title from nearly 200 entrants. She has brought honour and showers of congratulations upon herself and upon St. Dunstan's.

Young St. Dunstaners

Joyce Watson, Manor Park, has passed her examination for Grade 6 (intermediate) at the Associated Board, Royal School of Music. She was three marks under "Distinction."

John Hancock, West Drayton, has passed his Matriculation and General Schools examination with two distinctions and three credits.

Raymond Millen, Birchington, has passed the First Class examination for the City and Guild.

Marriages

Winifred Hughes, Neath, on September 2nd, to Kenneth Lloyd.

Marian Williams, Shipley, on August 12th, to Malcolm Bentley.

Joan Polley, Southall, on May 27th, to Robert Harrison.

Barbara Joan Smith, Bury St. Edmunds, on September 30th, to Leslie John Brinkley.

Jack Ridley, East Finchley, on September 2nd, to Miss Brenda Cooke.

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R. Scrimgour, of Middlesbrough, tells us that his son, who is in the Merchant Navy, was in Australia recently and visited one of the Hoyts Theatres. He took the opportunity of seeing the manager and thanking him personally, on behalf of St. Dunstan's, for their generosity in sending such a large number of food parcels to St. Dunstan's.

Braille!

As a newcomer to braille, I have been much struck by the fact that the methods of teaching are much the same as those used in the Army when teaching one to ride.

At the age of 19 I was told I should have to learn to ride. This seemed to me a good egg. I continued to think so for a full ten minutes after I had entered the riding school. We were allowed to walk our horses gently around the school, and then told to dismount and "face our horses." I must say that my horse seemed less terrified than I at what he saw.

After this gentle introduction, we were told to trot. It was apparent at this point that identity of purpose was not easily to be achieved. It would require all my concentration and self-sacrifice. This process was very painful—air cushions were not allowed. There was no rhythm about us and no sooner did we establish some sort of agreement than my stirrups—my sole support—were taken away from me. We now started cantering, galloping and jumping, and at every stage the business of trying to fit in with one another (the horse and I) had to be started all over again. My hopes were constantly being raised, only to be dashed to the ground physically as well as mentally.

Is my imagination running away with me or did I really complete my riding education by accomplishing the astonishing feat of taking a five-bar gate whilst sitting backwards on my horse and with my arms folded? However my education ended, I am sure of one thing, and that is that the first co-operation, when we walked in a gentlemanly fashion around the ring, was never recaptured.

I should be the last to compare my braille instructress to an Army riding master. But whilst she did not use the same language or brutality, it was merely the female version of the same thing. Hopes of success were always being held out and immediately taken away.

I was first given a beautiful metal plaque on which the braille letters were stuck out in points as big as hobnails. "This," I thought, "is kid's stuff." My teacher must have read my thoughts, for no sooner was I settling down to this lovely alphabet work than it was snatched away from me and a piece of paper given to me instead.

Here we are learning to trot! These dots were impossible to find and, once found, quite impossible to read.

As with riding, patience and perseverance were rewarded; this time my only physical pain was restricted to the tip of one finger. As a prize I was allowed to read in braille all about "The Diver," and about this time too I read of the evil deeds of a very nasty fellow called Michael. The end of this story, arrived at through much sweat and tears, I found very disappointing.

Perhaps I am getting the sequence of events a little confused, but this period is very hazy and understandably so. I was being led through a book called "Contractions and Abbreviations." Every letter now had a different meaning and, in addition, I was initiated into the mysteries of dots. I well remember waking up one night in a cold sweat from the thought that if there were a dot 5 to master, there would also be dots 1, 2, 3, 4 and 6. Even so, I didn't tumble to the fact that there could be all sorts of combinations of these as well. Evidently I had not even learned to trot, and the whole terrifying business of cantering, galloping and jumping lay ahead.

My general knowledge, however, was improving rapidly. What with stories from British history and "Escapes and Hurried Journeys," I was absorbing history at a great rate. It was about this time that I was told that I might take the elementary examination. It may not sound much, but to me it marked a definite step.

From now on my teacher began to hustle me. Not only was I told to read from a book that had so many dots on top of one another with no lines between, but I was told to hurry—I was too slow. This hurt my pride and I raced along, hoping to satisfy my teacher somehow. When I did begin to meet her requirements for speed, she merely turned her attention to my braille typing and said that was too slow, until finally I was driven to shorthand! Here was jumping with a vengeance! One no longer put in the dots one was used to, but instead one merely put in the dots one would have put in front of the dots one would have put if one had put the dots which one hadn't put. . . . But perhaps I am again imagining that I am taking my jumps facing backwards and with my arms folded.

J. A. ORIEL.

Brighton Notes (Ovingdean)

The week or so prior to end of term were busy ones with plenty of opportunity for varied entertainment for the holiday men. The annual outing of both the Brighton, Hove and District, and Southdown Omnibus Companies, and later the Brighton Grocers' Association, came within that fortnight. Miss Morley, the Secretary of the Grocers' Association, is shortly to retire, and in a speech expressing St. Dunstaners' thanks for this annual outing, the Commandant referred to the many enjoyable functions which Miss Morley had organised for St. Dunstaners over the past years.

The accommodation during the Physiotherapy Conference presented certain difficulties, because the Conference coincided with the re-opening of West House, but if they were a little cramped for space, their spirits in no way suffered!

Close on the heels of the departing physiotherapists came the trainees returning from holiday, and Ovingdean settled down once again to its dual function of Training Centre and Holiday Home.

The commencement of the Autumn Term coincided with "Battle of Britain" Week, and numerous invitations were accepted from the R.A.F. Associations in the district and were much enjoyed.

With the evenings drawing in, both holiday men and trainees have given good support to the Sunday evening programmes arranged in the House, and on Monday, September 25th, the Debating Society met for the first time since July. The subject debated was "That there should be a Minister of Sport." The main speakers were Jack Hill (for the motion) and John Dix (against). The chairman was George Killingbeck. Both sides received support, but in the final vote the motion was defeated.

West House

It is almost twelve months since "West House Notes" last appeared in the REVIEW. Now St. Dunstaners are back again in the old house!

Many of you will be wondering what it is like now. Well, from the main road there appears little difference, but once you enter the doors you will find that much has been done. The interior has been considerably altered and modernised, yet the house has lost none of its character.

As with Ovingdean, West House will fulfil two functions. It will be a home for the elderly "permanent" residents, and will provide nursing and medical facilities for St. Dunstaners requiring extended convalescence and medical attention.

The transfer of St. Dunstaners and staff from Ovingdean took place just prior to the Conference, and the Sick Ward was transferred immediately after the week-end. It was thanks to the almost herculean efforts of the staff, both before and on the arrival of the St. Dunstaners, and not forgetting the good humour of the men concerned, that the move was completed with the minimum discomfort under somewhat difficult conditions.

It seems now that everyone has settled down quite happily and are getting their bearings around the house. Visitors are dropping in with increasing frequency, and it is becoming generally known that "West House" is back!

A Week at Lee-on-Solent Camp

On Friday, August 11th, it was arranged that I should join up with the party from Birmingham at Oxford station. Soon I was chin-wagging away with a dozen, all, like me, bound for the Camp at Lee-on-Solent. Other parties from different parts were already there when we arrived. We were shown our cabins and beds and, while unpacking, the Commodore of the Air Station came along and, in a brief informal chat, soon made each man feel quite at home. The rest of Friday, and Saturday morning, was settling in, seeking out old friends, etc. On Saturday afternoon I was asked if I cared to go for a walk. I agreed and found that my escort was a naval rating. We set out and I soon learned that he had just come back from London, where he had been on a naval gun display at the Royal Tournament. He and his crew had broken long standing records and had secured three massive silver cups, which were on view in the Camp grounds. I was indeed thrilled to tell him that one of my elder brothers, like him, had also been in this competition at Olympia a little before World War I, at which I had been a spectator.

In the evening came the first of the At Homes, and this was an example of the whole week's evening festivities. Every evening of our stay at Lee we were entertained by a different mess.

The small Camp Church was well attended on the Sunday morning, and later, after being liberally supplied with drinks and smokes, informal chat with the officers and their wives provided a most pleasant Sunday mid-day diversion for me.

On Monday morning I linked up with the swimming party, but having no costume (apart from other things) I must confess that I had to be content with paddling.

Tuesday was a momentous day for me. It was the day of the Annual Walk (three miles). Whether it was the result of a couple of tins of Horlicks', or just the Camp feeling, I cannot say, but I entered. I had never walked before and have well passed the age at which one usually begins, but I had made up my mind to have a go. Twelve of us lined up, having previously been supplied with shorts and vest. From the very start the other competitors seemed to disappear. However, I plodded on and about the half-way mark my escort told me that there were two behind. This revived me a little, but then one of these drew level and all my hopes of cups and medals having long vanished, I turned over in my mind whether to make the supreme effort. While I was musing my adversary pulled away and I haven't seen him since. However, I plodded along to the end. I was still conscious and quite able to cheer the last man home.

On Wednesday morning we boarded a sea rescue launch and cruised right round the harbour, then into the Solent and towards Southampton and Cowes. Here we had a thrill. The *Queen Mary* was heading straight for us. Our skipper took us right round her; we tried to race her, but she outstripped us and we went quietly behind.

Every day brought fresh outings. Then came Friday evening and the grand finale. The St. Dunstaners' Choir, expressing their thanks in song; speeches by Mrs. Spurway and Jock Boyd; and even our very own Commandant had come along to contribute. All these speeches were replied to by Commodore Hubback amid sustained applause. Then the final goodbyes until we practically had to be "chucked out," to dream of next year.

H. A. H.

Births

BOGICEVIC.—On August 15th, to the wife of Svetozar ("Steve") Bogicevic, of New Malden, a daughter—Miraslav Elizabeth.

COLLINGWOOD.—On September 1st, to the wife of F. Collingwood, of Burton-on-Trent, a daughter—Dorothy.

CRUSE.—On September 13th, to the wife of J. Cruse, of Benton, Newcastle-on-Tyne, a son—John Phillip.

DUNKLEY.—On October 1st, to the wife of B. Dunkley, of Newport, Mon., a daughter—Hazel.

EDWARDS.—On September 22nd, to the wife of J. L. Edwards, of Coventry, a son—Robert James.

HOLLAMBY.—On June 12th, to the wife of L. Hollamby, of Oldham, a son.

HARRISON.—On September 14th, to the wife of T. Harrison, of Sheffield, a son.

MCCARTNEY.—On September 18th, to the wife of H. McCartney, of Belfast, a daughter.

NEWALL.—On September 18th, to the wife of H. Newall, of Manchester, a daughter—Pamela Janet.

PARKER.—On October 1st, to the wife of C. D. Parker, of Grantham, a daughter—Marion Vera.

SHALLCROSS.—On October 10th, to the wife of C. Shallcross, of Mouldsworth, Chester, a son—John Charles.

Marriages

BUTT—TRUSLER.—On October 2nd, W. Butt, of Worthing, to Dora Trusler.

FILBY—SIMMONS.—On July 29th, W. E. Filby, of Streatham, to Miss Lilian Simmons.

KILSBY—WESTWOOD.—On June 24th, G. Kilsby, of Brighton, to Miss Eleanor Westwood.

Death

WATSON.—Our deep sympathy goes out to J. Watson, of Manor Park, whose mother died on September 7th.

Miss Irene Llewellyn

Many St. Dunstaners will hear with deep regret of the death of Miss Irene Llewellyn, who was for so many years associated with St. Dunstan's at Brighton. The funeral at Brighton Crematorium was attended by Messrs. W. Anderson, W. Gadd, W. Ward, and H. Day from West House. Miss Morris represented Matron Pain, who was away on holiday, and West House Staff were represented by Mrs. Carter and Miss Arnold.

"In Memory"

Private Thomas Ashall, 1st Bn. King's Liverpool Regiment

With deep regret we record the death of T. Ashall, of Wigan.

He came to St. Dunstan's in June, 1919, after being wounded at Cambrai, and he trained as a basket-maker and carried on with this trade for a great number of years. He was considerably handicapped by head wounds and for some time had been far from well; he passed away at his home on September 5th.

Miss Doel attended the funeral at the family's request. The mourners followed the coffin on foot along the village street to the graveside. A wreath from Sir Ian Fraser was among the many flowers.

Our deep sympathy is extended to Mrs. Ashall and family.

Private George Spires, 21st Rifle Brigade (8th Wores.) Regt.

It is with deep regret that we record the death of George Spires, who was one of our oldest St. Dunstaners in point of age. He was ninety.

He served from November, 1914, until October, 1916, and came to us in December, 1918. He was then not a young man and he trained only in light poultry work. For some while his health had been poor and he was forced to take things easily. He died in hospital, where he had been admitted only a short time before.

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

Our sincere sympathy goes out to Mrs. Spires and her family.

Lance-Sergeant Frederick Lavelle, Seaforth Highlanders

We record with deep regret the death of F. Lavelle, of Ewell.

He was discharged after his war service, during which he had suffered badly from mustard gas, but it was not until 1936 that he came to St. Dunstan's notice. At that time he was in the United States, but he came over to this country and entered St. Dunstan's. He trained as a basket-maker but his health was never good. He had been very ill for a long time, and on September 3rd he was admitted to Ovingdean but later was transferred to hospital, where he passed away a short time afterwards.

Among the many flowers at the funeral was a poppy wreath from Sir Ian Fraser and his St. Dunstan's friends.

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

Private Raymond Hugh Slaughter, Royal Fusiliers

It is with deep regret that we record the death of R. H. Slaughter, of Worthing. He was fifty-two.

Enlisting in December, 1915, he suffered mustard gas injuries but he did not come to St. Dunstan's until June, 1945. He trained in basket-making. His health, however, was not good. He was admitted to a Worthing nursing home and he passed away there on September 5th.

A wreath from Sir Ian was among the flowers at the funeral, which took place at Durrington Cemetery.

Our very sincere sympathy goes out to Mrs. Slaughter and her family.

Captain William Owen

Trooper Alex Daniel Kirstein, D.C.M.

Mrs. E. Chadwick Bates writes:—

All St. Dunstaners of the 1914-18 war, and all South African St. Dunstaners of both wars, will regret to hear of the recent deaths of two of our family.

Captain William Owen, the first South African to be blinded in the First World War, died at his home at Hassocks, Sussex, on August 28th. He had been suffering from heart trouble, and was in poor health for the past three years. He was brave and cheerful to the end. We, in the Cape Town office, will miss his cheery and interesting letters, his trenchant comments on world affairs. We extend our deepest sympathy to his widow and two children.

* * *

Trooper Alex Kirstein, D.C.M., blinded in action in South West Africa early in 1915, died at his home at Klerksdorp, Transvaal, on August 29th. He had been ill for almost three years and fought against his illness with the same gallantry with which he fought in action.

Many St. Dunstaners of the First World War will remember his prowess at every kind of sport, especially his skill and strength at rowing.

Justly proud of his descent from one of the old Dutch farmers of South Africa, Alex loved to speak of his childhood and youth, spent on one of the big farms in the Transvaal. Although he trained at St. Dunstan's as a physiotherapist, and practised in this profession most successfully for 23 years he retained his interest in and studied all the modern methods of general farming, eventually, some years ago, giving up his practice and returning to settle on the family farm. In his farming, as in his profession and in businesses which he controlled, he was equally successful. His interests were almost unlimited. He took a practical interest in politics, was Chairman of the United Party of South Africa in his district, and contested the Parliamentary seat for Klerksdorp in the General Election of 1943, unfortunately unsuccessfully.

He was for many years chairman of the Transvaal Society for Non-European Blind; Vice-Chairman of the South African National Council for the Blind; and Chairman of the South African Society of Physiotherapists; on his retirement from the last-named office he was elected a Life President.

At his funeral at the family cemetery on his Farm, "Dennegeur," nearly 400 people were present, including representatives of many organisations. St. Dunstan's was represented by Mr. W. (Pop) Marais, M.M., and Mrs. Marais, of Krugersdorp. Amongst the hundred or so of beautiful floral tributes were wreaths from Sir Ian and Lady Fraser, the Chairman and members of the Board of St. Dunstan's (South Africa), and his South African St. Dunstaner comrades. An interesting and touching incident was the singing of a hymn in the Bantu language by the native farmhands, who lowered the coffin into the grave.

We extend our deepest sympathy to his widow and five children.