

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Men and Women Blinded on War Service

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NOVEMBER, 1950

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[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN]

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

FOR some thirty years West House has been a firm favourite with St. Dunstaners as a holiday and convalescent home, and for permanent residents. Now this fine building in Portland Place, Brighton, has been completely redesigned and modernised throughout, and will, in its attractive new form, serve a dual purpose only—as a home for the elderly permanent residents and for the provision of nursing and medical facilities for St. Dunstaners requiring extended convalescence and medical attention. I am sorry that ordinary holidays cannot take place at West House, but it is not possible to make full provision for the old, the sick, and the lonely, and still have beds to spare. Ovingdean, therefore, will in future accommodate St. Dunstaners on holiday.

There will, then, be many new features, many new discoveries for St. Dunstaners to make when next they visit West House, but let me say at once that everything has been designed to preserve the happy atmosphere of the home, yet at the same time remove some of the inconveniences of a building that is about a hundred years old. For example, features incorporated at the Training Centre, such as guide rails, have now been introduced, and the large rooms have been divided in order to make them smaller and cosier. Typical of the complete modernisation of the new West House is the installation of an electrically operated service lift, in place of the one worked by a pulley, and the substitution of oil furnaces for coke boilers. Even the garden in the rear has been laid out afresh, including lawns, rockeries, and alcoves where you will be able to enjoy a quiet smoke.

But let me take you on a quick tour so that when you next visit West House, you will know what to find and where to go.

From outside, the building is now quite resplendent in white and cream, and then, as you make your way up the steps to the entrance door, you must remember that it is not now "one over the eight," but "two over the eight," for there are ten steps to ascend. The old front door remains, but a pace-and-a-half on the other side are two swing doors, so don't think you are inside the hall after passing only the first door. Then the reception desk on the left of the entrance hall has been extended, and the telephone kiosk has been moved to another and more secluded place. But Mrs. Jeffreys will still be there behind the reception desk to greet you with a cheery word and a smile.

The pegs for coats opposite the reception desk have gone though, and the door to the dining room has been moved nearer the front entrance. As the orderlies' old door opposite has also been removed, and the wall blocked in, you will no longer bang your head, as so many St. Dunstaners did when a careless orderly had left their door open. At the end of the front passage there used to be the entrance to the lounge. But the lounge has now been made a little smaller to allow for a separate passage leading through to the

Sick Bay, and so avoid disturbing those resting by a continual procession to and from this part of the building. This passage leads first to the dispensary and then, by turning to the right and then left, to the new Sick Bay itself, which is now divided into three separate wards containing five, six and seven beds. Every bed is now fitted with a two-station headphone radio with volume control, so that you can now choose your own programme, and another feature is the tallboy installed by every bed to keep all your things nice and handy. Then every bed now has its own bed-table with a plastic top, and a bedside bell switch for calling the orderly. A red light tells the orderly which bed to go to and the light is only extinguished when the orderly switches off. And a new roof fanlight fitted to each ward gives the rooms more light and air than in the old Sick Ward.

From the far end of the Sick Ward a short passage leads to four new single-bedded wards, so that altogether there is accommodation for twenty-two patients. But you will find more changes here, for "The Bunk," as the old Isolation Ward was called, has gone—you remember perhaps how you used to mount steps from the Conservatory door to this Ward and the toilet. This alteration has been brought about by the disappearance altogether of the Conservatory, as part of this area has been taken up by the new Sick Ward. The site of the old Conservatory will now serve as a splendid sun terrace for beds in fine weather.

Now if you come back with me to the new entrance to the Sick Bay and instead turn left, you will find yourself in a most spacious hall, with chairs and a settee. This area was formerly the narrow passage that led to Ward 2 with its seven beds, which some years before was, of course, the Quiet Lounge. Midway down on the left of this hall is the new lift to all floors, and on the far right the old entrance to Ward 2 is utilised for access to both the new lounges. Ward 2 has, in fact, become a lounge again—but now the main lounge, while folding doors lead through to the new Quiet Lounge (formerly the main lounge). There are one or two other alterations here, for the fireplace of the Ward 2 and old Quiet Lounge days has gone; in its place are the doors leading to the new Quiet Lounge, but here the old fireplace remains. Then, from the far left side of the main lounge, there is a covered passage to the old "Cow Shed," where you will remember Miss Morris, now temporarily at Ovingdean, used to have her handicrafts in the old days. Well, the "Cow Shed," as such, has gone, but instead there is a fine new sports room, where you can play your darts, cards, or dominoes, or do your typewriting away from the other two lounges. This new sports room really makes up for the loss of the Conservatory. Doors lead from the two lounges, and the sports room, to the gardens, and from the Quiet Lounge there is a short approach to nine steps leading up to the lawn. The slope up to the old boot room has disappeared, and the ground levelled off. And the old crazy paving on the far side has been done away with, making for a bigger lawn and path. At the far side of the garden are the new workshops, or, if you like, the new "Cow Shed."

Coming back into the house and the hall leading to the main lounge, there is a new men's cloakroom and toilet, and Ward 1, which previously adjoined Matron's office, is now the Secretary's office and waiting room. So you won't have to go upstairs any more to see Miss Meldrum. Opposite the Secretary's office is an alcove leading to the new telephone kiosk.

So much for downstairs, and before I briefly tell you about the main alterations upstairs, you will be glad to know that there are now two fire escapes—put to so many other uses in the past, other than the intended one—to both floors.

On the first floor, rooms 1, 3 and 4, and the old bathroom, have been renumbered 10, 8, 9 and 11, and room 2 is now the orderlies' room—for there is now an orderlies' room on each floor. Number 10 is a four-bedded room, which has taken over part of the old number 6, and the old number 5 room has been replaced by a toilet containing four wash basins, two baths, and two lavatories. The old Commandant's and Matron's Secretary's offices are now taken up as staff bedrooms. On the second floor, the outstanding change has been that the West House part of the building, as distinct from Portland House, has come back into use as bedrooms. Rooms formerly numbered 3, 4, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11 are now 12, 13, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19 and 20. The old number 11 room is now divided into two two-bedded rooms. The old number 5 room and the head of the old domestic staircase is now replaced by another new toilet, containing three bathrooms, five wash basins, and

four lavatories. Ward 1—now room 14—has taken over part of the old Ward 6, and contains four beds, and Ward 2 is now an orderlies' room. And that is about all I can tell you about the rooms, except that every room has a power plug from which you can use an electric razor. The central dome is back to its pre-war state, and on the stairs, instead of the old gates, there are now double swing gates—Ovingdean style. And instead of a rope cord there is a permanent rail.

So that is the new West House. I do hope you will like it, and will find it even more comfortable and easier for getting around, when you get to know the changes, than the old place. And you can be assured of a right royal welcome from Mrs. Rosemary Avison, the new Matron, whom many will remember as a Sister at West House some time ago. Yes, changes there have been many, but with all its modernisation, West House has lost none of its character, and if the happy atmosphere of bygone years remains—and I am sure that it will—then the new West House will have no fear for its future and continued popularity.

IAN FRASER.

The Lord Mayor's Thanksgiving Fund

In April of this year, at the request of many St. Dunstaners, a special fund was started which was to be our own contribution to the Lord Mayor's National Thanksgiving Fund. This Fund is to express the deep gratitude of Britain for the many gifts and parcels sent from overseas.

Our special little fund closed on August 31st, although the national appeal continues, and on October 21st, Sir Ian Fraser had the pleasure of sending to the Lord Mayor a cheque for £103 1s. 6d. as our contribution to his Fund.

The following letter was received from the Mansion House:

MY DEAR SIR IAN,

Thank you warmly for your letter of October 21st, with the enclosed cheque for £103 1s. 6d., representing a donation to the National Thanksgiving Fund raised by St. Dunstaners as the result of a suggestion in the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW.

This generous contribution by St. Dunstan's blinded soldiers, sailors and airmen is deeply appreciated by me, and I value highly this effective support which they have thus given to this national movement of gratitude towards our friends overseas for the immense volume of food gifts which they have sent to us in our years of need.

Will you please convey to the contributors an expression of my sincere gratitude?

Yours sincerely,

F. ROWLAND,
Lord Mayor.

Sir Clutha Mackenzie

Sir Clutha Mackenzie, who is UNESCO consultant on braille, is now in Turkey taking part in consultations on the modification of Turkish braille. He will also survey and make a report on general blind welfare problems in Turkey.

Sir Clutha is undertaking this mission at the request of the Turkish Government.

It was in Turkey that, in 1915, during the Dardanelles campaign, he was wounded and lost his sight.

Lord President Praises St. Dunstaner

On November 20th, Mr. Herbert Morrison proposed a toast of "The Newspaper Society," coupled with the name of Wing Commander W. T. Curtis-Willson, at a dinner given by Sir Ian Fraser at the House of Commons. Mr. Morrison said it was a notable achievement for a St. Dunstaner to become President of this most important Society.

Colonel J. J. Astor, representing the National Newspapers, supported the toast.

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The first letter on the leader page of *The Times* on November 6th was from Mr. Curtis-Willson who called attention to the newsprint famine which, he said, must grow more acute with each year that passes, and urged the setting up of pulp mills in the Colonies to handle the potential raw materials which are available in Southern Asia and the Pacific Islands.

London Club Notes

The Annual General Meeting of the London Club will be held on January 5th, 1951, at 7.30 p.m., at Headquarters. It is hoped that everyone will make a special effort to attend.

The Club will be closed on the occasion of the Helpers' Dance (December 18th.).

Bridge.—We have first of all to congratulate Frank Rhodes and Dusty Miller on winning the Pearson Competition for the pairs. It was a first-rate effort and also a very good match, with very little in it. On top of this was a very good match played by our first team in the London Business Houses league match. They made a big recovery from thirteen match points down in the first half to finish the match in a draw. Although they were in the lead in the end, they had not made the required number of points to qualify for a win. As they were playing the runners-up in the League of last year, this looks like a good start.

Congratulations also to the North in defeating the South in their return match. This divides the honours for the year. We were also delighted to meet yet another new team in Barclay's Bank, who gave us a very good game, but at the same time taking the honours. By the time these Notes are in print, we shall have decided yet another competition, the most important of the lot, being the Pearson Trophy for teams of four, to be played at Brighton. As this is a new venture, we shall be a bit anxious as to its result, but with goodwill and understanding on all sides we ought to win through.

J. MUIR.

Indoor Section. Three reminders:—

1. Talks: Friday, December 8th, "What is the British Council?" by Mr. Paul Reed, Information Dept., British Council.

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

Will all members please attend if possible. Attendance is not good, and if there is no improvement the remainder of the programme will have to be cancelled.

2. Please let me have your applications for tickets for the Dance at Chelsea Town Hall, on December 18th. They are free.

3. Dancing competitions for the Sir Arthur Pearson Memorial prizes will be held at Chelsea Town Hall on February 2nd, 1951. *Please note.*—Professional partners will be barred.

On Monday, October 23rd, our Dart Team visited the Red Lion, Westminster, where we met the renowned Smith Brothers. Two games were played, each team recording a win, the result being left a draw. We were entertained right royally and a magnificent donation of £20 was raised for our Club funds.

Outdoor Section

The return walk with the R.A.F. (Halton Camp) provided an exciting and finely contested race on October 14th.

Off to a fast start, headed by Tutton and Hailes, the field soon settled down, with Johnson, R.A.F., in the lead. He was never in danger and won a very fine race.

The R.A.F. won the team race and the handicap, which was very pleasing to us, but apart from the combined race, the points count for the Cups as suggested by Charlie Williamson, and handicap times showed a remarkable result.

It was gratifying to see a new walker appear in Jimmy Fairgreives, who entered the race after only one training spin, and finished in fine fettle and in quite good time. More will be heard of Jimmy.

The next race is over 5 miles, combining a race against a team from the Polytechnic Harriers, on November 18th. There will be a six mile event from the Inner Circle on Saturday, January 27th, at 2.30 p.m.

	Points	Result	
S. Tutton	20 points
A. Bradley	19 "
W. Miller	18 "
A. Brown	17 "
E. Hailes	16 "
C. Stafford	15 "
T. Gaygan	14 "
P. Cryan	13 "
J. Fairgreives	12 "

Magic.—Madam Zomah and members of the St. Dunstan's Section of the Institute of Magicians take this opportunity of wishing all our readers a very happy Christmas and all the best for 1951.

Will members please note that the Club will be closed on Monday, December 18th.

Sir Ian Fraser at French Remembrance Ceremony

Sir Ian Fraser was received in audience by the President of the French Republic, M. Vincent Auriol, at the Elysee, Paris, on the afternoon of Friday, November 10th. He later visited M. Jacquinet, the French Minister of Pensions, and had a long discussion with him, and attended the Remembrance Ceremony at the Arc de Triomphe on November 11th, at 11 a.m.

On the evening of Friday, the 10th, Sir Ian and Lady Fraser were the guests of Maitre Engrand, President of the Union Francaise des Association des Combattants at a banquet to meet Ministers and the Officers and representatives of this organisation.

Sir Ian and Lady Fraser also visited the Headquarters of the British Legion in Paris, at the invitation of the Chairman, Brigadier Swinton Lee, and as Chairman of St. Dunstan's visited the headquarters of the Union des Aveugles de Guerre, the organisation for the French war-blinded.

Leaving Northolt at 11 a.m. on Thursday morning, the 9th, Sir Ian and Lady Fraser flew back on the afternoon of Saturday, the 11th, in time to meet Their Majesties, the King and Queen, and Princess Margaret, at the Festival of Remembrance at the Albert Hall that evening, and to attend the Cenotaph Service on Remembrance Sunday.

Listeners to television saw and heard Sir Ian speak the familiar words of remembrance: "They shall grow not old . . ." at the British Legion Festival at the Albert Hall, on Saturday night. Listeners to the sound broadcast heard a different voice, and many of Sir Ian's friends thought he may have been held up in Paris. The explanation was that Richard Dimpleby commented on the evening performance but illustrated it with recordings from the afternoon performance. The other voice which was heard on the radio that night was that of Sir Richard Howard-Vyse, Chairman of the British Legion, who, in Sir Ian's absence, had spoken the Exhortation in the afternoon session.

Remembrance, 1950

In London, St. Dunstaners were amongst the vast audience at the Festival of Remembrance at the Royal Albert Hall on the evening of Saturday, November 11th.

On the morning of November 12th, Remembrance Sunday, a party of St. Dunstaners marched to the Cenotaph with other ex-Service organisations, headed by Sir Ian Fraser as President of the British Legion; a wreath was laid on behalf of the war-blinded Service men and women of the Empire.

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At Brighton, Harry Day, late Rifle Brigade, from West House, representing 1914—1918 men, and Thomas Morley, late Merchant Navy, from Ovingdean, representing 1939—1945 St. Dunstaners, placed a wreath on the cenotaph.

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Liverpool and Manchester St. Dunstaners joined their friends at the Blackpool Home at a service conducted by the Rev. H. Wardle-Harpur on November 11th. On Remembrance Sunday a party from the Home attended the service at the cenotaph and W. Biggs, of Leicester, laid a wreath.

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The front page of the *Sunday Graphic* on November 12th was devoted to a photograph of our St. Dunstaner, Harry Preedy, paying his tribute at the Cenotaph with his young son and daughter. The simplicity and quiet dignity of the picture has drawn much praise from readers of the newspaper.

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Belfast St. Dunstaners attended a Remembrance Dinner, given by the British Legion Women's Hospital Committee. The Minister of Labour, replying to the toast of the Government of Northern Ireland, paid warm tribute to Hugh McCrea's work as telephonist at the Labour Exchange.

From Mr. Banks

Through the medium of the REVIEW, my wife and I welcome the opportunity to thank all St. Dunstaners, their wives, and members of the staff, who have been so very kind and generous in their congratulations and gifts to us on the occasion of our marriage. Please accept our joyful appreciation and gratitude, not only for the many gifts, but also for the abundant goodwill which has been expressed to us in so many ways, and which has added to our great happiness.

LESLIE ("BILL") BANKS.

Don't Count Your Chickens

I did not enter for the Manchester Braille Reading Competition because I thought I would win a prize, but to please the person who gave me my first lessons in braille.

The competition was being held at Whalley Range Girls' School, and we were to meet at the National Library at 9 a.m. This meant that my escort and myself had to get up nearly in the middle of the night to catch the 7.15 bus to Manchester. It was raining "cats and dogs" and it did not improve matters to find out that only the Schools had to be there at 9, and we could have had a little longer in bed.

We arrived and found our classrooms. I was in Class III—for those who had learned braille in the past five years. The test piece was from "Pride and Prejudice," so I was a little taken aback when the Examiner asked if I read poetry or prose. I had read very little poetry and could not think what prose was, and was just going to tell her that I only read detective stories when she told me I would be all right as it was prose.

I read about a page—something to do with shopping in a country village, and mentioned a sailor and his lass. I really couldn't make head or tail of it. A few minutes later I went before another Examiner, and this time it was "Pride and Prejudice," which wasn't bad at all. Not long afterwards I was told that two of us were to read again, and so I had another go at "The Shopping Expedition," but found I hadn't improved much from the first time.

In the afternoon came the prize-giving, and the girl who was third in Class III was the girl who had had to re-read with me. It dawned on me that I must have been fourth, and was quite pleased about it. When I arrived home, I was congratulated by everyone for being fourth. Naturally, I told them the whole story and they agreed that there could not be any doubt about it.

A fortnight went by and then the result papers came. Yes! There was no mistaking it. I was most certainly fourth.

Only four people had entered Class III.
(Mrs.) M. STANWAY.

Golden Wedding

Many congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Burrige, of Reading, who celebrated their golden wedding anniversary on November 18th.

To St. Dunstaners in Brighton Area

Will all St. Dunstaners who are interested in the formation of a St. Dunstan's Social Club in the Brighton area please write to Mr. F. C. Fleetwood, 81 Lark Hill, Hangleton, Hove, 4.

Northgate, 1950

Throughout the whole of 1950 we cannot recall a day when it was impossible for the children to be out of doors for some time. "Come hail, come snow, and out we go," as a Trelvelion remarked with chattering teeth, "but my! how it makes you eat." We can endorse this, and herein lies the secret of Northgate. We forge around in Channel gales, bowing our heads to the tempest, homing again like a flock of seagulls. Away, dull care! It's a holiday; two whole weeks in which to toss your cap over the windmill, your football into the next garden, and go like the wind!

Day brings the sunshine streaming into bedrooms full of air from the sea. Down come the children to breakfast.

Big and little ones alike find the garden a wonderful place to let off steam. Out they go after breakfast. By 10 a.m. hunger calls again and the pangs are allayed with biscuits and orange squash. Then down to the sea in prams, or on jet-propelled legs; and here, winter and summer alike, the sea gives us its warmth, charm, excitement, interest, and ceaseless occupation for shell hunters and crab-catchers. It is the most enchanting of all entertainments Northgate has to offer its children.

The famished horde, replete once more, has half an hour's rest with books, then come long walks on the Downs, when pram cases keep to the paths and bigger ones chase over Downs, beach and sea wall.

Day reaches evening. High teas, glowing fires, puzzles and stories for winter, or would you have summer evenings in a garden of sloping lawn, swings and paddling pool? Eight o'clock and all's quiet! If "dead to the world" describes the night, then "alive to the world" is the beauty of our day!

For Sale

LARGE BLACK LEEWAY PRAM, good condition. £5 5s., carriage paid.—R. W. Bridger, 124 Manor Road, Stoke Newington, London, N.16 (Stamford Hill 9079).

Talking Book Library October's Offering

The flood of new releases has somewhat abated and only three salute our ears this month. All make good reading, without any of them achieving a classic standard of literature. Their titles are "Sanders of the River," "Private Angelo," and "The Ides of March."

"Sanders of the River," by Edgar Wallace, reader John Marsh, is a collection of episodes depicting the life and blunt methods of administration of Mr. Commissioner Sanders, in his territory in West Central Africa. The mixture of simplicity, cunning, superstition and pugnacity among the tribes for which he is responsible, gives him plenty of opportunity to exercise his uncanny judgment. It is gripping and quite stimulating.

"Private Angelo," by Eric Linklater, reader Anthony Macdonald, concerns a simple Italian peasant whose object in life is to run away from any danger that may threaten. He first appears as a deserter from the Italian army in 1943, and his tragicomic career is then followed until so-called peacetime. Laughing gas!

"The Ides of March," by Thornton Wilder, reader Stephen Jack, impresses me as an imaginative translation of imaginary documents, covering the year before the fracas in the Forum "put paid" to Caesar. The atmosphere created by the author is very realistic, and possibly I over-praise him when I suggest all the documents emanate from him. Startling, refreshing, and not to be regarded as history.

Laugh and grow fat, and if already so, grow fatter.
"NELSON."

National Laying Test

Final report for 48 weeks, October 10th, 1949, to September 10th, 1950

	Test Score
1. Bagwell, Philip R.I.R.	1334
2. Chaffin, Albert "	1314
3. Jarvis, Albert L.S.	1308
4. Taylor, Tom R.I.R.	1130
5. Wooddock, W. J. "	1114
6. Gregory, T. "	1106
7. Smith, W. Alan "	1094
8. Clarke, T. "	1090
9. Dent, P. "	1077
10. Holmes, Percy "	924

Average per bird, for last month, 13.54.
Average of test score to date, 207.46.

A Slump in Microbes

"Not long ago the influenza microbe was tyrant paramount. He is losing his status in England and his international relations are also slumping. He is fighting hard to retain his supremacy. Fight back, and when he finds who he's in, he'll quit." Thus saith the doctor.

I swallowed an influenza MicRobe, kept him warm, and he invited his relations to an international shindig. The MicJocks, MicTaffs and MicSassenachs arrived in millions. Lapping cough mixture was the MicRobes' weakness. Intoxicated, they heaved missiles at the MicSassenachs lower down. The uproar in my chest was fiendish. The MicTaffs and MicJocks accepted my legs as pylons and sent hot, rasping shocks to all parts of me. Then they decided to go ski-jumping down my spine. To the accompaniment of bands—bagpipes, brass, string and wind—all playing different tunes, they bumped and galloped the life out of me. Then the snow melted and they swept the water and slush down through my eyes and nose and mouth till I was nigh suffocated. Then I felt the peace and quiet of a sun-drenched Elysium.

I awoke to find them gone. I asked my daughter could she foretell my future chances. She turned a teacup upside down and peered into its leaf-cluttered depths. "You are going into a big building on a hill. Fair and dark ladies will cross your path. Money will be given to you every Wednesday, and when you get it, don't forget to send my portion." That sounded like Ovingdean to me. Well, the microbes are slumping, the sun is coming up, and I wish myself all the best that can happen.

W. E. BROOKES.

Sympathy

A customer entered my shop recently but made no reply to my offers to serve him. I began to feel worried, picturing a possible hold-up. I rang for my wife, who dashed in and saw a deaf-and-dumb man trying to make me understand what he wanted. This strange episode makes me smile now, but I was also very touched as he made my wife understand that *he* felt very sorry for *me*. I personally was most sympathetic with him, knowing that I was far less handicapped.

J. BLACKWELL.

The Muffled Drums' Reunion

It is with mixed feelings I write of the Muffled Drums' Reunion. At the eleventh hour, a telephonic communication informed us that Bill Jay had been admitted to hospital and would not be able to join us. Wally Ruddock arrived with his right arm in a sling, having been knocked down by a motor-cycle and sustaining a broken wrist and injured fingers. Wally made a fine effort not to disappoint us all, but wisely, though sadly, he took to his bed on Saturday evening, suffering from delayed shock. Two others had to keep appointments at local hospitals for X-rays.

Our "Colonel," old Joe Jordan, turned up as fit as ever, and saw to it that everything went according to plan so far as he was concerned, not forgetting that pipe of his!

What was left of us were warmly welcomed by the Matron, Commandant and staff on October 26th, and that evening a welcome dinner was well attended. The Commandant made a short speech, to which we replied, and at this dinner we all had the pleasure of meeting Matron Avison from West House.

Friday morning saw us going out in two's and four's for a stretch along the cliffs, but we all managed to meet at the Plough for a little lubrication. Amongst the guests at this year's reunion was a rating and a Wren from Lee-on-Solent, and they proved to be both very helpful and popular.

The very fine tea at the Coach House on the Friday was an uproarious affair. In the evening was a dance and the next morning we spent in Brighton.

Ruddock's taking to his bed greatly damped down our enthusiasm as we set out for dinner at Strood's, but we managed to enjoy a very fine dinner. Finding myself next to Matron Pain, we naturally spoke of the day I entered St. Dunstan's, and of the many discussions and meetings there had been to overcome the problems of deaf-blindness. It was sad that there were enough deaf-blind to justify such an occasion as this Reunion, and we recalled the first one, held in 1932. After Commandant had made a short but fitting speech, there was a pause, and Joe got to his feet. The Colonel took three mighty puffs at his long cigar, then showed just how a deaf-blind man can make a speech!

We all found somewhere to go on Sunday morning, and after lunch we journeyed to Alfriston for a delightful tea with our

escorts. After supper we had a knock-out 5 and 3 dominoe contest, which was won by Jack Orrell, and a quiz, which was won by Wally Thomas. Then followed an interesting contest, in which all kinds of things were put separately into the palm of our hands, and we had to guess what it was. This was won by myself; Mr. Bedford won the booby prize.

On the Monday, Mr. Mackay visited us and interviewed us all individually first before we met him for tea later. Sir Ian sent word by Mr. Mackay to say how very disappointed he was to be unable to come down to see us all, and he sent the following message:—

"Deafness is a great handicap, especially when added to blindness, and I admire greatly the way you overcome it, and your cheerful bearing. I often think of you and your problems, and St. Dunstan's will always do what it can to help you. I wish you and your families the best of luck."

Mr. Mackay's suggestion that we should have two holidays a year—one in the Spring and one in the Autumn—was greeted with a cheer.

On Tuesday we visited West House and were shown all its improvements. We chatted with old friends, took a delightful tea and supper, then settled down to the domino contest, at which Matron Avison played too.

Wednesday morning saw us hand-shaking and back-slapping, then the last farewells—and home with happy memories and our warm thanks to St. Dunstan's for a very enjoyable reunion in all the circumstances.

G. FALLOWFIELD.

Other News

F. C. W. ("Micky") Fulbrook, of Penge, has been successful with his Red Cocker with the first litter, and his first venture. At the Olympia Dog Show (Ladies' Kennel Club Championship), he secured a "Very Highly Commended." During the previous week, at the Beckenham Open Show, the Cocker won a "Highly Commended" card in the Novice Dog Class.

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F. Westaway, who has been a member of the British Legion Club, Yeovil, since its inception, has presented a door mat for use in the Club entrance hall, to commemorate the silver jubilee of his membership.

Silver Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Coles, Chessington, February 2nd, 1950.

Natal Tour

I have just arrived back in Cape Town after a lecture tour of the Province of Natal, which lasted seven and a half weeks. Being a Rooinek, fresh out from England, the trip for me was full of interest.

After leaving Table Mountain behind us, it was not long before we started to climb the first mountain pass, which took us over the Hottentots Holland, so-called because, when the early Dutch Settlers ventured inland from the Cape, the fertile valleys of the Hottentot mountains reminded them of Holland.

The really impressive mountain scenery came when we entered the "Wilderness"; this part of the country has been aptly named. The mountains here have a stark, almost foreboding aspect; we played for safety and took the lower road, which meant that we twisted and turned in and out round the base of the mountains which, in some instances, rose up sheer on either side of us. At other times there was a sheer precipitous drop on one side, usually just as we came upon a hairpin bend, and remember this was the lower road. The grandeur of these mountains is awe-inspiring. In fairness to the Wilderness I must add that, in parts, the scenery is softened by the rich vegetation that fringes the lakes at the foot of the mountains.

Before my first lecture, in Durban, there was a little party, at which members of the St. Dunstan's Durban and District Committee and friends met St. Dunstaners living in the area. Among those present were many old friends, including Tom and Mabs Hart, Jimmy Brimlow, Dr. Alexander, Tom Sattary, who had just returned from England, Mr. Kayn, and Eddie Taylor.

The latter, although wounded in the 1914—18 war, is a new St. Dunstaner, and will shortly be going to England for training. It was nice meeting old friends again, and especially did we get to work on Eddie Taylor, telling him of all the tortures and the awful fate awaiting him when he reached the training home at Brighton.

From Durban I travelled into Zululand. As many people will know, this territory is mainly devoted to the cultivation of sugarcane. The proprietor of the hotel at which I stayed, calmly announced during the course of conversation that he had a python in a

box at the back of the hotel. It had just been caught and was all ready for dispatch down to Durban, where it would probably be sold to a zoo. Talking with planters, I heard lots of stories about these huge, loathsome reptiles, that live in the sugarcane and live upon cane rats.

One remarkable ex-Serviceman I met was Col. Royden-Turner, who served in the Boer War, the 1914 war and the recent war. As Colonel of the Umvoti Mounted Rifles, he organises an annual dinner of Boer War veterans of his regiment and any others who served during the South African war. Now some of his greatest friends, men who had come from all over the Union to attend the annual dinner, are men who fought in the commandos on the other side.

Whilst fulfilling engagements in Greyton I stayed with Eddie Taylor on his farm a few miles out. You will remember Eddie is the new St. Dunstaner; on a previous occasion I had instructed him in the mysterious art of reading braille playing cards. Eddie learns quickly, and I was pleased to find that he had made such progress as to enable us to have one or two sessions at cribbage.

During a short stay in Pietermaritzburg I met many of those good people who did such a splendid job of work for the troops who were at the military hospital there during the war. I actually stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Collins, Winsome and Jimmy, who will always be remembered by some twenty-five St. Dunstaners as being a couple of really good scouts; they are both hale and hearty and have not changed a bit. Young son Russell is quite a big fellow now, and is away at boarding-school. He was just a young shaver of five years old when we all knew him. Even "Tinker," the dachshund, is still going strong, although, being a dog, he is getting a bit long in the tooth. St. Dunstaner Albert Mason and Mrs. Mason are still as bright and cheery as they were during the war, when they came to see us in hospital and put new heart into us. Albert still has an amazing repertoire of quips and conundrums. Also in Pietermaritzburg I met Jock Reid, physiotherapist. I arrived back in Cape Town, feeling richer for my experience and feeling that one can still learn a lot about new places, in spite of the handicap of blindness.

JAMES BELLIS.

Ovingdean Notes

This month at Ovingdean we have welcomed the Deaf Reunion—or, as they call it themselves, "The Muffled Drums" Reunion. During the few days they were with us we endeavoured to give them a variety of entertainments, and from all accounts it seemed that they each enjoyed their stay. We shall, for our part, look forward to having them with us again next year.

Debates, Quiz contests and play-readings continue as popular as ever, and we have also received several outside invitations during the month. The first of these came on October 11th, from the British Legion Club at Seaford, when a party of trainees and staff were entertained at a Social. The evening was such a success that we look forward, at some future date, to being able to invite our kind hosts and hostesses to Ovingdean. A few days later another group from Ovingdean enjoyed themselves at the invitation of the "Bull Frogs Club" in Brighton.

By the time this appears in print we shall have held the Bridge week-end and also the Domino and Darts week-end. St. Dunstaners from all over the country will be coming to us for both these functions, and we look forward to having them with us at Ovingdean for the first time.

Shooting

The October Team competition resulted in a victory for No. 6 team with four wins out of five, giving them eight points; their aggregate score was 706 with 14 plus's. The team was Messrs. McKay, C. Fraser and C. Phillips. No 1 team and No. 4 team tied with three wins each—6 points, and their aggregates were as follows:—

No. 1: 704 with 8 plus's.

No. 4: 704 with 15 plus's.

No. 4 team is therefore the runner-up. The highest individual aggregate was obtained by G. McKay (243 and 7 plus's), followed by C. Phillips (242 and 6 plus's).

West House Notes

Little by little we are beginning to settle down in the new house. It has been pleasant to have so many of the St. Dunstaners holidaying at Ovingdean coming down to pay us visits.

There have also been several occasions on which we have joined Ovingdean, and

thus we have been afforded several opportunities for meeting old friends from time to time.

We were particularly pleased to welcome the Deaf Reunion for tea and supper on October 31st, just prior to their departure home on the Wednesday.

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Chapel collection funds have been sent out as follows:—

Mayor of Chesterfield's Mine Disaster Fund	£10
Pearson's Fresh Air Fund	£5
National Deaf-Blind Helpers' League	£5

Test Results

Typewriting.—D. O'Sullivan, M. Manners, P. Pollock.

Braille Writing.—G. McKay.

Advanced Test.—R. Green, G. Jakins.

Senior Test.—E. Crook.

Thirty Years Ago

Thirty years ago I wrote some verses,

Thirty years ago life still was sweet,
Nowadays I'm mostly breathing curses
Now that I have corns upon my feet.

Thirty years ago my limbs were limber,
Nowadays, alack, alas, they are not so.
When I move, I'm like a piece of timber,
And I groan like trees in heavy blow.

Thirty years ago I had a pension
Good as any labouring man could earn,
Nowadays it's scarcely safe to mention,
Life is very real and very stern.

Thirty years ago the war was over,
We had done with slaughter for all time.
Nowadays the dark war-clouds still hover
Over many lands and many climes.

Thirty years ago the British Navy
Still was mistress of the Seven Seas,
Nowadays it's mostly gone to Davy,
Soviet "subs" are speeding where they please.

Thirty years ago, a goodly number,
Nowadays our number's very low.
Tears keep dropping as I oft remember
The gallant lads of Thirty Years Ago.

JAMES CHISHOLM
("Third Reserve.")

Waihope, New Zealand.

Blackpool Notes

The Blackpool Home re-opened after its "autumn clean" on October 9th, and we drank to happy days in a warming glass of port.

We were pleased to welcome Sir Ian and Lady Fraser on October 12th, when they managed to snatch a few precious hours from the Conservative Conference. We were very glad, too, to meet Mr. Nigel Pearson—grandson of our Founder—who came along to lunch.

On October 16th we went to the Lakes—the last trip of the year. Now the motor launches have been put away until 1951, when we look forward to more happy trips on Lake Windermere.

So often the wives enjoy the reflected glory of St. Dunstaners, but on October 18th those who were with their husbands at the Blackpool Home had a special treat—leaving husbands—and other cares!—behind, they went as guests of the Tower Company to the Children's Ballet. This is a very famous feature of Blackpool entertainments and the evening was voted a huge success.

The weekly visits to the Palace, Felman's Theatre, and the Grand were as happy as usual, and added to these entertainments was the afternoon at the Opera House as the guests of the management. Tea, programmes, and the unstinted attention of the Opera House staff added to the enjoyment of "White Horse Inn."

Young St. Dunstaners

Kenneth Fawcett, the 27-year-old son of our physiotherapist at Bournemouth, who is a medical student, has won first prize in the *Daily Graphic* competition for "giving good reasons for wanting to go to Australia." His prize is the journey to Australia, free of charge, with a gift of £150 also, or, alternatively, the sum of £715. So far Kenneth has not decided.

Placement

D. O'Sullivan, of Kennington, as a capstan lathe operator with London United Tools, Ltd.

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H. T. Cheal won a first, second and two third prizes at the Bristol Show, the third time he has won first prize for onions.

Births

FAULKNER.—On September 22nd, to the wife of W. D. Faulkner, of Birmingham, a son—Paul Douglas.

FLEISIG.—On October 30th, to the wife of D. Fleisig, of Orpington, a son—Colin David.

HEWETT.—On October 30th, to the wife of G. Hewett, of Patcham, a daughter—Olga.

KIBBLER.—On April 18th, to the wife of L. Kibbler, of Langley, near Birmingham, a son.

MERRIMAN.—On October 31st, to the wife of George Merriman, of 38 Fulford Street, New Plymouth, New Zealand, a son—John Percy.

TAYLOR.—On October 23rd, to the wife of J. Taylor, of Swinton, a son—Ian Peter.

WARD.—On November 7th, to the wife of K. Ward, of St. Leonards-on-Sea, a son.

Marriages

FRASER—LEWIS.—On August 3rd, Colin Fraser, New Silksworth, to Miss Sylvia Lewis.

WAITE.—On November 4th, W. Waite, of Didsbury, Manchester.

Deaths

Our deep sympathy goes out to the following:—

CHAMPNISS.—To F. Champniss, of Bovingdon, whose wife died on October 28th.

KERR.—To Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Kerr, of Widnes, whose eldest son, John, died on October 24th from injuries received in an accident. He leaves a wife and two children.

ROBERTSON.—To R. Robertson, of Edinburgh, in the loss of his mother, with whom he lived.

YUILL.—To J. Yuill, of Wishaw, Lanarkshire, whose wife passed away on October 25th.

Grandfathers

M. J. Printie, of Edinburgh; L. Calvert, of Ormskirk (son for Phyllis); J. C. Brown, Wellington; J. Nolan, of Hinstock, (the fifteenth grandchild); H. Morris, of Welling (for the fifth time).

Great Grandfather

T. Allen, of South Hetton.

“ In Memory ”

Gunner George Henry Maynard, *Royal Garrison Artillery*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of G. H. Maynard, of Fareham, at the age of sixty-three. Although he was discharged from the Army in 1919, he did not come to us until 1930, when he trained in basket-making.

His death on October 13th occurred very suddenly. He leaves a widow, to whom our deep sympathy is extended.

A wreath from Sir Ian Fraser and his St. Dunstan's friends was among the flowers at the funeral.

Private Charles Norman, *6th North Hants Regiment*

With deep regret we record the death of C. Norman, of Sompting.

He came to St. Dunstan's in April, 1917, after losing his sight on the Somme, and he trained in boot-repairing and mat-making, but gave up the first after a short while.

His death on October 13th followed a long illness.

Among the many flowers at the funeral was a tribute from Sir Ian and his St. Dunstan's comrades. Our deep sympathy goes out to Mrs. Norman, and to his three children from his former marriage.

Private Frank Mumby Bolton, *Duke of Wellington Regiment*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of F. M. Bolton, of Harworth, near Doncaster, who served with his regiment from August, 1939, until October, 1942.

When he came to us, however, he was already a very sick man, and in less than a fortnight he passed away at his home, on September 29th.

A wreath from the Chairman was among the flowers at the funeral. Our deep sympathy goes out to his relatives.

Private William Read, *11th Prince Albert's Own (18th Royal Warwickshire Regiment)*

With deepest regret we record the death of “Daddy” Read. He died at West House on October 12th, at the age of eighty-four.

Enlisting in January, 1909, he served with his regiment until May, 1917, but he only came into our care in 1944. His age prevented any serious training and he has been a permanent resident at one or other of our Homes for a long time.

With his death we lose one of the most popular and well-loved St. Dunstaners at Brighton.

A poppy wreath from Sir Ian Fraser, and wreaths from the matron and staff at West House, the G.P.O. Telegraph Service, Birmingham, his friends at the “Bristol” and the staff at the “Bristol,” were among the flowers at the funeral.

Our sympathy goes out to his family.

Private William Brightwell, *Norfolk Regiment*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of another permanent resident of West House.

Our St. Dunstaner came to us in December, 1917, after being wounded at Oppy Wood that year. He trained as a boot repairer and netter. He had been in poor health a long time and passed away at the home on November 13th. He was 69.

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

Our sympathy is extended to his family.

Private John McAvoy, *Labour Corps*

We record with deep regret the death of John McAvoy, of Burnley.

He trained in poultry-farming and mat-making after he came to us in 1921, and for a number of years had a smallholding in Scotland. For a long time, however, he had been unfit; in fact, arrangements were being made for him to have a long holiday at Brighton, when he died very suddenly at his home.

Among the flowers was one from Sir Ian and his St. Dunstan's friends, and another from the Blackpool Home, where he had visited only a week before his death. Matron Vaughan Davies also attended the funeral.

Our deep sympathy is extended to his widow and two sons.

Private Robert Wooldridge, *Royal Army Medical Corps*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of R. Wooldridge, of Carlisle.

After his service from February, 1916, until September, 1919, he came to us in 1926; he had already had some training in Scotland. He trained in boot-repairing and basket-making, but for a long while had been an invalid. He died at his home on October 11th.

He leaves a widow and daughter and family, to whom our deep sympathy is extended.