

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Men and Women Blinded on War Service

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[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN]

Registering Your Vote

AS this REVIEW appears we shall be taking part in another General Election, and there is just time to remind St. Dunstaners of the way in which they may register their vote.

Under the Blind Voters Act, a blind person may either

- (a) Take to the polling booth a companion, who may be any other person having a vote in the constituency or ward, or his or her father, mother, wife or husband, brother or sister, son or daughter, such persons being 21 years of age, to mark the ballot paper; or
- (b) Ask the Presiding Officer to mark the ballot paper in the presence of representatives of the candidates, as was the case before the law came into force in 1934.

The Bill ultimately allowing a blind person to have his paper marked by a relative or friend was piloted through Parliament by Sir Ian Fraser in 1933 in order to provide blind people with the greatest degree of secrecy in voting that is possible in their case. If this method is used, the voter must tell the presiding officer that he is blind and that he has brought a companion to mark his paper. The companion must then fill in and sign a simple declaration which will be given to him by the presiding officer stating whom the companion is and that he will keep his knowledge of the vote secret.

Friends from Overseas

In the past few months it has been our special pleasure to welcome to this country, and to St. Dunstan's again, A. F. McConnell, of Australia.

Through him, we have had news of Australians who came to St. Dunstan's many years ago and returned to that country, and through him we have picked up many lost trails. Mr. and Mrs. McConnell have been most welcome visitors to a number of our functions, including the Brighton Reunion, and we hope they will take back with them happy memories of their visit. They will certainly carry with them our very good wishes to all our friends in the Commonwealth.

Another visitor to London has been Cecil Purkis, of Preston, Ontario. During his visit to Headquarters he had an interview with Sir Ian, who said how pleased he was once again to meet "the guy with the trumpet," and asking him to take warm messages home to Canada.

What Cecil did not tell us was that he was going to be married almost at once. A few weeks later he married, at Blackheath, Miss Emily G. Bragg, who has been a schoolmistress in Canada, and has had many radio plays broadcast there—one also in our own B.B.C.'s Children's Hour.

Mr. and Mrs. Purkis return to Canada in the autumn. Our good wishes go with them.

His Majesty the King

The following telegram was sent to Her Majesty the Queen by our President, Sir Neville Pearson, on September 23rd, 1951:

Her Majesty the Queen,
Buckingham Palace.

The Council of St. Dunstan's, in the names of all the war-blinded, offer to Your Majesty and to the Princesses their heartfelt sympathy, loyalty and devotion in their time of deep anxiety, and their prayers for the swift recovery of their beloved Sovereign.

NEVILLE PEARSON,
President.

The following telegram was received by Sir Neville Pearson:

The Queen sends her sincere thanks to all who have joined with you in your kind message of sympathy, which Her Majesty much appreciates.

PRIVATE SECRETARY.

London Reunion

St. Dunstaners in the London area are reminded that the London Reunion Dance will be held on Wednesday, November 28th, 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 Friday, November 9th.

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

Jock Scores Again

When Jock Macfarlane won the Talent Competition at the Morecambe Holiday Camp earlier in the year, it entitled him to enter for the All-England Finals—and a prize of £200. Last month Jock went back to Middleton Towers for the Finals, and from twenty-nine competitors was awarded the second prize of £30. Between three and four thousand people were in the audience, and the judges were Wee Georgie Wood, Dolly Harmer, and Al Berlin, a theatrical agent. A boy of fourteen with a very fine voice won the first prize.

The judges said of Jock that his stage technique, delivery and control of his audience were masterly; they thought him a professional.

Mr. Beaufoy Meets Mr. Churchill

"Grandpa" Beaufoy, well known to many St. Dunstaners who were at Church Stretton, was presented to Mr. Winston Churchill when he visited Dover recently. The "Kent Messenger" writes:

"Mr. Beaufoy was blinded by a German shell in 1940, but he has so conquered his handicap that Mr. Churchill was at first unaware that he was sightless. The two men last met in the early days of World War II, when Mr. Beaufoy was commanding Dover's Special Constabulary. They were able to chat about old times, and Mr. Churchill was clearly stirred by his fellow Freeman's courage."

The article goes on to tell of Mr. Beaufoy's magnificent record of public service both during his years as Deputy Mayor (1914-1918) and Mayor (1919-1920) and since he was blinded.

"Grandpa," who is now eighty-two years old, sends "best wishes to all my old friends of St. Dunstan's."

In Brief

Freddy Mills, of Tavistock, took two first prizes for shallots, a second for tomatoes, and a third prize for beetroots in the local Show.

Tom Daborn was one of the Bexley Heath Club team of four which fished at the Dover Sea Festival recently and won the Team Cup. In addition, Tom was presented with a clock for the heaviest bag in the team.

W. Ruddock, of Great Ayton, and Mrs. Ruddock, won first prize for six pods of peas at Great Ayton W.I. Show.

For his "Twelve Poems of Blindness," Mr. Theodore Nicholl was awarded one of the Arts Council Poetry Awards. Mr. Nicholl is well known to our physiotherapy students as a regular reader at their hostel. The poems which gained him the award appeared in the magazine, "Adelphi."

Silver Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. S. Catlow, Nelson, September 18th.

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There is no index of character so sure as the voice.—Disraeli.

London Club Notes

All London Club members are advised to make a note of November 21st (Wednesday), for on that evening we shall look forward to taking part in the Wilfred Pickles "Have a Go" programme. The time and place will be pinned on the Club notice board, and we look forward to a "bumper" crowd that evening.

P. ASHTON.

Bridge.—The St. Dunstan's Bridge Club paid their eleventh annual visit to Harrogate for one week, commencing September 29th. Headquarters this year presented a Cup to Harrogate for the Sunday evening event teams of four, and this year, the first year of our Cup, our team, Messrs. H. Gover, P. Nuyens, F. Winter, and C. Thompson, playing against ten other teams, came top with the narrow margin of 30 points, but no matter how small the win, we brought back the Cup.

The ladies of Harrogate entertained us to a Bridge Drive on Monday afternoon, and the winners were Messrs. Delany, Thompson and Gover. On Monday evening there was another Bridge Drive—with the Civil Service—and this time the winners were Messrs. Brown, Winter and Miller. We beat the "Stray" Club on Tuesday afternoon, and in the evening lost a match to Starbeck Men's Club. Wednesday was a bad day and we lost two matches—one to Pannal Golf Club and the other to Oakdale Golf Club. On Thursday evening we registered another winning match, against Knaresborough Golf Club. This means that we had three winning matches out of six—and I think we had every right to be pleased with ourselves.

Friday was our "At Home" Bridge Drive; our guests were our friends whom we had met and played with during the week, and the prizes were articles made by our men. It was a grand ending to a glorious week-end. Many thanks to Bob Willis, who was so helpful in every way.

H. GOVER.

Indoor Section.—On September 26th the St. Dunstan's Darts Team, with their wives and escorts, paid a visit to Stanley Hall, South Norwood, at the invitation of the South Norwood Chamber of Commerce, to witness the District Finals of the People Darts Championship. The St. Dunstan's teams afterwards played a match with the

winners. We were beaten, but not disgraced. We were given a wonderful reception by, among others, Mr. Webber and the British Legion, and also by the contesting teams.

Prizes were given for the St. Dunstaner making the highest score, and Dick Edwards won a very nice pewter mug.

We had a grand evening and hope it is the forerunner of others of a like nature.

We would like to see more members come along and enjoy themselves.

Will Club members please arrange to come along and play off their outstanding matches in the Sir Arthur Pearson competition.

CHARLES J. WALKER.

Outdoor Section.—The Highgate Harriers Gala of Race Walking, held in aid of St. Dunstan's, on September 22nd, heralded the opening of our outdoor season, 1951-52, with an invitation 2 miles handicap for St. Dunstan's walkers.

In glorious weather the event was enjoyed by competitors and spectators alike. Stan Tutton, on virtual limit, off to a cracking pace, set the back markers a severe task, but they were certainly up to the job and a very fine race developed, Chas. Williamson and Archie Brown only passing Tutton about a furlong from the post and finishing in that order, with four yards separating the first two.

The field was strengthened at the last minute by the entry of our old friend, Tommy ap Rhys, known to us in the past for his very sterling performances. He has promised his support for the five miles handicap on October 20th.

Result of 2-Mile Handicap

	H'cap.	All.	Actual
	Time	Time	Time
1. C. Williamson ...	16-49	0-35	17-24
2. A. Brown ...	16-50	0-50	17-40
3. S. Tutton ...	17-0	3-50	20-50
4. A. Bradley ...	17-09	1-40	18-49
5. T. Denmead ...	17-14	1-30	18-44
6. T. Gaygan ...	17-16	Scr.	17-16
7. W. Miller ...	17-21	0-30	17-51
8. T. ap Rhys ...	17-30	3-30	21-0

Fastest Time Medals (Scratch Race)

1. T. Gaygan ...	17-16
2. C. Williamson ...	17-24
3. A. Brown ...	17-40

Councillor

Charles Cooper, of Worthing, has become a member of Worthing Town Council, the first blind man to do so.

Birmingham Club

The Swimming Gala at Birmingham for 1951 turned out to be a great success, thanks to competitors coming from all over the country. Hearty congratulations to the Welsh team on winning the Cup at their first attempt.

Special mention should be made of two competitors who were First War men—Mr. Biggs, of Leicester, who is 74, and Mr. Castle, of Birmingham. It was disappointing that for various reasons, mainly illness, more Birmingham men could not attend.

Come along, new men of St. Dunstan's around Birmingham, join your Club and take part, not only in swimming but in all kinds of sport, both outdoor and indoor. Bring your children along, too. All are welcome.

Our thanks must go to members of the British Red Cross Society, Leander Swimming Club, the City of Birmingham Baths Department, and other friends.

Prizes were presented by Mr. Rogers, County Director of Birmingham B.R.C.S.

Results:

Winning team	Wales	30 points
Second	...	London	...	23 "
Third	...	Midlands	...	14 "
Fourth	...	Rest of England	...	13 "

Team Cup—Wales.

Independent Challenge Cup (S.S.), also Sir Arthur Pearson Memorial Prize of Half Tea Set—Dunkley, Wales.

Independent Challenge Cup (T.B.), also Sir Arthur Pearson Memorial Prize of Winchester glass.

One length S.S.	1st	Dunkley (Wales)
	2nd	Fleisig (London)
	3rd	Barrett (Wales)
One length T.B.	1st	Hopkins (Wales)
	2nd	Harris and Stafford (both of London)
	3rd	Phillips (London)
One length, 1st war men	1st	Castle (Midlands)
	2nd	Biggs (Midlands)
One length back stroke S.S.	1st	Barrett (Wales)
	2nd	Fleisig (London)
One length back stroke T.B.	1st	Craddock (Warrington)
	2nd	Stanley (Market Harborough)
One length style	1st	Dunkley (Wales)
	2nd	Phillips (London)
	3rd	Hopkins (Wales)
Plunging	1st	Spencer (Weston-super-Mare)
	2nd	Bright (Midlands)
	3rd	Craddock (Warrington)
Diving	1st	Stanley (Market Harborough)
	2nd	Dunkley (Wales)
	3rd	Spencer (Weston-super-Mare)

Relay—Won by London team.

Talking Book Library

Spectacular September

This month an exceptional trio of books became available to delight the ears of even the least enthusiastic readers. It is unfortunate that "The Count of Monte Cristo" is such a long book, but the other two, "The White South" and "The Kon Tiki Expedition," are ideal in length and of a fantastic, gripping interest. So much for the covers—now for the "innards."

"The Count of Monte Cristo," by A. Dumas, reader G. Franklin Engleman, is a monumental volume of 66 records at 50 minutes a time without ever a dull moment. Edmond Dantes, a rough young sailor, is unjustly imprisoned for life. In prison he gets a good education and directions to discover a colossal treasure trove from an Abbé fellow prisoner. He escapes after twenty years, finds his treasure, and proceeds to revenge himself on those who gaoled him. It is a fine piece of marathon reading, and to those who have seen the film I would say that this book covers the film they saw, and has material for another dozen films of a similar length.

"The White South," by H. E. Innes, reader Robert Gladwell, is a rare adventure story of a tragic whaling expedition in the Antarctic. The story is shot through with ice, intrigue, murder, love, wrecks, heroism, and the all-pervading smell of whalemeat. A saga of endurance, endeavour, blizzards, and hope!

"The Kon Tiki Expedition," by Tjor Heyerdahl, reader Alvar Liddell, illustrated graphically that fact is sometimes stranger than fiction. Five Norwegians and a Swede take raft from Peru to demonstrate how some of the Pacific Islands became populated about eleven hundred years ago. Four thousand five hundred miles of never-ceasing hazard enjoyed by six hardy optimists. Excellent, curious, and most satisfying!

A fine batch of reading; do please take advantage of it if you possibly can.

"NELSON."

Placements

S. Blackmore, on inspection at the Royal Naval Armament Depot, Gosport; G. Bilcliff, on sub assembly with Messrs. John Wright Co., Ltd., Aston, Birmingham.

Brighton Notes

Ovingdean

September mornings have been chilly until the sun has been up for some hours, but the days have been warmer and finer than we have had for a long time. Undoubtedly those who have chosen, or for some other reason have had, a late holiday this year have been truly fortunate and have been able to make the most of getting out and about.

The trainees returned to Ovingdean during the early part of the month and by this time the term had begun to settle down. So far we have received four new St. Dunstaners for training. No sooner had term begun than invitations began to roll in, and one of the first entertainments came from the Seaford Bay Hotel, where a party of trainees spent a most enjoyable Social Evening. St. Dunstaner "Tony" Smith of Seaford is the Vice-Chairman of the Committee which organised the evening. Our thanks go to all concerned.

Mr. Cheesman, who is so well known to so many St. Dunstaners, particularly those who have been trained at Ovingdean, gave another of his regular dances at the "Arlington" on 27th September. He is untiring in his energy to provide these entertainments for us and has over and over again proved himself a rare friend.

Other entertainments have been shared by St. Dunstan's men on holiday, and we have been particularly glad to have with us again The Clairview Players. They will be remembered for several fine productions they have put on at Ovingdean during the last couple of years, and on Saturday, 29th September, gave a very fine performance of "The Happiest Days of Your Life."

September gave way to October, and already this month the swallows and house-martins have been gathering at Ovingdean prior to their migration to warmer climates. Clusters of these small birds have been wheeling round the building for several days, clinging to the brickwork, and then suddenly one morning they are gone.

Much time has been spent out of doors these last few weeks, either strolling on the Undercliff, riding in the Coaches to Wannock, Ockenden Manor, etc., or sitting out on the balcony playing dominoes or cards.

It has been a truly Indian Summer, and perhaps those who enjoyed it most of all

were the St. Dunstaners who came for the Autumn Deaf Reunion during the last week. We were pleased to have them with us once again—and here is what one of them has to say about it all:—

"When Leaves are Falling" Reunion

The leaves were falling on October 4th, the date on which the "Muffled Drums" took train and bus and went to Ovingdean for their Autumn Reunion.

The programme which had been planned for the five days met with full approval from all the boys, so we settled down to another joyful time to look back upon, which consisted of dinners, walks, drives and tea-fights—not forgetting the old chin-wagging on the fingers all about things in general and what we had been up to since we last met, and especially about our Matron, Miss Pain, who is leaving us at the end of this term, and I know how sorry we all feel about that, for some of us have known her for a good number of years.

The five days went all too quickly and the morning of 10th October saw us all saying farewell to each other and to Matron and the staff at Brighton who had worked so very hard to make the Reunion the success it was—many thanks to them from all of us. We wend our way home with a mind full of happy thoughts knowing that May won't be long in the Spring of 1952, and until then we must settle down to our home life once again until we trip off once more to Ovingdean to the next "Muffled Drums" Reunion, to the song of "When the fields are white with daisies."

W.R. (Middlesbrough).

West House

This month we have joined with Ovingdean each time there has been a race meeting and have made the most of the few afternoon drives which have been available.

Dominoes continue as popular as ever, and at the beginning of the month the Civilian Blind Toc H Club came along for a match.

The monthly Whist Drive, at which the John Howard Convalescent Home patients were our guests, was played on 28th September.

The Deaf Reunion visited us on Sunday last and were entertained to tea and supper. It was nice to have a visit to the old house included in their programme.

The Last Reunions of 1951

The Lancashire meetings in July were, as usual, particularly well-attended and successful gatherings. Two days were again devoted to the Liverpool Reunion—July 12th and 14th—when our special guests were Mr. Pollitt, of the British Legion, and Major and Mrs. Charters. Major Charters needed no introduction particularly to those who were P.O.W.'s in Germany.

Sir Ian and Lady Fraser were present to welcome St. Dunstaners at the Manchester gathering on the 16th.

Bedford on July 26th was small in comparison but no less successful. The Rt. Hon. Lord Luke, M.A., D.L., J.P., who is Chairman of Bedford County British Legion, was guest of honour.

There were no meetings in August until the 18th, when some fifty St. Dunstaners met at the Queen's Hotel, Leeds, to be greeted by Mr. D. G. Hopewell, a member of St. Dunstan's Executive Council, and one of the happiest features of this Reunion was the presentation to Mr. F. H. Edwards, Country Life Visitor in the North from 1919 until his retirement last April.

Mr. Hopewell was again our special guest at Newcastle on August 20th, but we missed a familiar figure. Captain William Appleby, also a member of our Council, now lives in the South of England and was not able to be present on this occasion.

Edinburgh on the 22nd again saw Mr. Hopewell as guest of honour, and Lieut. Col. Colin McLeod, T.D., represented the British Legion, Scotland, of which he is General Secretary.

At Leicester Mr. Hopewell introduced St. Dunstaners to the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, at what proved to be one of the largest meetings for this area.

By September there remained only the Irish Reunions, all of which were attended by Air Commodore and Mrs. G. Bentley Dacre, representing Sir Ian Fraser. Air Commodore Dacre expressed his great pleasure at the opportunity afforded him of meeting many St. Dunstaners who went through Church Stretton or Ovingdean when he was Commandant.

The Deputy Lord Mayor welcomed the guests to Belfast, and a British Legion friend, Mr. W. R. Knox, Vice-Chairman of the Legion in Northern Ireland, was present also. At Cork the Lord Mayor was guest of honour.

The Lee-on-Solent Camp

Although several weeks have passed since my return from Lee-on-Solent, I still find myself reflecting on the holiday and doubting its possible reality.

After experiencing many examples of hardness, selfishness and intolerance in this post-war Britain, it was indeed a delight to be the guest of a community where all was kindness and consideration. As an example, there was one young writer who came regularly each day, morning, noon and evening, to ask whether I would like a turn round the "deck" or "go ashore." This was typical of the whole Ship's Company, from the Commanding Officer to the most recently joined Wren or Rating, and this most certainly included the Civilian Staff. All, without exception, were intent on giving us a pleasant holiday without the least sign of restriction or regimentation.

My memory gives me repeated flashes of this programme. Parties on six evenings of the week; the pleasure and instruction value of the tour of the control tower, the briefing room, and the intercommunication between air and ground; *Victory* and *Vengeance*, the old and the new, and the word pictures in passing of the new Oil Refinery, submarines, flying boats, etc.

These are very happy memories and, in writing this, I wonder whether our hosts would appreciate how much sincerity can be packed into such a simple phrase as "Thank you, Daedalus, may I come again?"

J. T. C.

Fragments from Another Camp Diary

In spite of pouring rain, kept an appointment at the Camp gates, waited some time and got wet through... he and I were at different gates... Met the new record-breaking wizard of walking, but the old 'uns of walking are still putting up a grand show... As a fight fan, waved to the *Queen Mary* as she passed our launch in the Solent with Randolph Turpin amongst her passengers *en route* for America... at the end of this trip posed for a photo finish, but the cabin roof collapsed, and we were left in all manner of unorthodox positions, Jock Boyd being left hanging in the sailcloth cover!... A Boston two-step by one of the deaf-blind and partner, a remarkable achievement in timing, rhythm and stamina which was well applauded... A grand week.

H. A. H.

Tally-ho, Modern Variety

When, a few weeks ago, I decided I would travel to London by means of a modern coach, I was assailed on all sides, "Do you think it is wise?" But I thought it would be rather fun and a new experience.

So leaving Birkenhead at the crack of dawn—well, 8 a.m.—I found my seat in a streamlined coach. After experience of sitting, silently for hours on end, in a stuffy railway carriage, I found it a really new experience to find friendly neighbours. First I talked with a little Welsh woman—Bagillt I think she hailed from—and our subjects or topics of conversation ranged from England to Canada, and then to my pet subject of hand weaving. I learned, that this lady had a young niece living in the Lake District, a girl very interested in my pet subject. When we parted company I issued a vague invitation she should bring her niece some time to my weaving studio.

Then an older lady with a wee girl, Sally, seated in front talked with me, and she, too, had a daughter—an invalid I gathered—also interested in hand weaving, so once again I issued a "Well, when you are in Birkenhead, my place is at the top of the hill."

We passed through the old-world city streets of Chester and when we branched off, on account of the "one-way street" regulations, I remembered, with an inward chuckle, a previous drive when, on taking my goods to the Chester Exhibition, my driver had taken the wrong turning, been confronted by a really annoyed constable—and to save any further trouble with the "law," we had trailed behind, car stacked high with rugs, in a funeral cortege!!!

A stop we made at Prees Heath and I—with vivid memories of that drear place in war years—visualised that the Heath would still be as dull and uninteresting "as ever it was." We had a cup of char here and then made further progress. The coach moved smoothly and quietly along the leafy lanes, with many overhanging trees. It was a glorious sunny day.

Past Kenilworth Castle, with many cars outside, indicating that it was a day on which many visitors were yearning to look at the old castle. Miles further on we slowed up a little on passing Warwick Castle.

Stratford-on-Avon and then the tall spires of Oxford, and I wished I had been

able to visit this city before my disability came along, but anyway one can also visualise from remembered scenes from the film "A Yank at Oxford." The coach continued on smoothly as ever and still with the hub of friendly conversation—and then a halt was made at High Wycombe. Here the venue was a very lovely old-world house where the proprietors assuredly made sure their goods were of the type required by visitors. To me it was very reminiscent of an old coaching halt from the "tally-ho days" of the stage coach.

Until we reached Hammersmith we had met no traffic jams, but the last few miles in London were the slowest of the journey. When we eventually came out at Knightsbridge, I suddenly remembered the sound I had heard in London a few years ago, in the self-same spot, the "tally-ho" of a coach which sometimes drove along Knightsbridge.

Then we reached the bus depot and I said goodbye to my new-found friends, met my escort, and then thought I had heard the last of any fellow traveller.

But no, this week the Welsh lady found my workshop; she brought with her two visitors from Australia and the niece from the Lake District. She came a second time and brought another overseas visitor, the head of a blind training college in Colombo, Ceylon, and I realised that I have made some new "coach friends." And of the older lady and wee Sally? They, too, have not passed on like ships that pass in the night, for they took the trouble to locate me in the directory and came, one not too-busy afternoon, to see me again.

Maybe my experiences are unusual, but I felt it entirely new, when travelling in England, to find that English people drop that mask of aloofness which they immediately don when entering a railway carriage and which usually means horrible silent travelling. But no wonder coach travelling is becoming so popular in this country, and even if the trip takes less time than did the old stage coach drive from Birkenhead to London, the old trees lining the route are no doubt quietly happy to know that once again ordinary folk like you and me meander (coach or car) along the leafy lanes.

MAUREEN V. LEES,
Birkenhead.

"In Memory"

Private William Henry Conlon, 9th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders

It is with deep regret that we record the death of W. H. Conlon, of Lewes; he had moved from Brighton only a week before his death.

Wounded at Ypres in 1915, he came to us the following February, where he trained as a shorthand-typist. He leaves a widow and two children to whom our deep sympathy is offered.

Births

BLACKMORE.—On August 26th, to the wife of P. Blackmore, of Cardiff, a daughter—Nesta Rosalind.

BURNETT.—On October 7th, to the wife of W. Burnett, of Welling, a daughter—Margaret Ann.

GUYLER.—On October 12th, to the wife of A. Guyler, of Grays, a daughter.

NICHOLSON.—On September 26th, to the wife of F. Nicholson, of Beeston, Notts., a daughter—Patricia Ann.

RIPLEY.—On September 22nd, to the wife of F. J. Ripley, of Leatherhead, a daughter.

Death

FOREMAN.—Our deep sympathy goes out to J. Foreman, of Beckenham, whose mother died on September 25th.

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We have heard with deep regret of the death of Mrs. Finkle, of Sunderland, only six months after the death of her husband.

Young St. Dunstaners

Pat Tuxford has gained his commission in the Royal Air Force.

C. A. Hancock's boy, aged 18, has passed his examination to be a writer in the Royal Navy with 96 per cent. marks.

Marriages

On July 21st, Kathleen Mary Astbury (Saltdean) to Albert Roger Bates.

On September 1st, Joyce Margaret Edwards (Twickenham) to Reginald Prescott.

On September 29th, Muriel Scott (Winsford), to Eric Adkins.

On October 6th, Christopher Lammiman to Betty Silvester.

Liverpool Club

There was a grand "get-together" of the Liverpool and Manchester Clubs on Saturday, September 29th, at the Mitre Hotel, Liverpool, when the Mancunians were the guests of their Liverpool comrades. After an excellent tea we were delightfully entertained by Mr. J. C. Reason and his friends. During the evening a Quiz was held between the Clubs, with Mr. Reason most ably acting as Quiz Master, resulting in a draw of 12 points each. The evening passed all too quickly, and when we reluctantly brought our activities to a close it was unanimously agreed that it had been a great success, and all expressed the hope that there would be many more such happy occasions.

T. MILNER.

Note.—Merseyside St. Dunstaners who have not yet joined the Liverpool Club are heartily invited to do so. We meet fortnightly at the British Legion Sefton Hall, Leece Street, on Saturday afternoons, at 3 p.m. October meetings will be on the 13th and 27th.

Points from Letters

"Some time ago a letter in the REVIEW suggested that we make a presentation to Raymond Glendenning.

I suggest, to commemorate the resumption of football broadcasts, that we christen our mechanical horse at Ovingdean, 'Raymond' or 'Glendenning.'"

H. POLLITT,
Farnworth.

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"Blindness is a darkness the eye never becomes accustomed to. Deafness is a loneliness the mind never becomes adjusted to. The two together is not a double handicap but a curse."

GEO. FALLOWFIELD,
Ovingdean.