

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Men and Women Blinded on War Service

No. 397—VOLUME XXXVI

SEPTEMBER, 1952

PRICE 3d. MONTHLY
[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN]

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

LADY Fraser and I stayed the night at the Longmynd Hotel at Church Stretton during August. This revived memories and caused acute nostalgia.

Lady Fraser remembered the first night she and Mr. Askew stayed there in the month of June in 1940, when they were inspecting the place to see if we would requisition it; you can imagine they were not very welcome guests.

I remembered a night a few weeks later when I slept there for the first time after it had become St. Dunstan's. We were glad to get away to such a quiet spot after many nights of bombing in London, but I had no sooner got into bed when I heard the familiar drone of a German 'plane, its engines throbbing. They have followed us here from Brighton, I thought, but though we heard them many times, they never dropped a bomb on the town, and only one or two, I think, within ten or twenty miles.

The Longmynd has gone back to its original rôle as a hotel; the carpentry and other workshops have reverted to their use as garages. The lawn just beside the Entrance Gate, where we built temporary huts—the "Longmynd Huts"—has been cleared but is still very rough. Belmont, the girls' house, is now a boarding house, but the railings which we had put up on the steep stairs to prevent the girls slipping are still there. Tiger Hall is a block of flats, Denchurst a hotel, and Brockhurst a Roman Catholic Students' College. The main St. Dunstan's Centre which we built in the middle of the village is a County School and we recalled many experiences, grave and gay, as we passed by and looked at the Commandant's and Matron's offices, the music and dance hall, etc.

The shops seemed much the same and we noted the names of the Orange Tree Cafe, Mr. Boulton's, Mr. Harry Hampson's, Headley's, and many others. The "King's Head" is still going strong, but the "Plough" is a Youth Hostel, and Mr. and Mrs. Trebble now have a pub in Shrewsbury.

Squadron Leader and Mrs. Bartlett, who still live at Church Stretton, had dinner with us and told us all the gossip of the village and reminded us of many other old friends such as Miss Zillah Jones, the Misses Jones and their "Chelmick" teas, and Sergeant Lewis and P.C. Arkinstall, who are still on the beat.

£5,000 for Talking Book Research

Lord Nuffield has given me a further £5,000 for Talking Book Research. This follows his generous gift of £10,000 in 1946. The Talking Book, which is conducted by the National Institute for the Blind in association with St. Dunstan's, has hitherto been based on records

made on discs of the gramophone type. Experiments have been conducted for some time to ascertain whether magnetic tape or wire or films could be more advantageously used for records. Research of the Committee has shown that a small box or cassette, not very much bigger than a large volume can contain enough magnetic tape to read aloud for ten or twelve hours. Out of Lord Nuffield's new gift, it is proposed to establish a small experimental library of a few tape recorded books which will be circulated to a few blind people in their homes during the next year to ascertain how the system works in practice.

Mr. Alex. Mackay

Mr. Alex. Mackay has tendered his resignation as Welfare Superintendent on personal grounds, and will be leaving us at the end of the month.

I well remember talking to him when he came back from his war service to join us as Welfare Superintendent in 1946. He brought with him a wide administrative and executive experience, and had a thoughtful mind, and these gifts, with the personal knowledge of our St. Dunstaners which he has acquired over the years, have enabled him to render a very valuable service which I know my St. Dunstan's friends will always appreciate as I do. I have often presided at Reunions where Mr. Mackay has been in charge and have witnessed the charming and competent manner in which he conducts the proceedings and have shared the goodwill that has been felt for him by those present.

We are all grateful to Mr. Mackay for his help and understanding, and he takes with him our very best wishes for the future.

IAN FRASER.

London Reunion and Dance

The London Reunion and Dance will be held on Wednesday, November 26th, 1952, at the Seymour Hall, Seymour Place, London, W.1, from 7.30 p.m. to 11 p.m.

One ticket will admit a St. Dunstaner and one escort (we regret that children under 16 cannot be included), and application for tickets should be addressed to Mr. Mackay at Headquarters as soon as possible, and in any case, not later than Monday, November 10th.

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

To Talking Book Users

St. Dunstaners using Talking Book machines are asked to co-operate with the Technical Engineer of the Talking Book Library by returning their used pick-up heads immediately upon the receipt of replacements despatched to them by the Talking Book Department. The stock position does not permit the retention of the used head after the replacement has been received by the reader, and if the present service is to be maintained, it is essential that all readers should co-operate by returning the used pick-up heads promptly, so that these may be serviced and put back into circulation quickly.

S. JONES, Men's Supplies.

Ovingdean Telephones

Increasing numbers of telephone calls for men on holiday are being received at Ovingdean. During business hours when such calls are made through the Ovingdean switchboard (Rottingdean 2266) and there is a delay in finding the St. Dunstaner asked for, inconvenience and delays arise with other calls. There are two Public Call Boxes at Ovingdean which are conveniently sited, for the receipt of incoming private calls. The telephone numbers of these are Rottingdean 297711 and Rottingdean 236211

Calls can be received night and day through these two call boxes with little delay, and St. Dunstaners are asked to make a note of the telephone numbers and to inform their friends and relations to use these numbers when telephoning them at the Home. These call-box numbers will appear in the next issue of the Brighton Area Telephone Directory.

West House Telephone

At West House there is a Public Call Box installed also and the number is

Brighton 210901

This number should be used for personal calls to men in residence at West House. St. Dunstaners should tell their friends likely to make long distance calls to Brighton, to use the Personal Call System, whereby if the person called is not available only 6d. is payable.

London Club Notes

Bridge

All Bridge players are reminded that St. Dunstan's Bridge Congress will be held at Brighton during the week-end of November 15th. Please send in your name as soon as possible if you are interested.

H. GOVER

Indoor Section

It has been suggested that an evening be taken for the purpose of playing off the Finals matches in the Sir Arthur Pearson Competition. That includes the Darts (T.B. and S.S.), the Dominoes and the Cribbage Competitions. The date will be announced later.

We are also putting on a Dance shortly, at which the prizes for the Sir Arthur Pearson competition for fox-trot and waltz will be competed for. An announcement of the date and place will be made in the Club. In view of the good time we had at the dance we held last March, we hope for the support of St. Dunstaners. Turn up in goodly numbers and have a go. Even if you don't win the competition, you will have a good time.

Will St. Dunstaners and their escorts please watch the notice board in the Hall for further announcements. Mr. Willis will also broadcast in the Club when arrangements have been fixed up.

It may be queried why various events in which the Section participates have not previously been published in the "REVIEW." The reason is that copy for the "REVIEW" has to be sent in early in the month and it often happens that arrangements for social evenings, etc., are made after the "REVIEW" has gone to press.

If you are interested, come along to the Club and hear for yourselves what is going on.

CHAS. J. WALKER.

Outdoor Section

On July 12th, an Athletic Meeting was held at Ipswich in aid of St. Dunstan's. A team of the Walking Section was invited to compete in a 2 mile handicap match against a team of walkers from the Ipswich Harriers. The escorts of the St. Dunstaners were members of the Metropolitan Police Walking Club, to whom we were most grateful for the time and attention given to us all. The race was won by Les. Dennis, off 880 yards, with Charlie Williamson second and Bill Miller third, and once again St. Dunstan's walkers were success-

ful in winning the match. Each St. Dunstaner and his escort was presented with a cup. The team was afterwards entertained by the organisers to a really grand meal. A vote of thanks to the organisers concluded a day which was enjoyed by all.

C. J. S.

* * *

The good wishes of his friends in the Walking Section, and of St. Dunstaners everywhere will go with Charlie Williamson on September 13th, when he takes part in a Walk to Brighton, organised by the Surrey Walking Club, of which he is a member. There will be 150 starters.

Charles, who will be the only walker who is not sighted, hopes to beat the 27 year old record of St. Dunstaner Jock Ingram, who did the distance in 9 hrs. 57 mins. 21 secs. By a coincidence, he will have as his escort Maurice Horton, the son of E. C. Horton, that famous long distance walker, who accompanied Jock Ingram in 1925.

The Brighton Walk will be Charles' fourth long distance walk this year. He has already covered Poole to Wareham (20 miles—3 hrs. 19 mins. 16 secs.), Dover to Canterbury (28 miles—4 hrs. 57 mins. 51 secs.) and Hastings to Brighton (38 miles—7 hrs. 4 mins.) in that order.

Charles has walked with St. Dunstan's Club since it was formed again after the war and has always been in the first three. STOP PRESS. He's there! Details next month.

Swimming. Make a note of our Gala to be held at the Polytechnic, Regent Street, on Saturday, October 4th, at 2 p.m.

Mr. Bob Willis will undertake the work previously done by Mr. Jack Dawkins in connection with outdoor sporting events. Mr. Dawkins joined the staff of St. Dunstan's in 1937 and served with his old regiment during World War II, returning to St. Dunstan's in late 1945. Mr. Dawkins and his family have now gone to the U.S.A. to join their daughter there, and all St. Dunstaners will wish him the best of luck in his new life in the New World.

Correction

In the July printed "REVIEW" (not the braille edition), Frank Gresson's telephone number was wrongly given. This should be Thornton Heath 5871, not 6871. Frank's band have a few vacant bookings.

Taxi Outing

It was a perfect summer's morning when on Friday, August 22nd, a number of St. Dunstaners and their escorts set out for Worthing by taxi. Our first stop was at Holmwood (the British Legion Hall). Here we were met by Mrs. Spurway, who knew so many who were there. Refreshments were provided which we all enjoyed very much. We then continued our journey to Worthing where a wonderful lunch awaited us. After a word of welcome from Worthing's ex-Mayor, we went our various ways to enjoy a lovely afternoon, meeting again at 5.30 for high tea.

Soon after six o'clock we started for home, again stopping at Holmwood, where we were entertained with an impromptu concert and more refreshments.

All this was made possible through the kindness and generosity of the West London Taxi Trades Benevolent Association.

A warm vote of thanks was given by a St. Dunstaner and also by a St. Dunstaner's wife, and here I would say many, many thanks again for everything, and to the drivers a very big thank-you for their kindness and help given to us all.

God bless them all for their kind thought for those less fortunate. B.W.H.

St. Dunstan's Stock Breeder

J. T. Scrymgeour, of Queensland, is continuing his wonderful record as a successful stock breeder and exhibitor. From the Australian ex-Servicemen's magazine, "Reveille," we learn that at the recent Royal Show at Sydney, he had nine entries in one division, and took eighteen prizes. One of his exhibits, Netherby Lord Bine, was sold at auction for 3,000 guineas, and his average return, from the sale of six stud Poll Shorthorns, was 1,020 guineas—the best of the show.

Our St. Dunstaner looks after all his own stock of eighty studs, tending it himself, as well as carrying out many other jobs on his 400 acre property. In addition, he does all the secretarial work, typing his own letters. He is an expert on poultry raising.

"Reveille" concludes: "In social company Mr. Scrymgeour is a good mixer and lively conversationalist, but nothing gives him greater pleasure than to join with a band of Diggers in happy reunion."

Insurance Contributions

As you probably know, insurance contributions under the National Insurance Act (1946) will be increased from 6th October. The new rates are as follows: Class I (Employed).

The present rate is 9s. 5d. per week and this will be increased to 10s. 9d. per week (5s. 9d. from the insured person and 5s. from the employer).

Class II (Self-employed).

The present rate is 6s. 6d. per week and this becomes 7s. 5d.

Class III (Non-employed).

The present rate is 5s. per week and this becomes 5s. 7d.

St. Dunstan's has been assisting all its insured men by paying 2s. 6d. per week. In view of this present increase it has been agreed that St. Dunstan's will now pay 2s. 10d. per week.

At present the Ministry of Pensions is deducting 4s. per week from the pension of all our men in Class II (Self-employed) and this will now be raised to 4s. 7d.

In the case of Class III (Non-employed) the present deduction by the Ministry of 2s. 6d. per week will be raised to 2s. 9d.

Class I (Employed) contributors will continue to receive two payments each year from St. Dunstan's, based on the new rate of 2s. 10d. per week.

Canadian Letter

Writing to Sir Ian from his home in Victoria, B.C., Harris Turner said:

"It is not often nowadays that I think of the distant days when I infested St. Dunstan's, but last week a Scottish lady, a distant cousin to my wife, visited us for a day or two. She came from Hawick. I told her I knew a St. Dunstaner from Hawick. "Ay," she said, "that would be Jock Murray. I know him fine." Then for half an hour or so, I cast back to the time I was a resident of the College in company with Murray, Howell, Taplin, Wilding, Price and Macdougall. It was a pleasant roomful and I had not brought them to mind for years. We were as happy as newly-elected Members of Parliament, and although Macdougall's temper occasionally threatened to break up the Empire as the interests of Cheshire, Hawick and Canada seemed to clash, it was, by and large, an agreeable community and one upon which I now look back with nothing but pleasant memories."

Letters to the Editor

DEAR EDITOR,

An incident occurred not long ago which causes me to smile and feel really good whenever I am in the vicinity of Western Road, Brighton.

One morning I had called at the Labour Exchange in Montpelier Road. I was accompanied by my dog, Buddy. After completing my business, I walked down Montpelier Road and when I reached the kerb of Western Road, bumped into someone. I apologised and said, "Would you mind taking me across the road?" A grumpy voice replied, "Can't you see *this*, you fool?" I said, "What is 'this'?" and he answered, "A white stick." Before I could reply, someone said with a rather nasal accent, "Say, I'll take you across." It was a lady, so I was prevented from making a suitable reply to the gent of the White Stick. She took my arm, waited awhile for quiet, then said, "Now," and off we sailed across Western Road, Buddy biting my left foot all the way across (just one of his playful habits of trying to induce me to step on the gas). Reaching the other side, my companion said, "Now where do you want to go?" Turning to my right I said, "I am all right now, thank you," but my companion continued to lead me along and a conversation ensued. It transpired that she was an old Brightonian who had emigrated to Canada when she married, and returned every year for a holiday. I, of course, wanted a bus stop but had not had the opportunity of saying so, and we had walked past three or four. I remembered an appointment and asked my companion to put me at a stop where I could get a 15b bus. She bumped into someone and asked to be taken to the stop. Yes. *She was blind.*

What I shall remember most is the brightness of her conversation. I believe she would not have told me of her condition had I not wanted that bus.

Yours sincerely,

Portslade.

ALAN NICHOLS.

DEAR EDITOR,

In the lounge at Ovingdean one morning not so long ago, one of our deaf-blind St. Dunstaners, wishing to make an enquiry about mealtimes, turned to the person sitting next to him, attracted his attention and explained that he was deaf. The man with no hearing demonstrated on his

neighbour's hand how to say "yes" and "no," then offering the palm of his hand, he asked if breakfast was still served at the same time as usual. At least, he started to put this question but did not finish it, for the man next to him almost thrust his hand away and sprang hurriedly from his seat. When I first heard about this incident I was filled with anger. It seemed incredible that anyone could be so heartless. Later I began to think about it more calmly and I realised that there was something much more profound at the roots of such apparently cruel behaviour.

Is it that we are in some obscure way nervous of our friends who can neither see nor hear? Or are we afraid that we should find the manual alphabet too difficult to learn? Maybe we are concerned about being able to interest a deaf-blind man in conversation? I felt all these things before I got to know Wally Thomas, and although they were very real worries at one time, now they seem almost ridiculous. In the first place I soon discovered that lack of sight and hearing had not altered Wally as a person at all. Secondly, the alphabet was shown to me only twice; after that it was only a matter of gradually picking up speed. Incidentally, the deaf-blind chaps themselves are not at all concerned about speed. Thirdly, the question of knowing what to talk about just does not arise. They are normal, intelligent people, and talk comes just as easily to them as it does to us.

The above points I have raised for the benefit of those St. Dunstaners who feel that they would like to meet some of our deaf-blind friends but are troubled by the doubts I have mentioned. By offering them conversation, we extend to them the feeling of good fellowship which is prevalent throughout St. Dunstan's.

Yours sincerely,

Liverpool.

G. W. ELLIS.

(We have recently obtained some leaflets describing the manual alphabet for the deaf-blind. If any St. Dunstaner would like a copy, the Editor will be delighted to send him one.)

DEAR EDITOR,

Regarding machines to enable people to talk to the deaf-blind, the signalling system on my model railway gave me an idea in 1929 for a machine that would enable a person to read the newspaper to six deaf-

blind people at once *who understood braille*. It was all made up with Meccano and not actually tested until the following summer, when the late G. J. Wheeler was living with me. Sir Ian Fraser later sent us a gadget from the N.I.B. museum enabling one person to talk to only one deaf-blind person. After further correspondence and discussions, it was first pointed out that we were not then all at West House together, and if we were, the machine would be no use to eleven men either for reading the paper or discussions; again it would tend to retard the learning of the manual and that would in turn greatly put into jeopardy our chances of getting escorts for walks, etc. A machine was no use either when out walking, shopping, etc.

When there is no time to learn the manual, and I have taught it in three minutes in cases of emergency, the block letter method is far and away the best.

Yours sincerely,

Southwick. G. FALLOWFIELD.

Bowls

DEAR EDITOR,

I was quite surprised to read last month under "bowls," that the game had not been taken up widely in Great Britain by the blind. May I take this opportunity to point out that a very flourishing Bowling Club exists in Scotland for blind ex-Service men. It is the Linburn Bowling Club, formed by members of the Scottish National Institute for the War Blinded, and such is the keenness of its members that six rinks are able to compete against local teams from Edinburgh and district.

Up to a little time ago, the players were using an improvised green, which was part of the lawn in front of the manor house. However, last year it was decided to prepare a proper, well-turfed and drained green, a green that would be as good if not better, than the greens of Linburn's opponents. So Saturday, 9th August, saw the opening of this new green by William Jardine, Esq., President of the Scottish Bowling Association.

Although the bowling season is far advanced, the Linburn Bowlers are hoping to add fresh laurels to their successes of previous years.

Perhaps at some future date a team of bowlers from St. Dunstan's may compete against their Scottish counterpart.

Yours faithfully,

Perth. ROY DAVID.

The Lights Go On and Off at Blackpool

Have you been to Scorton—or to the "Boot and Shoe,"?

Or have you been on Windermere—the lake of deepest blue?

Perhaps you crossed the Irish Sea to Douglas, Isle of Man,

To where you sail from Fleetwood Pier (to where you get by tram).

Did you go to Squire's Gate Camp—have eggs and chips for tea?

And join the gay Bank Holiday crowds—go out upon the spree?

Perhaps you climbed the Blackpool Tower—but not on Shanks's ponies,

You climbed the heights—you went by lift—with your St. Dunstan's cronies.

Maybe enjoyed the Rainbow show, that eve was very hot.

At half-time some came out to breathe, so missed the best of the lot.

Perhaps to Felman's you did go—or even to the "Rep."

Both shows are very good you know, they're full of fun and pep.

"The Blue Lamp" at Theatre Grand, to Haydock Park horse races,

The Queen's Hotel for dinner/dance, or any other places?

If none of these has been your joy for any special reason,

You have not been to nor' nor' west during the Blackpool Season.

The final trip to end the term of fun and celebrations,

Was round the town in comfy coach to see Illuminations.

The escorts had the gift of speech, they could describe the sights,

So we enjoyed the evening run when Blackpool switched on lights.

The final show—at Opera House—e'en though it was a Sunday,

Was much enjoyed by holiday folk, ere we left on the Monday.

A quiet drink—reminiscences—joys we shall remember,

And now the Blackpool Home is still—'tis closed for all September.

Personal

Thirty miles from London. St. Dunstaner (widower) and daughter require Working House-keeper. Comfortable home. Letters should be sent to the Editor marked "Housekeeper."

From All Quarters

George Dennis, of Portsmouth, has just retired after over thirty three years' service as a Home Teacher. He has served on many committees connected with blind welfare. At the Retirement Ceremony presentations were made to him on behalf of the Welfare Services Committee, and the Portsmouth Voluntary Association for the Blind, and many tributes were paid to him for his fine record of service.

★ ★ ★

Major D. Ronald Bridges, who is Welfare Officer in Malaya and Secretary of the Malayan Association for the Blind, is doing a magnificent job in this difficult and dangerous field. A recent appeal leaflet for the Association is admirably produced. Congratulations and good wishes to its author.

★ ★ ★

J. G. Straughton, of Workington, has been complimented and received the Long Service Award from the United Steel Companies, Ltd., having completed forty years' service with the company.

★ ★ ★

Gerry Brereton, late of Manchester, and now of London, was in the programme of "In Town To-night" on August 23rd. Gerry is already well known on the air for his B.B.C. "Showtime" broadcasts.

★ ★ ★

Ernest Russell, of Leeds, who is a prominent member of the British Legion, opened a Legion Gala the other day, and Mrs. Russell was chosen to crown the Gala Queen and to speak to the large audience.

★ ★ ★

W. A. Biggs, of Leicester, was knocked down on a zebra crossing while he was staying at the Blackpool Home. At the magistrate's court later, when the driver of the car was charged with driving without reasonable consideration, the Clerk of the Court congratulated our St. Dunstaner on the way he had given his evidence. "This witness," he said, "ought to give lessons to other witnesses in this court. I have never heard it given so well in a running down case."

★ ★ ★

F. Cooley, of Langley, Bucks., won first prize in the over sixties class for some delicate crochet work in the recent Carnival Week celebrations.

J. G. ("Tim") Healy, of Blackpool, has been appointed chairman of the Blackpool Branch of the National League of the Blind. Tim tells us that when he was on a visit to Jack Boothman at Morecambe recently, he was pleasantly surprised to find that one of the principal cinemas, where blind people are admitted free, also supplies a brailled summary of the script. It is handed back on leaving so that it can accompany the film to its next place of showing. Other cinemas, please copy!

★ ★ ★

T. Batt, of Oakhill, won ten prizes with twelve entries at Oakhill British Legion Flower Show—three firsts, three seconds, and four thirds.

★ ★ ★

D. McCarthy, of Fordingbridge, won first prize for gooseberries in the "Open and Cottages Class" at a local show.

★ ★ ★

At 84, W. Sullivan, of Cork, is well and quietly enjoying life. Two recent additions bring his total of great-grandchildren to ten.

★ ★ ★

A most interesting letter has reached us from Roy French, of Transvaal, South Africa. Roy is a St. Dunstaner who is fortunate to possess useful guiding vision and he went to South Africa immediately on leaving the Physiotherapy School. After only sixteen months' service with Krugersdorp Hospital, he has been appointed Senior Physiotherapist there. In order to qualify, he had to pass a language test in Afrikaans. He and Mrs. French have settled down most happily in their new life.

★ ★ ★

Tribute has been paid everywhere to the part played by Lieut. Col. M. P. Ansell, C.B.E., D.S.O., in Britain's horse-jumping triumph in the Olympic Games at Helsinki.

★ ★ ★

From the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW, South Africa:

"A small child who was seen gazing longingly at the Flaming Torches decorating our stand enquired of her mother, 'Mummy, where do the blind men make their ice-cream?'"

Alderman

F. W. E. L'Estrange Fawcett, of Stowmarket, has been raised to the Aldermanic Bench of the Suffolk County Council. Mr. Fawcett has been a member of the Local Council for many years.

With the Fleet Air Arm

I have just returned from my first visit to H.M.S. Daedalus, the Fleet Air Arm Station at Lee-on-Solent. St. Dunstaners who have visited this Naval Station will understand and will agree with me when I say that any St. Dunstaner who has not tasted the genial generosity of the personnel of H.M.S. Daedalus has missed the certainty of a week of enjoyment second to none.

From the moment we entered the camp good cheer and goodwill to St. Dunstaners became the order of the day. Collectively and individually, the personnel of H.M.S. Daedalus played their part in the entertainment and happiness of us all.

In Anson block, the quarters invaded by St. Dunstan's for the week, a most comfortable lounge had been prepared by the Fleet Air Arm. Here an atmosphere of sociability and relaxation prevailed and St. Dunstaners could loll about drinking endless cups of tea, play dominoes with other St. Dunstaners, Wrens or Sailors, have a newspaper read or just be generally lazy.

For the more energetic types, arrangements could easily be made with the Wrens and Sailors for a brisk walk, a tandem ride or a swim in the Solent.

Of the organised outings too much cannot be said. Whether it was a visit to the Naval Dock Yard or a trip in an Air Sea Rescue Launch to visit Southampton and bump alongside the vast new American liner, the "United States," to hear a blast of welcome from her siren, and then speed across to the Isle of Wight for an hour ashore at Cowes. Or whether it was a trip of inspection round the Air Station with the chance of a flight in an aircraft, all these outings made a marvellous change.

Almost every night of our stay we were invited to a different mess or canteen for an evening's entertainment. The hospitality shown at these functions was such that it could hardly be bettered, especially if it was measured by the complaints of indigestion and hangovers that were heard and felt the following morning.

Besides spending a most enjoyable and entertaining week, the main benefit I felt was the absolute change of environment provided by H.M.S. Daedalus and the uplift I got from the sincere appreciation and affection shown by everyone towards us. We all particularly enjoyed having Matron Pain in camp this year for the week.

Our appreciation to Mrs. Spurway for her work as liaison officer. To H.M.S. Daedalus I would like to say "God Bless," and thank you all for providing a bright and breezy holiday, a holiday with a difference, in fact a holiday money could not buy.

WALLY LETHBRIDGE.

A Wren's Token of Thanks

*The men of St. Dunstan's brought joy to our camp,
Tho' the winds oft blew cold and the weather
was damp,*

*They never stopped laughing and they always were
gay,
And now I wish to thank them for being that
way.*

*They lifted my miseries, chased away all my gloom,
Even when I was busy with dustpan and broom.
They had smiling faces when knocking back beer,
And telling the Wrens of the families held dear.*

*The way they played tricks I shall never forget,
Don't worry . . . I'll get my own back on them
yet.*

*I was given a pencil and then asked so nicely
To write the address on a postcard to wife . . .
I was so glad to help and started to write
With a rubber pencil, imagine my plight!*

*I returned the trick pencil, with a grin to the
bloke*

*And told him just what I thought of his joke.
But when we had gathered some others around*

*He tried it again and there wasn't a sound,
Until suddenly the poor sucker realised what was
wrong*

*And great roars of laughter burst from the
throng.*

*They're the sort of tricks you had better look out
for,*

*Rubber dolls and trick pencils, and yet many
more.*

*But I hope the men of St. D's liked their stay.
If I'm around next year, then it's better that
they*

*Should be on the look-out, my revenge will be sweet,
They had better watch out should we happen to
meet,*

*For I'll be a young devil and play tricks galore
Until they've declared they can't stand any more,
Then they'll probably start on their tricks once
again*

*And I'll be renamed the dozey young Wren.
But I've enjoyed their stay and meeting everyone,
And I hope they enjoyed our ideas of fun.*

*So look after them for me, keep away from the
beer,*

*Until their next visit to DAEDALUS next
year.*

FRANCES.

The Art of Smoking

The trouble started when my wife found tiny holes in my suit. Besides, it was expensive smoking cigarettes, so what better than to start smoking a pipe! Enquiries revealed that a couple of ounces of baccy lasted a whole week; financially it sounded more economical. What I wasn't told was that you have to be a craftsman to master a pipe. After equipping myself with baccy, pouch, smoker's companion set, and pipe cleaners, my match box was always empty and I have to dip into the one on the mantelpiece kept for lighting the fire. As I was quick to see that a good stock of matches was essential, I went for Swans and after much puffing and an occasional scorching of one or more fingers, I realised that I must be generating smoke.

Trial and Error

Seated beside an ash-tray containing a nice little pile of burnt matches, I tasted the joy of success, or was it only success? My tongue seemed to be burning and eventually, after abandoning leaf tobacco I was specially advised to try flake—"never used anything else, all the years I've been smoking." Still persevering, by and by I noted that in spite of repeated sucks (as distinct from the conventional puffs) my pipe was blocked. With a truly professional air, out came the cleaner and companion set. When reassembled, the through-draught was better than that in any Tube Station.

Disaster

I began to really feel that I looked a solid and contented father with my pipe at full fury, but a sizzling noise in the bowl puzzled me until I was informed by professionals that it was only saliva and that I was a "wet smoker." The thing to do, they said, is to have about six pipes on the go to rest one and dry it, while the others did service. That was all very well, but six pipes of briar come hard on the Exchequer. Still determined, I bought a packet of ten just to "rest" my pipe. I was still determined when I took up my pipe again, but when, with the pipe gripped in my teeth, I tried to talk intelligibly, the glowing pipe shot out of my teeth and emptied itself partly on me and partly on the arm-chair cushion.

How did Drake manage to play bowls and smoke a pipe?

R. A. FULLARD.

West Country Notes

It is seldom that the West Country gets honourable mention in the REVIEW. You see, we are so scattered. We have no clubs or meeting place, but one thing we do have is our annual camp in Wiltshire. This year, on July 8th, twenty St. Dunstaners from the West of England and South Wales, with Micky Costello, George Leadbetter and George Stanley from further afield, met once again in the old huts at Westbury. Miss Oliphant was again the energetic governor-general. Our Miss Arning, of Stretton days, was again minister of the interior and looked after our inner man as only she knows how. We had a full programme, visits being paid to the theatre at Bath, races at Salisbury and Bath, to Mrs. Robertson Glasgow, Lady Lacey, and the Duke and Duchess of Somerset. I tell you, lads, when the Westbury Camp gets cracking we mix only in the best society.

Entertainment was provided by the Infantry Training School, the Buffs, and the Women's Section of the British Legion. A visit to Avesbury, reputed to be much older than Stonehenge, called forth the remark from one bright 'erb, "Let ye who are without sin cast the first stone." Everyone voted it the best camp ever. Our cup was full when unexpectedly we heard a very familiar voice from the dining hall saying the well-remembered grace, "God bless our land, our Queen, and food, and give us thankful hearts." Yes, you've guessed. It was that beloved voice of Matron Pain. Mr. Ottaway, too, was there and we were reet glad to welcome him again. Another well-loved friend, Mrs. Carter, now Mrs. Bryant, came along too, and acted as bookie's runner to five of us at Bath races.

In fact a good time was had by all and our thanks must go out to those very willing and splendid friends of ours who come together year after year to give us such a wonderful time, with our special thanks to a local lady, Mrs. Luce, who works so hard to arrange all the transport, and to Nurse Moody, who tends our digestive organs and fat heads. Now for our camp anthem, to be sung to the tune of Christopher Robin.*

GEN.

*(Sorry, Gen, no room after all, but copies available on application to—ED.)

Liverpool Club Notes

Many people will remember Saturday, 23rd August, as the day which afforded us the novelty of continuous sunshine that month, but we of the Club have special cause to think of it as the day of our Annual Outing to Llandudno.

A happy note was struck at once by the welcome fact that our party included Mrs. Formstone. Violet and her cheery voice had been missed far too long by each and every one of the Club members. Another outstanding feature was the absence of our resident vocalist, Mr. Joe "Caruso" Daly, and we all felt that the inevitable choral efforts of a coach trip would suffer by his absence. However, the success of our excursion was assured right from the start.

There was an excellent mid-day meal awaiting us at our destination, and when we eventually left the restaurant to disperse for the afternoon, we did so with the conviction that another tasty meal would be served to us at 5 o'clock. At about 6 p.m. we all wiped the ice cream from our lips and climbed back into the coach to start the trip back home. Very soon we were pulling in at Connah's Quay for whatever form of refreshment each of us sought. A very noisy, but nevertheless enjoyable hour or so was spent here, and during the proceedings we were privileged to hear a ballad by our Mr. T. Brougham, who emulated the above mentioned J. Daly by rendering something that was more or less in the tune of Galway Bay. All too quickly the time came to leave this Welsh outpost and it was noticeable at once how everyone was seized with a desire to sing. This joyous spirit was maintained throughout the rest of the journey to Liverpool, and when we finally arrived at our original starting place, everyone agreed they had had a wonderful day. Our Vice Chairman was overheard to say that we should have a similar outing every Saturday. Rather a wistful statement perhaps, but an indication of the general atmosphere of enthusiasm in the Club. We are a happy group, but there is always room for more members, and in closing I will extend an invitation to all non-members who live in the Liverpool area to come along sometime and join us. We meet on 11th October and every fortnight from then onwards.

FRISBY.

Young St. Dunstaners

Kenneth Fawcett, Bournemouth, has qualified as a doctor and is now M.B., CH.B. He previously obtained his B.Sc. at London University. The hospital where he has taken up his first appointment is the hospital where his father took his first post as masseur, and it is also the hospital where Kenneth was born 29 years ago.

★ ★ ★

John Anthony Mudge has gained his B.A. at Oxford University. He took his Inter. B.A. when he was 17, with entry to the University, but this had to be postponed until he had completed his military service.

★ ★ ★

Sybil Floyd, Teignmouth, has obtained a position on the teaching staff of Bedfordshire County Council.

★ ★ ★

"11-year-old Sydney Wass (Brighton) has won a medal, a certificate and a pat on the shoulder from his headmaster for being a healthy boy who doesn't play truant," said the local paper. Sydney has completed four years at his school with 100% attendance.

★ ★ ★

Valerie Shread, King's Lynn, has passed the Technical College examination.

★ ★ ★

Elaine Martin, Thornton Heath, has become a Fellow of the Greek Dancing Society.

★ ★ ★

Maureen Boyce, Belfast, has secured her Social Science degree.

★ ★ ★

Pamela Hodgman, Croydon, has passed the Advance Level Examination of the General Certificate of Education.

★ ★ ★

Raymond Burgin has been given a commission and is now a Pilot Officer in Fighter Control.

Marriages

Iris Farmery, on August 9th.

Jack Davies, Llandyssul, on July 19th to Miss Elsie James.

On July 25th, Dominic Sheridan, Wishaw, to Miss Agnes Dunn.

Peter C. Fearn, East Kirby, to Miss M. Barnes, and Lawrence Fearn to Miss E. Kröger, of Oldenburg, Germany.

On August 2nd, James Robinson, Co. Tyrone, to Miss Gertrude E. Gray.

On July 26th, the youngest son of C. T. Kirk, Lancing.

Hints to Half-Wits dealing with Dims

1. Impress on your Dim that he is, at all times, a congenital lunatic. He will be delighted to know that apart from his other disabilities, he has something else to add to the gaiety of nations.
 2. Never, in any circumstances, put his personal things back to the same place where he carefully put them. This will give him something to do in trying to find them again, and will also provide exercise for his mind in making up descriptions of you and your thoughtfulness.
 3. When he is listening to his Talking Book or a wireless programme, wait until it gets to a most interesting part and then say brightly, "What are you reading?" or "What did they say then?" This will prevent him getting into a groove and as decent wireless programmes are never repeated, and he will have lost the thread, it will give him many happy hours trying to work out what would have happened if you had not interrupted.
 4. If possible get three or four females all talking at the pitch of their voices on different subjects at the same time. In the middle of this sparkling conversation ask him a question. He, of course, will not have a clue who you are talking to and then you can say, "I'm talking to you, why don't you answer me?" He will appreciate you singling him out of all these people, particularly as he will not have heard the question.
 5. When he asks you to do something for him, go and stand beside him but *do not speak*. He, being a gentleman, will not speak but will await your pleasure. After about twenty minutes of this communal Yogi, say, "I am waiting to do what you asked." This simple act will lead to some very interesting conversations between you both.
 6. When talking to him, speak as low as possible, illustrating your remarks with gesticulations. He will not see these and will not have heard a word, but you will be able to tell him that you *showed* him what you were saying.
 7. Remember the St. Dunstan's motto, "Whatever the poor boy wants, that he must have."
- P.S. Please supply three passionate blondes.
B. H. HAYWARD.

Reunions

One by one the 1952 Reunions are slipping by. The two-day meeting at Liverpool—July 10th and 12th—brought together nearly a hundred men. On the first day, Mr. D. G. Hopewell, a member of our Executive Council, and Mr. Fred Wooldridge, J.P., Chairman of the South Cheshire District Committee of the British Legion, were the special guests. On the 12th, Sir Ian and Lady Fraser were present to welcome the gathering. The presence of Matron Vaughan Davies and a party from the Blackpool Home added to the pleasure of the first day's meeting. When Manchester and district men met two days later, Mr. Hopewell was there also, this time with Mr. H. H. Chesworth, J.P., County Hon. Secretary for the South Lancs. County Committee of the Legion. Then down to Southampton where Sir Neville Pearson, Bt., our President, was the special guest on August 6th. Sir Neville also journeyed to Leeds to attend the Reunion there on August 16th. Mr. Hopewell was the guest at Newcastle two days later, and again at Glasgow on August 20th. To everyone's pleasure, Miss M. T. Wood, late Welfare Visitor for Scotland, was at this Reunion.

A week later, and it was the turn of Leicester, Sir Neville Pearson again being the guest of honour. A warm welcome was given to Mr. Ottaway also.

Brighton on September 3rd, was, naturally enough, one of the biggest Reunions. As in previous years it was an evening meeting at the Grand Hotel. Sir Neville Pearson was the guest of honour, with Lady Pearson. Smaller, but no less successful, was the Birmingham meeting on the 8th, when the guest was Mr. Hopewell.

At all the meetings which he could not attend personally, a message was read from Sir Ian. Need we add also that at every meeting there was a warm cheer for the presence of Miss Pain?

Found

A St. Dunstan's badge was picked up at the Birmingham Reunion. Will the owner apply to Miss Wilson at Headquarters.

Golden Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. A. Isaac, of Glasgow, August 25th. Many congratulations.

Talking Book Library August Accumulations

"Accumulations" seems an appropriate heading after two barren months, but in view of the fact that a book of reminiscence, two romances, and a fantasy are the sum total of the releases, the heading appears a slight exaggeration. Three Victorians and an Edwardian coming up:

"Villette," by Charlotte Brontë, reader David Lloyd James, is a three-volume novel with Lucy Snow, a school mistress, as heroine. The school is on the continent, and whereas the subsidiary characters have smooth romances, poor Lucy has many heart-rending and hair-raising experiences to survive. There are a number of ingenious little twists in the story and a quantity of padding, some rather beautiful, some a trifle ludicrous. Soothing reading, but it needs too much time and hardly holds the whole attention.

"The Edwardian Story," by Shaw Desmond, reader Richard Wessell, is as happy as it should be when one considers the period. The extension of Victorian peace and prosperity and the calm before the storm of two earth-shaking wars must surely seem an idyll on reflecting back. Interesting reminiscences, written from the angle of the "few" rather than the "many."

"Nicolas and Antoinette," by Freda Lingstron, reader Jack de Manio, is a romance of an Alpine farm which demands great strength and endurance of the people who wring a livelihood from it. Except for a short Parisian interlude, the story is a half-century of fighting, farming, and the loyal, strong and moving association of Nick and Antoinette. Sad, maybe, but it does invite reading.

"Memoirs of a Midget," by Walter de la Mare, reader Alvar Lidell, I have called a fantasy, but it is within the bounds of possibility that it is a biography. The trials and tribulations of a two-and-a-half foot refined, adult female, in the hurly burly of 19th century England keep one, between laughter and tears for the greater part of the book. Dogs and small boys can be frightening to the ordinary human, but imagine the hazard to this poor woman left an orphan at twenty. She gets a patroness, but tiring of mockery, she takes a temporary job in a circus. Disgusted by the publicity she retires to her lodgings and writes her memoirs, which you may now read.

NELSON.

The Women's Point of View

I am sure July 10th will stand out vividly in the memory of many people in South Norwood, for on that day Beryl Sleigh, Blodwyn Simon, Gwen Obern, Thelma Meredith and I decided to demonstrate to an audience some of the many activities we pursue.

The organiser was Miss Mary Jameson, M.B.E., and of course, her mother, sister and many other helpful people. Our commentator, believe it or not, was Miss Jeanne Heal, and my goodness, she certainly does know how to set other folk at their ease—and so cheerily too.

After a really terrific high tea—which proved to me (not for the first time) that southerners also know and appreciate that feature usually associated with the north country—we went to do our "piece." Apart from the fact that the microphone seemed at times a little difficult everything soared along as happily as you please.

I said my little piece about my trip across the Atlantic and displayed some of my bits and pieces. Thelma then demonstrated just how, with a disability additional to total blindness, she can make a pretty string bag. Blodwyn was in full force, showing a pretty crochet tablecloth in the making, finishing off a cane tray—even doing a "variety act," with Miss Heal and a member of the audience as her "assistants," and demonstrating her slickness with braille cards.

Gweny sang, as usual, really wonderfully and I personally wonder at the ever-increasing sweetness and purity of her voice. But Gwen showed that big audience she could do something other than sing—so in front of a watchful and appreciative audience she typed a sentence. Mrs. Babanau was also interviewed at this juncture and spoke simply but sympathetically of her work at Port Hall, a house which she has made into a home in every sense of the word. Beryl then showed the tray of mementoes gathered in South Africa and spoke with deep sincerity of the fact that blindness does not deter folk from wanting to collect tangible things—shells from the seaside, lovely little original carvings, etc. Beryl also sang for us, both solo and in a duet with Gweny, and gave the audience, as well as we folk on the platform, great pleasure.

After speeches came presentations. Mrs. Babanau was given a lovely violin, the presentation being made by the captain of a girls' school. We each received a hand-embroidered scarf made by Mrs. Jameson, and a box of chocolates.

I don't know what the others' thoughts were—we never do know what the other fella is thinking—but my mind had wandered off to war-days when so many times I had had to speak to several hundred A.T.S. It seemed odd to me that my voice could not carry by means of a "mike" and yet not so very long ago a parade of over a thousand had "jumped to it." But those days are receding and July 10th was making new history. What did it prove? What are its portents? That I do not know, but I hope that one day all St. Dunstan's women—those who "keep house," those who have babies and look after them, the girls who do the simple household chores of everyday, Barbara who does physiotherapy, and Winnie with her additional disabilities—will be included in a truly representative exhibition of what we, each in our way, be it spectacular or simple everyday things, can do.

MAUREEN V. LEES.

King Willow

Once again it is "au revoir" to King Willow. For just over six months it will be useless to turn the radio on, lean back, and expect to hear one of the B.B.C. commentators painting for us a picture of green and white.

As the old greybeards of the Pavilion dream and talk of Hobbs, W.G., Plum Warner, and other legendary figures, I shall sit and dream and talk of John Arlott, Swanton, Rex Alston, and others. Men whose eyes have taken me to cricket grounds I should never have visited under ordinary circumstances. Those halcyon days, sitting back in an armchair, the sun streaming through the french windows, and before me, a vision of the bright green 22 yards, with white lines, yellow stumps, red ball, and men in white with coloured caps. . . .

I support no special club, no county is really my own, but I know them all.

This past summer I have been thrilled by those dear tail-enders, splendid bowlers, and wicket keepers, but mediocre bats. What an example for all; no dread of Thompson, Laker or any of the others.

Just going in to stand up and have a go.

I see that fielder rushing to cut off a four, or trying against odds to reach a almost impossible catch.

That round of applause when a fifty is reached or a maiden over bowled.

I respect that "Twelfth Man," whose job it is to just stick around in case he is wanted, who goes into the field to take another's place with no hope of a bat, but just ready at all times to exert the last ounce to help his side.

Yes, cricket is a team game. Does any other game give such scope for individual effort, selflessness, and opportunity for giving the fellow team man a good show?

I feel sure the commentators with the cricket commentaries also work as a team, the little questions they fire at the others, all drawing for we who cannot participate a wonderful picture. Even when the cricket is quiet John Arlott brightens the time with little cameos of small boys going to tea, gasometers rising and falling, of those little incidents which add the condiments to our cricket dish.

I am sure we can all enjoy cricket, and all learn something, something I in my schooldays maybe could have learned better. Dare I quote? "There's a breathless hush in the close tonight, An hour to play, a match to win, A bumping pitch, and a blinding light, Ten to make, the last man in, And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat, nor the selfish hope of a season's fame, but, his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote, Play up, Play up, and Play the game."

Yes, the stumps are drawn, the Pavilion closed, the 22 yards fenced in, but I shall think of it this winter, and wait with as much patience as possible for the day when I can say, "Hail, King Willow."

"THE CHINAMAN"

Placements

F. Barratt, West Ham, as the manager of cafe; W. H. Burnett, as a telephonist with the Ministry of Works, Neasden; J. Fraser, of St. Paul's Cray, as a telephonist with the Ministry of Labour; J. W. Lumb, Hesse, as a shop-keeper (tobacco and confectionery).

Ruby Wedding

Congratulations, to Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Summers, of Eastleigh, who celebrated 40 years of married life on June 29th.

Ovingdean Notes—July/August

We have said before that Sports Day at Ovingdean looked like becoming an "unofficial" Reunion for many St. Dunstaners living within easy reach of Brighton, and this was certainly the case this year. It was very nice indeed, too, that so many ex-trainees were amongst our visitors.

The day itself was once again fine and sunny, and in fact, just right for the many events on the programme, for there was a light refreshing breeze to revive the competitors, but not one of the famous gales!

Sir Ian and Lady Fraser made one of their regular visits to the Training Centre on Friday, 18th July, and were also present on Sports Day with Mr. Donald McPhee from St. Dunstan's, New Zealand. At the completion of the many field events Sir Ian presented the prizes to the winners. Our congratulations to Stuart Craig (New Zealand) and Jack Fulling (who was last year's winner) for their success this year. They share the individual Athletic Trophy for 1952. The Team Trophy remains with Ovingdean for a further year thanks to the strenuous efforts of our trainees.

Whilst we were pleased to have Sir Ian and Lady Fraser with us and Miss Pain and many other good friends, it was a disappointment that Lady Arthur Pearson, who had hoped to be present, was not well enough to come, but happily she has since stayed at Hove for a few days and during that time came to visit both West House and Ovingdean. She wishes to be remembered to all St. Dunstaners, and we look forward to another visit before long.

We welcomed Sir Neville and Lady Pearson, who were prevented by another engagement from joining us on Sports Day, when they visited Ovingdean and West House on July 24th, just before the end of the Training Term.

There was a whirl of entertainments before the trainees left for their Summer vacation. On Sunday, July 27th, a morning steamer trip was arranged and that same day we welcomed a return visit from the Florence Moore Theatre, when they gave an extremely good production of T. S. Eliot's play "The Cocktail Party." On the following Monday there was the End of Term Dance and on July 29th, the trainees departed.

By the week-end the Home was once again almost full for the Bank Holiday

Week-end, for which a varied programme of amusements had been arranged. The Coach Drives remain as popular as ever, and the Transport section was kept very busy with tours of Sussex and taking the racegoers to various meetings throughout the Sussex Fortnight.

Later in the month a visit was made to Ovingdean by "Petty Officer" Jack Watson, who has been appearing for the summer season at the Dolphin Theatre, Brighton. He came along to entertain St. Dunstaners on holiday here and brought with him several other members of the Company.

Another well-known entertainer who visited us this month is Walter Wade, the cabaret artist with an amusing repertoire of songs. Gwennie Obern and Beryl Sleigh, both staying at Port Hall at the time, completed an enjoyable evening's entertainment with their singing.

Physiotherapy Conference

The splendid work being done by war-blinded chartered physiotherapists in hospitals and in private practice up and down the country was praised by Brigadier General J. G. Smyth, V.C., M.C., M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Pensions, when he addressed their annual Conference at Ovingdean during the last week-end in August. The Conference, which was attended by more than one hundred physiotherapists, discussed many aspects of treatment, ranging from plastic surgery to muscle re-education. The guests included Professor T. Pomfret Kilner, C.B.E., F.R.C.S., Mr. R. J. S. Reynolds, S.R.N., M.C.S.P., Miss Hester Angove, ex-Principal of the Physiotherapy School, Miss M. J. Neilson, Secretary of the Chartered Society of Physiotherapy, and Mr. John Jenkins, Principal of the Physiotherapy School. Sir Ian Fraser presided at the luncheon on Saturday and at the Conference which followed. The previous evening there had been an inspection and demonstrations of electronic apparatus. On Saturday morning there was a lecture on Plastic Surgery and the part that physiotherapy can play in this branch of healing, by Professor Kilner. He expressed the view that "team work is most important in plastic surgery and the physiotherapist is an essential and an extremely important member of that team."

Mr. J. D. Calder was re-elected Chairman of the Physiotherapy Advisory Committee for the ensuing year.

Mental Letters

I have found a new and absorbing occupation to while away the time when doing my household chores. I write mental letters to the Editor of the REVIEW. I have surprised myself at the variety of subjects. I must have filled sheets of mental notepaper, stuck on hundreds of imaginary stamps.

I have written about the people I have met in my boarding house—some with cars and fur coats, others with only the bare necessities which they have had to work hard for. The couple who boasted of their car, television set, electric washer, and so on, but who turned back because there had been a mistake of half a crown on their bill. The two girls from the theatre who played about with a bottle of tomato sauce in the dining room. How it managed to get on the door at the other side of the room, I do not know, but it was easier to clean off than that on the new carpet! There were the old soldiers, too, of both wars, who always seemed to have been sergeants and able to tell the new officers what to do. (No St. Dunstaners referred to here).

Another imaginary letter was about macrame twiners. I found it easiest to work with the frame on my knee, with the box containing the twine on my right on the floor. There is a hole in the centre of the lid about the size of a penny; the twine is threaded through and up through the centre of the frame. The hole allows the twine to unrove without knotting and getting all tied up. When I come to the casting-off stage, I cut the twine (once round the frame and about two pegs over). It makes the process easier.

I could go on for hours writing my mental letters until my store of subjects runs out and I come down to earth with a bump—or rather, to the kitchen sink!

MARGARET STANWAY.

Grandfathers

Tommy Milner, of Liverpool; C. T. Kelk, of Hastings; this makes his one-year-old daughter, little Susan Margaret, an auntie; Harry Pierrepont, of Boston; E. Watts, of Birkenhead; G. J. Smith, of Leicester (the eighth grandchild).

Marriage

LLOYD.—On August 16th, A. Lloyd, of Accrington.

Births

- ALLEN.—On July 26th, to the wife of W. Allen, of Aldershot, a son—Ashley Anthony.
- BEATTIE.—In June, to the wife of D. N. Beattie, of North Queensland, a son—David Stanley.
- BENTLEY.—On July 29th, to the wife of F. Bentley, of Birmingham, a son—Derek Kenneth.
- CRADDOCK.—On August 29th, to the wife of R. A. Craddock, of Warrington, a son—Peter.
- FILBY.—On September 7th, to the wife of W. E. Filby, of Streatham, a son—Keith Mervyn.
- KEMPE.—On July 24th, to the wife of S. N. Kempe, of Porkellis, Cornwall, a son.
- LEWIS.—On July 18th, to the wife of J. Lewis, of Ewell, a daughter—Jacqueline Anne.
- LYNCH.—On August 19th, to the wife of J. Lynch, of Hornchurch, a daughter—Michele Anne.
- MCMAMARA.—On August 24th, to the wife of S. McNamara, of Dublin, a son.
- PREECE.—On September 3rd, to the wife of R. Preece, of Hangleton, Hove, a son.
- WATERS.—On August 3rd, to the wife of A. Waters, of Needham, Norfolk, a son—Paul John.

Deaths

- Our deep sympathy goes to the following:
- INNESS.—To J. Inness, of Dewsbury, whose father died on August 4th.
- JOHNS.—To L. Johns, of Totnes, whose father died on August 1st.
- MCCELLIGOTT.—To A. F. McElligott, of Bradpole, whose eldest sister has died after an illness of a few days.
- MCGUIRE.—To T. McGuire, of Drogheda, Eire, who lost his wife on August 16th.
- PALMER.—To H. A. Palmer, of West Hartlepool, whose sister, who looked after him, has died suddenly.
- ROBINSON.—To B. Robinson, of Scarborough, whose wife passed away suddenly on August 1st.
- SMITH.—To W. C. Smith, of Melbourne, Derbyshire, whose wife died last month in hospital after a long illness.
- SOUTHEN.—To G. Southen, of Folkestone, whose wife passed away suddenly on July 30th.
- WOODGET.—To D. Woodget, of Bourne-mouth, whose wife died suddenly on August 6th.

“ In Memory ”

Private Lundie Forrester, *Machine Gun Corps*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Lundie Forrester, of Glasgow.

Wounded in Italy in 1918, he came to St. Dunstan's in 1920 after prolonged hospital treatment and he trained as a telephonist. He retired however, some time ago. His health had not been good of recent months but his death on holiday in Derbyshire was nevertheless unexpected.

A wreath from Sir Ian and his St. Dunstan's friends was sent for the funeral, which was attended by his fellow St. Dunstaners, Messrs. P. Yuill, J. Irvine, and J. May, and Miss Gordon.

Our deep sympathy is offered to his wife and family.

A.B. Robert Lock, *Royal Navy*

With deep regret we record the death of Robert Lock, of Portsmouth, at the age of fifty-two. He had been with us only two months.

Enlisting when he was only seventeen, he remained in the Service until his discharge in November, 1943. When he was admitted to St. Dunstan's benefits in June of this year, he was very ill indeed and he passed away two months later.

Cremation took place on September 2nd, and among the flowers was St. Dunstan's wreath of poppies. He leaves a widow to whom our very sincere sympathy is extended.

Private Harry Hotson, *8th East Yorks. Regt.*

We record with deep regret the death of H. Hotson, of Brough.

He served from October, 1914, until March, 1917. He was blinded on the Somme, receiving also very severe facial injuries. When he came to us during that year he trained as a boot repairer and mat-maker. During the last war he was anxious to make his contribution to the war effort and he took up factory work most successfully in spite of his severe handicaps.

His death took place on July 25th, after a brief illness.

Sir Ian's wreath was among the flowers at the funeral.

Our deep sympathy goes out to his wife and family.

Gunner Thomas Smith, *14th Durham Light Infantry*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of T. Smith, of Boldon Colliery, which occurred at his home on July 22nd.

He enlisted in September, 1914, and was wounded in France in 1917. He was completely blinded and received also severe wounds in his left leg. After training with us in that year as a mat-maker, he carried on this work for many years, but he had been ill for a long time now.

A wreath from the Chairman and his St. Dunstaner friends was sent for the funeral.

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

Sergeant Major Henry Green, *Royal Horse Artillery*

We record with deep regret the death of H. Green, of Sheringham, at the age of seventy six.

Although he was discharged from the Army in 1919, he did not come to St. Dunstan's until March, 1949, when owing to his age, he did not enter actual training. His health had been very poor for a long time and he passed away on August 3rd.

Our sincere sympathy is offered to his sister-in-law.

Fire Watcher William Henry Robertson, *Civil Defence*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of W. H. Robertson, of Ipswich.

Injured during an air raid while on duty as a firewatcher, he was admitted to St. Dunstan's benefits in January, 1944. He did not train however, but returned to his occupation of shopkeeper. He became ill some months ago and was admitted to hospital where he died on August 12th.

He leaves a widow and grown up family to whom we offer our deep sympathy.

Private John Simpkins, *Pioneer Corps*

We record with regret the sudden death of J. Simpkins, of Tooting, at the age of sixty four.

Badly gassed in 1917, the delayed effects of this brought him to St. Dunstan's in July, 1950, but he did not undertake training, preferring to remain in business. He gave this up, however, later and took up joinery.

His death took place very suddenly on July 27th.

Sir Ian's wreath was among the flowers at the funeral.

He leaves a widow and grown up family to whom our sincere sympathy is offered.

George Regan, *King's Own Scottish Borderers*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of G. O. Regan, of Salford.

Although he lost his sight as a result of service in the first World War, he did not come to us until early this year when he was already a very sick man. His death occurred on July 10th.

Among the flowers at the funeral was a poppy wreath from Sir Ian Fraser and his St. Dunstaner friends.

Our deep sympathy is extended to his relatives.

A. Gauthier, *21st Canadian Forces*

We have heard with deep regret of the death of A. Gauthier, of Quebec.

Wounded at Cambrai in October, 1918, he came to St. Dunstan's in the following May and became a first-class mat-maker and netter. He married in Manchester in 1920 and he and his wife returned to Canada that year. They had a family of six children.

Our deep sympathy is offered to his wife and family.