

# ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Men and Women Blinded on War Service

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[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN]

## CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

### Notable St. Dunstaner Dies

**C**APTAIN William Appleby, O.B.E., died on Saturday, 29th November, at the age of 73. He was a St. Dunstaner very widely known and esteemed amongst ex-Servicemen in all parts of the Commonwealth. This was because he was one of the founder members of the British Legion, and of the British Empire Service League, the body which brings into one federation all the general ex-Service organisations in the Commonwealth and Empire countries. William Appleby wore the sixth of the British Legion badges issued, and apart from being a founder member was during the whole of the life of the Legion, until he retired last year, an elected member of the National Executive Council. No other man held this record.

Over the years, William Appleby helped us very much indeed in our relationship with the British Legion and in 1928 he joined the Council of St. Dunstan's as their representative. He was greatly beloved by the rank and file and was a familiar figure at all the British Legion annual conferences.

After the first war and his recovery from the early shock of being blinded, he became closely associated with the early organisation of the Economic League and was its Organising Secretary for some time. He was also founder of the North East Coast Region of this important national organisation and was a member of the Central Council. It was for the Northern Area of the British Legion, his base of operations being at Newcastle-on-Tyne, that he stood as National Executive member.

William Appleby was a good talker, full of stories and reminiscences, and a firm friend, and there must be thousands throughout the ex-Service movement who have been inspired by his gallant attitude towards his disability and helped by his friendly counsel and advice.

On the Council of St. Dunstan's he contributed a wide experience and a deep sympathy as well as an understanding of the needs and aspirations of ordinary folk.

He had spent his whole life in the Army in the Lancashire Fusiliers and saw service at home and abroad in India, Morocco and Gibraltar.

All the members of St. Dunstan's and of our Council and of the staff will feel they have lost a good friend in William Appleby, and will extend deep sympathy to his widow and members of his family.

### Christmas Thoughts

1902-1914. That was twelve years between two wars. 1918-1939. That was twenty-one years. 1945-? Who knows how long? The last war was more devastating and exhausting than ever before; the realisation of the appalling destruction of war is wider than ever; the facing of reality and preparation for defence is more active than ever before. Perhaps these facts lend hope for the future. I pinpoint these dread thoughts in order to emphasise my belief that the year which is approaching its end may mark a phase in world history. Whereas a year or so ago many said war was imminent, we may now say with a fair degree of certainty that war seems less likely after all.

It is my belief that 1953 will justify our preparedness, vindicate the nation's judgment that security varies directly with strength, and that accordingly we shall be even nearer to a settled and peaceful world order at the end of 1953 than we are to-day; let us all hope and pray that this prophecy will come true.

If my belief in this tendency is well founded, then as the new year progresses we may expect to begin to beat some of our swords into ploughshares. This means some diminution in our rearmament effort and offers the opportunity of some progress towards a better life, for obviously we can all live better if we make the things we need rather than the things that are needed for war.

But the process may be one of adjustment and it may require patient courage to await the ripening of the fruit.

I expect a year of some changing of occupation, a year of increased capital expenditure in order to fit ourselves the better to make our living in the world markets, and a fall in prices.

Labour, management and capital have all done well during the year that has passed, subordinating their keenest personal interests to the well-being of the community. If this spirit continues, 1953 may well prove to be a year during which the tide turns, and although we may not enjoy to the full the fruits of our abstinence and sacrifice, we may yet be able to see more clearly that it has been worthwhile and that better times lie ahead.

It is in the belief that this rash forecast of the future may not prove to be too wrong that I commend it to my St. Dunstan's friends. Lady Fraser and I will think of you and yours all over the world and wish you a happy Christmas and the best of good luck in the New Year.

IAN FRASER.

### From All Quarters

G. Rignall, of Palmers Green, has passed the examination for Home Teachers of the Blind, with honours in Braille.

★ ★ ★

F. A. Stringer, of Manchester, who is seventy-five and has just come under St. Dunstan's care, has been elected President of the Boy's Brigade. It is a tribute to his fine character and cheerfulness under the double handicap of deafness and blindness.

★ ★ ★

Maureen V. Lees was awarded Certificates of Merit at the National Weaving Competition—the first of its kind—at Central Hall, Westminster.

★ ★ ★

Canon W. G. Speight gave an inspiring address at a recent service organised on behalf of St. Dunstan's at Wymesfold Parish Church. The Mayor and Mayoress of Loughborough were among those present.

It has been a very good year for John Lasowski, now living in France. At the beginning of May he was awarded the French Military Medal; on June 16th his little son, Michel Nikola, was born; and now comes another letter saying that John has been decorated with the Order of the Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur.

Congratulations, John.

★ ★ ★

W. Watkinson, who is in the inspection department of Leyland Motors, Ltd., has been awarded £2 for an idea he evolved in making his fixed gauge more efficient.

★ ★ ★

E. Denny, who incidentally celebrated his 49th wedding anniversary on November 24th, writes that, with Mrs. Denny, he attended the Memorial Service at St. Mary's Cathedral, Johannesburg, for Mrs. Chadwick Bates. Also present were Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Nicolson, "Higgo," and Terence Denny. Edward Denny is Life Vice-President, South Africa Legion, B.E.S.L., Pretoria Branch.

### London Club Notes

The Committee of the London Club wish all members a very happy Christmas and lots of good luck in 1953.

The Annual General Meeting of the Club will be held at Headquarters on January 16th, at 7.30 p.m.

It is hoped that all members of the London Club will make a special effort to attend.

**Bridge.**—We could not hold our Annual General Meeting on December 6th, as arranged; owing to fog only a handful of members were able to be present. The meeting is now to be held on Saturday, January 10th, at 2.15 p.m. sharp, and the chair will be taken by Mr. A. D. Lloyds, as before.

In the London Business Houses competition, P. Nuyens' team has to date played five matches, winning two, drawing one and losing two. J. Fleming's team has played three matches so far, but have not yet been successful.

H. GOVER.

### Indoor Section

#### Sir Arthur Pearson Cup Competition Results

<i>Darts T.B.:</i>	Winner	C. Williamson
	Runner-up	B. Ingrey
<i>Darts S.S.:</i>	Winner	W. Bishop
	Runner-up	J. Fleming
<i>Dominoes:</i>	Winner	B. Ingrey
	Runner-up	G. Brown
<i>Cribbage:</i>	Winner	C. J. Walker
	Runner-up	S. Webster
<i>Aggregate Whist</i>	72 hands	
	Winner	P. Ashton (502 tricks)

The Finals took place at Headquarters on November 22nd. We were very pleased to welcome Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Lloyds, who came along to present the prizes, and whose friendly words to the winners and to the Club rounded off a very successful evening.

As a sequel to the grand support on the occasion of the last dance, I am very happy to announce that the next dance will be held at the Victory Club, Marble Arch, on Friday, February 20th. I hope that all our dancing friends will give us their support again. More details next month, but meanwhile book this date, February 20th.

C. J. WALKER.

### Outdoor Section

On November 15th the Walking Club held its six miles walking race round Regent's Park. There were nine starters. It was a very cold and wet day but this did not dampen the spirits of those concerned. Joan Gilbert, the television announcer, started the Walk and afterwards presented the prizes at the Club. The race was won by Bill Miller and the handicap prizes went to Stan Tutton, Charles Stafford and Dennis Fleisig respectively. The fastest loser's prize was won by the scratch man, Bill Miller. There was also a prize for the walker whose time showed the best improvement on his previous walk over the same distance and this was won by Tommy Denmead. Unfortunately, Tommy Gaygan was unable to walk owing to a poisoned heel. Hard luck, Tom!

C. J. STAFFORD.

### St. Dunstan's 6 Mile Walk Regent's Park, 15th November, 1952

<i>Order of Finish</i>	<i>Time</i>	<i>All.</i>	<i>H'p</i>	<i>H'p</i>
1. W. Miller	52.56	Scr.	52.56	6
2. C. Williamson	53.56	1.00	52.56	7
3. A. Brown	55.21	3.10	52.11	4
4. S. Tutton	57.36	8.05	49.31	1
5. T. Denmead	58.29	5.15	53.14	8
6. A. Bradley	59.15	6.40	52.35	5
7. C. Stafford	59.40	8.20	51.20	2
8. L. Dennis	61.35	8.05	53.30	9
9. D. Fleisig	65.32	13.55	51.37	3

*Handicap:*—1st S. Tutton; 2nd C. Stafford; 3rd D. Fleisig; Fastest Loser, W. Miller; Most Improved, T. Denmead.

### Golden Wedding

Congratulations to Mrs. and Mrs. A. E. Coman, of Dunswell, Hull, who celebrated their Golden Wedding on November 20th. The W.V.S. Darby and Joan Club gave them a wonderful party. Sitting beside the happy couple were the "bridesmaid" and "page boy" of fifty years ago.

★ ★ ★

L. Jackson, of Heswall, celebrated his ruby wedding on August 11th, a fact which was noted in the Braille "Review" but inadvertently missed in the printed issue. Our apologies, and congratulations, if somewhat belated.

### Placement

T. Denmead, as a telephonist with Graphic Reproductions, Ltd., Borough Road, S.E.1.

### London Reunion

On Wednesday, November 26th, the London Reunion was held at the Seymour Hall. Bad weather conditions earlier in the evening caused a smaller attendance than usual. The weather was also responsible for the non-arrival of the band instruments until some time after their players had arrived. Nevertheless it was an enjoyable meeting. Sir Neville Pearson and Sir Ian and Lady Fraser were among those present.

### In Memory of Sir Arthur

Services to the memory of our Founder, Sir Arthur Pearson, Bart., were held on December 7th, at the Chapel at Ovingdean and at West House. Sir Neville Pearson and Mr. Nigel Pearson attended both Services, which were conducted by the Rev. C. G. S. Oliver, a St. Dunstaner of the First World War. Sir Neville Pearson read the Lessons.

On December 9th, the 31st anniversary of the day on which Sir Arthur Pearson died, Sir Ian and Lady Fraser went, with a party of St. Dunstaners, to Hampstead Cemetery, where a wreath was laid "in affectionate and grateful remembrance from the war-blinded men and women of the Empire, 1914-18 and 1939-45." The St. Dunstaners in the party were Messrs. Andrew Carrick, of St. John's Wood, F. Rhodes, of Brighton, and A. Smith, of Wembley. They were escorted by Mr. T. Watson.

### Thirty Years Ago

From "St. Dunstan's Review," December, 1922.

"Our Memorial Service in honoured memory of Sir Arthur was held in the big Lounge at Headquarters on Saturday, the 9th instant . . .

"It would be hard to attempt to describe the service and atmosphere—everybody was so deeply moved, and even though one year had passed it was almost impossible to realise that he had indeed left us . . .

"In his address, the Rev. Harold Gibb paid a deep and sincere tribute to Sir Arthur's wonderful personality . . . if Sir Arthur could send his men a message to-day he felt it could be summed up in the following words:

"If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,  
Yours is the earth—and everything  
that's in it,  
And what is more, you'll be a man,  
my son!"

### Letters to the Editor

DEAR EDITOR,

I have heard the view expressed, and it has occurred to me, that "our" Chapel at Ovingdean might be improved by having stained glass windows. The view has also been expressed that the Chapel does not lend itself to adornment of this kind as it is too modern. Personally, I am all in favour of stained glass windows. If this suggestion should be approved and adopted, such windows could be dedicated in memory of such noble personages as Sir Arthur, Miss Thelluson, Miss Boyd-Rochfort, and others from time to time.

As regards Braille. A lot has been written about contractions in Braille, but I do not remember hearing or reading anything about the size and packing of Braille literature. In my opinion the shape and size of St. Dunstan's "Nuggets" is ideal. It is easy to cope with for reading either in the home or in a train, and can be put through most letter boxes without damaging the Braille characters. As opposed to this, take the "Braille Mail," "National News Letter," "St. Dunstan's Review" and "Progress." All these periodicals are rolled as tight as human ingenuity can devise with the result that the first two mentioned, weekly papers are crammed through the letter box and all four are made more difficult to read owing to the method of packing—which is not very helpful or encouraging to beginners in the art of Braille reading. The "Braille Science Journal" is despatched in a large envelope, flat, and is therefore much easier to read.

Yours sincerely,

Ovingdean. FRANK A. RHODES.

DEAR EDITOR,

Two or three months ago Sir Ian said in the REVIEW that he had visited Church Stretton this summer, and that "Belmont" had been turned into a guest house. Sir Ian will forgive me, I know, if I correct that impression.

Mr. Sanders, the Town Clerk, bought "Belmont" from St. Dunstan's and lives there himself. They have turned part of the house into flats and do *not* take guests. I stayed there this summer, as the Sanders family are friends of mine.

I feared perhaps St. Dunstaners might write for accommodation for summer holidays.

Yours sincerely,  
Dover, Kent. KATHLEEN BEAUFOY.

### I Remember . . . . .

Our invitation last month for St. Dunstaners to send in remembered incidents, painful, embarrassing, or amusing, has had a good response. Here is a selection of some of those received. Each earns 10/6 for the sender.

### With Apologies to Miss Reynolds

During my long years of work as a teacher in our community, many have been the amusing, and sometimes embarrassing incidents. For instance, there was the man who, writing to his wife, addressed her as "My dead wife," the one who got "B" for "T" making belegraph for telegraph, and many others. But the one I select as touching classic heights occurred at West House when that home of delightful and happy memories was used as our training centre. In those days the old Quiet Lounge (scene of many a good story and interesting debate) was taken over during the day as the Braille Room and occupied by Mrs. Broughton and Miss Reynolds, on Braille, with myself on type-writing. One day, Miss Reynolds, who was beloved by all who came to her for tuition, but could only pronounce her "Th" as "F," was giving Jack Illingsworth a writing lesson; having finished dictating, she took the paper to check it. Then the fun commenced. "You've made a mistake here." "Weere?" demanded Jack in his broad Yorkshire. "Here. I said frew it and you've written fruit." "Ar," said Jack, "tha said fru-it and ah've written fru-it." "No, no, I said, 'frew it, frew it frough the window.'" "Na tha torking! Tha shoul'a said that at first!"

When order had been restored, and Tommy Dickenson had been helped from the floor where he had collapsed in convulsions, the incident ended with a perfect bi-lingual understanding between Yorkshire and London.

The moral—sounds don't always convey that which is meant.  
Ovingdean. T. ROGERS.

### Little but Good

When on holiday at Ovingdean, a friend and I were walking on the pier when we suddenly heard in front of us from quite low a childish voice, but rather reminiscent of Wee Georgie Wood.

He told us that he always looked after blind people. I took his little hand, as did my friend, and we told him we thought he was a good little soul and thanked him. We strolled together to the end of the pier and then I told him we must say goodbye for we were going in to the bar for a drink. He then said he would show us the way to the bar and, when he had done so, we each sought to put some coppers into his hand. But we were amazed to hear him say, "I don't want the pennies, thank you, but I don't mind coming in with you two and having a pint with you. I'm old enough to be your grandfather—75 years old!"

We took the old chap in with us and he told us that he never grew taller than the height of a nine-year old and that his voice had never broken. However, with these handicaps, he was a most cheerful old chap, and a good companion.

West House, PERCY BOLTON.  
Brighton.

### Travel Experience

Recently I had to take a train journey. Have you ridden on our trains lately? Aren't they slow? The train I caught must have been the slowest train in England, I think. It was one of those non-corridor, stop-at-every-station, pick-flowers-on-the-way sort of train that one sometimes reads about and never hopes to ride in. When I arrived at my destination I had sat so long with my legs crossed that I had pins and needles in one leg and the other leg was dead up to the knee. When I stumbled out on to the platform I bumped into a female porter and I said, "Excuse me, where's the . . . ?" and before I could finish the sentence, she replied, "Straight on. Right at the end of the platform." Most helpful. The puzzling part of it all is, "How did she know that I wanted the enquiry office?"

Thetford. B. A. HAMILTON.

### Hanging On!

Whilst staying at Blackpool during the war, a Sister took Dick Williams and myself out. We chose to go to Stanley Park and got talking in the second tram; we were suddenly brought to earth and jumped up, just as the tram stopped with a jerk, throwing us off our balance. I grabbed at anything overhead and got an

electric light bulb, which came off in my hand. Whilst I was fumbling to replace this, somebody was trying to push past me. When finally we got off the tram, the Sister explained that Dick had also grabbed at something to save himself falling, but in his case he got the cord that rings the bell, and hung on to it!

Southwick. G. FALLOWFIELD.

### An Enjoyable Journey

Those St. Dunstaners who were at Church Stretton will remember that the journey back from Shrewsbury took a good 45 minutes—in fact, a journey which could be boring if you had nobody to talk to. This afternoon then I was glad when a well-spoken gentleman struck up a conversation immediately on leaving Barker Street terminus.

We chatted amiably about this and that, and during the course of the conversation he got on to talking about the yachts his father used to own and the journeys he had made in them.

Learning that I had been brought up in North Shropshire, the gentlemen seemed delighted when he discovered that I remembered the annual British Legion carnival in the little market town where I had lived. I did indeed vaguely recollect seeing someone dressed up as an Indian Rajah, collecting funds during the actual procession, and my companion was enthusiastic about the many functions he had attended in aid of various charities. Knowing that I was a St. Dunstaner, he charged me to ask Matron if she was agreeable to let him help in organising a whist drive or a fancy-dress dance in aid of St. Dunstan's.

Meantime the Midland Red rolled on until at last we pulled up at the Fountain in Church Stretton. I admit that I was a bit surprised when my companion left me rather hurriedly, but when a St. Dunstan's V.A.D. came forward on seeing me alight from the bus, I proceeded to tell her of my travelling companion's offer to help St. Dunstan's. Imagine my mortification when she said: "I hope he didn't bother you too much, Bob. He comes from the local private mental home, and his mania is dressing up in fancy clothes." Anyway, the journey home had passed very quickly, but we didn't have that fancy-dress dance at Longmynd . . .

R. A. FULLARD.

### All Passengers Ashore

It happened way back in 1937, when I was aged 15. I was a bellboy on a Cunard liner and, as this was my first trip to sea, I was feeling the importance of the occasion deeply. There was I all rigged up in my bellhop's uniform, resplendent in my navy blue and lots of little brass buttons. It was sailing day and less than an hour before casting off for the voyage to New York. My job was to stand at the reception desk near the Purser's Office and try to be helpful to the passengers as they came aboard.

Hitherto I had not been further afield than a trip across the Mersey but, carried away by the excitement of the occasion and my beautiful white gloves, I began to assume a rather superior air towards these landlubbers of passengers who were so obviously impressed by anyone who even slightly resembled ship's crew. "This is the life for me," I thought, "any man with self respect should be a sailor." Looking loftily up from my 5ft. 3in. into the faces of bewildered travellers, I condescended to show them to "A" deck or "B" deck, or whatever they wanted. I was still rather vague as to which was port and starboard, but I think I managed to bluff my way through. One dear old lady asked me if I thought she would be seasick and I said I was afraid she would.

Of course, all this swelling up of my ego was only putting the finishing touches to the scaffold on which my pride was to hang. The climax came when a senior steward thrust a huge gong into my gloved hand, complete with striker. It was just too good to be true. I was actually the person who was going to warn everybody that the ship was about to sail. My spirits soared as I remembered in films I had seen how a bellboy had gone around bellowing for all visitors to leave the ship. I gulped, took the glistening brass gong in my left hand and proceeded along the alleyways declaring with the voice of authority that the time had come.

I noticed, however, that the people were looking at me oddly and even anxiously. I took this for respect and awe, and banged and shouted even more loudly. Curiously enough wherever I went I left people standing in groups talking animatedly. Old ladies were screaming, strong men were panicking. There was a decided

tendency for most of these landlubbers to make their way towards the gangway, even some of the people I had assumed were bound for America. At last, having completed to the best of my limited knowledge, the circuit around the passengers' accommodation, I arrived back at the Purser's office. I beheld an amazing scene there. The Purser and his three assistants were besieged by a mob of people all asking questions at the same time. Suddenly I was grasped firmly by the front of my new tunic and shaken like a rat by someone I took to be at least an admiral.

The words he said still echo down the long lanes of my memory. In full view of dozens of passengers and officials, he provided me with a moment which is embarrassing to me even to this day. When the strangely disturbed man with the purple features had put me down and had run out of adjectives, it was then that I realised what I had been calling out to all and sundry for the past ten minutes or more. "All passengers ashore, all passengers ashore."

GEORGE ELLIS.

### Young St. Dunstaners

Brian Hold has been accepted for transfer from Yeovil Technical College to the Westland Aircraft Company School for Aeronautical Design, a coveted honour for it offers great opportunities.

★ ★ ★

A. H. Singleton's schoolboy son is a keen fisherman, and at Skegness and District Angling Association dinner, he received a third prize in the handicap and a third in the boy's section.

★ ★ ★

Wren Air Mechanic Olive Coates (New Longton) has been awarded a Proficiency Certificate, having attained highest possible standard during training.

★ ★ ★

Terry Brooks, Bedford, has won his second fifteen colours and cap; he already has his full swimming colours.

### To Sportsmen

St. Dunstan's athletes in the Chelmsford area are invited to get into touch with Mr F. A. Bowen, of the Chelmsford Athletic Club, 119 Swiss Avenue, Chelmsford, Essex, if they are interested in meeting fellow athletes of the district.

### The Reporter Works—Even on Holiday

The following article appeared recently in the *Newspaper World*. We think it will interest St. Dunstaners. Mr. Alan Pitt Robbins, its author, is now the News Editor of *The Times*; he is also a member of the Executive Council of St. Dunstan's.

★ ★ ★

I think that the first thing a young reporter must remember is that whatever his terms of engagement may be, he should regard himself as on call at any time. If a story breaks out on his doorstep he should never argue that it was his day off or that he was on holiday.

I remember the case of a distinguished dramatic critic, who is no longer with us, who went straight home after the curtain had been rung down in the middle of the first performance of a play because of a serious disturbance in the gallery. When the night news editor tried to remonstrate he merely replied: "My good man, I am not a reporter." He certainly was not.

Two experiences of my own will illustrate the point I wish to make and, strangely enough, they are both concerned with fire.

In my early days as a reporter in Leeds, when I received a salary of ten shillings a week, I spent as many of my week-ends as possible with friends of my parents at Menston-in-Wharfedale, where I was able to catch up on some of the meals I had missed during the week.

I was out walking on the Sunday morning when I saw heavy smoke coming from the large mental asylum located in the village. The result was that I was the first journalist who got inside the building and I still think that I did a good morning's work, particularly as I cut my week-end short and returned to Leeds.

I would only add for the benefit of other reporters that it is much easier to get into than out of a mental institution. I entered by the front door, but I made a most undignified retreat by scaling a high wall. By that time the police were in control and when I explained to them that I was a reporter it seemed to confirm their worst impressions, for I was ordered to remain for questioning.

My second holiday task happened while I was on *The Times*. Just after Christmas my wife and I were travelling by train to

St. Austell in Cornwall to spend a few days with friends. On the journey a passenger in the next compartment asked me whether he ought to alight at Par or St. Austell for the Carlyon Bay Hotel.

Early the next morning my host woke me with the news that the hotel was on fire and I remembered that my fellow traveller was Mr. Te Water, the then High Commissioner for South Africa. I dashed to the hotel, found Mr. Te Water, reintroduced myself and got a grand story of the fire out of him.

Another stroke of fortune was that the chief of the local fire brigade was a relative of my host and probably no reporter ever collected his story quite so easily.

By the middle of the afternoon there was a column story in Printing House Square and an hour or two later a spool of film taken by my wife also arrived.

I remember that we published a good picture of the burning hotel and I wonder if Mr. Te Water still keeps the picture I sent to him, which we did not publish, of the High Commissioner for South Africa dressed in pyjamas and overcoat.

At any rate I still treasure a message which I received from Mr. Barrington-Ward congratulating me not only on my story but on selecting my holiday centre with such perspicacity.

ALAN PITT ROBBINS

[The above article will appear next month in the braille REVIEW.]

### American Offer

The interdenominational religious periodical published in Braille by the John Milton Society for the Blind of New York, is now being issued as a Talking Book. It is on two records and is sent free of charge to Talking Book users in the United States and Canada who apply for it.

The John Milton Society has now extended this generous privilege to Great Britain and will be pleased to send this recorded magazine to any Talking Book user in this country who would like to have it.

Each issue of the magazine contains Protestant Church news from various countries, devotional and missionary articles, international correspondence, and a certain amount of music, hymns or extracts from oratorios.

St. Dunstaners who would like to receive the recorded magazine or require further particulars should write direct to the Rev. Nelson Chappell, John Milton Society, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, 10, U.S.A.

### Freemasonry

Our congratulations to Frank A. Rhodes, of Ovingdean, who now has the honour of being the Worshipful Master of the St. Nicholas Lodge, No. 5108.

### Brighton Housing Policy

Speaking at the Sussex Council Conference of the British Legion earlier this month, the President, Air Commodore G. B. Dacre said that Brighton Town Council, who have scrapped their system of giving people with war service background points on their housing list, must be fought on the subject. They should not scrap the preference for ex-servicemen and he called on Brighton's 30,000 ex-service men and women to help in the fight to reinstate the system.

### Young St. Dunstaners

Thelma Beard (Sunbury-on-Thames) has won a scholarship to Christ's Hospital, Hertford.

★ ★ ★

Michael Hedger, Herne Bay, has passed for Worcester Cadet Officers' Ship.

★ ★ ★

John Rowland Ettridge has been given his Rugby Football Colours for Christ's Hospital. John is 5ft. 5in.—small for a full-back. The team has an unbeaten record this year against other Public Schools.

### Marriages

Lucy Thomas (Shirley, Birmingham), in September, to Robert Garwood.

★ ★ ★

Josephine Hedger, on November 29th, to Donald Lambert, of New York.

★ ★ ★

Henry Devlin (St. Helens) was also recently married.

★ ★ ★

Other news of Young St. Dunstaners on Page 7.

DEAR EDITOR,

There may be many St. Dunstaners who took part in the Coronation of His Majesty King George V in 1911.

I had the honour of being one of a detachment from my regiment (2nd Battalion Durham Light Infantry), then stationed at Colchester, to be present. We were encamped in Regent's Park, not a hundred yards from St. John's Lodge. Our position on the route was opposite Sandow's School of Physical Culture in Regent Street, and I shall always remember on that very hot June day, watching the antics of a crowd of Germans, belonging to the School, in gym kit, on top of the parapet, and we were rather impressed by their physique.

Another outstanding feature of the day was the Kaiser, who looked more like a statue on a horse than anything else, and I particularly remember that we were looking for that withered arm.

With the coming Coronation such memories are automatically revived, and I wonder how many of my St. Dunstan's friends were there 42 years ago on the job.

I wish all readers good health, good luck, a jolly Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year.

Yours sincerely,

Portslade. ALAN NICHOLS.

DEAR EDITOR,

The Guild of Methodist Brailleists is considering with the N.I.B. ways and means of publishing the tunes of the Methodist Hymn Book in Braille. We cannot, however, undertake this work unless there would be at least fifteen people to buy copies (at a reasonable price) after publication. It is not easy to tell what the demand would be, and I should be grateful if blind organists and others interested would write to me.

Yours sincerely,

G. L. TREGLOWN,  
Pennar House, Newbridge, Mon. *Hon. Secretary.*

DEAR EDITOR,

May I, through the REVIEW, thank all those concerned with the beautiful leaving present. I use it constantly, and it reminds me of my many good friends and happy years at St. Dunstan's.

Yours sincerely,

D. M. ("Johnny") WALKER.

DEAR EDITOR,

We all know what tricks double negatives can play on us at times; but so on occasion can a single negative. I have in mind the opening words of Laurence Binyon's immortal verse, "They shall grow *not* old..." beautiful words, and if I may say so, beautifully spoken by our Chairman at the Festival of Remembrance at the Albert Hall. The positioning of that simple little "not" is full of significance, and to misinterpret it by saying or writing, "They shall *not* grow old..." makes it, in my opinion, quite banal. This was brought home to me when I attended our local British Legion Service of Remembrance at our parish church, and the words were incorrectly phrased.

In the Braille "Review" the negative was wrongly quoted, but in the printed edition the "not" was in its rightful position.

Yours faithfully,

Fotheringhay, Peterborough. JAMES S. HODGSON.

### London Hostel

We mentioned in the REVIEW at the time of the removal of our Headquarters offices from Park Crescent to Marylebone Road that we hoped to be able to obtain possession of the two small adjoining cottages to take the place of No. 8 Park Crescent, at which St. Dunstaners can stay for a night when they are on their way to Brighton, or are visiting Headquarters for business or for medical or other reasons.

Owing to the housing shortage, the Local Authority is still not yet able to release the cottages, but we have obtained a house at 49 Abbey Road, N.W.8, which will, at the end of the year, take the place of No. 8 Park Crescent, which has—for some time now—proved too large and unwieldy for our present needs.

Mrs. E. M. Higgs, who is known to many St. Dunstaners, will continue as Matron.

### Braille Correspondent

Mr. T. H. Reynolds, of 68 Dartmouth Road, Paignton, who has studied Braille writing and reading (visual), would like to correspond with a St. Dunstaner, particularly perhaps one who has served in India, and would like to refresh his memories of that country.

### Ovingdean Notes

November passed quickly here for there was much in the way of entertainments, both in the House and locally.

We were fortunate in having two very interesting talks given on different aspects of life in the Commonwealth. The first was given by Major Stanford-Smith on "Life in Jamaica," and later in the month Mr. Campbell visited the Centre to tell us something of "A day in the life of a Tea Planter."

Entertainments in the House included a visit by the Brighton Male Voice Choir and also one from the Florence Moore Players, when they presented J. B. Priestley's play, "The Linden Tree."

The main entertainment of the month for all St. Dunstaners locally was the annual Dinner and Theatre Party, arranged under the terms of the Will of the late Mrs. Pittman. About three hundred people in all were included in the party this year. Dinner was at the Grand Hotel and afterwards the party visited Her Majesty's Theatre for the play "A Shot in the Dark," by Ernest Dudley, well-known to radio listeners as "The Armchair Detective." Once again, Mr. and Mrs. Kittle were able to join the party, and Commandant expressed to Mrs. Kittle (who is niece of the late Mrs. Pittman) the appreciation of Brighton St. Dunstaners. Included in the party were also trainees from Ovingdean and residents from West House.

It will be almost Christmas by the time the REVIEW is issued, so we would like to send all our readers our very best wishes from Ovingdean. Happy Christmas and New Year to every one, with a particular greeting for ex-trainees and those who have recently started out in new jobs. May it be a prosperous New Year for you all.

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Visitors to Ovingdean will be pleased to know that they can now purchase St. Dunstan's lettered rock and other confectionery from Bob Osborn's tobacco kiosk in the entrance hall.

### Personal

Her friends will hear with regret that Mrs. Bryant ("Bunny Carter") has been ill, and has also suffered the loss of her father.

### Talking Book Library

#### November Needlework

Admittedly one cannot read the petit-point on the edges of the discs, but the well-knit grooves in their usual symmetrical pattern do respond to treatment. The five books released all have their points, but on the whole, "The Wrecker" and "Florence Nightingale" must appeal most to the general reader. Catalogue hereunder:—"House of Exile," by Nora Waln, reader Mabel Constanduros, is a word picture of one of the "stately homes" of old China, say 1920-37, which is quite interesting in its way and in patches most gripping, in spite of the fact that I found the reader's voice most sleep-inducing. Most instructive and absorbing if China appeals to one as a background.

"The Wrecker," by R. L. Stevenson, reader Jack de Manio, is a most interesting yarn told by a trader in "the Islands" of his own life. The story of a young sculptor caught up, wrapped up, and then tripped up in business until we meet him telling his story in the South Seas. The scene is set in the 'nineties and the story is a good 'un.

"Florence Nightingale," by C. Woodham Smith, reader Eric Gillett, is no more and no less than awe-inspiring. A frail woman, I grant you, but this century has yet to see a counterpart of that steel spirit and will, which, although uncomfortable and even fatal for some of her dearest friends, were absolutely necessary to make some fraction of her hygienic ideals practicable.

"British Politics since 1900," by D. C. Somerville, reader Arthur Bush, is a grand little book, full of well-loved and well-hated names and nostalgic associations. Pleasant to read, entertaining, and informative withal.

"I Leap Over the Wall," by Monica Baldwin, reader Jean Metcalfe, on the face of it is a most uninteresting adventure story. However, put yourself in the author's position, that is to say inhabit a convent from 1914 until 1942, and then you may appreciate her all-too-worldly nightmare of adventure. Let us not make the mistake of minimising the courage of this 48-year-old spinster, thrown upon a world as strange as any Gulliver met on his travels. If you can feel for and with Miss Baldwin you can enjoy the book, otherwise you will regret disturbing it from its shelf.

Pray excuse my rusty pen and be sure to read "Florence Nightingale." NELSON.

### Blackpool Notes

November is always a season of Remembrance and on the 2nd, E. Horan (Paddy) and Matron represented our world-wide organisation at the British Legion Festival held in the Blackpool Opera House.

We were pleased to welcome the members of the Liverpool Club on the 9th, and all enjoyed the luncheon party held in the Home instead of at the Bourne Hotel.

During the morning of the 9th we attended Service at the Cenotaph, where Billy Christian placed the poppy wreath.

The Manchester Club came over on the 11th—a day which will always be considered by the older St. Dunstaners as *the* day. We had a Christmas fare lunch, which was followed by a short service in the lounge, taken by our Vicar, Rev. C. Wardle Harpur. Gerry Brereton came over from Liverpool where he was appearing that week—we were delighted when he sang for us.

We were pleased also to welcome so many of the local St. Dunstaners. On the 13th a party of "Blesma" lads came down for a domino tournament—all enjoyed the evening.

We received many invitations to ex-Service men's dinners and concerts—very happy meetings.

Long before these words appear in print we shall have paid tribute to our Founder, "The Great White Chief" as he is still called by so many when referring to Sir Arthur. Each year we have met in the lounge, and we are always happy to have so many of the locals who join with those staying in the Home to remember and say thank you, Sir.

All staff at the Blackpool Home send Christmas greetings to St. Dunstaners, their wives, families and friends.

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Cyril Wood, who is a St. Dunstan's shopkeeper in business as a tobacconist and confectioner at Southsea, was, at the Annual Meeting of the Portsmouth Branch of the N.U.R.C., elected President of the Branch for the forthcoming year. He has held the office of Vice-President during the past year, and in this capacity attended the Annual Conference of the N.U.R.C., held at Llandudno in June, as one of the two delegates from the Portsmouth Branch.

He has, incidentally, been elected as a member of the Committee of the Portsmouth Branch for more than three years.

### Births

HARLEY.—On October 18th, to the wife of F. Harley, of Wimblington, near March, a daughter.

JONES.—On December 4th, to the wife of S. R. Jones, of Edgware, a son—Peter.

### Adoption

PALFREY.—By Mr. and Mrs. Frank Palfrey, of Osterley, a daughter—Joy Anita.

### Marriage

PEACH.—On October 4th, T. Peach, of Houghton Regis.

### Deaths

Our deep sympathy goes out to the following:—

CALVERT.—To L. Calvert, of Ormskirk, and Mrs Calvert. Our St. Dunstan's father died on November 6th at the age of 89 and two weeks later his eldest sister died. To their added grief, their little grandson was born and died during the same period.

EMERSON.—To A. G. Emerson, of Thornton Heath, who lost his mother on November 19th.

MAY.—To J. May, of Glasgow, whose mother, with whom he lived, died early in December.

SPIERS.—To C. F. Spiers, of Marston, Oxford, whose wife died suddenly on December 1st.

### Grandfathers

J. McDonald, of Oldham; F. Crabtree, of Leeds (their daughter, Pamela, in Kuala Lumpur, has had a daughter); A. Relf, of Slough (his son's wife has given birth to a son in Malta); A. Hermon, Watlington; E. Puddefoot, Herne Bay; T. Brewer, Hesketh Bank; H. Kidger, Deal.

### National Laying Test

Report for the First Period of Four Weeks, October 13th to November 9th

	Score	Value
1. Webb, W. ... ..	118	
2. Smith, W. Alan... ..	79	
3. Bagwell, P. ... ..	75	
4. Holmes, P. ... ..	70	
5. Gregory, T. D. ... ..	36	
6. Jackson, G. C. ... ..	30	

Average per bird, 11.64

## “ In Memory ”

### Lance Corporal Alfred Ernest Baldwin, *Royal Engineers*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of one of our handless St. Dunstaners, A. E. Baldwin, of Brighton. He was forty-seven.

Enlisting in 1939, he was sent to the Middle East and received his very severe injuries when an enemy hand grenade exploded.

He trained as a telephone operator and worked for a short time on the special board at our Headquarters which were then in Park Crescent. Later he trained for weaving and had worked at this for a considerable time. He had also taken up the breeding of budgerigars and had had many successes.

His death was very sudden. He was admitted to hospital on November 13th, and died the next morning.

A wreath from his St. Dunstan's friends was among the flowers.  
Our deep sympathy goes out to Mrs. Baldwin and her son.

### T/Cpl. Edward Patrick Ward, *Anti-Aircraft Battalion, Irish Forces*

We record with deep regret the death of E. P. Ward, of Dublin, which occurred tragically on November 2nd, the result of a car accident.

He came to Church Stretton in January, 1943, after he had been blinded by the accidental explosion of an anti-tank mine.

He trained as a telephonist and returned to Dublin to take up a post at the hospital to which he had been first admitted, St. Brigid's Military Hospital. He gave splendid service and was held in affection by everyone for his cheerful and happy disposition. He made it his vocation in life to help complete the training of civilian blind people as telephonists, and in this way he helped some twenty men and women to their own independence.

Our deep sympathy goes out to Mrs. Ward and her two children.

The funeral took place at Glasnevin Cemetery, Dublin, in the presence of many friends and others who had admired him. A wreath from Sir Ian and his St. Dunstan's comrades was among the many flowers, and St. Dunstan's was represented by Messrs. Sean Macnamara and M. Delaney. "Mike" is Mrs. Ward's brother and has been a great help to her in her trouble.

### Warrant Officer George F. Robinson, *Royal Air Force*

With deep regret we record the death of G. Robinson, of Ewell, Surrey. He was thirty-two.

He came to St. Dunstan's in January, 1949, and left the same year to do leather work at his home. He had, however, been ill for a long time, and he died in hospital on December 10th.

A wreath from Sir Ian and his St. Dunstan's comrades was among the flowers at the funeral.  
He leaves a widow, to whom our deep sympathy is extended.

### Rifleman Bertrand William Hughes, *2-16 Queen's Westminster Regiment*

We record with deep regret the death of B. W. Hughes, of Hornsey, N.6, at the age of sixty-two.

He did not come to St. Dunstan's until August, 1951, although his discharge from the Army was in 1919. His age and the state of his health made it impossible for him to undertake training. He died very suddenly on December 6th.

Our deep sympathy is extended to his widow.

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

### Private Allan Pearse Williams, *Hampshire Regiment*

With deep regret we record the death of A. P. Williams, of Swanage. He was 64.

When he came to us in January, 1950, he worked on trays and string bags, and he was working on the latter almost until his death. He had been ill for some time and he died on December 9th.

A wreath from the Chairman and his St. Dunstan's friends was among the flowers at the funeral.  
He leaves a widow, to whom our deep sympathy is offered.

### Sergeant Arthur Artingstall, *1st Batt. Manchester Regiment*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of A. Artingstall, of Ashton-under-Lyne.

He came to St. Dunstan's in 1916 and trained as a poultry farmer and later as a mat-maker. As his health had been far from good, he had only been able to do a little netting for a considerable time, but his death, which occurred on November 30th, at his home, was unexpected.

Sir Ian's wreath was among the flowers.

Our sincere sympathy goes out to his wife and relatives.