

# ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

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For Men and Women Blinded on War Service

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(FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN)

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## CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

**M**R. C. D. Wills has been appointed Welfare Superintendent of St. Dunstan's. Mr. Wills is an able young executive, 39 years of age, and has been our Chief Accountant since he joined the staff in 1948. He served in the Second World War as a private and then was commissioned, became Assistant Adjutant and later Staff Captain. He had experience in an ordinary infantry regiment and in various administrative posts, including welfare, while he was in the Army, and while he has been Chief Accountant at St. Dunstan's he has had the opportunity of learning much about our organisation from the inside and has, in addition, undertaken a certain amount of welfare work for some St. Dunstaners, notably our shop-keepers. He therefore seems well qualified to undertake this important post, and all St. Dunstaners will, I am sure, wish him success with his new responsibilities.

### St. Dunstan's Settles Down

Six and a half years have passed since the end of the war, and St. Dunstan's has now settled down to its peace-time routine. Many changes have taken place during this period and much progress has been made. The move from Church Stretton to Brighton was a major operation and this was followed a few years later by the reconstruction of the old West House, so that it is now very well equipped for the provision of accommodation for old and lonely and sick St. Dunstaners. The Children's Home at Rottingdean, provided by the generosity of the R.A.F., was opened and has proved very popular, and two of the big wards on the second floor at Ovingdean, now making four in all, are now divided up into small rooms. The intensive period of training following the war is over, and although we shall have to retain beds for trainees at Ovingdean for many years to come, the number is likely to decline and, accordingly, training facilities will be progressively curtailed.

Blackpool has been closed, and the transit house at 8 Park Crescent, has also been given up and a smaller house at 49 Abbey Road taken in its place. During the period also, the various temporary offices which we had during the war period have given way to two permanent offices at 191 Marylebone Road and 1 South Audley Street.

Most of these changes arose out of or as a consequence of the war, and now that they are completed we may look forward to a stable period in St. Dunstan's which may last for some years.



A good deal of progress has been made in our welfare services. We have also continued a vigorous housing policy and have devoted much time to dealing with individual pensions cases and representing, on our own and in concert with the British Legion, the case for improved war pensions generally, with a large measure of success so far as many St. Dunstaners are concerned. Grants to meet emergencies of all kinds have been increased to take account of the fall in the value of money. The annual coal grant, instituted as a war time addition, has been continued; holiday allowances have been improved and various provisions have been made for St. Dunstaners' widows.

I think we may say with a certain measure of pride that no organisation for seriously disabled ex-Servicemen has covered the ground so fully as St. Dunstan's in providing a complete service from the moment of admission until the end of life. Nor, I think, has any group of badly disabled men made such a success of their lives as have St. Dunstaners.

### Talking Books for Students

Talking Books are read in our own studios, but the actual gramophone discs are made by the established record-making companies, and a complicated process is required, involving the making of copper masters. These are expensive and consequently a considerable number of each record has to be pressed. Thus we can only make Talking Books which are more or less popular, and of which a substantial number is required in the Library.

Now, however, we have a process whereby an individual copy of a book can be made at a reasonable cost and put into the Library. This opens the way for a Students' Section of the Library, and we propose to start it if we find that there is a demand for it.

Any student amongst St. Dunstaners or in the wider blind world is invited to apply to the Talking Book Library at Abbey Estate, Mount Pleasant, Alperton, Middlesex, stating that he would like a particular text book or similar book for study recorded. Only a very limited number can be made and each case will be considered, and if it is judged to be worth while, both from the point of view of that student and also of the general use to which the book might afterwards be put, it will be recorded. The student who asked for the book will be allowed to have it for a few months or until he has passed his examination, and then it will be returned to the Library and will be available for others. These books will be read by amateur voluntary readers, but the records will be made in our studios. Will any St Dunstaner who would like a book recorded for study purposes, whether he be a young student working for examinations or an older person who studies a particular subject for pleasure or profit, write in and ask if his need can be met.

### Miss Pain Ill

I am very sorry to inform St. Dunstaners that Miss Pain is ill, and has had to return from the voyage round the world on which she had started. Shortly after she went aboard, she was taken ill and her doctors advised that she should be put off the ship at Aden and return on another vessel to the United Kingdom. As this goes to press, Miss Pain is still at sea, but I am glad to say Lady Fraser has had a brief letter saying she is much better than she was. Meantime, Australians and New Zealanders and Canadians who were expecting her to visit them during the next few months must await a further report which we will put in the next issue of the REVIEW.

Miss Pain was so looking forward to seeing her many friends throughout the world and they were eagerly anticipating her visit, and I can only express the unanimous grief that this splendid journey has been cut short and the hope that something may still be able to be arranged for the future.

IAN FRASER.

### Honours

Our heartiest congratulations are extended to the following St. Dunstaners of the First World War whose names appeared in the New Year Honours List:—

Mr. Godfrey Robinson, M.C., Chairman of the National Institute for the Blind, who receives the C.B.E.

Mr. Rex Furness, a distinguished research

chemist and retired manager of the Research Department of Messrs. J. Crosfield, and Chairman of the Warrington and Widnes Society for the Blind, receives the M.B.E.

Mr. John Straughton, for 21 years telephone operator with the Workington Iron and Steel Company, is awarded the British Empire Medal. John returned to his old firm when he lost his sight so that his total service is now forty years.

### London Club Notes

The London Club wound up a very successful year with the Christmas Party on December 20th, when, with a liberal supply of refreshments and merry-making, a "jolly good time was had by one and all."

We are indebted to Mr. Jacques Brown, of the B.B.C., who brought along Ivor Dennis, Miss Olive Gilbert, Robert Morton, and Brian Reece (P.C. 49). So, with the pulling of crackers, and Father Christmas disguised as Mr. Willis conducting the draw, we closed down for 1952 and look forward to yet another good year.

P. ASHTON.

### Bridge

In the London Business Houses competition, P. Nuyens' team beat Carreras, on January 9th. Their record is now: Played six, won three, drawn one, lost two. J. Fleming's team has not played so far this month.

### Indoor Section

It has been a quiet month for the Indoor Section.

A dance will be held at the Victory Club, Marble Arch, on Friday, 20th February, from 7.30 to 11 p.m. Tickets are 2s. 6d. each, and can be obtained from Mr. Bob Willis, or at the Club. Come along and give us your support; it's a good hall, a good crowd, and refreshments can be obtained at reasonable prices.

C. J. WALKER.

### Outdoor Section

#### Seven Miles' Sealed Handicap Walk

Regent's Park, Saturday, 3rd January, 1953

Handicap Times and Order of Finishing

Pos.	Competitor	Actual Time	Handicap Allow.	Handicap Time	Handicap Pos.
1	A. Brown ...	63.24	2.50	60.34	2
2	W. Miller ...	64.31	Scratch	64.31	8
3	T. Gaygan ...	65.46	1.30	64.16	7
4	C. Williamson	66.26	1.10	65.16	9
5	S. Tutton ...	67.56	5.35	62.21	4
6	P. Cryan ...	68.40	9.00	59.40	1
7	A. Bradley ...	70.13	7.25	62.48	5
8	L. Dennis ...	71.17	10.15	61.02	3
9	C. Stafford ...	71.53	7.55	63.58	6
10	D. Fleisig ...	80.22	14.55	65.27	10

Handicap—

1st P. Cryan.

2nd A. Brown.

3rd L. Dennis.

Fastest Loser—W. Miller.

Most Improved—S. Tutton.

### From All Quarters

When the Duke of Edinburgh visited the Raleigh factory at Nottingham recently, he met three St. Dunstaners who work there—Dennis Bingham, Stanley Fowler and Horatio Langton. The Duke asked them how they became blind, and what units they served in, and complimented them on the way they were tackling their jobs and making an important contribution to their own well-being as well as helping the country.

Hannen Swaffer wrote recently in the "World's Press News": "It is because I have thrice been on the 'Daily Express' that I shall always feel some kinship with it. . . It was during the Boer War—in 1900 or 1901—that as a youth of twenty, Cyril Arthur Pearson first engaged me, beside a palm tree in his Tudor Street office. . . Pearson's character blossomed at its best when, having refused to be conquered by blindness which would have embittered a lesser man, he determined to lead a normal life, and then, when the war-blinded came home, founded St. Dunstan's, to the divine purpose of which he devoted the rest of his life."

Will those who have in the past sent used Christmas cards to the Andrew Davison Christmas Card Industry note that cards are no longer required as the Industry closed down as from December 31st, 1952.

We learn from another source that used Christmas cards are welcomed by and should be addressed to the Limbless Ex-Servicemen's Enterprises, Christmas Card Depot, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Margaret Stanway, with her accordion, appeared at a Morecambe concert in aid of the Sailors' Children Society. Margaret's photograph, with Eddie Morrell, the well-known North Country comedian, appeared in the local Press.

When Maurice Chevalier was asked by Littlewood's, the pools promoters, to present cheques to prizewinners, he asked that the sum offered to him for his services—£40—should be sent to St. Dunstan's.

Captain Nicholas Liakhoff, known to many for work in connection with the training of Guide Dogs received the M.B.E. in the recent Honours List.



## I Remember

A further selection of reminiscences from St. Dunstaners. 10s. 6d. goes to the sender of each one published.

### When Ignorance Was Bliss

One of the delights in spending the summer holidays at West House between the two World Wars, was the bathing sessions down by the Banjo Groyne.

One lovely hot day, Mrs. Ralph escorted her husband Frank and myself down to the Groyne for a swim; we had hardly entered the water when the safety boatman, who had got to know us, rowed up and invited us to hang on and he would tow us out from the crowd of bathers, then we could have a decent swim back. After rowing for a while he told us to let go and swim for the beach, and he would follow in case of accidents. Arriving back on the foreshore, we dried, and after a short rest decided to return to West House. Mrs. Ralph had some difficulty in guiding us through the crowds which were lying and sitting all over the place; added to this difficulty I had to swing my stiff leg outwards in a circular movement to negotiate the shelving shingle. We hadn't proceeded far when I felt something round my foot, at the same time I heard a titter from the people around. Thinking it was seaweed, I shook my leg; the volume of the titter increased, but my foot was free and we carried on. After a few steps, Mrs. Ralph turned to me and said, "Well, if you had made a bet with Frank you could not have done that any neater." "Done what?" I asked. Then, to my horror, she explained: "A young woman came out of the water, lay down, spread a large towel over herself, and had just slipped off her wet costume, when you swung your leg and pulled the towel off her. Then, as she grabbed for it, you dragged it away by shaking your leg. Having made sure at her second attempt, she looked up to tell you what she thought of you, saw you hadn't any eyes, understood, and just relaxed under the shelter of her towel."

Yes, my friends, I can join you in the laugh prompted by your imagination, but . . .

T. ROGERS.

### The Parson's Nose

While at Church Stretton a party of us were invited to tea in a village about fourteen miles away. After being introduced to our escorts, we were shown around various gardens, and into the little Church. We then ajourned to the local hotel for tea. The tea was served on round tables four to a table. Joe Nicol and I sat at one table. His escort was the Canon and mine, a vivacious young lady of French extraction. Joe had the Canon on his right, while the young lady was on my left. I had finished as I thought all I had on my plate, but the young lady put the fork in my hand and poised it above my plate and said "Stab." I stabbed and felt the prong of the fork strike an object which flew off. Then I heard a stifled "Ahem" from the Canon, and stifled giggles from the lady. I tried to get out of her what she was laughing at and then she told me that, when I stabbed, the radish that was left on my plate shot straight and true and hit the parson on the nose.

E. H. NORTH.

### In Loving Memory

When I first arrived at Church Stretton on 1st November, 1944, I was still semi-sighted and so learned my way around in daylight hours by different landmarks and became very independent. My ability to get around had the disadvantage of making me over-confident, which eventually led to my meeting my Waterloo during the hours of night.

At the end of November a small Repertory Company came to Stretton for a short season at the Silvester Hall. The hall, built in memory of Kenneth Horne's grandfather, stood on the main road nearly opposite the King's Arms. My escort on my out-of-town wanderings and shows, etc., was a local lady living over the railway bridge near Battlefields, and so I said I would meet her at the hall for the show and explained how easy it would be for me to find it from Longmynd.

Having finished supper, I set out down the drive, out of the gate, diagonally across to the stile. All went well. Once over the stile the major part of the journey would be easy. Down the field path, out through the swing gate, past the school room, out of the double gates onto the road. Splendid, that's fine. . . But. . . suddenly

my feet were not on hard gravel but on paving stones, and I felt no wall to my left hand. I stood still, listened, heard nothing. I felt round with care. Ah, a wall, this must go somewhere. I followed it a couple of paces, turned right with the wall, another pace it turned again, so did I, two paces or so then once again the wall turned right—I was bewildered.

I stood still and I heard a sound of scuffle, a low down scuffling. I cried out, "Hallo." Silence, then a shrill answer "What's up, Mister?" I humbly explained, "I am lost." I was given a reassuring answer, "Stand still, we'll get you." A piercing whistle split the silent night, and this was answered apparently from all over the place. In a moment I was surrounded by a party of small boys who all assured me that they would take me. I was guided through narrow paths out on the main road and so arrived at the old hall where a peal of laughter greeted me from my waiting escort. She explained I looked like the Ark Royal under tow of six tugboats, but all was well. I realised that I had turned slightly left out of the gates and wandered into the churchyard. Never again did I try to walk clever, but made sure that my hand or stick had contacted the right places. I had no desire to emboss R.I.P. upon my forehead or (loving memory) upon some other part of my anatomy.

I still cannot understand how I wandered in between the tombstones without barking my knuckles or knocking my knees against the granite and marble memorials.

JOHN MUDGE.

### Talking Book Library

When the Talking Book Library moved from Camden Town to Alperton recently, some half a million records were transferred to their new premises. The average volume, in its special posting container, weighs 10 to 12lbs.—quite an arm-ache, as St. Dunstaners know when they carry one to the local Post Office. The Talking Book Library despatches nearly 10,000 volumes a year to over 3,000 members, and receives the same number back again.

The "New Beacon" says that it is hoped before the end of 1953, when machines now gradually coming into production again can be supplied, to admit another 1,000 people to membership.

### Captain William Appleby

Wing Commander A. D. Macdonald, M.C., a member of St. Dunstan's Executive Council, writes:

"I served in the same battalion as William Appleby and was, so to speak, in the next door trench when he was blinded. Let me tell a story which I like still to remember with a smile as typical of him.

"He held some shells of houses which protruded into the German lines, the Germans being between twenty and thirty yards away and easily within range of spoken insults. Into these houses he had brought a large bed, in which he slept regularly in pyjamas. Admonished for this by higher authority, he said, 'If my platoon can't hold off an attack till I put on a Burberry and gum boots, I ought to have been sacked long ago for having failed to train them properly.'"

### Wireless for the Blind

The Christmas Day appeal for wireless sets for the blind was made by Sir Ian Fraser.

In his broadcast, Sir Ian said there were 90,000 blind people in the United Kingdom, but there are 5,000 who have not got a wireless set.

Sir Ian ended his broadcast with the words, "I ask my listeners to join me in a prayer . . . 'Lighten our darkness we beseech Thee, O Lord, and by Thy great mercy . . .'" Many listeners thought that the breaking off in the middle of the prayer was the fault of the B.B.C., but Sir Ian ended exactly as he had intended. He hoped listeners would realise that he was implying that the darkness of the blind might be lightened by the provision of wireless sets.

There has been a wonderful response to the appeal. The result to date is £27,500, which is about £10,000 more than the amount contributed at the same time last year.

### Thirty Years Ago

From the "Review," January, 1923:

"The Football Competition has been one of the best since we have indulged in soccer . . . this last game ranked as a Cup Final, for the leadership of the League depended upon it . . . we were therefore fortunate in getting Mr. F. C. Williamson, of Arsenal F.C., to keep goal."

[The Saints won.—ED.]



### Matron Vaughan Davies

Many men have expressed the wish to subscribe to a presentation to Matron Vaughan Davies. Mr. Askew has offered to act as Honorary Treasurer of the Fund and St. Dunstaners who desire to associate themselves with the presentation should send their subscriptions to him at 1 South Audley Street, London, W.1.

### Liverpool Club Christmas Party

One of the gayest, happiest and jolliest Christmas Parties was held at Sefton Hall, Leece Street, Liverpool, on Saturday, 20th December. Liverpool Club members, their wives and escorts, their families and friends thronged from all parts to enjoy to the full the festivities of the season. We were all delighted to meet our guests once again, the chief of these being Matron Vaughan-Davies of Blackpool. Even Alex Wright and other invalids could not stay away from this invigorating tonic. We were very sorry to miss the cheerful company of Mrs. Dunphy, due to illness, and we wish her a speedy recovery.

Our President, Captain E. Holloway, proposed the toast of Her Majesty the Queen, the Duke of Lancaster, and in a brilliant and witty following speech gave a cheery and friendly greeting to all our guests. As an indication of the esteem the Club members felt for Matron Davies, a presentation of receptacles suitably made for the use of "Cherry Brandy" was made by our young and gallant Committee member, Ted Cooper. Ted's nicely spoken phrases echoed the sentiments of all present. In her reply, Matron spoke of the pleasure it gave her to be with us, and wished the Club a furtherance of its many activities and happy gatherings.

A little surprise item was then staged with our Chairman, Mr. J. C. Owen, revealing that even Secretaries and their wives may not know what is going on. Jim Owen then requested our Secretary's wife, Mrs. L. Milner, to accept a little token from the members of the Club for the successful carrying out of her arduous duties since the formation of the Liverpool Club. As Canteen Manageress, Buyer of Presents, Produce Broker and Scone Expert, she is one of our willing backroom girls.

The "high spot" of the evening was the entertainment provided by Mr. J. C. Reason and his entertainers. Mr. Reason

never fails to provide a first class group of artists. Our President's wife, Mrs. Holloway, then presented each child with a present from the Club members and these were received with joy.

Before leaving for Blackpool, Matron Davies presented the Sir Arthur Pearson Memorial Fund allocation of prize money for those tournaments which have been running through the season.

The rest of the evening was spent in that grand exercise of dancing; or as some one was heard to say, "shuffling around!" The agility and never flagging energy of our Secretary M.C., Tom Milner, kept the elegant couples well under control. One or two "bumps" on the floor reminded Tom of his rowing days. He made a charming "cox" on this occasion.

We danced the "light fantastic" to the rhythm of Mr. E. Owen, our Chairman's son, so ably tickling the ivories, and with our Committee member, George Ellis, cleverly providing syncopation on his drums, cymbals, etc. Sorry you missed the dancing, Edwin and George, but your excellent music certainly made the "Old Contemptibles" shake their rheumatic knees. A grand evening closed with the singing of Auld Lang Syne. A. W. LINCOLN.

### Birmingham Club

#### Children's Christmas Party

On Sunday, December 14th, a Children's Christmas Party was held at the Red Cross Centre, Highfield Road, Edgbaston, when children and grand-children of St. Dunstaners had a marvellous time. First there was a Film Show upstairs, featuring three Charlie Chaplin films. These were greatly enjoyed by all, even some adults. After that was over the children trooped downstairs, and everyone enjoyed a real party tea, with plenty of good things to eat. When tea was cleared, and everyone moved back from the centre of the floor excepting the children, the great moment arrived. No other person than Father Christmas himself, to give all the children a grand present each off the giant Christmas Tree standing in the corner. To round off a marvellous party there was a conjurer who kept everyone guessing with his skill, and was greatly appreciated by everyone. In all, it was a marvellous party, enjoyed by children and adults alike.

PADDY CAMPBELL.

### Letter to the Editor

DEAR EDITOR,

I note with interest from Alan Nichol's letter in the last issue of the REVIEW that he took an active part in the Coronation of our beloved Sovereign, the late King George V, in 1911. In his letter he states that he remembers seeing the late Kaiser Wilhelm II in the procession. I would like to point out to my old friend, Alan, that I think he is mistaken, as it is not the custom for a reigning monarch to attend the Coronation of another reigning monarch.

Well, like Alan, I took an active part in the Coronation of 1911. Some time before, I was in camp with the 41st Training Brigade, R.F.A. One morning a special parade was called, when the officer detailed for the Coronation came round and selected those whom he thought to be the smartest. Being a smart guy, I was among those chosen. We eventually travelled to London. Incidentally, it was my first visit to the capital.

We were put in tents on Woolwich Common, just outside the Arsenal Barracks. We did not have much sleep on the eve of the Coronation, as we were turfed out long before the old cock was due to crow and told to get cracking with the burnisher, etc., and make ourselves spick and span. This accomplished, we travelled by the ferry across old Father Thames and sailed right into an early morning mist. Alas, love's labour lost. All the burnishing and polishing was in vain. We were then marched to the Old Post Office in St. Martin's le Grand, I believe, to do some more burnishing and polishing. Eventually we were marched to our allotted spot on the line of route, but frankly I cannot remember where it was, although I think it was somewhere in the vicinity of Victoria Street. Needless to say, we were on parade hours before the procession was due. Then things began to happen to me. After being on parade for quite an appreciable time, the sergeant in charge of my contingent gave me some money and told me to get a bottle of Scotch (3s. 6d. in those days). There were three Lifeguardsmen at the entrance to the street where the pub was, and I had to pass between them. When I arrived inside the pub I was greeted with cheers by the occupants, all civilians, and I was virtually dragged to the counter by several of them and, before you could say "Robinson Crusoe," I had several drinks

lined up. Believe it or not, colleagues, I was not used to much in those days. However, I threw some of them back. I obtained the bottle of Scotch and proceeded to rejoin my comrades. When I looked towards the entrance to the street I now saw six Guardsmen. I decided to take a chance and avoid the real horses. Unfortunately, I didn't. My lug-holes were subjected to a broadcast of the most perfect pre-1914 Army English I have ever had occasion to listen to, except perhaps in the early days of St. Dunstan's. Back to my place in the ranks I had another fibful from my sergeant. However, when peace was declared mutually, he handed the bottle round to the cheers of the spectators in the balconies. Then the Sergeant told me to hand the bottle to a Grenadier Guardsman who was a flag-wallah. He was about 6ft. 4in. tall and very conspicuous. As he lifted the bottle to his mouth he was greeted with roars of "Good health" from the spectators, accompanied by showers of fruit from the balconies. This is where I met my Waterloo. I looked up in their direction and received a wallop in the eye with a large apple. It certainly was a beautiful black eye.

By this time, in common with the majority of the troops who lined the route, I had become somewhat the worse for wear. This weariness was aggravated by the effect of the Scotch, so that when the procession was getting near we were ordered to present arms, a bit prematurely I thought, and then the dry rot set in. My knees began to quiver slightly. Whom do you think came to the rescue? None other than one of the good old London "cops." He spotted the defect immediately. "All right, sonny, don't worry, I'll look after you; I'm an old soldier myself." He grabbed me by the belt and supported me, or rather took the weight. Thus, when the procession passed by, I was presenting arms with a black eye and being held up like a tin soldier.

But the 1911 Coronation was one of the greatest and most brilliant spectacles I have ever had the honour of witnessing.

P. J. CONLIN.

(Editor's Note.—*The Times* confirms that the Kaiser was not at the Coronation of King George V, but he attended the funeral of King Edward VII the previous year.)



### Blackpool Notes

We began the month by a visit to the Under Thirty Club Party on the 17th. It was exciting getting to and from the hall as we had one of the famous Blackpool gales. We know it was a Blackpool gale because Burton's Shop Window was blown in.

On Christmas morning, after breakfast, the Mayor of Blackpool and the Mayoress called just as Joe Jordan was ready to perform as Father Christmas and give the presents from the tree. The Vicar, Mr. Wardle Harpur, came for Christmas dinner and thoroughly enjoyed himself—it was his first with us. In the afternoon we listened to the Queen and there was a dance in the lounge in the evening.

On Boxing Day a party went to the Boot and Shoe, Elswick, to get in high spirits (*not* spirits), for the dance in the evening. On the Saturday night a party were guests of the management of the Queen's Hotel.

A large party went on December 29th to the Palace to hear Gerry Brereton and on New Year's Eve Gerry came to the Home with some of his fellow artists, who gave a concert in the Lounge. They were both great evenings. A coach load went later to the Cherry Tree Inn to refresh themselves and to prepare for the New Year's Eve dance. It was a crowded house that night but by turning staff rooms into bedrooms, we managed to accommodate thirty-nine. T. Milner, representing Northern Area and A. Pimm, Southern Area, were the first-footers. We broke up at about 3 a.m.

On January 4th we held a party which went on until after midnight. Indeed, some went on the seafront at midnight for a last breath of Blackpool air. The next morning, January 5th, the Home closed, only three invalids remaining. It was a bitterly cold day—snow, fog and sleet.

B. VAUGHAN-DAVIES.

### National Laying Test, 1952-53

Report for the Second Period of Four Weeks, November 10th to December 7th

	Score	Value
1 Webb, W. ... ..	...	201
2 Smith, W. Alan ... ..	...	180
3 Bagwell, Philip ... ..	...	157
4 Holmes, Percy ... ..	...	127
5 Jackson, G. C. ... ..	...	80
6 Gregory, T.... ... ..	...	41

Total to date, 803.

Average per bird to date, 22.31.

### Life's Like That

So the Editor wants contributions, I mused. I have always known—well, thought—I could write an article. Dead easy, too. According to that author chap whose autobiography I read recently, all you need when writing an article is a typewriter, paper, dictionary, one of those books telling you those words that are the same but different, if you see what I mean, and your favourite pipe going nicely. Ponder your subject awhile, and once you have begun the first sentence the article writes itself; money for jam! I assembled all the ingredients, got the pipe going; then came the snag—what about the subject? The editor had not given any. We were always given subjects at school—you know, "What I will be when I grow up" or "How I spent my summer holiday." I immediately ruled those out; I know what I am now that I am grown up, and I spent my summer holiday at Ovingdean, so that had better be suppressed, too. Bit tricky! Then I had an idea. Open the dictionary at random and try my luck. I did, and got "Callisthenics." Don't know much about Indian clubs; I was never clever enough even to swing the lead, much less wave two death-dealing lumps of wood around. So I tried again. After picking on haplography, sciamachy, crepuscularity, eleemosynary, I still wasn't getting anywhere. How did one think of a subject? Nothing like trying to write an article to make one realise how little one knows about anything. Then my son came home from the local debating society and my hopes rose once more as I said, "What did you debate to-night?" "It was impromptu speaking," he answered. "On what?" I fired back. "Well, the secretary has a pack of cards, each bearing a different title; he shuffles, the speaker cuts, and speaks according to what the card says. "Actually," he continued, "I've got the cards here, minding them for the secretary." "Just the job," I said, hardly able to conceal my excitement. "Get them out," I commanded, "I'll see what I can pick." He carefully shuffled. It seemed an eternity. It was maddening. He handed them to me and I fairly snatched them, whipped off a chunk and turned it face up. "What does it say?" I hissed. He read out the inscription, "Discourse on any subject you can think of." What a life! T. J. FLOYD.

### Un Enfant Terrible

I challenge anyone to think of anything more embarrassing than suddenly finding oneself a centre of attraction to a family circle consisting of elderly uncles and maiden aunts. Especially when one's Mother sets the tone of the nauseating discussion which follows when she produces the inevitable photograph album. "Wasn't Georgie a perfect pet," they coo as they gaze upon a reproduction of "Georgie" in satin and velvet at the age of three or four. "Georgie" by the way is now thirty years old, over six feet in height and weighs roughly fifteen stone. From then on I get the feeling of being a martyr flung into the arena of nostalgic memories. My natural reaction is one of revolt. Surely I was not such an angel? I seek refuge in my own reminiscences and think to myself that if this nonsense goes on I shall shatter the illusion with another little piece of family history. The story goes that a party of us were travelling to the seaside and in a train compartment crowded with adults I sat quietly looking out of the window. Parents and aunts watched my apparent angelic behaviour with satisfaction and nearby fellow passengers smiled indulgently upon my childish innocence. It happened as the train rushed unexpectedly into a tunnel and plunged us all into Stygian darkness. I cannot honestly claim that I remember the incident but it has been described to me so many times by the wretched "grown-ups" who were there that I sometimes imagine I can hear those loud shrill words, "Oh, the bloody tunnel!"

Which brings me to the problem of my own three-year old rebel. I'm glad to say I have high hopes about him. I think I can in a few words explain what I mean. For quite a long time his Mummy tried to persuade him to say his prayers each night before going to sleep. The novelty of the routine was effective at first, even if prayers were frequently interrupted by giggles. Then gradually his nibs sensed that this was no joke but a means of asking a certain "Little Jesus" to take care of things whilst he was asleep. At this stage I must admit that I am deeply suspicious of the motives behind my boy's apparent piety. When it comes to naming the souls who are to be watched over he does not stop with Mummy, Daddy, sister, Grannie,

etc. A whole string of quite unfamiliar names are recited and if a note of impatience is detected in his Mother's voice when she says "That's enough," he mumbles truculently that he does not like Jesus. One morning he begged me to tell him a story. He hit upon just the right moment, I was inspired. Into my mind came the picture of a little bird which, I said, flew down from a tree, into my basket shed and on to my shoulder. The theme appealed to me and I went on to develop it. This birdie was terribly hungry but wanted crumbs only for the little baby birds in the nest above. I think I added that the father bird had been killed by a wicked pussy cat. Anyway by this time I was completely carried away by my own eloquence, and with a lump as big as a fist at the back of my throat I poured on the pathos until the whole poignant scene was firmly imprinted upon Junior's imagination. Silence followed. I began to fear I had upset my audience and that probably a tear or two would soon be trickling down his little cheek, too. "Daddy, does that little birdie come to see you every day?" I nodded. "Is he coming to-day?" Another nod of assent. "I'm going to throw a brick at it."

G. ELLIS.

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William Wainman, 31-year-old son of our St. Dunstaner, W. Wainman, of Davy-hulme, has received the framed Certificate of the Society for the Protection of Life from Fire, and a cheque for £5 for his bravery when fire broke out in a Nissen hut which had been converted into a dwelling. While Mrs. Wainman ran to telephone for help, William forced the door and dragged the unconscious 26 year old cousin of the tenant outside. He later returned to help Mrs. Goodrick out of the hut. Told that her two children were still inside, he again entered the building, picked them up from their bed and carried them outside.

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### Young St. Dunstaners

Eunice Bray (Manchester) is now Corporal in the Australian Women's Army after eight months' service.

### Marriage

Ivor Leslie Wylie (Bromley) to Miss Pauline Turner, on December 20th.



### Ovingdean Notes

Our Christmas celebrations began exceptionally early this year, with our very good friends of the Brighton and Hove Grocers' Association providing a Christmas Party for the St. Dunstaners in this area on December 10th, at the Grand Hotel, Brighton. What a successful evening it was too! Within a couple of days we were holding the Trainees' End of Term Dinner and Dance, and then they were off home to spend the Christmas holiday with their families, whilst Ovingdean began to get ready to receive those other St. Dunstaners who were to come to us for their Christmas vacation. With one thing and another you can tell not much time was wasted in getting into the Christmas spirit!

At the Trainees' Christmas Dinner and Dance we were very happy to have with us Sir Neville and Lady Pearson, and also Dr. William Thompson, President of the Blinded Veterans' Federation of America, who had spent a day at the Training Centre, together with Mr. Joseph Goldyn, Vice-President of the same organisation. Mr. Goldyn, unfortunately, had to return to London during the afternoon, but Dr. Thompson spent some time at the Dinner and Dance chatting with those present. He said, in a brief speech, how much both he and Mr. Goldyn had welcomed the invitation given to them by Sir Ian Fraser to visit the Training Centre and learn something of the work being carried on here.

The House was almost completely full by Christmas Eve when the Staff pantomime was performed in the Music Hut. "Red Riding Hood" was written by Miss Smith, V.A.D., and our thanks and good wishes go to her in South Africa, where she is at present staying. So Christmas got off to a flying start!

Christmas presents were distributed in the Lounge the following morning to all St. Dunstaners, and then, after port had been served—and this was a gift from the Grocers' Association—everyone went into the gaily-decorated Dining Room for the traditional Christmas Dinner. All was quiet during the afternoon! However, by the evening almost everyone was present in the Lounge for the Informal Concert after supper.

Boxing Day, always associated with a visit to the Pantomime, was no exception this year, when a party from Ovingdean went to

Brighton to a matinée performance, and in the evening a very large crowd enjoyed the Carnival Dance. It was very nice indeed to find so many local St. Dunstaners come along, and many people sportingly got into fancy dress. The costumes were extremely varied. One excellent disguise was worn by George Fallowfield, who made a formidable "Officer of the Law"!

Throughout the Christmas week several drives were arranged to take the holiday-makers round Sussex, for these outings remain always so popular.

On Sunday, December 28th, we welcomed a return visit from The Langley Theatre Group who, on this occasion, presented what they called "A Shakespearean Extravaganza, entitled Globe 1600." The production consisted of several scenes from famous plays, not all of them from Shakespeare, held together by music. One particularly amusing episode entitled "Pepper and Sand," by Emlyn Williams, helped to provide a very well-balanced entertainment. The Langley Theatre Group have promised to come again later this year and we shall look forward to that.

New Year's Eve! The Lounge was once again packed to capacity, and we were all delighted that Sir Ian and Lady Fraser, who had not been able to visit Ovingdean during the Christmas festivities, arrived to join us for the New Year's Eve celebrations. After some dancing and an excellent buffet, everyone gathered round to watch the "Horse Racing Game"—bets were placed—and they were off! About three or four races were run and then the dancing went on until midnight, when punch was served, the old year "tottered out," and the traditional dark man stepped across the threshold after the stroke of twelve! Everyone wished everyone else a very happy New Year, and so we all began 1953!

Quiet indeed was Ovingdean by January 3rd, for almost all the holiday men had by that time returned home and the decorations were taken down and the house made ready to receive the returning trainees for the beginning of the Spring Term on January 5th.

Anyway, to all of you St. Dunstaners, whether you came to us for Christmas or New Year or not, or whether you have been to us during 1952 or are coming this year, we all of us from Brighton send you our very best wishes for a happy and prosperous 1953.

### Personal

Commandant and Matron at Ovingdean would like to express their thanks to all those St. Dunstaners who have so kindly sent them greetings this Christmas. So many have sent that it is not possible to acknowledge them all personally, but through the columns of THE REVIEW they hope to reach you all.

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Miss Carlton tells the Editor that she too would like to thank St. Dunstaners for their Christmas cards, as would all members of the Staff at the Ovingdean and West House Homes who have heard from ex-trainees, other St. Dunstaners and ex-members of the Staff. A very happy New Year to all our friends.

### Masonic

Congratulations to Ronald Stanners, of High Wycombe, who has recently become Worshipful Master of Hughenden Lodge, No. 6308.

### Placements

H. W. Bramley, of Blackley, Manchester, as a capstan lathe operator at Messrs. Harpurhey Precision Co., Chadderton; R. Pringle, on industrial work with Measuring Instruments (Pullin) Ltd., Acton.

### Grandfathers

G. Nancarrow, of Newquay; R. G. Field, of Potters Bar; C. E. Temperton, of Hull, (for the third time); W. Stamp, of Keelby, (five grand-children now); T. Maskell, of Hunmanby; W. Girling, Southampton.

### Golden Wedding

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Watson, of Shirebrook, near Mansfield, whose Golden Wedding was on January 17th.

### Silver Weddings

H. Jacklin, Patcham, December 13th; John Mudge, Tottenham, January 5th.

### "In Memory"—continued

Warrant Officer George F. Robinson, Royal Air Force

St. Dunstan A. G. Emerson, of Sutton, was a very great friend of George Robinson, whose death was reported last month and he writes: "The coffin was draped with the Union Jack, and among the wreaths was a wreath of poppies from St. Dunstan's, a cushion of poppies from the R.A.F. with a target in the centre. The service ended with the words, "They shall grow not old as we that are left grow old . . ."

Rifleman Bertrand William Hughes, 2/16 Queen's Westminster Regiment

B. W. Hughes, of Highgate, who died on December 6th, was a Deacon of Upper Holloway Baptist Church and an active supporter of all organisations connected with it. He was also well-known in the district as a singer. A Service was conducted at the Church prior to cremation. Mrs. Harding, wife of our St. Dunstaner, attended both services.

### Births

BRETT.—On December 2nd, 1952, to the wife of R. Brett, of Brighton, a daughter—Nina Elisabeth Antonia.

DEVENPORT.—On December 17th, to the wife of H. T. Devenport, of High Wycombe, a son—John Peter.

FULLING.—On October 7th, to the wife of J. J. Fulling, of London, N.4, a daughter—Susan Ruth.

RUSSELL.—On December 26th, to the wife of N. Russell, of Leicester, a son—Timothy Stephen.

SAYWELL.—On December 14th, to the wife of P. Saywell, of Leamington Spa, a daughter—Julia Mary.

WINDLEY.—On December 31st, to the wife of H. Windley, of Hull, a son—Stephen John.

### Marriages

EDWARDS—GRIFFITHS.—On August 16th, 1952, Bill Edwards, of Brighton, to Mrs. Monica Griffiths, widow, of Higher Broughton, Salford, Lancashire.

TEBBUTT—LEATHERLAND.—On December 19th, A. W. Tebbutt of Nottingham, to Mrs. Ethel Leatherland.

### Deaths

Our deep sympathy goes out this month to the following:

BURTENSHAW.—To A. J. Burtenshaw, of Walthamstow, whose wife died on December 21st, after a long and distressing illness.

GREATREX.—To H. W. Greatrex, of Peacehaven, who lost his father just before Christmas.

JONES.—To Isaac Jones, of Luston, Leominster, whose wife died on January 5th.

THOMAS.—To Wally Thomas, of Southampton, whose mother passed away on December 11th.

WILSON.—To A. Wilson, of Brighton, and Mrs. Wilson, whose eldest grandson—a jet pilot—has been killed in an air crash.



## “In Memory”

### Private Joseph Henry Debnam, 30th Machine Gun Corps

With deep regret we report the death of J. H. Debnam, of Great Barrow, Chester. His military service began in August, 1914. He was wounded at Mons and came to St. Dunstan's in 1919, where he trained as a poultry farmer, and in spite of his constant head trouble he carried on until the time of his last illness. From a stay in hospital he went straight to West House and recovered so well that he decided to return home for Christmas, with a short stay at the Blackpool Home on the way. There he was taken suddenly ill and he died on December 9th.

A wreath from Sir Ian and his St. Dunstan's comrades was among the flowers at the funeral, together with a wreath from comrades and staff of the Blackpool Home. A Union Jack covered the coffin.

Our deep sympathy goes out to Gwylm, his son, in his trouble. Only recently his brother, Neville, was killed in a motor-cycle accident.

### Charles Evans, Dragoon Guards

It is with deep regret that we record the death of C. Evans, of Wolverhampton.

Although he served with his regiment from September, 1914, until March, 1916, he did not come to us until 1943. He was then a very sick man with the additional disability of partial paralysis. He had spent long periods at West House, but he died at his home on December 5th.

A wreath of poppies from Sir Ian was sent for the funeral.

We extend our sincere sympathy to his wife and family and in particular to Mrs. Evans who had nursed him so devotedly for so long.

### Corporal Alfred Palmer, 7th Leicestershire Regiment

We record with deep regret the death of A. Palmer, of Sherwood, Nottinghamshire.

It was not until 1944 that he came to St. Dunstan's, his sight then having failed as a result of mustard gas during the First World War. He became a shop-keeper and from the outset was most successful; he had just retired and was actually moving into a new house on the day he was taken ill. He died in hospital shortly afterwards.

A wreath from the Chairman was among the flowers at the funeral.

He leaves a wife and family to whom our sincere sympathy is offered.

### Sapper Martin O'Brien, Royal Engineers

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Martin O'Brien, one of our permanent residents at West House, Brighton.

Martin served in the First World War but only came to us in 1951. He had been ill for a very long time. He died at West House shortly after he had made a journey to Ireland to see his relatives.

St. Dunstan's wreaths, from Sir Ian, and his Brighton comrades, were sent for the funeral.

Our sincere sympathy goes out to his relatives.

### Private Henry William Allen, Labour Corps

We record with deep regret the death of H. W. Allen, of Devonport. He was seventy-five.

Serving in the First World War, he came to St. Dunstan's in October, 1920 and trained in boot repairing and mat-making, but he gave up this work some time ago owing to his failing health. He had been ill for a considerable time, and our deep sympathy goes to his sister who had devotedly cared for him.

### Private Arthur Welland, Queen's Royal West Surreys

With deep regret we record the death of one of our West House men, Arthur Welland. He was sixty-three.

He was admitted to St. Dunstan's benefits in June, 1916, and became a boot-repairer and he continued with this right up to his retirement at the end of 1950 when he entered West House as a permanent resident owing to his failing health.

Wreaths from Sir Ian and his St. Dunstan's friends, and from his Brighton comrades, were sent for the funeral.

He leaves two grown-up sons to whom we offer our sincere sympathy.

### Rifleman Wilfred James Razey, City of London P.O. Rifles

We record with deep regret the death of W. J. Razey, of Bournemouth. He was fifty-six.

He entered St. Dunstan's in October, 1937, but did not carry on any occupation when he left us the following year. He had been ill for a long time and he passed away on December 19th.

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

He leaves a widow to whom our deep sympathy is extended.

### Sergeant James Herbert Banks, Oxfordshire and Bucks. Light Infantry

With deep regret we record the death of J. H. Banks, of Cricklewood; he died suddenly on December 28th.

Coming to St. Dunstan's in February, 1945, he trained in industry. He had been far from well for a long time although he had continued with his work.

Among the wreaths was Sir Ian's wreath of poppies from his St. Dunstan's friends, and St. Dunstaner George Taylor, of Cricklewood, was among those attending the funeral.

He leaves a widow and baby son. Our deep sympathy goes out to Mrs. Banks.