

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Men and Women Blinded on War Service

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To—and From—The Editor.

A letter to the Editor is not usually on the front page but the one which follows is, we think, worthy of it. It is from Stewart Spence, of Hillingdon, and he writes:

DEAR EDITOR,

In the September issue of the REVIEW, I, a product of World War II, read with a great deal of interest an article by John Oriel concerning the advance of blindness from gas poisoning sustained over 30 years ago. The subject matter was rather gripping to me for I have never of course, had that experience.

However, it was not completely what was written that held me, but how it was put on paper. I am of the considered opinion that the literary standard of our magazine has been for a long time sadly in need of re-vitalisation. In his article, Mr. Oriel has produced an example of the type which is desirable. It is interesting, stylish, and altogether of a professional standard.

Hitherto there appears to have been a set form to which most contributors have bowed down; it is this very obedience to convention that gives me a jaundiced view. I think that with an attempt to do a bit better, the variety which is needed would be secured. A very simple example of what I mean lies in the consecutive attempts on the speed-air record by Great Britain and the United States of America. When one reaches a high speed, the other immediately tries to do better, and so on.

Another thing that strikes me pretty forcibly is the very obvious brand of humour extant in almost every REVIEW. It seldom makes me laugh unless I know what is being written about. It is all rather nostalgic. I want to read an article that genuinely tickles my palate and preferably on a subject that is new to me. This leads me to the observation that perhaps the periodical is too serious. There does not seem to be a proper balance for the serious air and length of the Chairman's Notes, though I would not like to see them cut, for they are always interesting. The only things that are provided to even out the atmosphere are the Talking Book criticism by "NELSON," which is a real delight even if you do not possess a machine, and the occasional letter from George Ellis and Jock McFarlane. How many of us realise that his cheek positively balloons with his tongue when he writes a letter to the Editor about Sisters and the like?

Of course, I have been criticising but in the gentlest manner possible for me. It is very easy to criticise and, for me, I could add the adjective "vituperatively," but I do not think that is called for here. I am attempting to sow the seeds of constructive criticism, too, in the hope that such will prove fruitful. I am not suggesting that our particular magazine ought to become a rag. I venture further to say that it will not so degenerate if we all try

our best by submitting articles without the fear of rejection. It may well be that in my ignorance I have put my finger on the trouble. Possibly there are insufficient contributions to make publication selective. Let's all put new ribbons into our "Juniors," and get cracking, and I repeat, without fear or shyness, for remember, a publication depends for its success on the number of rejection slips it has to issue.

Yours faithfully,
STEWART SPENCE.

To that excellent letter, the Editor has only this comment to add.

The literary standard could probably be raised, but the REVIEW is not primarily a literary magazine. It is a medium for St. Dunstaners' views, and news, and if literary style is to be the criterion, most St. Dunstaners will put off for ever writing for it.

All contributions will therefore continue to be welcomed, in whatever style the writers choose. But if, as Mr. Spence suggests, we can get away from "obedience to convention," so much the better. New writers—and critics—forward!

Brighton Reunion

Nearly two hundred and fifty St. Dunstaners, wives and friends, crowded into the Grand Hotel, Brighton, on Wednesday, September 16th, to attend the Reunion of the men of Sussex. The guest of honour at this very popular meeting was Mr. D. G. Hopewell, a member of the Council. Mr. Hopewell said that before Sir Ian and Lady Fraser had left for their visit to South Africa, Sir Ian had asked him to convey their best wishes for a most successful meeting. Mr. Hopewell proposed the toast, "To St. Dunstaners," to which Mr. F. G. Richardson, of Lancing, replied on their behalf.

Double Event

The Brighton Reunion brought together two St. Dunstaners who served together in the South Staffordshire Regiment in the 1914-1918 war. Thirty-five years ago, Private J. Alcott left Lieut. S. C. Jackson on the battlefield and eventually came to St. Dunstan's. In 1951, Mr Jackson himself became a St. Dunstaner, as a result of delayed mustard gas injuries. From Kidderminster he has recently moved to Southwick, so that he and Mr. Alcott (Shoreham) now live within a few miles of each other.

Televised

Wally Thomas was interviewed by Jeanne Heal on the television programme of October 5th. Miss Heal talked to him by means of the special writer which Wally described in the REVIEW some months ago, and which was invented by a friend of his.

Presentation to Miss Vaughan Davies

Some fifty St. Dunstaners and their escorts were at the London Club on Tuesday September 22nd, for the presentation to Miss Vaughan Davies of the wireless set which was the gift of St. Dunstaners upon her retirement. Inscribed on the set were the words:

"Presented to Miss B. Vaughan Davies, Matron of the Blackpool Home, from her St. Dunstan's friends on her retirement."

Mr. Askew, who had acted as Hon. Treasurer of the Fund, said that it was appropriate that the ceremony should be made at the London Club since so many Londoners had enjoyed the hospitality of Blackpool, particularly in the war years. He called on Mr. Percy Ashton, the Club's President, to make the presentation. Percy expressed their deep appreciation of Miss Vaughan Davies's services to the Blackpool Home. They would remember her there with great affection, but particularly would they remember her at West House in the early years from 1921 onwards.

Miss Vaughan Davies received a very warm welcome when she rose to reply. As Matron of the Blackpool Home, she said, she had had very many happy years, but the days at West House would be among her happiest memories. It was there that she had first made so many friends amongst St. Dunstaners, and it was there that she first knew so many of the children—children who now were grown up with homes of their own, but with whom she was always in touch. Thousands of their photographs reminded her of those happy days.

London Club Notes

Indoor Section

On a bright sunny morning on Sunday, 20th September, two coaches left the Club with club members, wives and escorts, for a day's outing to Southsea. After a beautiful drive through the lovely Hampshire countryside, lunch was taken and then the party split up—some off to the Isle of Wight, some on to the Pier and some to bask in the sunshine on the Prom. After an excellent tea a sincere vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Willis and the party set off on the drive home, singing all the old songs and choruses, and that ended a really lovely day.

On Friday, 25th September, we were the guests of the Park Royal Vehicle Co. for a darts match. Our team, not playing up to their usual high standard, were beaten; nevertheless we are indebted to our hosts for one of the best evenings we have had for a long time.

W. BISHOP.

Bridge

The St. Dunstan's Bridge Club have again been to Harrogate for a week's mixture of Match and Social Bridge. Our party numbered ten and we were greatly assisted by Mr. Bob Willis, and Mrs. Broughton who came along with Blodwyn. In the event on the Sunday for the St. Dunstan's Trophy (teams of four) we failed badly; in fact, our B team, consisting of Messrs. Collins, Delaney, Rhodes and Jolly, finished in front of the A team. Four other matches were played during the week, two of which we won.

On the Friday evening as usual, we invited the members of the various clubs that we had visited to come to our "At Home." This was a great success and the winners of the Bridge Drive received prizes made by St. Dunstaners. The whole week was a great success and we all appreciate the work put in beforehand and during the week by our Harrogate friends, particularly Mr. J. Morrison and Mr. Frank Noakes.

On September 19th, the Bridge Club played off the second leg of the North of the River versus South. You will remember that North were 1,610 points up in March and this time North had a plus of 1,410, which means that North won the Cup for the first time, by 3,020 points.

September 26th was another Bridge party in the shape of a Bridge Drive, and Mr. Gellatly acted as M.C. There were ten tables, and each St. Dunstaner had a sighted friend as partner. The winners were F. Winter and partner; 2nd, G. Brown and partner; 3rd, J. Fleming and partner.

H. GOVER.

St. Dunstan's Two Mile Handicap

Handicapper Mr. W. J. Harris R.W.A.

Highgate Harriers Invitation Race

Parliament Hill Fields, 26th September, 1953

Order of Finish	H'cap Time	All. Time	Actual Time
1. G. Bilcliff	16:51	3:15	20:06
2. S. Tutton	16:58	2:20	19:18
3. D. Fleisig	17:02	2:25	19:27
4. D. Faulkner	17:15	3:05	20:20
5. C. Stafford	17:21	2:40	20:01
6. L. Dennis	17:44	2:10	19:54
7. W. Miller	17:50	scr.	17:50
		<i>fastest loser</i>	
8. A. Brown	18:01	1:10	18:11
9. A. Bradley	18:03	1:40	19:43
10. J. Kibler	18:55	2:55	21:50
11. F. Madgewick	18:56	2:50	21:46
12. L. Copeman	24:02	2:45	26:47

1st G. Bilcliff
2nd S. Tutton
3rd D. Fleisig

Fastest Loser W. Miller.

The Pro Canto Choir

Mr. Eric Greene, the well-known tenor, has formed a small Choral Society of Blind Singers, which will give performances of oratorios and cantatas, both sacred and secular.

The Society has been named the Pro Canto Choir and practices will take place each week in the Armitage Hall at the National Institute for the Blind, 224 Great Portland Street, W.1.

Will all who wish to become members inform Mr. Sinclair Logan, Secretary, Music Department, N.I.B., at the very earliest possible moment. Braille parts are available and members should be able to read Braille Music Notation well enough to read a single voice part, whether or not they have ever sung from Braille before; singers who cannot read Braille will be accepted if they give Mr. Greene an assurance that they will learn their parts at home.

A Society directed by an eminent musician and no subscription to pay—this is an unprecedented opportunity for lovers of choral singing.

Letters to the Editor

DEAR SIR,

May I congratulate John A. Oriol for the clarity of his article in the REVIEW for September. I quite agree that with blindness at a later age, familiarity of surroundings is a great help, and the ability to continue, in a modified form, the trade or calling that we have pursued when fully sighted, can be a great help. But I cannot agree that the sense of urgency for earning a living at 50 is greatly diminished.

When I was in the R.N. Hospital, Gillingham, in 1917, (Sergeant Douglas, of the R.N.D. was there, too) I was told that I should be totally blind within five years, and so I was invalided. Being a time-serving man, I had no trade, and the Damoclean sword of the prospect of the loss of sight at an early age hung over my head. In the subsequent years, I worked as an electrician, took the advantage of a spare-time job as a night operator on a G.P.O. telephone switchboard of about 1,000 lines. During the early stages of this war I was on the Inspection Department of the "shell" division of the M.O.S. at Bridgend (I was there when the explosion occurred which caused one of our St. Dunstan's girls to lose her sight). Later I was transferred to the Fighting Vehicle division as an engineering inspector and worked on tanks and Lloyd carriers.

In 1952, I was admitted to St. Dunstan's, but was quite unprepared when, at Marylebone Road, I was asked what I would like to do. I did not realise that I was being asked this in a serious manner and I am afraid that I answered somewhat jocularly that I would like to be a bus conductor on the Victoria to Hyde Park run. I regret that remark as at sixty I feel that there is life in the old dog yet, and that a state of near inanition is not conducive to good health. If something more active was to come my way, then I should have a "bash" at it. But it would not be in a factory or, indeed, anything that involved travelling by street transport.

I am grateful that I, like the previous correspondent, have been able to enjoy some years of good sight and I, too, know the difficulty of starting an entirely new style of job at a late age, or even one of the old ones from a new angle.

Sincerely Yours,

ERNEST E. J. S. BURTON.

Margate.

DEAR EDITOR,

I feel that it is time that someone protested over the Government neglect of disabled war pensioners. In March, 1952, Mr. Heathcote-Amory, the Minister of Pensions, said that the buying power of the basic pension, which was then £2 5s. 0d. per week had fallen 17s. In September of that year a 10s. increase was given, to be swallowed up immediately by a steep rise in the cost of living due to the taking-off of food subsidies.

The Government have now merged the Ministry of Pensions with the Ministry of National Insurance. This economy drive shows a mental attitude that can in the long run be detrimental to disabled pensioners. Now we have no Minister to state publicly the case for pensioners.

How often do we to-day hear the demand for a £4 10s. 0d. a week basic pension? Only now as a faint cry in the wilderness from the British Legion. Yet from 1945 to 1950 it was being made continuously. Was this merely political hocus pocus, for our national economic plight was far worse then than it is to-day.

Yours sincerely,

Addiscombe, Surrey. EDGAR R. ETTRIDGE.

Guess Who? at Ovingdean

1. He dashes round, the bobs to fetch,
The sweep is won—now where's the wretch?
2. We have a lady who on the quiet
Is asked to provide a windless diet.
3. Incomparable for weight and size,
As Titania could she really rise?
4. Late evening hopeful, asks for rum
Terse reply, "You've had it—(cocoa),
chum!"
5. From lofty sphere mid 'skin and
gristle,
The day's great thought—the doubtful
rissole.
6. Up or down, to him it's all the same,
Blimey, they must push it for a game.
7. Says he wants a blonde and where's
his tickets?
To her confides about his rickets.
8. Saviours all, sans airs and graces,
Safe repairs to damaged braces.
9. Spondulicks, boodle—nothing rash,
Just try and fiddle the petty cash.
10. Receiver of the groans and growls,
Would he be better keeping fowls?

(Answers, if required, on page 12).

Birmingham Swimming Gala

The fifth Annual Swimming Gala was again held at Birmingham by the courtesy of the Corporation Baths Department. It was a very happy occasion, by all accounts, and everybody thinks it is the best so far held. The competitors let themselves be grouped conveniently into four teams, London, Wales, The Midlands and the Rest of England. The standard was again high and the judges, who were our friends from the Birmingham Leander Swimming Club, enjoyed their task which was not always easy. In spite of the lanes being laid, there was the almost inevitable swimming out of course, so that a good swim did not always win a prize. However, no one minded, and the sportsmanship shown earned tribute from the stewards and spectators.

It was so pleasant to have with us Mrs. Spurway and Miss Hoare, although we had to bid them goodbye rather abruptly so that they might get the London team on the homeward train. The Birmingham Club and its Red Cross friends and helpers always enjoy its many escort, catering and stewarding duties of the day, and rejoice when there are so many old and new friends to greet. There can never be too many, so let us all book the third Saturday (18th) of September, 1954, so that next year's gathering, both of competitors and audience, may be a record.

The Birmingham Red Cross County Director was unable to be with us but we had all his good wishes, and his deputy, Mr. Addis, presented the prizes and paid a great compliment to the competitors.

Our thanks are due also to our anti-bump, or rescue stewards. Our circle of Gala friends is growing fast, so that Birmingham is very proud of her rich connections in this respect.

Here are the results:—

Individual Champion: Gilbert Stanley.*Team Trophy (Challenge Cup)*: The Midlands.*Relay Race*: London Team (medallists.)

1 length T.B. free style: 1st, G. Stanley.
2nd, D. Bingham.
3rd, C. Stafford.

1 length S.S. free style: 1st, R. Beales.
2nd, D. Fleisig.
3rd, F. Barratt.

1 length T.B. breast: 1st, G. Stanley.
2nd, D. Bingham.
3rd, C. Stafford.

1 length S.S. breast: 1st, D. Fleisig.
2nd, J. Dunkley.
3rd, F. Barratt.

1 length T.B. backstroke: 1st, G. Stanley.
2nd, G. Waterworth.

1 length S.S. backstroke: 1st, J. Dunkley.
2nd, D. Fleisig.
3rd, R. Beales.

Style Competition, T.B.: 1st, G. Stanley.
2nd, G. Waterworth.
3rd, P. Spencer.

Diving: 1st, G. Stanley.
2nd, D. Bingham.
3rd, J. Dunkley.

Plunging: 1st, P. Spencer.
2nd, T. O'Connor.
3rd, R. Beales.

P. A. FAIRHEAD.

We Hear That—

Winston Holmes, of Stonehouse, was one of the winning pair in an open cribbage competition organised by Gloucester Branch of the Royal Air Forces Association.

★ ★ ★

S. Purvis's leeks have brought him three first prizes, a second and a third in recent shows. A photograph taken at Seghill Social Club with one of his prizes—a handsome cocktail cabinet—appeared in the local paper. ★ ★ ★

A. Collier, whose St. Dunstan's badge in flowers was mentioned last month, lives at Little Hulton, Walkden, and not Little Walkden, as reported. A photograph of this lovely piece of work has since reached the Editor, who can only say that it rivals many of the show pieces so proudly shown in public gardens.

★ ★ ★

On September 19th, C. E. Temperton, of Hull, was present when his old regiment, the East Yorkshire Regiment, was presented with the Queen's Colours.

★ ★ ★

During the holiday season, Mrs. Margaret Stanway, who runs a boarding house at Morecambe, plays her accordion outside on Friday evenings and two of her visitors take round collecting boxes for St. Dunstan's. In four nights, playing from 11.15 until midnight, she collected £12.

★ ★ ★

Tom Salter, of Battersea, was presented in May with a fine striking clock by his employers, Trust Houses, Ltd., in recognition of thirty years' unbroken service on the telephone switchboard.

Talking Book Library

September Sextet

Here half a dozen books have arrived to satisfy every taste. Comedy, tragedy, drama, heroism, and even the Wild West figure in this delightful array. Behold the synopses!

"Festival at Farbridge," by J. B. Priestley, reader Eric Gillett, is hilariously funny with slight touches of pathos which emphasise the comedy. A tale of the handful behind the scenes in a local festival organisation of 1951. Long it may be, but never dull.

"West of the Sunset," by Dan James, reader Charles Richardson, tells of the ruin of the Sugar Bowl ranch by rustlers, its sale, and the consequent struggle of the new owner to build it up again. Medium length and plenty of bang! bang!

"Montrose," by C. V. Wedgewood, reader Arthur Bush, is one of this island's epics of glorious failure. A truly remarkable young general of a character that can only be called austere noble, Charles P's representative in Scotland, is deserted by his misinformed monarch and after desperate struggles, falls victim to schemers and intriguers. Most absorbing, but alas—too short.

"The Cruel Sea," by N. Monsarrat, reader Franklin Engleman, pulls no punches in its account of the battle against U-boats. Hence, though I think it a masterpiece of its kind, it may be a trifle too lifelike for sensitive readers. It is of medium length and shows, at the very least, how much the Merchant Navy deserved "danger money" during the war.

"Dr. Thorne," by Anthony Trollope, reader Eric Gillett, is a romantic story in the village of Greshambury in mid-Victorian days. No blood and thunder but an interesting and even exciting plot concerning blood, rank, money and matrimony.

"Geordie," by David Walker, reader John K. Cross, is an account of a young Highlander saddled in boyhood with the title "Wee." He takes a course of body building with astounding results. Short, dramatic and entertaining! NELSON.

Placements

L. S. Scales, as a telephonist with Messrs. T. Wall and Sons, Ltd., Croydon; J. H. H. Pilon, on assembly work with Messrs. Trojan, Ltd., Waddon, Surrey.

Physiotherapists' Conference

More than ninety St. Dunstan's physiotherapists met in conference at Ovingdean during the week-end of October 10th.

Many important topics were discussed and the Conference listened with great interest to a lecture on Ultrasonics, by Dr. Ian H. M. Curwen, of the Physical Medicine Department of St. Thomas's Hospital. At the official luncheon, Mr. Godfrey Robinson, C.B.E., M.C., Chairman of the Royal National Institute for the Blind and a Member of St. Dunstan's Council, presided. The B.B.C.'s Friday Morning Doctor was another speaker at the Conference.

At the General Meeting, presided over by Douglas Calder, messages were read from Sir Ian Fraser, who was on a visit to South Africa, and from the Minister of Health, regretting their absence and wishing the Conference every success. When the election of the St. Dunstan's Physiotherapy Advisory Committee took place, the four retiring members were all re-elected, the Committee comprising as before: *North*: Messrs. G. Cock, A. G. Fisher, J. B. Purcell; *West*: Messrs. J. D. Calder, J. W. Delaney, W. G. Morris; *East*: Messrs. N. McLeod Steel, M. Burns, C. Cooper; *Central*: Messrs. S. C. Tarry, W. T. Scott, C. R. Bulman. Mr. C. J. R. Fawcett was re-elected as St. Dunstan's member to sit on the Joint Committee for the Blind of the Chartered Society of Physiotherapy. Mr. F. J. Ripley would continue to sit on the Braille Selection Sub-Committee of the A.C.B.M.

Talks which followed included one on Arthroplasty, by Mr. Temple Theodore Stamm, F.R.C.S., of Guy's Hospital.

Rotary

Rotarian E. Slaughter's appointment as President of Salisbury Rotary Club has raised the question of how many other St. Dunstaners have achieved this honour.

Rotarian Godfrey Robinson, C.B.E., M.C., was President in Hull in the year 1937-38, and Rotarian L. Howell, in Haywards Heath, in 1950-51.

Are there any other names to add to this list?

Ruby Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Smith, of Preston, and late of Blackpool, October 12th.

Silver Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. G. Dunwoodie, of Newcastle, October 3rd.

Poetry and the Blind

When a blind man is with an intelligent and understanding person, he will have described to him the things which are happening in the vicinity—the unusual, the commonplace, and the seemingly trivial. The blind man's quick ear will pick up sounds and he will have a good idea of what is occurring, but to have a complete picture, he must have someone else's eyes and be given a word picture of what is going on.

But the friend with the "seeing eye and understanding heart" is not always at hand.

Fortunately, we have available to us people who can fill the need to a great extent—men and women down the ages, who have left to us a wonderful heritage in the field of poetry. They have painted the scene for us in imperishable words.

A blind person could wish for no better companions through life than these. Whatever his mood, there is always something to suit him for the poets had their joys and their sorrows, their moments of delight, and the depths of despair.

Poetry about animals is always pleasing to me, and The Anthology of English Verse has a number of these, including "The Donkey," by G. K. Chesterton, "McCafferty the Cat," by T. S. Eliot and several others. These have been recorded for the Talking Book Library together with a wide variety of other poems. I should like to suggest that a recording be made of a further selection of poems.

In addition to reading, or listening to poetry, some I feel sure would find great enjoyment in composition. There is ample scope for everyone and it is really great fun, and very satisfying too, even if our efforts do not reach beyond our own family circle, or even if we tear up our efforts in disgust. Many great poets have done this.

To many people the poetic person is regarded as effeminate, a long-haired, dreamy individual. Nothing is further from the truth; the true poet is a live, realistic and far-seeing creature, who often gets straight to the root of things while others are vainly groping in the dark. They can see "A world in a grain of sand, and a whole heaven in a wild flower."

C. T. KELK.

The W.R.A.C. (Mixed Hy. A.A.) "At Home"

In 1945 when I was discharged from the A.T.S. because of my disability, I said, "Never again," and when my Pay Book was endorsed with those terribly final words "Category E" I closed a chapter. Or did I?

In the intervening years I have quietly kept in close touch with my old friends; I have attended our reunions at the Albert Hall; I have stood up to say my little piece at Annual General Meetings. But one thing I would not do, one place I would not visit, was my old R.H.Q. at Chetwynd. Why? Was I scared of the double bus journey? Was I sorry I was so disabled I couldn't serve any longer? Was it that I disliked the thought of the Service going on without me in it? Maybe a mixture of it all.

But just as 25th July, 1939, is a vital date in my life, a day on which I had opened and read a Top Secret letter and realised war was imminent, so 25th July, 1953, is also a date of importance. I had received an invitation to attend the "At Home" of the New Drill Hall built in the grounds of the original R.H.Q. of the 3rd Hy. A.A. Regiment, R.A. Should I go? Was the day too wet? But I did go. The rain tipped down and the outdoor exhibition arranged had to be cancelled.

As I listened to a description of what was going on in the New Drill Hall, I recalled the queer old days when I seemed to do nothing but beetle around in a little red car, making sure I visited every girl on eleven gun sites on Merseyside; when because they weren't allowed in the men's canteens, I had run a little canteen and with many inward chuckles of recalling how the damned bottles of pop chinkled and chunked as the car moved, sometimes a bit too quickly, over the bumpy Liverpool dock roads. I found myself thinking of the first few weeks when I had moved over to the Unit at Birkenhead and taken over a terribly dirty house. Of how we had all worked, with a full regimental job, as well as cleaning down our quarters. Of how hard the floor still seemed after seven months of sleeping on floors wooden or concrete—and oddly enough how bumpy the first real bed seemed after floor hugging.

But the New Drill Hall—well, I guess it is wonderful. To me an achievement—of all so many of us worked for in the days when women in the Army was a subject not too popular. The A.A. girls, in their battle dress, able to work and cope with life on a gunsite. That was nothing new to me—I had had over 1,500 such girls in my Group at Bristol in 1941, but now it is peace time and here I found the girls training alongside the men, an integral part of the Regiment.

A smile when we compared the rates of pay then and now. My first week's pay as a warrant officer clerk of 9s. 1d. per week, because we didn't quite know our rates of pay and it was best to be paid the lowest rate than draw the stipulated 7s. 2d. a day for my rank and maybe have to pay it back sometime or other.

To learn that girls get paid when they attend on Sundays and a realisation that at the first A.T.S. camp in 1939 at Malvern, I, as a warrant officer in charge of my own Company with no officer to help me, had acted as W.O. clerk to the whole camp; awakened at 3 a.m., gone to bed at midnight, did all sorts of chores, indeed worked harder than ever in my life, and that at the end of the fifteen days I had been rewarded with a pound note!!!

And what now do I think of the W.R.A.C. as compared with the A.T.S.? Well, I think the W.R.A.C. have got a wonderful opportunity; they are at least accepted by the Regiment, and should war or emergency come, as one hopes and prays they never will again, I am sure the girls I met yesterday at the New Drill Hall will be just as cheerful, just as cheeky, just as helpful, just as full of beans and pep as were the original A.T.S. Any regrets? Well, sure; a big one—the Army is in my blood and it takes a devil of a time to get it out of the bloodstream, I am finding. One girl I did think of—Barbara Bell. If she reads this, I hope she manages to see the new W.R.A.C. training film; I think it will evoke memories for her of Guildford.

MAUREEN LEES.

That Wonderful Sixth Sense?

Scene: The Lounge, West House. Time: Mid-day. In the lead our old friend, Ginger Henderson. Action: Two holiday men anxious to get out for a tonic. Ginger

kindly steps into the breach and volunteers to see them as far as the "Northumberland." The offer being accepted they toddle off, with Ginger tapping the pavement and explaining the landmarks to be used as guides. Eventually his stick taps some boards let into the pavement. "Here we are, yer can allus tell when yer artside the winner and loser (boozer) cause that's where they lets the barrels dahn." They push open the door, take a couple of steps inside; a voice asks what they want. "Three pints," orders Ginger. "This isn't a pub, it's the undertakers," returned the voice. "My Gown, I never thought I'd come here of my own free will, let's get aht of it," says Ginger. "Steady, or you'll knock that coffin down," the voice continues "Let's get aht o' here, let's get aht," returns Ginger. "Now don't panic, I'll see you back to the pub, and I'll pay for the drinks, this calls for a celebration," says the voice. They tumble into the "Northumberland," wisecracking and laughing. The undertaker orders and pays. The landlord, curious at all the hilarity, enquires, and joins in the fun with, "the next round is on me! That's the best I've heard in years."

No doubt the chaps would prefer to pay for their own beer rather than come by it through the medium of such an experience, but the fun got out of such blunders makes them worth while. T. ROGERS.

Thirty Years Ago

From the "St. Dunstan's Review,"
October, 1923

"A gift that will give great pleasure to relays of St. Dunstaners has just been presented to the Brighton Annexe by the Brighton and Hove Radio Society. It consists of a complete wireless set, and the fact that the apparatus was entirely constructed by members of that body gave the gift an enhanced value. The presentation was made in the spacious lounge of Portland House. Captain Fraser went down specially to receive the gift . . . A brief demonstration followed, a loud speaker having been kindly lent by Mr. L. S. Sargeant, of Clarence Garage, Eastern Road. Unfortunately the atmospheric conditions were far from favourable, but the 'funny stories' and music that came through from the London station of the British Broadcasting Corporation were listened to with interest."

A Word about the Deaf St. Dunstaner

Deafness produces a flat, dull and tuneless atmosphere and the deaf man is lonelier than might be imagined—is left to his own mind to guide him, for he hears no encouraging speeches or inspiring sermons, and there is practically nothing written in Braille for the deaf-blind alone. Thus he can easily slip into a spell of minor depression, and there is no unconscious wit or humour or a ripple of laughter to jerk him out of it; too often the person to speak to him at such moments usually says the wrong thing.

His chief object is to fit himself in and avoid unsuitable entertainments and games, which often leads to him being thought unsociable when he is being considerate. He could play whist and bridge, *make no mistake about this*, but it would mean somebody having to tell him what cards the others were playing, and he cannot consult his cards and be spoken to at the same time, so the game would be painfully slow for the hearing members and put *their* pleasure into jeopardy. The hearing blind may take a cup of tea in one hand and cake in the other and chat away over a buffet tea, but there is nothing the deaf man hates more than the balance-it-on-your-knee tea-party, especially when amongst strangers who do not know exactly how to approach him. He prefers to sit at a table so that his hands are free for simple questions, not conversation, for this might lead to someone on the opposite side stretching their arms across and knocking something over.

Good hearing can be put to good use these days, but the deaf St. Dunstaner often sits wasting a good pair of legs owing to lack of escort. He is ready to try anything, and might enjoy the experience of a flight or speedboat trip. Lack of hearing causes him to feel heat, cold and draught more acutely than those who can hear what is going on around them. As a result, he is particular about where he sits and the kind of seat.

He comes into contact with many people and, like other St. Dunstaners, has the stupid and tactless to put up with, and amongst these is the individual who goes to him and tells him to "shut up" because an important announcement is being made, but does not tell him what it is. There is the escort

or "helper" who goes to him after he has been sitting alone for a couple of hours to tell him what a "smashing time" she has had with a hearing man or men. And the person who stops him just as he is going to bed the night before he is going home, and tells him she didn't know he was there or she would have given him such a fine time! His chief enemy or nuisance is the individual who listens to what he is saying to someone else, hearing only one side of the conversation, jumps to conclusions, and goes away to express his opinions instead of going to the deaf man and acquainting himself with all the facts first. Unable to join in much with the hearing blind on the one hand, or the sighted deaf on the other, we fall between two stools. Like other handicapped people, we do not want sympathy, just a little understanding.

"DEAFY."

Liverpool Club Notes

Saturday, September 26th, 1953, is a day to be remembered by all the members of St. Dunstan's Club, Liverpool, who took their place in the coach which carried us to Plessington that afternoon. On the way we picked up other members and had a very delightful drive to our destination, where we were met by Mr. Hindle and members of the Railway Hotel Darts Club, who gave us a very sincere welcome. A wonderful tea was ready for us, prepared by Mrs. Hindle and her helpers, during which our old friend, Bob Brittan, joined us. Photographs were taken, after which darts and dominoes were started and the battle was fast and furious, the St. Dunstan's team winning 7 to 3. A short speech was given by the Chairman thanking Mr. and Mrs. Hindle for their efforts on our behalf and Mr. Lincoln (our vice Chairman) gave a very able speech thanking the darts team for the welcome we had received. This was replied to by the captain. After drink and conversation we were given a great send-off by the assembled crowd, Mr. and Mrs. Hindle, and Bob, to whom we were indebted for the beginning of these very pleasant outings. Unfortunately, one or two were absent for various reasons. We arrived back in good time for trains and buses, having enjoyed every minute of the time.

Thank you again, Bob, and also all of your friends. J. C. OWEN, *Chairman*.

Young St. Dunstaners

Thirteen-year old Sheila Reed, Weybridge, has gained her Third Grade Diploma for Ballet Dancing under the Cecchetti Society Branch of the Imperial Society of Teachers of Dancing.

★ ★ ★

Terry Brooks (Bedford) has been awarded a State Scholarship in Classics—he was the only State Scholar of this year at his school and the only one to have won such a scholarship in the school's long history. After his National Service he hopes to go to St. John's College, Oxford, to read for an Honours Degree in Classics. He left with full colours in water-polo and rugby.

★ ★ ★

Valerie Ellaway (Monmouth) has passed her music examination and secured her Schools Certificate.

★ ★ ★

Brian Hold (Yeovil) has taken over the position of solo euphonium in the local Salvation Army Band, and, with his father, took part in the broadcast that the band made some weeks ago. At fifteen, he is considered a coming musician by well-known brass band critics. Sister Jean is also making a name for herself as an elocutionist.

★ ★ ★

Jean Douglas (Isleworth) has obtained her B.A. degree.

★ ★ ★

Shirley Selby (Seven Kings), who is a probationer sick-berth attendant at the Royal Naval Hospital, Chatham, won three medals at a recent Naval sports meeting; she took the 100 yards Women's Open race, the 220 yards Women's Open, and the 220 yards Open, where she represented the Nore Command.

★ ★ ★

Christine Fisher (Glasgow) has won a scholarship carrying with it books and fees for one year, and has also received a Certificate of Merit for Mathematics. Although she is only fifteen, the Principal of her School has described her as "a mathematical genius." Gerald Fisher, who is an M.A. and an Education Officer in the R.A.F., is at Oxford University studying languages.

★ ★ ★

Ivor Wylie (Bromley) has gained the Higher National Certificate for Mechanical Engineering.

Mr. and Mrs. McCheyne's little daughter, Sylvia, gained 98 marks out of a possible 100 in a recent music examination (piano playing).

★ ★ ★

Terry Wass (Brighton) has passed his General School Certificate in General Science, Biology and Surveying.

★ ★ ★

Brian Rogers (Kingsbridge) has passed his School Certificate in French, European History, Geography, Physics and Woodwork.

Marriages

Peter Whitelam (Westcliff-on-Sea), on September 5th.

In July, Margaret Roughley (Bridlington) to P.C. John Hepworth.

Gordon Dennick (Evesham), on September 5th, to Miss Mavis Day.

A year after the event, the REVIEW has only just heard of the marriage of Reg. Page (Hove) to Miss Audrey Booth, which took place on July 28th, 1952.

Edith Pearson (Prestwich), on August 8th, to Mr. Alfred Higgett.

Also on August 8th, John Alexander (Dalbeattie) to Miss Margaret Oates.

Julia Etherington (Windlesham), on July 11th, to Mr. A. Beckinsale.

Winifred Brewer (Hesketh Bank) was recently married in America to Mr. Klapatoush.

On August 10th, Alice Dickinson, S.R.N. (Southport) to Doctor J. W. Gabrynowicz.

The son of A. J. Woollen, of Leyton, was married on September 5th.

Adam Irvine, Maryhill, Glasgow, on August 29th, to Miss Celia Roberts.

Beryl Denmead, at Portsmouth, on September 25th.

On August 13th, Dorothy Straughton, Workington, to Alan M. Fleming.

On September 26th, Sylvia Green, Whittlesea, near Peterborough.

On September 12th, Lily Lea, Bradford, to Kenneth Spiller.

Grandfathers

T. Jarman, of Bournemouth (four grandchildren during the past six months), total now 12; H. E. Best, also of Bournemouth, another grandchild; J. McNicholls, of Longsight, Manchester.

H. C. Ollington, Earlsfield; T. W. Salter, Battersea; J. B. Hart, Cathays, Cardiff; G. Smith, Guildford.

Number Please

Monday.—This job of switchboard operating is great. Nothing to it. Another four weeks on the dummy board and I will be showing them how to work the live board. Don't know what all the fuss is about. I guess the other trainees are not as smart as I. Dim lot.

Tuesday.—Reported for lesson at Telephone School. Did I hear right or did she say I am going on live board? Oh, 'ell! Oh, dear! Oh, blimey! Stomach rolling, knees knocking. Sit at board, watched by teacher and others. Ah, a call. Mr. Banks wants Com. Put him through to Hall Porter. Miss A. wants to speak to Mrs. B. Let me see, Mrs. B. is extension 4. Let's try extension 5, that's near enough.

Wednesday.—My teacher seemed a bit rattled yesterday. Wonder why? As soon as I've finished this smoke I'll see why those four little shutters are flapping so. First one is Main Office. See no reason for all that bad language. This looks interesting. Escort Office wants to speak to theatre box office. Just for a lark I'll put her on to the local synagogue.

Thursday.—Get Ministry of Pensions for Mr. Banks. Well, well, well. I read this morning that the Minister of Pensions is speaking to-day in the Commons, but I suppose Mr. Banks knows best. Must see what all this horrid buzzing is for. What's that, a long distance from Edinburgh? Damn fool, of course I know it's a long distance from Edinburgh. I'll leave them for a minute or two. Matron wants to speak to Main Office. It's about time somebody spoke to them, bad mannered lot. Now what's all this buzzing about? H.Q. on line. Sir Ian wants to speak to Com. I know Com. likes a joke, so let's be matey and put Sir Ian on to Rugs. This job is a cinch. I wonder what my wages will be? Now on to Sir Ian's line. Ah, that fooled you, Sir Ian, didn't it? I'll give you the Com. now, and if you want him you can keep him. I guess Sir Ian knows how an operator needs a sense of humour. My teacher seems very excited about something. Nearly time for me to go now. I know what I'll do. Clear all the lines and let the next trainee sort that lot out.

Friday.—Can't understand it. Matron tells me I can train for poultry-keeping if I wish. G. W. ELLIS.

Births

FRASER.—On September 11th, to the wife of Colin Fraser, of Colindale, a daughter—Anne Elizabeth.

GROVES.—On September 29th, to the wife of D. Groves, of Grays, a son—Peter Kenneth.

GUYLER.—On September 24th, to the wife of A. Guyler, of Grays, a son—Anthony.

KEMPE.—On September 29th, to the wife of S. A. Kempe, of Porkellis, near Helston, a daughter—Linda Marie.

KELLY.—On October 7th, to the wife of W. P. Kelly, of Workington, a son—Ronald William.

STENT.—On October 6th, to the wife of E. L. Stent, of Liverpool, twin daughters—Rhona and Lesley.

Deaths

Our deep sympathy is extended to the following:—

BLAKELEY.—To Mr. and Mrs. Blakeley, of Liverpool, whose daughter, Mrs. Snape, has died after the birth of her baby.

JACKSON.—To J. Jackson, of Patcham, whose eldest sister has died.

SPARKES.—To Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Sparkes, of Grimsby, whose son has died after a very short illness. He leaves a widow and three little daughters.

Marriage

ANDERSON—GREEN.—On October 3rd, Roderick Anderson (lately of Holloway), to Mrs. Florence Green, of Middlesbrough.

Personal

Mrs. J. P. Dixon and her family offer very sincere thanks to the officials of St. Dunstan's and members of the Manchester Club, and to all who have so kindly sent expressions of sympathy in their recent loss. They know the great store of happiness which Mr. Dixon derived from St. Dunstan's and the many friendships which resulted from his membership.

★ ★ ★

To new St. Dunstaners.—In December, 1950, I sent a copy of my little book, "Sons of Victory," to all my comrades of St. Dunstan's, everywhere. There must be a number of young St. Dunstaners who have joined our ranks since then, and I shall be indeed happy to send a copy post free upon receiving a post card bearing your name and address. Good health and good luck to you all—and post your cards to Alan Nichols, Rose Bungalow, 97 Mile Oak Road, Upper Portslade, Sussex.

“ In Memory ”

Private Albert Charles John Grant, *2nd Royal West Surrey Regiment*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of A. C. J. Grant, of Littlehampton. He was nearly 72. After discharge from the Army in November, 1917, he came to St. Dunstan's for a short time in 1920 and was readmitted in 1943. He bred rabbits first and later had a shop, but returned later to a limited country life settlement with his rabbits and hens. He also worked at handicrafts.

He died on September 30th, leaving a widow to whom our deep sympathy is extended.

A wreath of poppies in the form of our badge from Sir Ian Fraser was sent for the funeral.

Rifleman George Lidbetter, *8th City of London Post Office Rifles*

We record with deep regret the death of G. Lidbetter, of Brighton, at the age of 55.

He left the Army in September, 1919, and came to us in July, 1934, when he trained as a basket maker, and he continued with this almost to the time of his admittance to West House sick ward in March of this year. He died on September 28th.

Wreaths from Sir Ian Fraser, and from his Brighton friends, were among the flowers at the funeral, which took place at Brighton Crematorium and was attended by Mr. and Mrs. Millward, and Mr. Markwick, Miss Lindo and Lady Hopkinson.

Our very sincere sympathy goes out to Mrs. Lidbetter.

Private Victor Sanders, *7th City of London Regiment*

With deep regret we record the death of V. Sanders, of Crediton, which occurred at the Ovingdean Home on October 6th. He was 61.

He came to St. Dunstan's in September, 1949, but owing to his age and state of health, he was not able to train, apart from a little string bag work. He was admitted to hospital in August and on his discharge at the beginning of September, he went to Ovingdean, where he died.

We offer our deep sympathy to his widow.

Sir Ian's wreath of poppies was sent for the funeral, which was attended by St. Dunstaners and members of the staff, and representatives of the R.A.O.B.

Rifleman Reginald Alfred Inskipp, *3rd Rifle Brigade*

With deep regret we record the death of R. A. Inskipp, of Westcliff-on-Sea. He died on October 11th at the age of 58.

“ Sambo,” as he was known to all his St. Dunstan's friends, first came to St. Dunstan's in March, 1915. He was therefore one of the first sixteen St. Dunstaners. He later trained in netting and typewriting.

The funeral took place at Prittlewell and Sir Ian's poppy wreath was among the flowers.

Our deep sympathy goes out to Sambo's widow.

W. L. G. Armstrong, T. Davies and R. W. Etchells, *Australian Forces*

We have heard with deep regret of the deaths of three Australians—W. L. G. Armstrong, of Cranbrook, Western Australia; T. Davies, of Darlinghurst, New South Wales; and R. W. Etchells, of Randwick, New South Wales. The last-named did not come to St. Dunstan's but were on our Overseas list.

Our sincere sympathy is extended to their relatives.

Thomas Ernest Clarke, *Royal Marines Band*

Those St. Dunstaners who knew him will learn with deep regret of the sudden death of T. E. Clarke, at Worthing. His death follows that of his wife (Miss Drury) in April of this year.

“ Nobby,” who had lost his sight while serving in the Royal Marines Band in 1910, came to the notice of Sir Arthur Pearson and in 1921, after training as a shorthand typist, was transferred to the Appeals Staff of St. Dunstan's. He was still a member of the staff at his death, although he had been working from his home at Worthing for some time previously.

A wreath of poppies from Sir Ian was among the flowers at the funeral. Cremation was at Brighton and “ Nobby's ” ashes were later scattered on the Sussex Downs.

The Blind in British E. Africa

Sir Clutha Mackenzie has just completed a survey of the blind population in British East Africa undertaken at the request of the British Empire Society for the Blind. Sir Clutha estimates that about one in every 200 in that area is blind.

Mr. Alex. Mackay, recently appointed Regional Adviser to assist the work for the blind throughout these territories, has arrived in Uganda.

Guess Who?

Answers to the queries on page 4.

1. House Steward.
2. Catering Officer.
3. Largish female member (anonymous).
4. Habitual attenders—late buffet.
5. Kitchen staff.
6. Liftman.
7. Escort Sister.
8. Linen Room staff.
9. Cashier.
10. Commandant.