

# ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

---

For Men and Women Blinded on War Service

---

No. 410—VOLUME XXXVII

NOVEMBER, 1953

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

---

## CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

**D**URING September and October, I spent some weeks in South Africa on the business of my family companies and I was able also to include a number of St. Dunstan's engagements. Lady Fraser and I attended receptions at Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, East London, Durban, Johannesburg, Bloemfontein, and Maseru, where we met St. Dunstaners and their families, as well as members of the South African Committee, Mayors and other officials. St. Dunstan's (South Africa) is an independent organisation operating in sympathy with us, and we have a long tradition of friendly co-operation which is, I think, fostered by these visits and the many personal contacts we have made.

St. Dunstan's is extremely well thought of in the Union and the St. Dunstan's Committee look after the St. Dunstan's family there very well indeed.

Air Commodore and Mrs. G. B. Dacre, who were also visiting the Union, attended some of the receptions and they visited Pietermaritzburg on our behalf. Lady Fraser also attended and spoke at a morning tea party in Bloemfontein.

Many South African St. Dunstaners are old and have now retired. There are, however, many actively employed as physiotherapists, telephone operators, etc., and there is a university lecturer, a doctor, a parson, and a small number of farmers and shop-keepers.

It was not easy for anyone to take the place of our very dear friend, Mrs. Bates, but Mrs. G. I. Swan, M.B.E., has now been in office for several months and is rapidly winning the confidence of St. Dunstaners, Committee members, and the South African public.

I gave the best wishes of St. Dunstaners in the Old Country, and South African St. Dunstaners in turn asked me to convey their greetings to their many friends in Britain.

### Mr. Percy Way

St. Dunstan's physiotherapists will learn with deep regret of the death of Mr. Percy L. Way, M.B.E., F.R.C.O., F.C.S.P., at the age of 71. Mr. Way was for thirty-one years Principal of the National Institute for the Blind's School of Physiotherapy. He retired in 1947.

Mr. W. T. Scott, a member of St. Dunstan's Physiotherapy Advisory Committee, and Miss E. Goole, Secretary of the Committee, attended the funeral on November 11th.

My most vivid early memory of Percy Way was his great reputation for walking about alone, fearlessly, although totally blind. This impressed me and, I am sure, many others. I then remember probably in 1919 or 1920, calling upon his technical advice and wise

judgment when I was seeking to equip the masseurs of those days with the requisite knowledge and apparatus to enable them to undertake medical electricity as an addition to their treatments. The great development in this field which has enabled our physiotherapists to do this work with such skill and success was largely due to arrangements we then made, and we are deeply indebted to Percy Way, as well as to Dr. Murray Levick and Dr. Bailey, who advised and encouraged us when so many others were doubtful about our capacity.

Practically all the first war physiotherapists and a number of the younger generation will remember Percy Way as the one who not only taught them their science and art, but also helped them greatly to conquer the early difficulties of blindness. IAN FRASER.

### Remembrance Festival

The Royal Albert Hall, London, was filled on Saturday, November 7th, when ex-Servicemen and women from all over the country gathered to pay homage to the memory of those who lost their lives in the two world wars. St. Dunstaners were among those present; hundreds of others followed the ceremony by means of radio or television commentaries.

Sir Ian Fraser, President of the British Legion, received Her Majesty the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, and Princess Margaret.

### Remembrance Day

St. Dunstaners and Old Contemptibles joined the British Legion Veterans' Parade at the Cenotaph in Whitehall on the following day, Sunday, November 8th. Wreaths were laid on behalf of the British Legion and St. Dunstan's blinded ex-Servicemen and women throughout the world.

In Belfast, St. Dunstan's wreath was laid at the Cenotaph on behalf of Irish St. Dunstaners by Mr. Bill Ruttledge.

### From Miss Pain

I want to thank you all for your good wishes and to say how much they meant to me in my illness. I am wonderfully well now and send you all the best of good wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

Dorothy Pain.

### Golden Weddings

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. I. Davidson, of Cheadle Hulme, who celebrated their Golden Wedding on October 31st, and to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Denny, of South Africa, whose anniversary was on November 24th.

### Silver Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. C. Millington, Blackpool, October 17th. Congratulations.

### Sir Arthur Pearson Memorial Service

On the morning of Wednesday, December 9th, the thirty-second anniversary of the death of our Founder, Sir Arthur Pearson, a party of St. Dunstaners will go from Headquarters to Hampstead Cemetery, where a wreath will be placed upon Sir Arthur's grave.

Subscriptions of not more than one shilling towards the wreath should be sent to Mr. Askew, at 1 South Audley Street, London, W.1.

A Memorial Service will be held on Sunday, December 13th, at the Ovingdean Chapel, at 11.15 a.m. It will be a combined Service for St. Dunstaners at Ovingdean and West House, and for St. Dunstaners living in the Brighton area. Sir Neville Pearson, Bt., will read the Lesson at the Service, which will be conducted by the Rev. Dennis Pettit (St. Dunstaner), and the Rev. W. J. Taylor.

### Decorated

Two St. Dunstaners who were in the recent Honours List received their decorations during the month of October.

Mr. S. C. Tarry attended Buckingham Palace on October 27th when the Queen bestowed upon him the M.B.E. (Civil Division), and on the 23rd Mr. Jock Macfarlane's B.E.M. was presented to him by the Controller of his Department, Mr. R. H. Owen, C.M.G. Three ex-Controllers—Sir Frank Nixon, Sir Ernest Adams and Mr. Somerville Smith, C.M.G., D.S.O., O.B.E., M.C., were among those present to see Mac honoured.

The next evening Mac went to the B.B.C., where he appeared in "In Town To-night."

### London Club Notes

The Annual General Meeting of the London Club will be held on Friday, January 15th, 1954, at the Club.

Make a note of this date.

P. ASHTON.

*Bridge.*—We played three matches during the past month. On October 3rd, we had a match with the Post Office which we won, and on the 10th we played Mr. Gellatly's team and lost. On October 24th we won our match against the Air Ministry.

Ilkley, in Yorkshire, held their eighth Annual Bridge Congress in aid of St. Dunstan's at the end of the month. A team from our Club was invited and in one event, managed to get into the final. We believe this is the only Bridge Congress for charity to be held in the country.

In the London Business Houses League, we again have two teams entered. Paul Nuyens' team has to date played four matches, winning two and losing two, and Tiny Fleming's team has won one and lost two.

### Outdoor Section

On October 17th we started our walking season again with our Annual Five Mile Race. This turned out to be a great success for we had a record field of fifteen starters, including three from Birmingham, L. Kibler, D. Faulkner and G. Bilcliff, who braved the weather and had a good race. We invited the Metropolitan Police to have a match with us and after a hard struggle we were beaten by 27 points to 33. Our first men home were W. Miller, C. Williamson and A. Brown. Our newcomer, F. Madgewick, carried off the first handicap prize, Kibler the second and Tutton the third. The times and placings of the field are given below.

We are still looking forward to seeing new faces, so come along and let us have a field of twenty for the Seven Miles in December. Come and win a prize for your wife at Christmas. It is a most enjoyable sport and you can train from Holme House, Regent's Park every Tuesday evening. Contact Billy Miller for any further details. Perivale 6401 (work), or Perivale 0452 (home).

Mr. Galloway, who started our race and presented the prizes, has kindly offered to present the Club with a cup for the Twelve Mile Race.

W. MILLER.

### St. Dunstan's Five Mile Walk and Match with Metropolitan Police Regent's Park, Saturday 17th Oct., 1953

Order of Finish	Team	Actual Time	H'cp All.	H'cp	H'cp
1.	MacFarlane	Met. P.	44-31	—	—
2.	Deamon	"	44-40	—	—
3.	W. Miller	St. D's	45-12	Scr.	45-12 6
4.	Wilson	Met. P.	46-12	—	—
5.	C. Williamson	St. D's	46-19	-30	45-49 10
6.	Fotheringham	Met. P.	46-38	—	—
7.	A. Brown	St. D's	46-48	-20	46-28 12
8.	T. Gaygan	"	47-23	-45	46-38 13
9.	Wardman	Met. P.	48-26	—	—
10.	S. Tutton	St. D's	48-32	4-00	44-32 3
11.	D. Fleisig	"	48-40	3-55	44-45 4
12.	P. Cryan	"	49-14	4-00	45-14 7
13.	A. Bradley	"	49-36	3-40	45-56 11
14.	C. Stafford	"	50-06	5-20	44-46 5
15.	L. Dennis	"	50-50	4-10	46-40 14
16.	G. Bilcliffe	"	52-05	6-30	45-35 9
17.	D. Faulkner	"	52-06	6-50	45-16 8
18.	F. Madgewick	"	53-22	10-45	42-37 1
19.	L. Kibler	"	53-49	11-00	42-49 2
20.	J. Lynch	"	59-20	12-00	47-20 15

Winners of Handicap:

1st: F. Madgewick.

2nd: L. Kibler.

3rd: S. Tutton.

Fastest Loser: W. Miller.

Result of Match:

1st: Met. Police — 22 points.

2nd: St. Dunstan's — 33 points.

Handicapper and Timekeeper: Mr. W. J. Harris.

### Letter from Mary

The Appeals Department of St. Dunstan's receives thousands of letters in the course of a year—letters of admiration, sympathy and encouragement. The following came recently from a little girl living at Hove. It is printed exactly as it was received, written on a sheet of child's notepaper.

Dear St. Dunstan's,

we had a fete in the garden one Saturday. We had a garden seat we put balls on it and you had to knock a ball off. If you did you had an apple and a pear. there was a raffle for a pot of mummy's honey. there were lot of other things as well. everything you had a go at you paid 2d. we got all-together 10/- we took 5/- to the brownies and we want you to have the other.

Love from

MARY JOLLY.

### Placements

A. A. Howell, of Kingsbury, as a capstan operator with Messrs. DeSoutter Bros., of Hendon; and H. Webster, of Manchester, as a capstan lathe operator with Messrs. B. J. J. Silcombe, Ltd., Farnworth.

### The London Reunion

It was a new-style London Reunion which took place this year on Wednesday, October 28th, for it took the form of a Dinner, and it was held for the first time in the Windsor Room of the Coventry Street Corner House.

If the gathering was smaller, it only made it much easier to find friends, and as one St. Dunstaner said, "I met more old pals at this reunion than I have met at all the others put together."

Sir Neville Pearson, our President, introduced Sir Ian Fraser in a brief, amusing speech, and Sir Ian, as briefly, replied. Among the guests present were Lady Pearson and Lady Fraser, and a surprise visitor who came with Sir Neville—Mrs. Aitken, his elder sister, who will be better remembered by early St. Dunstaners as Mrs. Pansy Lipscombe.

Miss Pain was representative of many old friends and there were new ones too. Congratulations were extended to Miss Wood, London Visitor, and to Mr. C. D. Wills, Welfare Superintendent, on the occasion of his first London Reunion.

Dinner—at small tables all round the floor—was followed by dancing to a new band—Ronny Bell's.

The Reunion was, as Sir Ian said, a special Reunion in a very special year—a fitting climax to a series of most successful Coronation meetings.

### Personal

Gerry Brereton, the St. Dunstan's Royal Command singer, is forming a British Blind Golfers' Association, and he asks all St. Dunstan's men who are interested in the game to contact him at his home address at 1, Deansbrook Road, Edgware.

Jock Macfarlane thanks all kind friends who have telephoned or written to him congratulating him upon his recent honour.

Maureen Lees, now Editor of the Cheshire Guild of Handloom Weavers' News Sheet, writes:

"My new workshop is an old coach-house immediately behind 52 Hamilton Square, Birkenhead. I will be pleased to show anyone round if they will ring me the evening previous at Rock Ferry 4851. In the New Year I plan to take one or two pupils in handloom weaving, warping, etc., with special reference to the needs of blind

and disabled weavers. This is not a subsidised effort.

"Does any St. Dunstaner know where and how I can borrow some films on weaving, spinning, dyeing, etc.? And a projector"?

### We Hear That—

Bill Lacey, of Edmonton, was on St. Dunstan's stand at the War Disabled Ex-Servicemen's exhibition in London. He was photographed with members of the Royal Family and was also on television. A copy of his Coronation song, "Elizabeth, Hello!" was shown to the Queen Mother and presented to her.

Bill McCaw, one of the All Blacks visiting this country, was godfather to Stuart Craig's little daughter, Isobel Ann, at her christening on October 25th. Bill and Stuart are old rugby rivals.

The annual party in Manchester given by Mrs. Jackson, in memory of her son, was a very happy affair. A short report by Jim Shaw appears elsewhere. Unfortunately many of the two hundred St. Dunstaners to whom she wrote did not reply to Mrs. Jackson's kind invitation, which was very disappointing. The party was therefore extended to the civilian blind and to other disabled people.

A long letter about life at the Training Centre appeared in a Rhyl newspaper from W. R. Evans, who has been living at Ovingdean temporarily.

On November 9th, Bill Harding, of Finsbury Park, started his 35th year with his firm. Can anyone beat this?

J. H. Nicol has become Chairman of Hebburn Conservative Municipal Committee.

There was a great gathering of guide dog owners at Oxford on October 14th, to celebrate Captain Liakhoff's twenty years' service with the Association, and a number of St. Dunstaners were present. An excellent speech was made by A. V. Law, of Stockton-on-Tees. The occasion, however, was marred somewhat for Tony, when he found that his raincoat and pig-skin gloves had disappeared from the cloakroom when he went to collect them.

### Courage, Fear and Cowardice

There has been a great deal of discussion recently, both in the Press and on the Radio, on the subject of courage, fear and cowardice, and a great deal of interest and feeling has been aroused on the subject. Various points of view have been put forward, and, I think, the subject has been discussed in a sympathetic and reasonable manner.

I wonder, however, if it is realized, how closely linked these three are? Is it generally recognized that where there is no fear there can be no courage? It is not regarded as courage by thinking people, when a person goes recklessly into danger without a full appreciation of what he is up against; such an act is rightly regarded as folly, and foolhardiness. The highest form of courage is shown, I think, when the dangers and risks are fully appreciated, when there is a natural fear, and, when one goes on in spite of that fear. Of course, this does not only apply in war, or in events such as fires, or pit disasters; it occurs in many aspects of life.

There are many kinds of courage, as there are many kinds of fear. The people of this country faced up to the terror of the bombs in a manner which astounded the world, but they also had to stand up to things which were less spectacular and obvious, but which were in their way, a greater strain.

In addition to the fear of injury or death, there are fears which some people never experience, and which they cannot understand in others. A self-conscious person can suffer mental agonies, often unknown to anyone but himself. A blind or badly injured or disfigured person, is often very self-conscious, and is fighting a battle against this unseen, but nevertheless, very real enemy, all his life.

Sometimes there is a complete absence of fear in circumstances where it would be most likely to appear. I hope that I may be forgiven for quoting a personal experience of this. I was severely wounded in 1915 and, at the time, thought I was going to die. I was fully conscious, and felt the tourniquets being applied to my arms, and was talking to those who were with me. It is strange that I had no fear, but only a great calmness and a sense of peace. This was not due to morphia, as none had been given to me then; nor do I attribute the lack of fear to any courage came over me; there was no question of

conquering fear. There is, no doubt, an explanation of this, and countless others must have had a similar experience.

St. D's have done much for me since I joined them last year, but what I appreciate most of all, is the comradeship of so many wonderful people, both men and women. Courage at St. D's is commonplace, it is taken for granted, but fear there is understood, recognized, and not just dismissed with a word of scorn. Fear has its place in the scheme of things, and is not to be treated lightly. The Bible tells us that "Perfect love casteth out fear," and it is in this spirit that the work of St. D's is carried out.

Cowardice is a much more difficult thing to define and deal with. A man may be courageous in most things, and yet may be obsessed with a blind, unreasoning fear about others; for instance, fear of heights is a weakness which some people can never overcome, however hard they may try. Such a feeling cannot be regarded as cowardice; the weakness is constitutional, and it is beyond one's powers to defeat. There are many other kinds of fear in this category, and we should not be too ready to brand as cowards people who give way to fear in certain circumstances. Cowardice in fear of the enemy has to be dealt with severely for obvious reasons, but I thank God that it is not I who has to try a man who is faced with such a charge. C. T. KELK.

### Young St. Dunstaners

John Mudge's son, who is with the Eastern Bank, flew to Bahrein in the Persian Gulf on November 17th. He will be working overseas for four years.

Kenneth Greenwood, of Worthing, has passed his B.A. Examination at Cambridge.

Pamela Carlton (Morecambe) who is eight, has gained a first class certificate for piano at the London College of Music, preparatory grade.

Maureen Elizabeth Allen, Aldershot, attended the Horse of the Year Show held at Haringay, and was one of sixteen chosen out of one hundred to enter for the Activity Ride with the Hants Hunt Pony Club. She is fourteen.

We learn from a newspaper cutting that the son of our late St. Dunstaner, F. Eastwood, of Middlesbrough, is a most promising footballer. He played for Middlesbrough for the English Schools Shield and scored one of the winning goals.

### Letters to the Editor

DEAR EDITOR,

While I hasten to applaud the obviously self-appreciative letter of Mr. Stewart Spence, I cannot fail to appreciate the disdainful touch that writes off the writers of other letters and articles in the REVIEW as unable to rise to his own, and Mr. Oriel's, journalistic achievements. As I am a product of World War I, who was discharged direct to St. Dunstan's without having to endure gnawing pangs that must have accompanied the years during which sight gradually failed, I also inwardly applauded John Oriel's courage in commencing a new life at fifty. I wondered whether I at fifty would have been as keen to make the necessary readjustments as I was at twenty-eight, and had to confess that I would not. Probably the intervening years of good sight, and the probable hope also that it would never completely fail, created a different psychological approach to the question of facing the world without sight, while the joy of discovering that he could still be trained to re-enter the normal industrial world must have given an added zest to his determination to begin that new life.

Mr. Spence must remember, however, that the vast majority of the 1914-1918 men were not "rehabilitated" for a new life in the industrial, commercial or professional world. We were trained as home-workers, except the comparatively small number whose disabilities did not prevent them from taking up shorthand-typing, telephony, and massage, now dignified by the title of physiotherapy. Therefore to most the real purpose of life was to overcome the disability inflicted by war, and also to overcome the terrible sense of isolation that even the busiest of home-workers feels. Why then should they not look to the REVIEW as the organ for their individual and collective efforts? They do not write to air their literary ability. They wrote and still write in order that they may feel that they are in touch with their friends, who were all launched along this new trail of activity in the days of "The House," "The College," and "The Bungalow." Scrutinising REVIEWS of past years, I cannot find any instance where anybody wanted it to be anything different to what it was intended to be—a review of activities that would stimulate and support others.

Thanks to my proficiency in braille, I passed the Cambridge correspondence course of Journalism, but I only seek to air my journalistic attainments in other columns, and I pride myself that I have probably received more rejection slips than any other product of St. Dunstan's, but I also take pride in the one thousand or so articles and essays that have appeared in print and have been carefully filed by the hands of my daughter in a book that is shortly to be published.

No, I do not think that the letters and articles submitted to REVIEW are nostalgic. I think that the experiences of John Oriel are interesting, and would have been equally interesting had they been written less fluently. He had a tale he wished to tell, a gratitude he wished to express, a new feeling of comradeship that he wished to explain, but please remember that John Oriel's experience was unique; the experience of the hundreds of men in training between 1915 and 1921 were identical.

Yours sincerely,

Castle Cary.

A. J. RADFORD.

DEAR EDITOR,

So far I have not contributed one line to the correspondence columns of the St. Dunstan's REVIEW because I did not feel that I had anything interesting or amusing to write about.

Mr. Stewart Spence's letter printed on the front page of the October REVIEW forces me to take the cover off my beloved typewriter and clear the decks for action. There are, my dear Mr. Spence, two kinds of literary and dramatic criticism. One is a constructive criticism. The other, which is by far the easiest to dish out, is the destructive criticism.

Apart from John A. Oriel's excellent effort in the September issue, there does not seem to be very much that pleases you in our magazine. Your letter suggests that the only items that are really worth reading are our Chairman's Notes, "Nelson's" Talking Book review, and an occasional letter from George Ellis and Jock Macfarlane.

Oh dear, oh dear! Are you being quite fair, Stewart? I do not think so, sir.

Personally I think our little magazine is crammed full of items of interest to all of us. The literary style of some of the correspondents does not interest me in the least. It is what they have to say that

counts, not the way they say it.

We cannot all be men of letters, you know, and in a little magazine such as ours you will inevitably find some items that could be expressed in a better form, but don't worry too much about the literary standard of the correspondence columns Stewart, otherwise they will dry up altogether, and that would indeed be a pity, wouldn't it?

I have been trying to write properly and profitably myself for the last twenty years, but I find it very difficult to do so. During that time I have written nearly fifty short stories but, judging from the number of rejection slips I have received, I have still got an awful lot to learn about the art of writing.

Never mind, it is a cheap hobby, and great fun. But please don't discourage any budding writers in the St. Dunstan's REVIEW. You might be silencing another George Bernard Shaw, you know.

Yours sincerely,

London, W.11.

JOHN MARTIN.

P.S. I am half way through a full length novel now which I hope will earn me a large fortune so that I can lie back in tropical sunshine, sipping iced lemonade or what have you.

DEAR EDITOR,

Stewart Spence's letter in the last issue of the REVIEW expressed thoughts which had been in my own mind for some considerable time, and though I was flattered by his reference to my occasional article, I must say that before I read on to this particular section of his criticism which mentioned Jock Macfarlane, B.E.M., and myself, I was feeling decidedly guilty for nobody could ever dare to refer to my writing in the REVIEW in terms of genuine literary merit.

Therefore, while thanking Stewart for his kind remarks, I herewith try to make amends for my previous facetiousness by throwing open for discussion the subject of Human Motives. To be more precise, do we blind people, with all our ingenious ways and means of trying to disguise our lack of sight, do we really want the sighted world to treat us as "normal"? I suspect that a lot of us would take a secret and poor view if this allegedly resented attitude of sympathy was dropped. Yours sincerely,  
N.W.6. GEORGE ELLIS.

DEAR EDITOR,

I read with interest the "leader letter" of last month's edition and abhor the idea of literary merit being the sole standard for articles published in the REVIEW which, after all, is a medium of human contact in the final summing up. Far sooner would most of us hear a little creation of Bill, Jack, George and Henry, than copious polished effusions from Clarence and Nelson.

That the REVIEW has need of a little light relief is, I believe, a not uncommon feeling and it is my purpose to put forward three light, unoriginal ideas to help achieve this end.

*Idea the first.* Chestnut Corner. Each one of your readers has a joke that always makes him or her laugh. Why not share the treasure? There must be one hit for every three or four misses. e.g. Scene, a garden. Two fine upstanding colt centipedes gossiping in a corner. Beautiful blonde centipede passes in front of them. *First colt:* Look at that lovely!

*Second colt:* What a smashing pair of legs—pair of legs—pair of legs . . .

*Idea the second.* Thoughts for the month. The rather ridiculous short, sharp sentence, giving rein to nonsensical inventiveness. e.g. Comfort to all kleptomaniacs—God helps those who help themselves.

*Idea the third.* Coincidences. This is rather more awkward than the other two and incurs digging back in the memory for personal, practical experiences. The usual result is odd rather than funny. e.g. India, 1943. Masseur: "When's your birthday?"

Self: "February 24th."

Masseur: "Strange. That's my parents' wedding anniversary."

Self: "When's yours?"

Masseur: "January 11th."

Self: "Queer. That's my parents' wedding anniversary."

The slap-and-tickle sister didn't believe me, but that was her fault.

There, dear Editor, I'm exhausted and, I fear me, not all that literary.

Good copy,

Addlestone.

GEOFF. PRESTON.

(Further examples in all three groups welcomed for the December REVIEW. As brief as possible, please. ED.)

## Letters to the Editor (continued)

DEAR EDITOR,

May I be allowed to give Mr. Ettridge a few facts about his letter of protest with regard to our disability pension.

(a) The British Legion have attacked all Governments on the question of war pensions and can never be accused of entering into party politics.

(b) The British Legion have always been of the opinion that war pensions should be above the whims of party politics and be left to the individual conscience of our Members of Parliament.

(c) The British Legion has no representation in the House of Commons, but several Branch Members who are M.P.'s on both sides of the House.

(d) In the West Riding County of Yorkshire during 1951-52, one hundred and fifty pensions campaign meetings were held, in addition to hundreds of branch meetings, to create public opinion and support for the basic rate of war pensions to be increased, and this campaign took place in all the other counties as well, which resulted in a deputation meeting the then Minister of Pensions.

(e) The British Legion are launching another special Pensions Campaign this month and once again we are seeking the support of every war-disabled man and woman, and the public, in our struggle to raise the basic rate to 98s. a week, and so, my friend, will you and all my colleagues take an active part in this campaign and discuss disability pensions whenever you get the opportunity. Yours sincerely,  
Leeds. ERNEST RUSSELL.

## Manchester Club Notes

During recent weeks there has been a promising increase in the attendance of members at Club meetings and at other functions.

In connection with outside functions to which members and escorts have been invited, we have to place on record our appreciation of the kindness of the British Synthetic Rubber Company Social Club, of Old Trafford, in arranging for games, entertainment and refreshments, at their Institute on September 18th. Many of our members attended this function and carried away prizes for dominoes and darts.

We have also to express our thanks to Mrs. E. J. Jackson, of Longsight, for the

party given at the Conservative Club, Longsight, on the 21st October. This has been an annual occasion in memory of her son, who was killed whilst serving in the Royal Air Force. At this function we were joined by members of BLESMA, and a number of civilian blind persons. After tea, the whole company was engaged in pulling crackers and the singing of popular choruses reminiscent of the two war periods. The principal entertainment, however, came from the twenty-one boys of the Alabama Junior Minstrels, who amazed their audience by the excellence of their performances.

On behalf of the Club members, the Chairman expressed thanks to Mrs. Jackson for her invitation and in presenting to her a bouquet of pink and red carnations, extended good wishes and many happy returns of her birthday, which she would celebrate the following day.

By the time St. Dunstaners read their November REVIEW, those of them who live within a reasonable distance of Manchester will have received a letter from the Club Chairman, with the unanimous approval of the Committee, explaining the position regarding membership and the Club's meeting place.

Briefly, it is felt that the Red Cross House, Pendleton, may not be very convenient for many St. Dunstaners to get to and from, and also that Friday evening may not provide the most convenient opportunity to get to the Club. Consideration has been given to securing an alternative meeting place near to the centre of Manchester which might be more convenient to most "local" St. Dunstaners and would enable very many more to take part in the Club's activities, especially if it could be arranged to meet on Saturday afternoons, which it is anticipated may be possible.

These proposals would, however, only be justified if the Committee could be assured of a considerably increased membership, and this note is especially intended to reach all potential members to assure them of interesting games, competitions, parties, outings and good fellowship, all of which are features of the Club and available to members.

The Committee hopes that all those who possibly can will take the decision now to join the Club. It is worth while to do so.

J. SHAW, *Chairman*.

## I Kill a Yellowtail

"Yellowtail," cries the lookout man, a Cape coloured seaman, and he points to a position two or three hundred yards on the starboard bow where the seagulls are 'working.' The skipper at the controls opens his throttle and the power boat, an old ex-naval vessel of 25 tons and 60ft. long, thrusts her nose forward at increasing speed. If fishes hear or feel the throb of the big diesels, as the scientists say they do, they are not afraid, for as we near the spot where the gulls are diving, picking up small fry, Vic, our host, says he can see one or two fins. "Throw in some ground bait," he says, and some hundreds of sardines, each five or six inches long are cast overboard.

"Spinners get to work," he shouts, and two or three men cast heavy spinners made of white metal, two or three inches long, into the water which is now boiling with fish. The naval officer who is one of the guests and is describing the scene to me, says that a particularly skilled angler standing on the cabin roof has cast a hundred yards. The ground bait, and the spinners racing towards the boat as the geared wheels are turned, are said to attract the fish.

My companion hands me a rod, 8 or 10ft. long, made of drawn glass fibre with a nylon line of 30lbs. breaking strain, at the end of which is a hook  $\frac{3}{16}$ in. across baited with a sardine. The rod is fitted with a geared reel for quick winding and a slipping clutch so that the fish can take the line with a predetermined amount of tension on it. My sardine has only been out a few seconds when I am into a fish, and in spite of the break on the reel he takes out many yards of line with a mighty lunge. Within a few minutes five anglers are into fish and although they are well distributed, there is some risk of crossed lines, but this is avoided. The Cape coloured skipper has lashed his wheel and left his engines ticking over and he dances around with a 5ft. long gaff and with great skill the fish are brought aboard one by one, but not until the angler has let his fish have much line and played him and tired him out, which may take 5 or 10 minutes. "Yours is a 12 or 14 pounder," says Vic. Air Commodore Dacre got a similar one on the other side of the boat. Now the climax is over for the time being.

The birds have stopped working, the shoal have gone. We all have a cup of morning tea, a universal South African custom.

The Yellowtail, or Albacore, belongs to the mackerel family and has been known to reach 90lbs. in South African waters; but this is rare and a fish of 20 lbs. is considered a good specimen. They come in from the ocean in late September or early October, and the moment the birds are seen working, many boats, large and small, will be out while other anglers spin for them from the rocks.

False Bay, 20 miles across and 30 miles deep, with Muizenberg at its base and the Naval Base of Simonstown on its right flank, is full of them. The Yellowtail is a beautiful silvery creature with a yellow plimsoll line and a yellow tail. He is moderately good to eat.

While we eat lunch, a partridge each in the fingers—Jack, another guest, says he shot them with a pistol—we cruise round Seal Island, a few acres in extent. This island is covered with guano, the concentrated droppings of penguins and other sea birds, and it smells like it. Once a year Malays and coloureds go out to harvest this guano, otherwise the island is left to the seals and birds whose lives are protected by law. As we passed, three or four hundred seals were sitting on the rocks or diving into the water, and the bulls were making loud noises which sounded like the deep bark of large dogs, showing-off to their harem of cows.

A Sundowner with the Admiral, Commander-in-Chief South Atlantic, who had asked Vic to take us out, concluded a thrilling day.

The inevitable photographer was on board. "Hold the fish as far forward as possible," he said, "they will look bigger in the picture." I. F.

## Stop Press

From the "Radcliffe Times" we learn that T. Partington, who for years has been an enthusiastic British Legion worker, has been unanimously elected a life member of the Radcliffe Branch, of which he is also a Founder Member.

\* \* \*

W. R. Freeman, of Hanham, gained eight first prizes and several seconds for his chrysanthemums at local shows, and the Silver Bowl for the best vase of cut flowers at the annual show of the Bristol Guild of Blind Gardeners.

### Ovingdean Notes

The Autumn Long Week-end Deaf Reunion was held at Ovingdean towards the end of October and is shortly to be followed by the Bridge and Chess Week-ends.

A varied programme of entertainments was arranged for the Reunion and, the weather being on our side, the men were able to get out and about as much as they wished. An all day outing to the Isle of Wight was arranged for Friday, 23rd October, and after an enjoyable lunch at Spencers Inn, Ryde, our party was taken out to Bembridge to be shown round the Boat-building Yard, where they spent an interesting hour or so. On Saturday they were delighted that Sir Neville and Lady Pearson came down to Brighton to have tea with them at Ovingdean, and the evening was taken up with a Domino Tournament.

A visit to West House always forms part of the programme of a Deaf Reunion, and on Saturday the men were welcomed down there to join in a Games Tournament and were entertained to tea and supper.

No set programme was organised for Monday and so some of the men thought it would be a nice idea to go along to Brighton Cemetery to place some flowers on the grave of their old friend Wally Ruddock, and this they did. In the afternoon Mr. Wills visited Ovingdean and had tea with the Reunion party, and that evening the "farewell dinner" was held at "The Sussex Pad," Shoreham, where, thanks to the efforts of the manager and his wife, everyone had an excellent meal and a most enjoyable evening.

We hope they all enjoyed themselves and if any have thoughts for future Reunion programmes, we do hope they will let us know about them in good time so that, if at all possible, they can be included next time.

### Darts

On September 16th, the Darts Team, consisting of both trainees and holiday men at Ovingdean, were entertained at "The Shipwright Arms," Southwick. The vote of thanks for a splendid evening was proposed by J. E. Summers who said how much the generous hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson and their patrons was appreciated by the Team.

Later that same month the team visited "The George Inn," at Steyning, where they again had a most enjoyable evening.

On this occasion a vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Finlay and their hosts was proposed by Charlie Thomas, and later, with J. Walker at the piano, he contributed several songs to the evening's entertainment.

### Shooting

The Rifle Range remains as popular as ever, and throughout the Term a number of Knock-Out Competitions have been arranged and have been very well supported by both trainees and St. Dunstaners here on holiday. In the October/November competition no fewer than 39 entered. There was a surprise in store for everyone too, for Dickie Brett "knocked out" George Killingbeck. In the competition, which incidentally was his first, Dickie never scored less than 46 against all his opponents, and in the Quarter-finals he scored 48 against Alan Dean's 46, in the Semi-finals he scored 48 plus 1 against Johnny Walker's 46, and in the Finals reached a score of 48 plus 1 against George Killingbeck's 46 plus 2. Congratulations Dickie!

### From Miss Vaughan-Davies

DEAR FRIENDS,

The handsome wireless set has now arrived and been fitted. I have tested the tone and quality, but before I make constant use of it I feel I must express my deeply felt appreciation for the gift.

The many parting and home-making gifts—not forgetting the much admired 556 elephants—are constant reminders of my St. Dunstaner friends and their wives. The wireless brings companionship, as I can so well imagine you listening-in in your own homes and at the St. Dunstan's Homes.

Several St. Dunstaner friends and their wives have climbed to "mount an' avarest." I have been delighted to welcome them at No. 8 and shall always be happy to greet any of you.

May I take this opportunity to wish to you and your families a truly happy Christmas-tide and New Year. I am afraid I cannot contact so many personally as in the past (over six hundred last year), but I shall be happy to hear from you.

Thank you again for your gifts—and thank you for the privilege of serving you for thirty-two happy years.

May God grant you "safe journeyings."

Your affectionate friend,

BETTY VAUGHAN-DAVIES.

8 Dunes House, St. Annes-on-the-Sea.

### Gone with the Dog

Far be it from me to plunge into any controversy about white sticks, but stimulated or unabashed by the letter in the last REVIEW, and without any aspirations towards enhancing the literary standard of this publication, I thought I might have a bash.

As I have experimented both with a guide dog and a white stick, it might be said that I had enjoyed the best of both worlds, to say nothing of walking with a plain stick on occasion.

The trouble about a guide dog is that he takes all the limelight. While out walking, you overhear a lady say, "Isn't he wonderful?" When you are about to bow your acknowledgments, you suddenly realise that she means the dog and not you. Or perhaps she says, "Isn't he beautiful?" It is so long since I saw myself that I might think at first that she means me, but no, it is the dog again.

Now, nobody makes flattering remarks about a white stick, so the compliments of passers-by must be meant for me. Moreover, with a white stick one gets many offers of help, sometimes too many. The other day, when walking towards my home, I took a turning to the right. I heard the unmistakable tap of a lady's heels coming rapidly behind me and a somewhat breathless voice said, "Do you know where you are going, Mr. Chambers?" If I had thought of it in time, I suppose the right answer would have been, "It doesn't matter, Madam, if it is the way you are going."

On my last visit to Brighton, I was waiting for friends by the Palace Pier, white stick in hand. Someone said, "Do you want to go anywhere?" A few moments later another voice said, "Are you blind?" On pleading guilty to the soft impeachment, the voice continued, "Are you spiritually blind?" Gripping my stick and taking a deep breath, I replied, "I hope not. Are you?" The answer was, "Ah! There is a bit of antagonism there. Do you smoke?" I said hopefully that I did, and held out my hand. Then I was tapped on the shoulder. "Give it up. Obey Christ." All I could gasp was, "Look here, what do you call yourself?" But alas! the encounter came to an abrupt end. The voice faded away. Yes. White sticks can have their uses if only one is quick enough. S. A. CHAMBERS.

### Births

MCCARTNEY.—On October 17th, to the wife of H. McCartney, of Belfast, a daughter—Patricia.

SLEE.—On October 19th, to the wife of J. D. Slee, of Penrith, a son.

### Marriage

REEVES—BRIDGE.—On October 17th, Vic Reeves, of Neasden, to Miss Evelyn Bridge.

### Deaths

Our deep sympathy goes out to the following:

CAMERON.—To Bob Cameron, of Harlesden, who has lost his father.

CARR.—To W. Carr, of High Wycombe, whose brother died on October 12th.

DALTON.—To T. Dalton, of Middlesbrough, whose mother, with whom he lived, has died.

EVANS.—To R. W. Evans, of Newbury, whose brother has died.

MATTHEWS.—To C. W. Matthews, of Maidenhead, whose brother has died at the early age of 42. Only a short while ago he lost another brother at the age of 37.

MECKIN.—To H. Meckin, of Workington, whose only brother has died very suddenly. The sad news was waiting for him upon his return from Ovingdean.

REDMAYNE.—To S. Redmayne, of Sandringham, Australia, whose wife died on August 1st.

★ ★ ★

Our deep sympathy goes out to Mrs. Burdis, widow of our St. Dunstaner, S. Burdis, of Doncaster, whose eldest son has been killed in a pit accident. He was preparing to connect a shot with detonator leads when a rock weighing several hundred-weight fell from the roof and crushed him. High tribute to him was paid at the inquest by members of the National Coal Board and of the Colliery. He leaves a widow and three children.

### Grandfathers

A. Ruston, of Oxford (for the third time); E. Bowcott, of Mitcham; H. A. Perrett, of Devizes (second time); J. Garbutt, of Stockton-on-Tees; E. James, of Darlington; J. Ingram, of Maidenhead, (his son and his wife are at present living in New Zealand); A. Kirstein, of Pretoria (Andrew recently became the father of a son).

## “ In Memory ”

### Bombardier John Southern Harrison, *Australian Div. Artillery*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of J. S. Harrison, of Bedford, at the age of 66. He was first admitted to St. Dunstan's in 1918, and came to us a second time in 1924. He trained as a physiotherapist and he continued in his profession until his sudden death on October 30th. He leaves a widow to whom our very sincere sympathy is extended.

### Fireman Jack Clyde, *National Fire Service*

With deep regret we record the death of Jack Clyde, of St. Leonards-on-Sea, following a serious accident.

He served in the National Fire Service during the recent war and came to us in November, 1947. He trained first as a telephonist and worked at this for a time. He then went into industry but latterly he had been engaged on a homecraft.

Our deep sympathy goes out to Mrs. Clyde.

### Corporal George William Lamb, *Royal Garrison Artillery*

We record with deep regret the death of G. W. Lamb, of Hull.

A soldier in the Regular Army, which he joined in 1909, he came to St. Dunstan's in 1927 suffering from injuries and gassing received in May 1918. Although he had had no pre-enlistment experience of country life he obtained a 1st Class Certificate for poultry-keeping, and also in mat-making. During the 1939-45 war he volunteered for factory work and he remained in this until a year or two ago, his health then rapidly deteriorating. He asked to go to Ovingdean and he died there on September 19th.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to his widow.

### Private John Steadman Bailey, *Royal Army Medical Corps*

We record with deep regret the death of J. S. Bailey, of Ramsgate, at the age of seventy, which occurred at the Ovingdean Home on October 25th.

He came to St. Dunstan's in June, 1917, and trained in mat-making at which he worked for some time. Then he passed on to wool rugs but gave this up some years ago.

Cremation took place on Friday, October 30th, at Brighton, and two St. Dunstaners—Messrs. Hills and Loveridge, who were staying at Ovingdean, attended. The staff was also represented.

Our deep sympathy goes out to Mrs. Bailey and her family.

### Albert Kirby, *4th Bn. East Yorkshire Regiment*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Albert Kirby, of Hull, which occurred in hospital on October 27th. He was 59.

A mechanic by trade, he enlisted on August 4th, 1914, and he was discharged from the Army in June, 1918, having suffered multiple wounds involving the amputation of one leg and complete loss of the right eye, the left eye also being seriously affected. In spite of this, his case was only brought forward to us in May of this year, and in September he became a St. Dunstaner. He was not able to work and his health had rapidly deteriorated during the past few weeks.

He leaves a sister and daughters to whom our deepest sympathy is offered.

### G. Dalton, F. Clarke, Martin McDonald, A. H. Priddle, T. V. Riley—*Australian Imperial Forces*

We have heard with deep regret of the death of G. Dalton, of Gippsland, Victoria, who became a member of the Victorian Blinded Soldiers' Association a few years ago.

F. Clarke, of Queensland, whose death we have heard with regret, was wounded at Villers Bretonneux in 1918 and came to St. Dunstan's in that year. He suffered in addition to his loss of sight a leg amputation. He trained as a basket-maker and carried on with this craft for some time on his return to his own country.

Our deep sympathy goes out to his family.

Martin McDonald, of Auburn, New South Wales, and A. H. Priddle, of North Bondi, did not come to St. Dunstan's and we have no further details, but Captain Blessington has informed us that Martin died on February 1st of this year and A. H. Priddle died on October 12th last.

T. V. Riley, who lived in Sydney, was blinded in the 1914-1918 war and although he did not train at St. Dunstan's he did meet Sir Arthur Pearson in Wandsworth Hospital in 1918, and had the greatest admiration for him.

Our deep sympathy goes out to Mrs. Riley.

### Walker Randall Meaker, *1st Co. South African Regiment*

With deep regret we record the death of one of our South African St. Dunstaners, W. R. Meaker, of Grahamstown.

Wounded at Metterin in 1918 while serving with his regiment, which he had joined in October, 1915, he came to St. Dunstan's in September, 1918, where he trained as a poultry farmer and netter. He married after his return to South Africa, and he continued with his work for some time. Of late years, however, he had been forced to undertake light work only. He died on July 25th.

Our deep sympathy goes out to his wife and family.