

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Men and Women Blinded on War Service

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CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

Mr. Hankey Retires

MR. H. Alers Hankey has retired from the Chairmanship of St. Dunstan's, South Africa. He was Honorary Treasurer for ten years and then Chairman for a similar period. No Committee-man or officer has rendered more valuable service. Mr. Hankey was for many decades a leading figure in the commercial and social life of South Africa and the respect in which he was held by Governments and in the community generally was of the greatest value to St. Dunstan's, South Africa, as well as here in the Old Country. I wrote in my Notes last month that our organisation in the Union looked after the members of our St. Dunstan's family there very well indeed, and all who know will agree this was due in very large measure to the wise and kindly administration over which, as Chairman, Mr. Hankey exercised so benevolent an influence. St. Dunstaners in South Africa and we at home owe him a deep debt of gratitude and will think of his long and devoted services and generous personality with affection. I am glad to learn that he will continue to be a member of our Committee. All his friends will earnestly hope that he will enjoy good health in his retirement from active office.

Sir Donald Mackenzie-Kennedy, about whom a brief note appears on another page, takes Mr. Hankey's place. I had the pleasure to meet him in Cape Town recently and admired his lively grasp of our affairs and powers of leadership. We wish him luck.

Tembani Matron

South Africans will also join with St. Dunstaners in Britain in expressing their thanks to Miss Hester Pease, who also retires at this time. She has been over a long period a well-loved After-Care Visitor, and during the war years was Matron at Tembani, our war-time Training Centre at Cape Town. The good wishes of many who benefited from her understanding help will go with her.

Miss Pease will be succeeded as After-Care Visitor by Miss P. N. Cox, who herself worked as a V.A.D. at Tembani, and later as a V.A.D. at West House and at the Transit Hostels in London. Miss Cox has, during the past few weeks, accompanied Miss Pease on her visits to St. Dunstaners in order that she might become acquainted with them and the work. She will take over the reins in the New Year and we all will wish her well.

It is a melancholy thought that these Notes of mine so frequently refer to retirements, but this is due to the fact that an unduly large proportion of our Committee-men and staff

are in the older age groups because St. Dunstan's started operations thirty-eight years ago, and inevitably our first helpers were in early middle age at the beginning.

A Happy Christmas

Christmas is a time for sentiment. We St. Dunstaners will think with lasting affection of Sir Arthur Pearson, who died just before Christmas in 1921. And of many others who have served us well over the years. Christmas is also an occasion for family reunions. St. Dunstan's family of many thousands of men, women and children in all quarters of the world cannot go to one great reunion—I wish they could—but we can think of each other and the bonds of experience that unite us.

IAN FRASER.

To Sir Arthur's Memory

On the morning of December 9th, the thirty-second anniversary of the death of our Founder, Sir Arthur Pearson, Bart., Mr. Askew, with two St. Dunstaners, Messrs. N. Downs and M. Doyle, and Head Orderly T. Watson, went to Hampstead Cemetery where a wreath was placed on Sir Arthur's grave "in affectionate and grateful remembrance from the war-blinded men and women of the Empire, 1914-18 and 1939-45."

A Service to the memory of Sir Arthur was held on the morning of Sunday, December 13th, at the Ovingdean Chapel. St. Dunstaners from Ovingdean and West House and many living in the Brighton area were present.

Sir Neville Pearson, Bt., read the Lesson and the Service was conducted by the Rev. Dennis Pettit, a St. Dunstaner, and the Rev. W. J. Taylor.

The congregation included Lady Pearson, Sir Ian and Lady Fraser, and many other friends of St. Dunstan's including Miss Pain.

Coronation Souvenir Programmes

A limited number of Coronation Souvenir Programmes are available. If any St. Dunstaner would like to have one will he send a postcard to Matron Ramshaw, at Ovingdean. It has been suggested that St. Dunstaners might like to have them by them when listening to excerpts from the Coronation Broadcast at Christmas.

In view of the uncertainty of Christmas mails, immediate application should be made.

Grandfathers

B. Varley, Mark's Tey; T. H. Morley, Chaddesden, Derby.

Are You a Philatelist?

In other words, do you collect stamps? We know that a few St. Dunstaners are collectors. F. A. E. Hawes, of Swindon, with his brothers, has a collection of some 50,000, but the question has been raised by one of our helpers. He adds: "In a former number of one of the well-known philatelic magazines I came across a very interesting article which told of a blind stamp collector who was exceedingly expert not only in selecting stocks himself from the dealers with whom he did business, but who also was so expert that he could detect almost without fail forgeries, defective stamps, and others which, for instance, had been dexterously repaired."

Miss Hester Pease

The Chairman, in his Notes, has referred to the retirement of Miss Hester Pease as After-Care Visitor, and many St. Dunstaners have expressed a wish to subscribe to a presentation to her.

Mr. Askew has offered to act as Honorary Treasurer of the Fund, and St. Dunstaners who desire to associate themselves with the presentation should send their subscriptions to him at 1 South Audley Street, London, W.1.

Personal

Miss Gordon, Northern Area Welfare Visitor, who, as St. Dunstaners in her Area will know, will not be in this country at Christmas-time, wishes all her men, and their families, a merry Christmas and a very happy New Year.

Placement

L. R. Brown, Bedford, as a tobacconist and confectioner.

London Club Notes

The Committee of the London Club wish all members a very Happy Christmas and the best of good luck throughout 1954.

The annual General Meeting will be held on Friday, January 15th, at 7 p.m. The Agenda will include a report of the year's progress, presentation of the balance sheet and election of new committee members. It is hoped that all St. Dunstaners will make a special effort to attend.

P. ASHTON.

Bridge.—St. Dunstan's bridge players held their sixth annual Bridge Congress at Ovingdean on November 21st and 22nd. This is the only Congress of all blind bridge players in the United Kingdom, and probably in the world. Forty-four St. Dunstaners attended from all parts of the country, and with the Commandant and Matron as our hosts, we were a very happy party. Once again we were very fortunate in having with us Mr. Alfred Field as Tournament Director. Our best thanks go to Alfred for giving up a week-end to work so hard in managing our Congress for us.

The main event of the Congress is the "Pairs" for the Sir Arthur Pearson Cup. This year the Cup was won by Messrs. A. Fisher, of Glasgow, with his partner, B. Ingrey, of Croydon. This was a great effort—good, steady bridge. The runners-up for the Pairs, tying for second place, were Messrs. P. Nuyens and H. Gover, and E. Slaughter and H. Costigan.

The trophy for Fours was won by Messrs. H. Bulman, E. Carpenter, L. E. Caudle and R. Freer, and the runners-up were Messrs. Jock Brown, J. Fleming, F. Kirkbright and J. Simmons.

At six o'clock on the Sunday, the end of the Congress, Drummer thanked Matron and all her staff for making the week-end so enjoyable. He then presented Matron with a bouquet, after which Matron presented the prizes.

We then elected our new Captain for the Bridge Section, for, as most of you know, I am unable to stand next year. S. Webster and W. Bishop were proposed, and after some close voting, Bill Bishop was elected. Congratulations, and good luck, Bill.

The Club played three matches during the month. On November 7th we lost to J. Waller's team; on November 14th we were away to Lyons and here again we

were not successful; and on November 28th the Midland Bank visited us and we lost to them.

In the London Business Houses League, Paul Nuyens' team has played 6, winning 4 and losing 2, and Tiny Fleming's team has played 4, winning 2 and losing 2.

H. GOVER.

Indoor Section

A return dart match was played at the Club on Monday, November 16th, against members from the Addiscombe and Shirley British Legion. Although we lost the match by two games to one, everyone present enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

Results of the Sir Arthur Pearson Memorial Trophies Competition for 1953 are as follows:—

Cribbage—

Winner, W. Taylor; Runner-up, C. J. Walker.

Darts, S.S.—

Winner, W. Bishop; Runner-up, J. Fleming.

Darts, T.B.—

Winner, G. Brown; Runner-up, C. Williamson.

Dominoes—

Winner, C. Williamson; Runner-up, G. Brown.

Whist—

Winner, F. Winter.

The prizes were presented by Mr. A. D. Lloyds at the Club on Saturday, December 5th.

W. BISHOP.

Outdoor Section

Mrs. Spurway, deputising for Lady Buckmaster, started the 6 mile race at Regent's Park on November 21st. Late comers and non arrivals caused a delay in the start, but 13 competitors eventually went off to a very fine and fast start.

Archie Brown, forcing the pace from the word 'go,' was the reason for the fast men returning good times, but this was really a race for the not so fast. It was to gain Road Walking Association 6-miles-in-the-hour badges for those who had not previously done so, plus, of course, the usual handicap prizes. Of these men, Dennis Fleisig was outstanding, as he walked better than he has ever done before, to finish 5th in the race and gain his R.W.A. badge. Pat Cryan also walked very well, finishing 4th in the race and gaining his badge, and also winning the handicap. Les Dennis also qualified for the R.W.A. badge.

Our Birmingham friends did well, but as this is really only their first season they were not quite fast enough, although I have no doubt that next season will see great improvements from this quarter. How-

ever, Jerry Lynch, a relatively new comer, was second in the handicap, and Joe Kibler, still beating the handicapper, took third prize.

Lady Buckmaster later presented the prizes at the Club and thus brought a very successful afternoon's sport to a satisfactory end.

W.M., C.W.

St. Dunstan's Six Mile Walk

Regent's Park, Saturday, November 21st, 1953

Order of Finish	Act. Time	H'cp. All.	H'cp. Time in H'cp.	Pos.
1. W. Miller ...	52:30	Scr.	52:30	4
2. A. Brown ...	53:43	1:05	52:38	5
3. C. Williamson...	54:49	.55	53:54	9
4. P. Cryan ...	55:46	4:45	51:01	1
5. D. Fleisig ...	57:59	3:55	54:04	10
6. S. Tutton ...	58:10	3:45	54:25	11
7. C. Stafford ...	59:18	5:55	53:23	7
8. L. Dennis ...	59:43	6:45	52:58	6
9. J. Kibler ...	62:41	10:15	52:26	3
10. D. Faulkner ...	63:05	8:15	54:50	12
11. F. Madgewick...	63:22	9:45	53:37	8
12. J. Lynch ...	68:30	16:55	51:35	2

Winner of Handicap—P. Cryan.
Second, J. Lynch.
Third, J. Kibler.
Handicapper and Timekeeper, Mr. W. J. Harris.

Retirement

C. A. Blackett, of Plymouth, who joined the Admiralty as a typist in 1920, has just retired.

Tributes to our St. Dunstaner were made at a presentation ceremony at the Dockyard office at which he has worked for 33 years. His colleagues gave him a cheque and friends in the Drawing Office made another presentation. Mrs. Blackett, who attended the ceremony, received a bouquet.

Sir Donald Mackenzie-Kennedy

Sir Donald Mackenzie-Kennedy, K.C.M.G., who, as mentioned in the Chairman's Notes, has taken the place of Mr. H. Alers-Hankey as Chairman of the St. Dunstan's Committee, South Africa, has had a distinguished career as an Administrator. He served in the first World War and has since held a number of important posts. He was for four years Governor and Commander-in-Chief, Nyasaland Protectorate, and at the outbreak of war in 1939 became Chief Political Liaison Officer, East African Forces. In 1942 he was appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief, Mauritius, and he held this position until his retirement in 1949.

Murder!

The most terrifying experience I have ever had happened one evening in September, 1951, towards the end of our first season as boarding-house keepers.

I was sitting in the house alone listening to a play on the wireless. All the visitors were out, although it was nearly time for supper and I was expecting them at any moment. The front door was open, the inside door closed, but not locked, as is usual in seaside boarding houses when guests are continually in and out.

The play was a real bloodcurdler—dogs howling, women screaming, men shouting, guns firing—the type of play you had to listen to either because you found it so good that you had to hear the end to find out "who dun it," or because you are too scared to get up and turn the radio off. I was in the latter category.

Suddenly I heard the inside door open, and a man's voice shouted, "Can I come in?" I sat still, unable to move or speak. My hands went limp and my string bag frame fell to the floor with a clatter. I did not know the voice. It was not one of our guests. He came down the hall towards me and I was just able to see him. Then his hand went into his pocket. I was petrified with fear and prayed for someone to come before he could get his gun out and use it. I wondered where the money was and if he would believe me when I said I didn't know. Should I scream? But the neighbours would not hear me. Could I hit him with anything? But the only thing at hand was my string bag frame. The only thing was to throw myself on his mercy.

Slowly his hand came out of his pocket and I waited, trembling. "Have a cigarette," he said. "Can you put the missus and me up for the week-end? She's outside in the car."

Later, when I had recovered and we were all able to laugh at my fright, he told me that he and his wife had been to stay in the next street the previous year—the third house from the end. In the semi-darkness they had made a mistake in the streets. They stayed with us for the week-end and have been again since, which just goes to show . . .

MARGARET STANWAY.

Morecambe.

We Hear That

A. Scott, of Belfast, who took a Civil Defence course at the end of October, is to be issued with a certificate qualifying him to lecture.

✧ ✧ ✧

Frank Hemsworth, of Bentley, Doncaster, won the individual cup for dominoes in the League contest organised by the local Home Teaching Organisation.

✧ ✧ ✧

Michael Oliver presented a Coronation tray to the organiser of a concert in the Stanley Hall, South Norwood, on November 27th. Alf. and Mrs. Wiltshire, of Norbury, were also there to support the effort.

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H. T. Cheal, of Saltford, gained first prize for onions and a first for dahlias at the Bristol Guild of Blind Gardeners' Show for 1953.

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F. Steventon, of Lisburn, County Antrim, now nicely settled in his smallholding, has a budgerigar which talks to him and gives him great interest and pleasure.

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Our shop-keeper, E. G. Anderson, of East Ham, was the victim of a minor smash and grab raid this month. At 1 a.m. he and his wife were awakened by the sound of smashed glass. A brick had been hurled through the shop-window and two cigarette lighters stolen. A policeman was already on the spot and two youths were later caught and charged.

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Sir Ian Fraser has been appointed an Officer of the Legion d'Honneur by the President of the French Republic, and Commander de l'Ordre de la Couronne by King Baudouin of Belgium.

✧ ✧ ✧

Mrs. E. Slaughter raised £210 for the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association by means of a bazaar. Goods made by St. Dunstaners were among the articles for sale. Mrs. Slaughter was President of the organising committee in Salisbury.

Happy Christmas!

The Editor wishes all readers of the REVIEW a very happy Christmas and the best of luck in the New Year.

Australian Letter

In a letter to Headquarters, John Alton writes from Melbourne:

"We moved into our own house in April, 1950. It is a five-roomed weatherboard bungalow with tiled roof; almost all the houses here are weatherboard and most have corrugated iron roofs. They are most suitable for the climate. We have modern conveniences such as hot-water services, refrigerator, washing machine—these things are almost necessities here, especially when the temperature goes over the 100 as it does occasionally in mid-summer.

"I am still doing well at work, working for the same engineering firm since I arrived here. I like the work very much, the firm is a good firm to work for, and best of all, I have an exceptionally good foreman. I assemble air compressors and up to date I reckon I have assembled nearly 5,000.

"I have had two spells in hospital since I have been out here. The first was on the right eye. The next was last month and it necessitated the removal of the left eye. The Repatriation Hospital at Heidelberg is really a marvellous place. Whilst I was there, a deputation from my firm visited me (the shop-steward and two committee men) bringing me a kit-bag full of fruit, sweets, cigarettes, and a big bunch of flowers (just in case, I thought). I asked the shop-steward how things were at the works and he answered very gravely 'Things are at a standstill, I'm afraid,' implying that they were waiting for me to come back. When I did get back to work I found my bench just as I had left it; my foreman wouldn't let anyone touch anything, so that I could carry on where I left off.

"I have blossomed out a bit socially since living out here. I have learnt to dance and attend a dance once a fortnight throughout the cool part of the year. During the summer months we spend our leisure hours down on the beach. The variation in water temperature is about 8 degrees, so in winter the sea feels luke-warm and in summer, refreshingly cool. We get an occasional shark in the bay, but luckily they haven't made a meal of anyone for a few years now. The R.A.A.F. usually spots them in time to give ample warning. "Well, I must say cheerio for this time, wishing you all the best of luck over there."

Letters to the Editor

DEAR EDITOR,

I read with interest in the November issue of the REVIEW that Bill Harding was about to set forth on his 35th year with his present firm. (Good luck, Bill, keep going).

I completed 35 years' service with my firm in June of this year, 1953.

Yours sincerely,
SAMUEL H. WEBSTER.

(Good luck, Sammy, to you too.—ED.)

DEAR EDITOR,

I was delighted to read Mr. Russell's letter in this month's REVIEW. I had no intention of criticising the work or attitude of the British Legion. Unfortunately, he interpreted my letter from the wrong angle. Disabled ex-servicemen can only improve their pension by the will of Parliament, and must have supporters of their cause in Parliament. Many of those who supported our cause between 1945-1951, when in opposition, appear to be very lukewarm in their support now as Government back-benchers.

The Parliamentary opposition have pledged themselves to tie up pensions with the cost of living. That means they will back claims for increased allowances. Surely it is reasonable to suppose that we have more than one supporter of these claims on the Government's back benches. If not, what has become of them for they were there a few years ago. The Government majority is small and could not stand up to a united party's effort on this matter if members acted on their conscience and not at the dictates of the party bosses. That is why I asked the question, "Are disabled ex-servicemen victims of political hum-bugging?"

Yours sincerely,
EDGAR R. ETRIDGE.

Addiscombe.

DEAR EDITOR,

The last three copies of the REVIEW have afforded me great amusement and interest. I am so glad that after many years some folk have at last realised that the REVIEW is their magazine and the words printed in it are from colleagues and could be their own, and should be.

I deplore the apparent cynicism of certain contributors recently, although I found them interesting, and here I must say that I do not like all that is published in the

national Press (I'm not interested in racing or professional football), but I do not think it should be banned or stopped, as I know there are many others who are interested in it.

I do not think I am a strange sort of person; just an individual with thoughts of my own, and I do get a great deal of interest in listening to and reading of my fellow men.

I would commend a little thing by Rudyard Kipling to many of my fellow St. Dunstaners—"If."

Finally, dear Editor, may I extend to you and the many St. Dunstaners who have written to and of me the compliments of the season, and just a sincere hope that 1954 will bring more and more "scribblings" and/or "masterpieces" to our little monthly friend, the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW.

Sincerely,
JOHN MUDGE.

N. 17.

DEAR EDITOR,

Although there have been many comments about the recent leading article in the REVIEW, I am one of the people who does agree with the writer. But not, I think, for the same reasons. I appreciate that the REVIEW is catering for several thousand people, of all age groups and, to use a common enough phrase, "covering a good cross section of the community." But I have, after much suffering, come to the stage when I say "Who wrote it?" and then if it is some new name, or someone who writes a little common sense, then I listen to it with real interest.

But I am going to bring up one of my fighting points yet again and that is, why not a section, a column or even a special corner for the women of St. Dunstan's? My mother reads wearily through laying tests, rose-growing, bridge, darts, dominoes, long walks, short and fast races, but, other than a brief word of perhaps Mrs. Stanway, myself or Miss Simon, never a darned word about the other women of St. Dunstan's.

However, as you can devote the whole of front page to one man's "views" on what he thinks the rest of us should or should not write, let us hope that you can surely devote one paragraph to what St. Dunstan's women do or try to do.

Yours as usual,
MAUREEN LEES.

Birkenhead.

[Well, girls, it's up to you.—ED.]

DEAR EDITOR,

No doubt it is very true that prior to the appearance of Stewart Spence's "front page" letter, contributors to the REVIEW gave of their best as ordinary men and women, and not as matured writers, yet in understandable English. They were not, however, fully aware that their standard of writing would eventually come under the microscope of open criticism, nor that for the most part, their efforts were following on conventional lines and would, in all probability, be received by some with only a passing glance.

I feel that it is not because of any danger of a falling off in contributions that the Editor thought fit to issue his own comments at the end of the letter, but rather that he quite rightly used the occasion to remind St. Dunstaners that whatever criticisms or ideas they may have, the REVIEW is the one medium through which they can reach those who are likely to be interested. It is nevertheless implied that efforts should be made by all to improve the literary standard of contributions to our magazine, yet, at the same time we are reminded that the REVIEW is not primarily a literary publication.

Maybe my own efforts in submitting this letter do not attain even the medium in literary standards. We do, however, expect that words used in any letter or article will clearly convey to readers their purport. In my opinion, our friend Mr. Spence leaves us guessing in at least two of his references, and he certainly does not conceal his prejudice against the general standard of literature and the conventional nature of contributions, for he stated that, "... this obedience to convention gives him a jaundiced view." Can anyone who is prejudiced (holding a jaundiced view) express a fair and convincing opinion on any subject?

How many readers understand fully what Mr. Spence really means when he writes, "... the only things that are provided to even out the atmosphere are the front page article; the Talking Book criticisms... and the occasional letter from George Ellis and Jock Macfarlane." I would ask him—what matter would he have eliminated from the REVIEW, and what would he have substituted. Again, in handing out literary medals to these selected individuals, Mr. Spence continues,

"How many of us realise that *his cheek positively balloons with his tongue* when he (George Ellis) writes a letter to the Editor about "Sister and the like." Readers will need to have an explanation of the words I have italicised. I'm not sure that my own interpretation is right. Can he imply that George Ellis was very bold or cheeky in what he had to write on that subject, or can he simply mean that George was, all the time, just "laughing up his sleeve"? Perhaps we may very soon get the explanation. I hope, however, that these observations on matters which evoked a timely comment by the Editor, will not release a tide of vituperation. We must always accept genuine criticism.

Can we agree that his letter contains anything to "... sow the seeds of constructive criticism?" I would say "yes" in one respect only, and that is his reference to there being need for re-vitalisation and variety, and that this might be achieved by each contributor trying to improve on the others.

Stewart wants something that will really tickle him, and preferably something that is new to him, yet he does not want a "rag." Here, in very truth, is set a problem. If only he had indicated, or will give some specific subjects which would interest and tickle him, then I'm sure there are those amongst us who will "have a go," and if this is Mr. Spence's first contribution, then we would all be delighted to read more from his pen.

Yours sincerely,
Ashton-in-Makerfield. JIM SHAW.

DEAR EDITOR,

I thank you for the very flattering way in which you received my letter, and I must say that I was equally satisfied with the result. I think it is worth while drawing attention to the fact that one experienced journalist who, unlike many of us, can claim the distinction of a Cambridge University journalistic training, saw fit to finger the critical keyboard and take the opportunity to tell us something of himself, like John Oriel. I wish him every success with his book and great power to his daughter's typing; one delightful correspondent who was evidently forced to take the cover off his machine to write his first letter to you, and indeed it read like that, accused me of disdain, etc. Is he of the

type that is always mistaking sincere feeling for something else? To him I would say, "I feel genuinely appreciative of his addressing me by my Christian name, but I am horrified to see it so closely followed by the very formal 'sir.'" Wake up! We are back in Civvy Street; a light-hearted bit of imaginative construction from "Nelson" and the evidence that, once again, George Ellis has mangled his typewriter.

This was the published result of my letter, my very first one too. The unsung harvest, however, came to me privately by means of the G.P.O. in dozens. Some supported keenly, others criticised harshly, but the majority complained that, since their letters would assuredly not be published due to some form of censorship, the only way to air opinions was by direct correspondence. This cannot be the case, for apart from the limitations imposed by lack of space, I feel sure that our periodical enjoys the same freedom of speech and thought as our daily press and, in fact, the entire gamut of British journalism. Of course, we must remember that ours is more or less a private publication. My conclusion, then from these letters is to make the suggestion, which I trust may be considered constructive, that any St. Dunstaner who feels moved to do so should be allowed to write the leader for what is, after all, his own paper, and that "The Chairman's Notes," which deal mainly with his Parliamentary activities on our behalf, should be the subject of a special article within the magazine.

Finally, in thanking all the correspondents especially those with rejection slips, I would like to say that, if my pen seems to have a disdainful touch, I am sorry for such was not intended. I would like also to render it clear to all that while I was typing that letter, I too had the appearance of suffering from a gumboil! Yours sincerely,

STEWART SPENCE.

DEAR EDITOR,

It has been said that if you lose your sight your other senses become more acutely developed.

It might be interesting and even amusing to probe deeper into this matter and analyse our pet likes and dislikes.

Here are mine for what they are worth.

I like the smell of parched earth after a heavy shower of rain.

I like the taste of tripe and onions just like my mother used to make it.

I like the "feel" of being on board a ship.

I like the sound of ice tinkling in a tall glass on a hot day.

I dislike the smell of cabbage cooking.

I dislike the taste of garlic.

I dislike the "feel" of an icy road.

I dislike the sound of swearing.

Yours sincerely,

London, W.11. JOHN MARTIN.

[Other lists of "likes" and "dislikes" welcomed. St. Dunstaners should keep to the four senses in the order set out by John. One guinea for the best list received. Five shillings for every other list used. Closing date: January 9th.]

Televised

Bernard Glover, of Portsmouth, was one of those taking part in the television feature, "Inventors' Club," a few weeks back. Bernard has invented an "accordionola"—an electronic adaptation of the piano accordion—which has been commented upon very favourably in the press.

Talking Book Library

Notre Novembre Dame

There is but one book this month "copiously" to effuse about, and it is an historical biography known in outline to most readers. A short life and a not so merry one.

"Marie Antoinette," by Hilaire Belloc, reader David Lloyd James, purports to show that this Queen's life was, from her very birth, strongly signposted by circumstance and incident towards a violent end, and that even had her temperament been different, she would hardly have escaped her fate. Gambling seems to have been her only real vice, but her general silliness gave rise to the false and powerful rumours which ruined her in the hearts of her people.

A good and sincere biography, but, innocent or guilty, there can be few people who relish having their necks trimmed before reaching the age of 40, and this French Queen had every cause for indignation.

Admittedly a very limited reading choice, but there is nothing more to offer at the moment.

"NELSON."

Ovingdean Notes

Brighton Games Club

The attention of all St. Dunstaners resident in the Brighton area is directed to a new Tournament. Commencing on Thursday, January 14th, 1954, an Aggregate Domino Tournament is to be held in the Winter Garden, Ovingdean, commencing at 7 p.m. on that date.

Whist, Cribbage and Darts Tournaments are also being arranged.

The meetings are held regularly on the second Thursday of each month.

The Secretary of the Games Club is Frank A. Rhodes, of 43 Ainsworth Avenue, Ovingdean, and any further information can be obtained from him.

Chess Week-end Tournament at Ovingdean

This was an occasion when distinguished people were active, and quite a few pawns!

We were indeed sorry Cliff Stockwell and Tommy Tuxford were unable to join us, but I agree with their Majesties, His Grace and the Noble Knights, there are far more St. Dunstaners who can play Chess than turn up for this most enjoyable week-end. An enjoyable week-end it was, for indeed I know of no other contest where the deaf, amputees and invalid St. Dunstaners are better able to meet and get together. We who came this year hope that next time there will be a larger number come along. It should not be supposed we who do come are champions! Far from it, some hadn't played a game for 12 months, and one or two had only had half a dozen games, yet all the competitions were keenly contested. Indeed three were not played out and the Captain had to decide upon the winners.

Whilst the first round of the tournament was in progress on Saturday morning, Lord Normanby visited Ovingdean and was very interested in watching the games for a spell. On Sunday we welcomed a party of Brighton boys from the School Chess League, and they gave us some excellent friendly games.

Charlie Kelk was a popular winner of the Knock-out Contest, and he is also to be congratulated on the way he helped to organise the playing throughout the week-end. Roy Armstrong (who, we understand, is a comparative newcomer to the Chess board) played very well indeed to

carry off the second Tournament. Congratulations to them both and to Bill Hodder who was awarded second prize in the Cup Tournament.

Charlie Kelk was voted Captain at the commencement of the week-end—and very hard-working and able he proved to be too!

Captain's prize for the best games was won by 2nd War—Bob Evans, of Newbury, and 1st War—J. B. Campbell, of Houghton-le-Spring.

We look forward to next year's competition and hope there will be even better support from St. Dunstaners. Come along, some of you chaps—have a shot!

Many thanks to the Staff for the arrangements throughout the week-end, and in particular to Miss Carlton.

"KING'S PAWN."

Entertainments

The two main events of Ovingdean's month are summed up admirably in the following extracts from the local Press:

From the "Brighton and Hove Herald,"
December 5th, 1953:—

For very many years the grocers of England have taken the cause of St. Dunstan's to their hearts. They bought and presented West House to the organisation, and paid for one floor of the Ovingdean training centre.

Each year, money subscribed by grocers all over the country is used by the National Federation of Grocers to give the St. Dunstaners a good time at Christmas.

The organisation is carried out by the Brighton, Hove and District Grocers' and Provision Merchants' Association, who on Wednesday entertained nearly 500 St. Dunstaners and guides at the Grand Hotel. They provided a grand Christmas dinner, with turkey and all the gay party trimmings. Afterwards the guests—some of the most cheerful people ever to dine at the hotel—enjoyed a cabaret arranged by Mr. Norman Shaw and the Brighton and Hove Operatic Society. For the grocers have found that the St. Dunstaners—especially those blinded in the first World War—thoroughly enjoy good music.

The guests were welcomed by the president of the association, Mr. W. E. R. Tongue, and the national president, Mr. Leslie Gillett. Sir Neville Pearson replied

on behalf of St. Dunstan's. Mr. L. Fawcett, commandant at Ovingdean, was at the dinner, with the matrons of West House and Ovingdean.

The organisation was carried out by a voluntary committee of 12, under the chairmanship of Mr. A. E. Clifford, and the secretary, Mr. H. Finlay.

From the "Sussex Daily News," December 5th, 1953.—

Lord Freyberg, V.C., distinguished veteran of two world wars, visited Brighton last night for the first time in 13 years to meet 80 war-blinded ex-service men.

The occasion was the 33rd annual dinner provided for St. Dunstan's men by busmen of Brighton, Hove and District Omnibus Company and Southdown Motors at the Black Lion Hotel, Patcham.

Lord Freyberg, Governor-General of New Zealand for six years, met and chatted with first and second world war veterans.

They told their guest, whose visit was kept a secret, of where they served and how they were blinded. He told them of his many campaigns and how he was wounded 13 times.

But when Lord Freyberg was introduced to Peter Booth he was not sure what to say. For Peter is only 21.

He was ambushed while serving as a national serviceman in Korea and was the only one of a section to come out alive. Then he spent nine months as a prisoner. Now he is at St. Dunstan's Training Centre at Ovingdean.

Lord Freyberg congratulated Mr. A. F. R. Carling, general manager of Southdown Motors and his organising committee, for all they had done for St. Dunstan's. And he singled out for special praise 68-year-old Mr. Mark Richards, of Ellen Street, Hove, whose collections among his fellow busmen started the enterprise.

Mr. L. Fawcett, commandant of St. Dunstan's, Ovingdean, said the local busmen had been helping his organisation one way and another for 30 years.

Christmas Greetings

Commandant, Matron and Staff at Ovingdean and at West House take this opportunity of sending greetings and good wishes to all St. Dunstaners for a very happy Christmas and New Year.

Is it "Coincidence"?

"God grant I may never be like that man." This quotation from an article written by the late Capt. Appleby, and found in his papers, stirred the subconscious in me and brought to the surface recollections of many similar experiences.

One day in 1917, whilst on hospital leave after being gassed at Nieuport, I was indulging in my favourite pastime of going round the antique shops, feasting my eyes on the beautiful things displayed in the windows when, without any warning, the thought hit me, "Wouldn't it be terrible if I went back and was blinded." The thought and the queer feeling in my stomach was forgotten as I returned to the crowded pavement, to be recalled in all its vividness a few weeks later for, like Capt. Appleby, it happened to me.

Some years later, during a holiday with my sister, I told her of this experience, to which she replied: "I've never told you before but, the morning you went to join up, I thought I had been sitting with mother to try and keep her from worrying, and as you walked down the road she said 'There goes the last of the five and it's too much to expect them all to come back as they have gone, but there are two things I pray they will escape, blindness and injury to the brain.'" A few weeks later she was visiting one of my brothers who was quite mad from a head injury (thank God, he only lived five months), while it was my lot to be blinded.

To me there is something more than mere coincidence in such phenomena: I believe, though we are not conscious of it at the time, that for a fleeting moment we are vouchsafed a glimpse into the future, a glimpse which is a preparation for the fulfilment of an inescapable part of our destiny.

T. ROGERS.

Young St. Dunstaners

Marriages

On October 31st, Frederick Watts (Rockferry), to Miss Norah McDonnell.

On November 14th, the youngest son of A. C. Brignal, of Brighton, was married.

On November 21st, Kenneth Northgraves (Hampton).

On October 17th, the elder son of S. Gobourn, of Cheltenham.

Not "The Boys" Please

The "Air Force Daily," a newspaper for United States airmen in Europe, objects to Servicemen being called "the boys."

"It never was apt or fitting and was, and is thoroughly resented by men of all ranks," a leading article said recently. "It smacks a good deal of mama's spoiled darling and does not depict an armed, trained and dangerous man.

"Fact is, we could never see anything wrong with calling a soldier a soldier, an airman an airman, or a sailor a sailor."

St. Dunstaners—any comment?

Hot Chestnut

Tommy was the son of a St. Dunstaner, and although a very bright boy it must be admitted he was not quick at figures. The other day the teacher said, "Tommy, what would £3 15s. and £4 15s. amount to?" Tommy looked blank. He didn't know. "Come," said teacher kindly, "I'll make it easier for you. Suppose your father came home to-day with his pension from the post office and gave your mother £3 15s. in that hand and £4 15s. in that hand. What would your mother have?" Quick as a flash, Tommy replied, "She'd have a fit."

P.S.—The above smile appeared in the *Sheffield Telegraph* during the summer of 1907, but I have "hotted" it up a bit.

B. HAMILTON.

Young St. Dunstaners

Alan Alexander (Parkstone, Dorset) has been wounded in the foot while serving with the Black Watch in Kenya. This is his second wound, but happily it is not serious.

Major Harry McAndrew, elder son of J. McAndrew, of Blackpool, has successfully passed his Course at Staff College, Camberley, and has been appointed to the War Office in Whitehall (organisation). He was promoted substantive Major in 1952. He is 33.

Cedric Bell (Birkenhead) has got his Second Engineer's ticket at 22 years of age. His brother, Arthur, who is 24, has just gained his graduateship for the Institute of Mechanical Engineers (G.I.Mech.E.).

Trevor Holland (Heswall) has passed for his S.R.N. He is at present at Culdrose R.N. Air Station.

Corinne Lambert (Highbury) obtained eight passes in the General Certificate of Education exam.

Joan Lewis (Mitcham) has passed her General Certificate examination in eight subjects and received four prizes.

Marriages

Olive Griffiths (Woodingdean, Brighton) on October 24th, to Donald Biggs.

On July 11th (only just notified to us), Doreen Southgate (Chelsea) to Derek Head.

Norma Fitzgerald (Newcastle-on-Tyne), on December 12th, to Brian Frederick Ferguson.

(Other Marriages on page 10).

Ode to Mankind

*Let me paint a picture of St. Dunstan's,
Let me see if my brush can portray
The true feeling of St. Dunstan's
As it goes on day by day.*

*For the background of my picture
I choose a colour rich and sublime,
A colour that could easily resemble
Goodwill towards mankind.*

*Kindness and sincerity
Truly make an exquisite shade,
While the lines of happiness
Are a colour that will never fade.*

*Gaily tinted with humour
Which gives an inward light,
And those carefree lines of laughter
Are of a colour so merry and bright.*

*There's no academy in the universe
Where man has displayed such art,
For the only true place for my picture
Is in every St. Dunstaner's heart.*

WALLY THOMAS.

The Flight into Egypt

Having told her class of seven-year-olds about the flight into Egypt, a school teacher asked them to draw a picture of it. One bright little boy brought his drawing right up to date by drawing an aeroplane with two compartments. In the rear he had three people with haloes. In the front was one with no halo. The teacher asked who they were. "Jesus, Mary and Joseph," said the little lad. "And who is this in front? He hasn't a halo." "Oh, no, you see that's Pontius the pilot."

(Taken from a church magazine and sent in by Jim Shaw, of Ashton-in-Makerfield).

“ In Memory ”

Private Frederick John Wareham, 5th Wiltshire Regt.

It is with deep regret that we record the death of F. J. Wareham, of Portsmouth. He would have been 72 this month.

He was discharged from the Army in November, 1918, and came to St. Dunstan's some ten years later. He trained in mat-making and continued with this work, although his health had been failing for some time. His death occurred suddenly, however, on November 3rd.

A wreath from Sir Ian and his St. Dunstan's comrades was sent for the funeral. A contingent from the British Legion lined the roadway to the cemetery, their Standard being dipped as the cortege passed.

Our deep sympathy goes out to his sister and brother-in-law, with whom he lived.

Frederick Kneller, Merchant Service

With deep regret we record the death of F. Kneller, of Southampton, at the age of 69.

He came to St. Dunstan's in February, 1918, two years after his discharge from the Merchant Service, and he trained as a netter, but for some years now his failing health had made this work impossible. He was admitted to hospital at the beginning of November and he died there on the 18th.

He leaves a widow and grown-up family, to whom our deep sympathy is extended.

Sergeant George Craddock, D.C.M., Royal Field Artillery

We record with deep regret the death of G. Craddock, of Wellingborough. He was 58.

Enlisting in August, 1914, he was wounded at Ypres in 1918, when he lost his sight and suffered also severe wounding in the left arm and amputation of the right hand. For gallantry in the field he was awarded the D.C.M.

He came to St. Dunstan's at the end of 1918 and set up in civilian life as a tobacconist, and he built up a very successful business. His death occurred suddenly on November 13th.

A wreath of poppies from Sir Ian Fraser and his St. Dunstan's friends was sent for the funeral, and those attending included the Rev. Dennis and Mrs. Pettit, Mrs. King (Welfare Visitor), Mrs. Negus, and Mrs. Houghton (from Tembani).

Private Samuel Britcliffe, 1-5th Lincolnshire Regiment

With deep regret we record the death of S. Britcliffe, a resident at West House, but formerly of Wrawby, Lincolnshire. He was 58.

Enlisting in May, 1914, he went to France with the 1-5th Lincolnshire Regiment and was wounded at the Battle of the Somme in January, 1916, losing then nearly all his sight. He came to us in January, 1918, but towards the end of that year his sight improved so much that he left us. In 1951, however, his sight had deteriorated so greatly that he was re-admitted. His general health was by then far from good and at the end of September he became a resident at West House, where his sudden death on November 14th was a sad shock to all.

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

Our very sincere sympathy is offered to his sister, Mrs. Elvin.

Births

CHADWICK.—On November 7th, to the wife of C. Chadwick, of Goosnargh, a son.

JONES.—On December 15th, to the wife of S. Jones, of Pinner, a son—Brian Robert.

Deaths

Our deep sympathy goes out to the following:—

BURTON.—To J. Burton, of Porchester, whose brother has recently died.

CARMAN.—To P. Carman, of Woodbridge, whose wife died on November 18th.

COLLINS.—To R. H. Collins, of Liverpool, whose father died on November 19th.

FOYLE.—To P. Foyle, of Bournemouth, whose wife died in hospital on November 28th after a long illness.

RICHARDSON.—To F. G. Richardson, of Lancing, who lost his mother on the evening of Tuesday, December 8th.

SHEEHAN.—To R. Sheehan, of Bridgwater, who lost his brother recently.

Mrs. Bernard Myers

We read with regret in *The Times* recently of the death of Mrs. Bernard Myers. A correspondent wrote: “The death of Violet Myers, wife of Dr. Bernard Myers, C.M.G., will be sad news to many in varied walks of life. In the 1914-18 war she gave magnificent service as a V.A.D. to the blinded soldiers at St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, and was held by all in deep regard. Many of those she did so much to help have continued to write to her over the years.”

Unfortunately, we have not been able to obtain any further details.