

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Men and Women Blinded on War Service

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Death of Miss Dorothy Pain

MISS DOROTHY PAIN, O.B.E., Matron of St. Dunstan's until her retirement two years ago, died suddenly and peacefully at her home in London on the morning of December 22nd. In accordance with her wish, she was buried in West Hampstead Cemetery with her father and mother, in the family grave.

The funeral service was held on the afternoon of Tuesday, December 29th, at St. Marylebone Parish Church, and an exactly similar Service was held at the same hour at the Ovingdean Chapel. In London, Sir Neville Pearson, Bt., read the Lesson—Revelations 7, verses 9 to the end—and Sir Ian Fraser gave an Appreciation. At Ovingdean, Commandant Fawcett read the Lesson and the Rev. W. Taylor, who conducted the Service, read the words which Sir Ian was using at the London Service. Sir Ian said:

“You will forgive me if I tell this story personally. It may be all the more real for that, and I think it will be your experience also.

“When I came to St. Dunstan's as a young fellow in 1916, Miss Pain was twenty-five or twenty-six years of age. She wore the scarlet dress of the Commandant of the British Red Cross and this set her off to very great advantage, for she was a most beautiful young woman—a startlingly beautiful young woman. She had a high colour, blue eyes and golden hair. Some said she had a face like a Madonna.

“As I sat down thinking of what I should say to you today, that picture came into my mind and then it occurred to me that I had never seen her myself. I expect it is your experience also that when you have been familiar with something for a very long time you think you have seen it.

“In 1923, her war work ended, Miss Pain left us to go back to the National Library for the Blind, though she maintained many individual contacts with St. Dunstan's and St. Dunstaners.

“When the second World War threatened, Miss Pain returned to take charge of our Braille and Typewriting School. Thus it was that when we opened up at Brighton in the first hours of the outbreak of the new war, she was there.

“As time progressed, we moved to Church Stretton because of the air attacks on London and the South Coast, and Miss Pain went up there to be Commandant Matron in charge not only of Braille and Typewriting, but also of the whole establishment. Soon this became too big for one head and a Commandant was appointed, and Miss Pain became the Matron of St. Dunstan's.

“Two years ago she retired, having reached the age for superannuation. She was to have made a journey to Australia and New Zealand and Canada to visit St. Dunstaners, and many welcomes had been prepared for her by State and provincial and town authorities as well as in the homes of St. Dunstaners themselves. It was a great disappointment when,

a few hours after she had stepped on board to make this Odyssey, she fell ill and had to return to Britain for a long period of convalescence.

"What was her very great contribution to the family of St. Dunstan's? Not Braille or Typewriting, though she was an expert in these and what she taught us has stood us in good stead over the years; not her administrative abilities as Matron, but her personality. She was able to draw people to her so that they poured out their troubles to her and she listened and she comforted. Her influence was felt much more widely than in any one or more of our Homes, for St. Dunstaners all over the land and all over the world used to write to her. The older generation knew her from the first war and the younger generation knew her because she was the first to meet them when they came from hospital, newly blinded and wondering what life held for them. St. Dunstan's has been blessed with many wonderful women, but none has excelled her capacity for understanding and love.

"Now she has died and we grieve—not for her—but about her loss, for it is we that are bereft.

"What is her memorial? It is in our lives—if we are good enough—and in our hearts."

A large number of St. Dunstaners, past and present members of the staff, and representatives of all sections of the blind world were present at the services in London and at Ovingdean.

There were many wreaths from individual St. Dunstaners and from groups, such as the physiotherapists and the Irish St. Dunstaners, and a number came from personal friends. Wreaths were also sent by the President and other officers of St. Dunstan's, from the Council, and from our various Homes.

Mr. J. C. Colligan, Secretary-General of the Royal National Institute for the Blind, writes:

"We all had the liveliest regard for Miss Pain's great abilities and all her sympathetic understanding of the problems of the blind."

Miss D. Goff, Deputy Secretary of the National Library for the Blind, writes:

"Miss Pain was a very old friend of the Library and many of us still remember her with great affection, when she was a member of the staff."

The Honours List

Two St. Dunstaners were among those receiving Honours in the New Year Honours List. Alderman Captain J. A. D. Cochrane-Barnett, who serves on the West Sussex County Council, and is Chairman of the Southern Regional Association for the Blind, and a Member of the Council of the Royal National Institute for the Blind, becomes an O.B.E. Also awarded the O.B.E. is Mr. James Tindal Stewart Scrymgeour, "for public services, particularly to the cattle industry, in Australia." Both are St. Dunstaners of the first war.

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Mr. Alan Pitt Robbins, a Member of the Council of St. Dunstan's, and lately News Editor of *The Times*, becomes a C.B.E.

Mr. John Gavin, w.s., Chairman of the Royal Blind Asylum and School, Edinburgh, and a Member of the Council of St. Dunstan's (representing the Scottish National Institution for the War-Blinded,

of which he is also Chairman), receives the O.B.E.

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Mrs. G. R. Aitken, a member of various Social Welfare Organisations connected with the United Kingdom community in Bombay, India, receives the M.B.E. Mrs. Aitken will be remembered by St. Dunstaners as Mrs. Pansy Lipscomb—Sir Arthur Pearson's daughter—who did so much hospital visiting with him in the first world war.

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The Rt. Hon. Richard Law, M.P., becomes a Baron. Mr. Law was one of the team of M.P.s rowing against a St. Dunstan's four in 1932.

College Reunion

3rd College Reunion. Criterion Restaurant, Piccadilly Circus. Saturday, 24th April, 12.30 to 5.30 p.m. Lunch, 1.15 p.m. Single tickets 15s. Double tickets 27s. 6d. Obtainable from W. T. Scott, 46 Leigham Avenue, Streatham, S.W.16.

London Club Notes

Indoor Section.—On December 22nd the Club held its Christmas Party. A good number of the club members and their wives and escorts gathered together in the decorated rooms, and among the artistes appearing were the radio star Peter Cavanagh, the famous "Voice of them all," the ever charming Helen Clare, soprano, who delighted us with her songs, and the Dargie Quintet who kept us in fits of laughter.

With Miss Ibbetson and her band of willing helpers serving the refreshments, and Bob Willis alternating between M.C. and Father Christmas, everyone enjoyed themselves. Thus the Club was brought to the end of another successful year. P. A.

Bridge.—The Seventeenth Annual General Meeting of the Bridge Section took place at the Club, 191 Marylebone Road, on Saturday afternoon, 5th December, 1953; the chair was taken by Mr. A. D. Lloyds.

At the meeting it was confirmed that W. Bishop be elected Captain/Secretary for the ensuing year. The following members were elected to the committee: S. Webster (Treasurer), N. Downs, W. Henry, and M. Delaney.

A hearty welcome is extended to any new members any Saturday afternoon. Games commence at 2.15 p.m.

The final event for 1953 was a grand Christmas bridge drive, held in the Club on Saturday, 12th December. The duties of master of ceremonies were performed by our esteemed friend A. Field. Twenty-one members with their partners enjoyed a pleasant and keenly-contested tournament. The winners were: 1st, J. Fleming; 2nd, C. Thompson; 3rd, F. Winter; 4th P. Nuyens; nearest parity, R. Giffard.

The play-off between the two finalists for the Club League Pairs competition took place on Saturday afternoon, 19th December, between M. Delaney and S. Webster *versus* L. Douglas and H. Cook. After 3½ hours' battle amidst dense smoke and with numerous cups of tea, L. Douglas and H. Cook became the worthy winners.

W. BISHOP.

Outdoor Section.—On the 19th December we had the great honour of welcoming Lt. Col. J. P. Carne, v.c., of the Gloucesters, to the London Club and to start and to present the prizes for our seven mile walk in Regent's Park.

After setting off the field and watching the first rounding of the Inner Circle, the Colonel spurned all offers of a lift round the course, much to the consternation of the officials, who perforce, had to walk as well.

Although the day was dry there was a bitter east wind blowing which whipped everyone to a very fast start, with the result that there were some good performances. W. Miller won the race in 61-30 min., and the tail end once again beat the handicapper. J. Lynch won the handicap with W. Miller second and P. Cryan third. "Peter Pan" Brown was the fastest loser.

We again had a scratch match, scoring seven a side, with the police, and we were beaten 42 points to 65, nevertheless we certainly made the police go.

We regret that the field was depleted through illness and wish T. Gaygan and D. Fleisig speedy recovery. There were no entries from Birmingham; probably the fog kept them away, but we hope to see them at the next race. C. W.

St. Dunstan's Seven Mile Walk and Match with Metropolitan Police Regent's Park, Saturday, December 19th

Order of Finish		Act. Time	H'cp		H'cp in	
			All.	Scr.	Time	H'p
1.	W. Miller	St. D's 61-30	Scr.	—	61-30	2
2.	McFarlane	M.P. 61-31	—	—	—	—
3.	O'Hara	M.P. 61-32	—	—	—	—
4.	Wright	M.P. 63-26	—	—	—	—
5.	Mason	M.P. 63-45	—	—	—	—
6.	A. Brown	St. D's 64-02	1-10	—	62-52	5
7.	Bryant	M.P. 64-02	—	—	—	—
8.	C. Williamson	St. D's 64-31	1-10	—	63-21	6
9.	Mash	M.P. 64-31	—	—	—	—
10.	P. Cryan	St. D's 65-37	3-40	—	61-57	3
11.	S. Tutton	St. D's 67-38	5-00	—	62-38	4
12.	Butt	M.P. 70-52	—	—	—	—
13.	Scarlett	M.P. 70-51	—	—	—	—
14.	C. Stafford	St. D's 71-37	7-20	—	64-17	7
15.	L. Dennis	St. D's 74-56	8-05	—	66-51	8
16.	J. Lynch	St. D's 79-38	18-10	—	61-28	1

Winner of Handicap, J. Lynch; Second, J. Miller Third, P. Cryan.

Result of Match:

1st: Met. Police, 42 points.

2nd: St. Dunstan's, 65 points.

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

Ruby Wedding

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Clark, of Lee, S.E.12, who were married forty years ago on Christmas Day.

Silver Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Rees, Wirral, December 22nd. Congratulations.

A New Pensions Campaign Opens

A personal letter to every member of the British Legion from Sir Ian Fraser, its President, has opened a new campaign for higher pensions for disabled ex-Servicemen. The Legion's one million members are asked to bring pressure on the Government in every possible way.

Sir Ian appealed to Legionaires to try to enlist one new member, and to make contact with a disabled man working or living near. He went on:

"I think the fulfilment of our requests to Governments is overdue. If we all thought and felt and worked together as we did in battle, we could, I believe, move mountains. Let us see if we can make public opinion give us that degree of priority of consideration which would ensure success for our cause."

Likes and Dislikes

There have been a number of entries for the Likes and Dislikes competition. A selection will be published next month. There is still time to send in your Likes and Dislikes of smell, taste, "feel," and sound. Doubly handicapped St. Dunstaners are particularly invited to send in their own appropriate replies.

Liverpool Club Notes

A number of St. Dunstaners met at the Sefton Hall, Liverpool, for our annual Christmas Party. After tea a splendid concert was given by Mr. J. Reason and his party. Mr. Reason has, since the inception of St. Dunstan's Club made this an annual event, and we cannot speak too highly of the efforts which he and his party make for our enjoyment. Various presentations were made and a gift of a pair of driving gloves was made on behalf of the Club to Mr. Harry Formstone, in recognition of his services to the Club as our Games Manager. The presentation was made by Mr. J. Blakely with an appropriate speech. The party broke up at about 10.15 p.m. and everyone declared that it had been a very jolly evening. Unfortunately, we missed a number of friends who through sickness or other causes were unable to be with us. Among these was our beloved President, Captain Holloway, and his wife. We had with us as guests, Miss Vaughan Davies, Mrs. Dunphy, Mrs. Lang, Miss Doel and Miss Davies (Visitor for Wales and Cheshire). The next meeting of the Club

is on Saturday, 16th January, and fortnightly after that date when we shall be glad to welcome new members. I am sure that there are many St. Dunstaners on Merseyside who would enjoy meeting old friends and joining in our outings and games. Miss Doel can give you any particulars and, as I have said before, you will receive a warm welcome.

J. C. OWEN, *Chairman*.

Manchester Club Notes

Our sincere thanks and appreciation to Bob Britton, Mr. and Mrs. Hindle and the members of the darts club at the Railway Hotel, Pleasington (Blackburn), for the very enjoyable afternoon and evening which they provided for members of our Club and their wives and escorts on Saturday, 7th November last. The usual sumptuous meal was enjoyed to the full.

Our members were very proud to win by the odd game both at dominoes and darts.

The Club's New Year Party was held on Saturday, 9th January, at the "Swan-with-Two-Necks," Manchester. The Chairman of the Club referred to the sad death of Miss Dorothy Pain, and paid tribute to one who for very many years had rendered valuable services to St. Dunstan's. A period of silence was observed standing.

Our guests at this party included Miss Vaughan-Davies, Miss Doel, Welfare Visitor, and Mrs. Jackson, of Longsight.

After dinner the Chairman gave the Loyal Toast—Her Majesty, the Duke of Lancaster. Then followed a short homely speech by Miss Vaughan-Davies who concluded with a toast, "To St. Dunstaners everywhere."

The Chairman, extended a very warm welcome to all the guests and expressed sincere thanks to the honorary officers of the Club, and to all wives and escorts for their kindly help at all meetings and functions of the Club.

Thanks to the hotel management and staff was expressed by Mr. W. McCarthy, Vice-Chairman.

The evening was given over to games and some dancing, these being interspersed with the laughter-raising entertainment of Mr. Johnny Riley and Mr. Charles Edwards.

Carriages were timed for 9.30 p.m. but at 10.30 p.m. the greater part of the "revellers" were putting finishing touches to a very grand party.

J. SHAW, *Club Chairman*.

We Hear That . . .

Arthur Stevens, of Reading, thinks his family may hold a record among St. Dunstaners. His father is 93 and his mother 95, and they have been married more than sixty-eight years. This wonderful couple had three daughters and four sons. Two sons were killed and Arthur was blinded in the 1914-18 war. Mr. Stevens senior, worked until he was over eighty.

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Their golden wedding on November 24th was celebrated in grand style by Mr. and Mrs. E. Denny, of Pretoria. The African Consolidated Theatres were holding their Golden Jubilee also, and in a contest in which one thousand couples took part, our St. Dunstaner and his wife were awarded the title of, "South Africa's Mr. and Mrs. Golden Jubilee." The honour has given them a life pension of £100 per annum and a free pass to all the theatres of the company.

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Fifteen St. Dunstaners were entertained in Belfast by Mrs. E. W. Wright, J.P., of the Not Forgotten Association. St. Dunstaner Alex Scott proposed Mrs. Wright's health in an excellent speech. Mrs. Wright takes a great interest in Belfast St. Dunstaners, and was a visitor at Ovingdean in October.

From the Chairman's Postbag

DEAR MR. ENGELMANN,

I listen seldom to Talking Books because I am so occupied, but over Christmas I listened to Forester's "Mr. Midshipman Hornblower," read by you. I enjoyed the tale very much; indeed, it is one of the best of its kind I have read.

I congratulate you most heartily upon your reading. It is so easy to listen to, runs most smoothly and when characterisation is necessary you do this admirably. I consider your treatment of this book a work of art. Yours sincerely,

IAN FRASER.

DEAR SIR IAN,

I am most grateful for your letter. The comments you make on my reading of "Midshipman Hornblower" make me very proud indeed. I value your praise very highly since I know it is not given lightly.

May I wish you and St. Dunstan's a successful and happy year.

Yours sincerely,
FRANKLIN ENGELMANN.

DEAR SIR IAN,

The idea occurred to me some time ago that use might be made of the Morse code for communicating with people who are blind and deaf. Your visit to John Proctor reminded me of the idea. I am no expert, but in 1914 I passed an exam. as a telegraphist in India and though I was wounded a few months later, I never lost the ability to use a Morse key. My idea was that vibrations could be transmitted to the deaf person by means of a buzzer. These could easily be picked up by the sensitive fingers of a blind person. It could be even done by means of bone conduction. A speed of twenty-eight words a minute could be attained by a sighted person writing a message down, but a blind person would have to memorise, and that would be a slower process.

It is also possible, I think, that if the vibrations from a loud speaker were transmitted direct to the fingers of a blind person, he would get a good idea of what was going over the air. Wally Thomas gets a kick out of a boxing match by getting the vibrations from the set. Perhaps this could be done scientifically by means of a special adaptor. I think there are possibilities.

CHARLES T. KELK.

Our Research Engineer writes:

The Morse code is the most obvious system that comes to mind when trying to find a simple method of conversing with the deaf-blind, but it has many disadvantages.

Deaf-blind people could no doubt learn the Morse code very easily, but it would be of very little use to them because the majority of people do not know the code and it takes rather a long time to learn. The manual alphabet generally used is very simple and can be learned in a quarter of an hour.

Any system which requires apparatus such as a vibrator that Mr. Kelk suggests becomes a nuisance for a deaf-blind person to carry around, especially if batteries have to be replaced from time to time.

If an apparatus is to be used at all, there is a new machine called the "Arcaid" which writes, in Braille, messages tapped out on a keyboard similar to a typewriter, and any stranger could use this immediately without having to learn a new code.

All St. Dunstan's deaf men know of the "Arcaid" and if any one of them would like to have the machine, we will provide it with pleasure. P. B. NYE.

Letters to the Editor

DEAR EDITOR,

May I comment on the statement in the November REVIEW that "many St. Dunstaners did not reply to the kind invitation of Mrs. Jackson" to the annual party in memory of her son. Can there be any excuse for this appalling lack of good manners and courtesy? I write as Chairman of the Manchester Club and not as a judge of the actions or lack of courtesy of my fellow St. Dunstaners, and I feel it a duty to state that our members did answer the kind invitation by turning up in good numbers, and we were entertained in lavish manner both at the tables and at the party which followed. We are grateful to Mrs. Jackson for her kindness and for the practical way in which she commemorates this occasion.

To continue my observations on a matter such as this, I feel that there is no more certain way of "killing" the interest of our many kindhearted friends than by ignoring their invitations to functions arranged for our benefit. We always turn up in large numbers at our own reunions, and an occasion such as the one referred to can be a reunion on a smaller scale if only we make a special effort when we are requested to attend.

That there are difficulties at times in the way of some of us attending these functions we all appreciate, but I see no excuse for failing to observe the courtesy of replying to invitations which have so much human kindness behind them.

Yours sincerely,

J. SHAW.

DEAR EDITOR,

I must tell you of the immense pleasure I derive from listening to the Talking Book. Many of these books I have read before, but this fact does not detract from the enjoyment received. The definite styles of the readers I find most interesting. One reader coughed once or twice, then he filled a glass with water, and drank it. This gave a very pleasant feeling that I was in personal contact with him. Some readers dramatise their voices and I myself do not like this, but this is a matter of opinion.

When I am waiting for a new book, I must confess to a certain tinge of excitement, wondering what the book will be, who is the author, and who the reader.

The book, "Through Time and Space," I strongly recommend for those interested in astronomy. It is extremely well read and increases one's wonderment of the facts of the Universe. I have always been interested in the planets and stars, but after listening to this book I was filled with regret that I had not read it years ago.

I have always been passionately fond of reading and dreaded the time when I should be unable to do so. But on entering the blind world with its most interesting and wonderful system of the six dots alphabet and the Talking Book Library so wonderfully organised, I find that all my worries need not have been. "Life is still good." Yours sincerely,
Hull. W. W. THOMPSON.

DEAR EDITOR,

I was interested in T. Roger's letter under the heading "Is it coincidence." I should like to add to this, "Is it presentiment or premonition." Here is an account of something which happened to me in December, 1915. At that time I was out in France in the trenches. Then one night my mother had a very realistic dream, so realistic that it worried her a great deal. She dreamt that I was standing at the door asking to be allowed to come in; she looked at me and said, "You cannot come in, you should be with your Regiment." Then she looked again and saw I was holding my hand over my eyes and I was saying, "Oh Mother, it is my eyes." Three nights after this I was wounded while on night sentry. The weapon was either a machine gun or an automatic of some sort, for I was shot clean through the head—in one side and out the other—by two bullets which went behind both eyes, while a third bullet went in on a level with the eyebrows a little further back than the other two. This third bullet had no exit, and as I have never had an X-ray, I do not know what happened to that except that it should have definitely killed me. I was totally blind for a short while and then some sight came back to one part of the eye.

In a previous article in the magazine there was mention made of no fear of death. When I was wounded, I did not lose consciousness for some little while but put down my rifle, sat down in the firing step and called for the stretcher bearers. I was losing a lot of blood and had already

found out what my wound was, so naturally thought that when I did go off, there would be no awakening. So I thought, what can I do with the last twenty minutes of life? I decided to go in the tradition of the Regiment, "No surrender." So I laughed and joked to pass the time away until the end should come. The day after I came to and was very surprised to find I was still alive. I asked where I was and was told I was in an ambulance going to meet a train en route for hospital at Abbeville.

It might interest readers to know that my Platoon Officer was at that time none other than the well-known "Christopher Stone," who finished up Major Christopher Stone, D.S.O., M.C., the Regiment being the Royal Fusiliers.

Yours sincerely,

H. J. HARRISS.

Billericay.

DEAR EDITOR,

I hope I cause no surpence amongst those literary blokes with my spelling, and my attempt to be a ruddy Kipling. If they think it's mudge, it is just because they are g. ellis. This is what I call

Keeping Fit at Ovingdean

I arrived at St. Dunstan's one bright sunny May,
And feeling quite weary, I'd travelled all day,
Never expected what I should find—
Everyone happy and ever so kind—
I sat in the Lounge. I felt no remorse
As there's nothing so bad but might have
been worse.

After there a few weeks it was heaven on earth
But I very soon found that I was increasing
in girth,
Then I thought of the gym and that's just
the place
Where a chap can soon get his pose and his
grace.
So early next morning in my pants and my
vest
I went to the gym to pick up my chest.

I am not going to say just what I went
through
But just on the quiet, between me and you,
The gym is alright but that horse is a curse.
When I came out I went in reverse. . .
I met a big chap, he seemed to be rushing,
I bounced off his middle like a ball off a
cushing.

Now if you big chaps with a bread-basket
line
Would try a few jerks it would do you just
fine,
It would do you no harm and you could not
do worse
If you tried a wee canter on St. Dunstan's
horse.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

BILLY BELL.

DEAR EDITOR,

As a St. Dunstan's Padre I want to make two protests.

I do not like swearing at any time, and I think blind people should be particularly careful not to swear or use bad language because they do not know who may be passing by them at the time.

Secondly, I realise that Sweepstakes are a tradition in St. Dunstan's, but I do not think we should give official recognition to any sweepstake which is connected with a religious denomination.

Yours sincerely,

Spratton, Northants.

D. S. J. PETTIT.

Coincidence

Some months ago, my sister, who lives nearly a hundred miles from me, bought from an expensive shop in Manchester sufficient material to have a dance dress made for herself.

Some weeks later I, too, went to Manchester for an evening dress, but bought mine ready-made from a large multiple shop, which specialises in "Clothes to suit every purse."

When my sister paid me a visit recently she brought a small piece of her material to show us what her dress was like, and to our amazement it was identical in every respect with the material of my own dress. It was obviously from the same roll.

What a good thing it is that we live such a distance from each other and cannot possibly attend the same dances.

MARGARET STANWAY.

Grandfathers

W. Clamp, of Wolverton; Rex Furness, M.B.E., of Warrington; J. Lomas, of Walthamstow; H. Smith, of Golcar; W. Stamp, of Grimsby; H. Maher, of London, S.E.1; R. Robinson, of Cookstown, N. Ireland.

The Episode of Sohrab and Rostum

For some months past I have been visiting a deaf-blind man in an institution in my neighbourhood. He is sixty-three and has a passion for writing Braille. Our means of communication is by a recognised hand sign system. His power of speech is not at all good and at times I have difficulty in understanding what he says. From time to time I have translated quite a number of his literary efforts with the hope that perhaps there might be something that would earn him some pocket money. At one visit I was handed an unusually large parcel of Braille and promised to do my best. In my spare time I waded through ten pages of single-line type, each page taking an hour to translate. A wonderful story unfolded with names that reminded me of the Decameron. The subject of the poem, in my ignorance, was entirely new to me. I took the ten pages of type back to my friend and asked where on earth he had come across such names and ideas. He remembered reading the story in print many years ago, he said.

On the first Saturday of the New Year I procured a pass to take my friend to meet other deaf-blind people at a party. It was the first time he had been out for many years. The Red Cross had been good enough to provide me with a lady volunteer driver and a small van. We went from the institution to collect another deaf-blind man. They sat together and began to converse on their hands. Meanwhile, I sat with the lady driver and told her about the remarkable outpourings of Braille and verses I had been translating. To my surprise she told me that two names, Sohrab and Rostum, rang a bell; that she would look it up and let me know about it later. I passed the ten pages to her.

It is all quite clear to me now. My Red Cross lady driver has returned the pages, together with her little volume of Matthew Arnold containing the Episode of Sohrab and Rostum. It has been read to me for the first time in my life. The hosts of the Tartars and Persians on the sands of the Oxus Stream are all there. All that Braille I had already gone through, dot by dot. Call it a photographic mind, or what you will. I can only thank my deaf-blind friend for bringing me a gem of English verse.

Streatham.

W. T. SCOTT.

Beyond the Dawn

I have felt for a very long time that the REVIEW owes me quite a number of pages, for it is indeed some while since any words of mine have been printed, but I will be content with the front page and without a photograph.

But what have I to say on this first Sunday of 1954? I am not in the least concerned as to whether you call the "dear ladies" Sister or not; neither do I wish to add my thoughts as to the literary qualities of the REVIEW. Who am I that I should set myself up as a literary critic? I have never been in a winning pair or four on the river, or walked from London to Brighton. No darts team has ever required my services and I can claim distinction in only one sphere of St. Dunstan's activities. I was a member of the Bridge Club, and, may I say, one of its founders. In this respect I must have been extremely good for it is very rare in these days that I hear of the Club winning a match. We did win matches a few years ago. Can it be premature old age?

I have a purpose in writing, and it is a serious one. For some two years I have been laid aside through ill health. For over a year I have been at home, and little beyond my own doorstep. Bridge and the theatre were amongst my chief pleasures of life and at the moment I cannot enjoy either. My home smells the sweeter, for my pipe is on the shelf, but I do not miss smoking. True, I have the joys of reading and listening, but life will always be limited and yet, in these past two years I have found something, or should I say I have been given something, which has more than compensated me for all else. Oh yes, that is possible. St. Dunstan's has given its members much in the material sense. In one way or another, most have been able to do some work because of its training, but can we measure the true value of the greatest of all gifts, the loyalty of friends? We have all found a companionship, and fellowship, not only amongst ourselves, but with those with whom we have come into contact, but I am thinking more of the friendship amongst ourselves. We are British, and should hold ourselves with great dignity and not allow our thoughts or feelings to escape us. But why not? If the Editor thinks this is worth printing, I am not going to apologise

for what I have written. How often do I turn the canvas and live once again the many happy days spent in the company of my colleagues; not only the members of the Bridge Club, but so many others whose company has been my pleasure oft-times over the years. I look back with infinite joy on the many discussions at the "local"; what did we talk about? Politics, books, theatres, and how many times would we have put the world on its feet again. These memories are my great treasures. There are so many pictures which come back to me—Brighton, Harrogate, Ilkley. . . The companionships which we have found and enjoyed so much have given us knowledge and assurance in meeting the sighted world. St. Dunstan's has rendered to its members an indefinable something by which, perhaps unconsciously, we have been helped to live our lives not just amongst ourselves, but with others outside our organisation; something which is ever present and eternal. Because of this I would not have missed the last two years of my life for anything in the world. And as I write my rambling thoughts, I think of those who have served St. Dunstan's with such devotion, many of whom are not with us to-day.

We are so prone to think that we are a law unto ourselves, but really we are dependent upon each other. No, indeed, I am not content. There are occasions when I want to break every pane of glass in the house, but over and above it all, I have found a serenity and a quiet mind which will be of inestimable value for many years to come. Yet I am so conscious of what I have received from my colleagues over the years, and especially the past two, I am compelled to say, "Thanks, always."

Gentlemen, I give you a toast, not for just this year but for all time, "The Loyalty of Friends." If this gift be given to you, life will not be quite so difficult. And for the years which follow, and I anticipate a good number yet, two lines from Robert Browning come aptly to my mind:

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be."

REG. P. COLES.

Christmas at St. Dunstan's, 1953

The hallowed festival of Christmas is by tradition the occasion upon which the scattered members of a family and those whom we hold dear are united, perhaps

in person or just merely in thought. These sentiments apply in no small measure to St. Dunstan's at Christmastide. Old friends unite, memories are revived and the "good old days" at West House and Blackpool are recounted, but all are united by bond of brotherhood.

Festivities commenced on Christmas Eve with a gala performance of Aladdin, given in the Music Hut. The show, which was ably written by Miss Who Flung Smith and produced by Miss Lotus Bud Carlton, was enthusiastically received by a capacity audience, among whom we were pleased to greet the Chairman and Lady Fraser. Miss Gray showed great talent as Aladdin and her vocal duets with Mrs. Joan Osborne, who proved a charming princess, were of special merit. George Killingbeck, temporarily relinquishing his duties as Braille teacher, was provided with an equally villainous role as the Magician. Widow Twankey and the Genie of the Lamp were excellently portrayed by members of the staff, and mention must also be made of the splendid chorus. A vote of thanks to the artists and those responsible for the production was later moved by Sir Ian.

Christmas morning dawned grey and wet, but spirits remained high and all seemed affected with the Christmas spirit. Many attended Morning Service in the Chapel, which was preceded by Holy Communion.

At 11 a.m. all were assembled in the lounge for the distribution of parcels from the Christmas tree by one, Max Miller. Bacchus intervened first, however, and port wine, the gift of the Grocers' Association, was drained to the very dregs from some 120 upturned glasses. At length the Cheekie Chappie arrived and the process of distributing the presents began.

Some lively piano music now ensued, rendered by one, Alfie, Max's accompanist, a blind man. Max followed this musical interlude by some of his own songs and a selected reading from his blue book, which judging from the laughter it provoked seemed well up to the comedian's particular standard. It may have been coincidence, but as Mr. Miller announced the title of his next song number, incidentally one which has been banned from the B.B.C., a depressed file of V.A.D's with clasped hands and downcast eyes was seen to file out of the lounge into the nether regions. It was their lunch time!

The amount and the quality of the Christmas Dinner defies the imagination. A joint reading by Matron and Commandant of numerous greetings telegrams from friends of St. Dunstan's brought the occasion to a happy ending.

The highlight of the evening was an impromptu concert held in the lounge at 8 p.m., arranged by Mrs. Macdonald and compered by the Commandant who, on such occasions, seems possessed of a limitless store of anecdotes and stories, although his volume is of a lighter blue than that of Mr. Miller.

Two London cabaret artists, Sylvia Brent and Jim Bennett, rendered a selection of popular songs after which Miss Smith, suitably garbed in the habit of a charlady, gave us one of her own monologues. Its quality of wit and humour is what we have grown to expect of Smithy; we were literally in stitches at her conclusion. Bill Young's rendering of Negro spirituals also gave great pleasure.

Jacko now followed with two popular song numbers of an earlier generation, displaying a talent worthy of any music hall artist.

We paused now for an interval during which coffee and delicately cut sandwiches filled with the choicest of savouries were served by eager smiling V.A.D's. Appetites appeased, for the time being at least, the show was resumed with a comic sketch starring Messrs. Bickerton and Reeves. The scene was a theatrical agent's office and our two worthies portrayed the parts of two dubious female characters pertaining to that profession. Any vacancies for escorts?

Our impromptu concert was now drawing to its closing numbers. Charles Campkin, possessed of a pleasantly modulated voice, sang three popular ballads and was followed as if on an afterthought, by Mr. Bedford, who recounted two of his amusing "short" stories. But now it was a little after ten and the day's festivities were, alas, over.

Boxing Day was, if anything, a little less hectic. In the afternoon many availed themselves of the opportunity to witness one of the number of excellent pantomimes at present running in Brighton. The highlight of the day was the traditional fancy dress ball held in the lounge at 8. Most conspicuous among the prizewinners were beaming Maxie as a quite adorable Boko and with Mrs. Comer as the infant's nurse.

Other prizewinners were George Fallowfield as a chef, Jack Greaves as Queen of Tonga and Miss Downward as November in Brighton.

Congratulations also to the vociferous "braves," Blodwyn and Thelma, from Port Hall; George Jolly as Picasso in Three D; Miss Gray as the sultry denizen of a harem, and Mike Delaney's Flying Saucer.

Thus our Ovingdean Christmas passed, a full and happy one, memorable not only for the abundance of Christmas fare and good entertainment, but also for those more intangible qualities of good cheer and fellowship. In conclusion may we extend our thanks to the staff at Ovingdean for their tireless and efficient service which contributed in no small measure to our memorable Ovingdean Christmas.

PETER J. HARRIS.

St. Dunstan's 1918-1954

In Regent's Park, London, North-West
Is a place controlled by one of the best;
St. Dunstan's, they call it, for soldiers and sailors,
Where soon they are taught to be jolly good Brailers.

Those who live there, I think might tell,
Have been in some trouble—don't see very well.
Ask them if they're happy. The answer is "Rather!
Can't be anything else with Sir Arthur as Father."

Everything runs quite smoothly along,
In the workshops one hears but laughter and song.
Massage, poultry, typing and Braille,
The boys learn quickly, and none of them fail.

The staff work hard from morning till night,
And everything there is merry and bright;
Boys laughing and chaffing and reading some Braille;
Some ragging or smoking or telling the tale.

With Sir Arthur as pilot the boys all feel sure
Of success in life when they leave his door;
He came as a God-send, as everyone knows,
And dearer each day to the boys he grows.

Remember boys, when you seem down on your luck
To "stick it" and show them you've still got some
pluck.

And remember Sir Arthur looks after you all
Who have come back to darkness through answering
"the call."

ALAN NICHOLS, *January*, 1918.

Sir Arthur gave us our chance: we took it with
both hands,
Yes, boys from the Old Country, and from far
distant lands,
To him we owe a debt, let us continue our apprecia-
tion.

So carry on, St. Dunstaner friends, with confidence
and determination.

ALAN NICHOLS, *January*, 1954.

Ovingdean Notes (Improved)

The event which marked the early part of December was the ceremony which preceded the massed march up to Marylebone Road in protest against the letter published in the REVIEW. There was cheering and brass band music to set the party off on this pilgrimage although the cheering was weak and the brass band off-key. Nevertheless, one bugle and three slightly laconic Boy Scouts did their best to hearten the Protest Marchers. They started off, banner fluttering, four weeks ago and we still haven't heard of the three brave St. Dunstaners. Maybe their martyrdom will bring forth a repentant Stewart Spence.

The next function of interest was the Surprise Novelty dance. The novelty was the fact that the dance started at 8 a.m. till 10.30 a.m., instead of the usual unimaginative evening affair. The surprise was really a surprise for we had secretly invited fifty inmates of the local Home for Retired Lady Wrestlers to act as partners.

Another occurrence quite unique in the day-by-day routine of Ovingdean was when one of the drivers on the weekly bus trip stopped his vehicle at Rottingdean and suggested that it would be a scream if one of the St. Dunstaners drove the rest of the way. It was a bit of a swindle really because the lucky one from the thirty-three volunteers could see a little and many people pointed out later that it was an advantage which helped him to set such a high standard. The coach finished up nestling snugly against the gents' lavatory on the undercliff.

I think the outstanding feature of this merry month was the rehearsal for the Christmas Dinner. We decided to use the Army idea of the men waiting on the officers and staff. Matron, Commandant and all the V.A.D.s sat down one lunch time and the boys had a trial run. We had two T.B. chaps serving the food from the servery and forty-three holiday men and trainees did their best to feed the staff. It is reported that Com. got no less than five plates of soup (on his lap) and Matron had to wait thirty-five minutes while one of the one-armed chaps cut her meal up for her. By 5.25 the whole thing was over and although there was room for improvement, the boys felt that another four or

five rehearsals would make all the difference. I regret to say that the Commandant and Matron decided after all to shelve the idea for the present.

As I write, a committee is in session discussing the possibility of dropping the weekly domino tournament in favour of a cross country paper chase. There are certain opponents to this plan, but we all feel that it is time we showed the outside world just how much we can do. I hope to make a fuller report on this and on the scheme to use trench mortars on the shooting range in next month's issue.

GEORGE ELLIS.

Births

BARLOW. On January 19th, to the wife of J. R. Barlow, of Hillsboro, Sheffield, a daughter—Denise.

BIRCHALL.—On December 17th, to the wife of J. W. Birchall, of Blackpool, a daughter.

BURNS.—On December 29th, to the wife of M. Burns, of Westcliff-on-Sea, a son—Michael John.

DANIEL.—To the wife of N. Daniel, of Burnham-on-Sea, a daughter.

FAULKNER.—To the wife of W. D. Faulkner, of Erdington, Birmingham, a daughter.

FORSTER.—On January 12th, to the wife of R. Forster, of Leeds, a daughter.

FULLING.—On December 17th, to the wife of J. J. Fulling, of London, N.4, a son—Stuart John.

PETTY.—On December 22nd, to the wife of H. Petty, of Leeds, a son.

STOKES.—On January 14th, to Mrs. Sadie Stokes, of Pendleton, Salford, a son—Thomas James Henry.

Mr. Rowley Retires

Mr. J. de la Mare Rowley, General Editor of the National Institute for the Blind for thirty-two years, retired on January 1st.

Mr. Rowley in 1919 worked for St. Dunstan's and the N.I.B. under Sir Arthur Pearson, and for two years edited the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW.

As General Editor of the N.I.B. he has controlled all letterpress, Braille and Moon publications, and advised in the selection of Talking Books.

The good wishes of hundreds of his friends will go with Mr. Rowley in his retirement.

"In Memory"

Private Thomas McGuire, *Northumberland Fusiliers*

We record with deep regret the death of T. McGuire, of Drogheda, Eire. He was 70.

Enlisting at the beginning of the First World War, he served until his discharge in 1919, but during that time he had been gassed and had lost an eye.

In 1930 he came to St. Dunstan's and trained in basket-making, poultry-keeping and typewriting.

Following the loss of his wife some time ago, his health deteriorated considerably and he died on December 5th at his home in Ireland.

A wreath from Sir Ian and his St. Dunstan's comrades was among the flowers at the funeral.

Our sincere sympathy goes out to his relatives, and to Mrs. Byrne, who cared for him during the last weeks of his life.

Private Arthur Horrell, *8th Devon Salvage Company*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of A. Horrell, of Treorchy.

He enlisted in 1914 and three years later was wounded in France, losing the sight of both eyes. He came to St. Dunstan's where he trained as a boot repairer. His health had not been good for a number of years and he died on December 22nd.

Three St. Dunstaners—Messrs. A. Caple and D. J. Williams of Cardiff, and E. Owen, of Cwmpark—were present at the funeral. The flowers included Sir Ian's wreath of poppies.

Our deep sympathy is extended to Mrs. Horrell and her son.

Private Frank Scott, *9th East Surrey Regiment*

We record with deep regret the death of F. Scott, of Langley, at the age of fifty-five.

He entered St. Dunstan's immediately on his discharge from the Army in March, 1919, and he trained as a basket-maker. He died on January 3rd.

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

Our sincere sympathy goes out to Mrs. Scott and her son.

Private George Southen, *Royal Army Veterinary Corps*

We record with deep regret the death of G. Southen, of Folkestone. He was eighty-one.

He was admitted to St. Dunstan's benefits first in September, 1920, and then in April, 1924, and he worked as a boot repairer until 1935. His health had been deteriorating for some time and he had spent long periods at West House. He passed away there on December 20th.

He leaves three grown-up children to whom our deep sympathy is offered.

Wreaths from Sir Ian Fraser and his St. Dunstan's comrades, and from West House, were among the flowers at the funeral.

Rifleman Alfred Cook, *4/7 Rifle Brigade*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of A. Cook, of Brighton. He died in West House on December 15th, at the age of sixty-five.

He first came to St. Dunstan's upon his discharge from the Army in October, 1916, and then again on September 1st, 1920. He trained as a mat-maker and carried on with this craft for many years. His health, however, became very bad and he had spent the past year at West House.

He leaves a widow, who has herself been in hospital for a year, and to whom our deep sympathy goes.

Among the flowers at the funeral was a poppy wreath from the Chairman and his St. Dunstan's comrades.

Charles William Raven and E. R. Musgrave, *Australian Forces*

We have heard with deep regret of the deaths of two of our Australian St. Dunstaners, although the details are few.

E. R. Musgrave, of Tamworth, New South Wales, had been on our Overseas List for several years, and information has only just reached us that he died in August, 1951, as a result of his war injuries.

C. W. Raven, of Inverell, New South Wales, was gassed in the First World War.

Our deep sympathy is extended to Mrs. Raven and Mrs. Musgrave.

Deaths

Our very sincere sympathy goes out to the following:

BROWN.—To G. P. ("Jock") Brown, of Chiswick, who has lost his mother.

FIRTH.—To C. Firth, of Heswall, whose mother died on October 4th, aged 80.

FROST.—To H. Frost, of New Moston, Manchester, whose mother died on January 10th, at the age of 77.

MASH.—To J. F. C. Mash, of St. Helier, Channel Islands, whose father has died,

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Many early St. Dunstaners will hear with regret of the death of Miss "Mollie" Crompton who helped in the Netting Room in 1918 and 1919.