

# ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

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For Men and Women Blinded on War Service

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[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN]

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## CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

A WOMAN came into my office at St. Dunstan's one day to talk over a matter of business. She said: "Last year, Sir Ian, you wrote me so and so. This year you wrote me something different." And she read out a paragraph from my last year's letter and from this year's letter and pointed out an inconsistency between them and asked me to explain it to her.

The woman had kept my letters in a file and had taken them out of the file herself and made extracts from them which she had brought with her. All this, you will say, was quite the usual thing that any person might do who was preparing to make a case, but this woman was blind.

When she got my letters, which were typewritten, she had put them in an Optophone, a machine that translates typewriting and print into a code of sounds which are intelligible. With the help of this machine she was then able to read the correspondence, after which she made a Braille note on the letters of the date and the reference so that she could easily get it out of the file, identify it and, if need be, read it over in the Optophone once again.

So far as I know, Miss Mary Jameson, M.B.E., for that is the woman's name, is the only blind person in the world who can handle her correspondence in such a manner, though there are two other people, students of hers, who, she tells me, are getting on pretty well too.

The idea of the Optophone was invented by a British subject, Dr. Fournier D'Albe, some forty years ago, and was demonstrated by him before the Royal Society, but it was not until the famous firm of rangefinder manufacturers and lens makers, Messrs. Barr and Stroud, of Glasgow, took up this machine just after the First World War that it was made into practicable form.

When the Second World War was nearing its end, however, I did institute some research work to ascertain if the electronic knowledge that had been so rapidly developed in connection with radar and other war-time inventions might not have made it possible for a new attempt to be made to translate print into sound so that blind people might read ordinary books.

With the aid of a very well qualified Scientific Advisory Committee, of which Professor Adrian, O.M., was the Chairman, and of a special grant, we at St. Dunstan's conducted in our own laboratories a series of experiments in this field. American workers also conducted a parallel series of tests. Unfortunately neither of us has improved upon the Optophone sufficiently to justify its manufacture for general adoption, but there is no question that as a result of the experiments made by the St. Dunstan's Research Department, it has proved to be of the greatest possible value to Miss Jameson and her friends. Nevertheless we have reluctantly come to the conclusion that no invention available, or any that can at present be contemplated, is likely successfully to convert ordinary print into sound that is readily intelligible to ordinary blind people.

There are, however, to my knowledge three or four Optophones still in existence, and in order to keep the art alive we have brought the Optophones up to date by providing them with modern valves and electronic equipment, and we keep them in order and see that they are working properly.

Miss Jameson herself still does a great deal of her work by means of the Optophone, and apart from typewritten letters she can read books with a fair degree of fluency. And because of her personal success with the machine, I am naturally sometimes asked by my other blind friends why this wonderful invention cannot be made more widespread for the use of the blind as a whole. But as I have indicated, extensive experiments have proved that the code is not sufficiently readable to justify greater production—and there would have to be a very large number of Optophones manufactured before the high cost could be substantially reduced and thus make it an economic proposition. There is, too, another point. Although Miss Jameson has certainly become highly skilled with the Optophone after many years of practice—most blind people would find it very hard indeed to read at all. Even Miss Jameson can only reach a speed of 40 words a minute if the size of the print and the context is clear, which is rather less than the speed of the morse code.

Nevertheless, the blind world is indebted to her for this quite unique and remarkable bit of research work to which she has devoted her life. King George V awarded her the M.B.E. for this work, but he died before the Investiture, and Miss Jameson thus became one of the very few to receive an award from the hands of King Edward VIII.

Blind since she was a little girl, Miss Jameson is Honorary Organiser for St. Dunstan's in the Norwood District.

### High Honour for Canadian St. Dunstaner

Our congratulations to Captain M. C. Robinson, M.B.E., a St. Dunstaner of the First World War, who has been elected President of the American Association of Workers for the Blind.

This honour is a fitting recognition of the fine work which Captain Robinson has done over many years for the blind—both ex-Service and civilian—in North America.

Captain Robinson follows in the footsteps of another St. Dunstaner—Colonel E. A. Baker—who some years ago became the first blind Canadian to hold this high office.

### Mr. Alan Robbins

Mr. Alan Pitt Robbins, a member of St. Dunstan's Council, who, as reported last month received the C.B.E. in the New Year Honours List, has been appointed the first official Secretary of the newly constituted General Council of the Press. Mr. Robbins was News Editor of *The Times* until his retirement last year.

### College Reunion

Third College Reunion, Saturday, 24th April, 12.30 to 5.30 p.m. Single tickets, 15s.; Double tickets, 27s. 6d., obtainable from W. T. Scott, 46 Leigham Avenue, Streatham, S.W.16.

### Literature for the Blind

#### A Post Office Concession

Literature for the blind may now be sent abroad (except to the Irish Republic) by surface mail free of postage.

Such packets up to 2lbs. in weight for European destinations will continue to be sent by air whenever this will result in earlier delivery. For destinations outside Europe, the present air mail rates of 3d. per two ounces remains unchanged.

#### Placements

C. J. Nichols, in the Inspection Department of Messrs. Vickers-Armstrong, Ltd., Weybridge, Surrey; R. Cameron, as Home Teacher to the Civilian Blind under Middlesex County Council (Wembley Area).

#### Chess

We have recently received a braille copy of the book, "Two Hundred Chess Miniatures," comprising three volumes. Would anybody interested in reading this book please apply to Mr. C. D. Wills, Welfare Department.

#### Grandfathers

A. T. Hedger, of Herne Bay; A. W. Back, of Shaldon, near Teignmouth (a sixth grandchild, born in South Africa); H. Payne, of Grangetown, Cardiff; G. Fallowfield, a granddaughter, in Australia, after four grandsons; and R. Stanners, a grandson after four grand-daughters!

### London Club Notes

The Annual General Meeting was held at the Club on Friday, January 15th. Mr. Ashton presided for the first half of the meeting, then Mr. Wills took the chair, as Mr. Askew was indisposed.

The following are the members of the Committee who were elected for the coming year:—

Messrs. P. Ashton (Chairman), W. Bishop and S. Webster (Bridge Section), W. Miller and C. Williamson (Outdoor Section), C. Walker (Indoor Section). Mr. C. Stafford is the seventh member.

The Committee look forward to another successful year. The Club is open from 5 to 10 p.m. on every week-night except Wednesday, and from 2 until 10 p.m. on Saturdays. Come along and enjoy good company, good food and a warm welcome.

P. ASHTON.

#### Bridge

The first match of the year was against our friends of Hicomind, (4 a side) on January 16th. After a very keenly contested game, we lost by the narrow margin of 310.

Against a team of eight from the Air Ministry on January 30th, we suffered another defeat, our opponents thus reversing last year's decision.

Tiny Fleming's team in the L.B.H. League, made a drastic start this year by losing their first four games.

P. Nuyens' team in the L.B.H. League lost their first match of the year by 11 match points. This was a good performance on their part as their opponents were undefeated. They followed this up by an even better one. They beat the same team, Aquarius, on the return, by 16 match points.

W. BISHOP.

#### Outdoor Section

Very cold weather and illness had a bad effect on the ten mile walk at Regent's Park on January 23rd, for only seven men were there to compete.

The start was slow and all were happy just to keep warm, for to get hot could easily mean a chill later. Archie Brown, Bill Miller and Pat Cryan grouped together, were followed by Stan Tutton, Charles Stafford, Les Dennis, with Jerry Lynch bringing up the rear.

After five miles Archie and Billy increased the pace slightly to shake Pat off, then at seven miles, due to the cold and insufficient training, Les Dennis had to retire. Billy

took the lead after about 7½ miles, and thus the position remained to the finish. All were thankful to return to the dressing room and get into warmer clothing. Pat Cryan won the handicap, with Archie Brown second and Jerry Lynch third. The prizes were presented to the winners by Bill Shakespeare.

W. M.

### St. Dunstan's Ten Mile Walk

Regent's Park, Saturday, 23rd January, 1954

Finish	Act. Time	H'cp. All.	H'cp. Time	Pos. in H'cp.
1. W. Miller ...	90-50	Scr.	90-50	4
2. A. Brown ...	92-07	2-50	89-17	2
3. P. Cryan ...	93-50	5-00	88-50	1
4. S. Tutton ...	101-48	8-00	93-48	5
5. C. Stafford ...	108-03	13-20	94-43	6
6. J. Lynch ...	114-10	24-30	89-40	3
7. L. Dennis—Did not finish.				

Winner of the Handicap and the "Fiturite" Trophy, P. Cryan.  
Second, A. Brown.  
Third, J. Lynch.  
Timekeeper and Handicapper, Mr. W. J. Harris, R.W.A.

The points for the Aggregate Cup up to and including the last walk are as follows:—

T.B. SECTION:—	
S. Tutton ...	12 points
C. Stafford ...	10 "
C. Williamson ...	7 "
S.S. SECTION:—	
W. Miller ...	18 "
A. Brown ...	13 "
P. Cryan ...	22 "
J. Lynch ...	16 "

★ ★ ★

A description of George Fallowfield's visit to the Cup Final last year appeared in a recent issue of the "Beacon." This month H. R. Driver writes:

"I was profoundly interested and deeply moved by "The Thrill o' t' Cup," Mr. G. Fallowfield's faithfully reconstructed picture of the Blackpool v. Bolton F.A. Cup Final of 1953. That a deaf-blind person should join the jostling thousands at Wembley is to me simply wonderful, and highly significant in two ways: first, as proof of a deep-rooted love of soccer, and secondly (and probably of greater importance) as an illustration of a great courage and determination to retain a grip on life and former interests despite this double handicap. Mr. Fallowfield has surely earned the admiration and envy of all blind sports fans for his will to follow the sport of his choice."

### From All Quarters

A full page story by Wally Thomas appeared in the Christmas issue of "Answers."

★ ★ ★

Ron Phillips, of Southwick, and Roy Mendham, of Chadwell Heath, have also been well in the news lately. The *Sussex Daily News* has a long story and an excellent photograph of Ron at his switchboard at Shell-Mex, and the *Daily Sketch*, in headlines, told of Roy's interest in darts.

★ ★ ★

The Guernsey Swimming Club's trophy for the most meritorious swimming achievement of the year has been awarded to H. Kennard, of Battle, who last summer joined in the Club's mass swim of 600 yards. The presentation is being made this month by the Mayors of Brighton and Hastings, at Ovingdean.

★ ★ ★

J. Swales, M.C., of Saltburn-by-the-Sea, has been inducted as an Honorary Member of the Middlesbrough Rotary Club. His particular employment precluded him from qualifying for ordinary membership, and this honour is a tribute to the services he had given to the community of Middlesbrough for many years. Mr. Swales has held high office in many local committees dealing with the blind, the disabled, and the ex-soldier.

★ ★ ★

J. T. Scrymgeour, of Warwick, Queensland (he was awarded the O.B.E. in the New Year Honours), won twenty-one awards at the Royal National Exhibition of Queensland with his Poll Shorthorns, including one for the Champion Bull, and Reserve, of Queensland. At the time of writing, (December), Australia was in the throes of an extreme heat wave, and drastic conditions prevailed in the grazing and pastoral industries.

★ ★ ★

"Snowy" Williams, of Victoria, Auckland, has joined the bowling crowd, says Mrs. Williams. Although a member for only four months, he has already taken six trophies. She and her husband spent a year in this country and only recently returned to Australia. We are glad to think that his stay with us did him a world of good. He was a sick man when he came over.

A. G. Loveridge, of Harrow, has brought to our notice some expanding shoe laces which he thinks will be of interest to St. Dunstaners and in particular, those with arm or hand amputations. Once fixed they require no relacing or retying.

The shoes put on and take off like slippers. They are in black, brown and white, and are called "Kumfee" Expanding shoelaces. The main distributor is Mr. E. J. Richards, 6a Amesbury Crescent, Hove, 3. They cost 6d. a pair.

★ ★ ★

Gustave Envin, St. Dunstaner of the first world war, would welcome his English comrades at his home at Biarritz. The cost would be 1,000 francs a day, including wine and coffee. Gustave himself holds the degrees of M.A. and LL.D., and Mme. Envin is also an M.A.; they are chess players. Last year they welcomed Mr. and Mrs. David Bell. The address is: M. Gustave Envin, Villa Itsas Mendia, Chemin de Salon, Biarritz, Basses-Pyrenees.

### Young St. Dunstaners

Jean Jolly (Sheffield) has passed her Shakespeare Certificate for Elocution with Honours.

Sylvia, daughter of S. McCheyne, of Rhyl, has passed the Primary Examination of the London College of Music, with Honours.

Eileen Morgan (York), who is in the W.A.A.F., has had her first promotion.

Trevor Holland (Heswall) has passed Parts I and II for S.R.N., not the complete examination as reported last month.

Frederick Eastwood (Middlesbrough) has gained the bronze life saving medal and four certificates for swimming.

### Marriages

Arthur Robinson (Cookstown, Northern Ireland) to Miss Dorothy Miller, in December.

On January 30th, Dennis Dembenki, of Cheltenham.

Frank Rowe (Burslem), on December 19th, to Miss Betty Knight.

Veronica Sheridan, Wishaw, on December 29th, to John Neil.

Joan Watkinson, of Croston, on February 13th, to James Jackson.

On January 6th, Eric Eccleston (Leigh) to Miss June Hindley.

On November 21st, at Llandaff Cathedral, Raymond Lucocq, to Miss Jean Scott.

### Miss Pain

#### Tributes from Overseas

Colonel Derrick Vail, M.D., Consulting Ophthalmologist to the American Forces in the European Theatre during part of the 1939-45 war, and now an eminent Ophthalmic Surgeon in Chicago, writes:—

"Miss Pain was a grand person. I recall her great kindness to me and particularly to the blinded American service people whom she took such good care of in 1943 and 1944."

From Mr. Donald McPhee, O.B.E.:

Miss Pain was an outstanding personality and much beloved by all who knew her, and her long service to St. Dunstan's contributed very largely to the spirit of endeavour that characterises the work of St. Dunstan's throughout the Empire. Her charm and sympathetic understanding of blindness made each individual St. Dunstaner feel that he was the centre of her interest, thus inspiring him to greater effort. Naturally, we were all very disappointed that we did not have the honour of entertaining her in New Zealand early last year, but that was not to be, and those of us who knew her can only retain happy memories of her."

Colonel E. A. Baker, O.B.E., M.C., of the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, Toronto, writes:—

"While we all knew that she had suffered very ill health earlier in the year, we were all hoping that she might recuperate and still be able to make the trip to Canada. I am amazed that she was able to participate in so many activities even up to within a few days of her passing. However, knowing Miss Pain and her abiding interest in the war blinded, I am sure she derived a great deal of satisfaction from meeting old friends again and in keeping active."

### The Braille Review

We must apologise for the fact that in last month's Braille issue there were one or two items which had to be omitted from the printed REVIEW. Where possible these have been included this month.

The printed issue goes to press later than the Braille, and it is therefore possible to include in it late items of news, such as births, deaths, etc.

### "And so to Bed"

Bernard MacFadden, the American octogenarian, said to have netted 30 million dollars from the sale of his publications on health and the care of the body, recommends sleeping on boards or the floor as an aid to good health. For myself, I never snuggle up in my six by three without thinking a benediction on the genius who first constructed a bed. This veneration for the shrine of Morpheus created in me a desire to know something about the history of this seductive thief, which claims almost a third of our terrestrial life.

Bedstead is derived from the Indo-Germanic root, "bhodh" (to dig) and "stead" (place), hence "dug-out," where man originally slept. Up to the thirteenth century, beds appear to have been the prerogative of the wealthy; about this time a small model attained a much larger circulation. Soon beds began to grow in size and often measured six by eight feet. "The Great Bed of Ware," said to have been built for Henry VIII's Palace of Nonsuch and now housed in the Victoria and Albert Museum, is seven feet high and twelve feet square. In 1494 a law was passed forbidding upholsterers to use anything but clean dry feathers for stuffing. The necessity for this law is readily understood when we learn that it was common practice to fill mattresses with neat's hair, goats' hair, and even cats' tails.

For a time it became fashionable to spend large sums of money on beds. Ludwig of Bavaria had one built in the design of a cathedral at a cost of £125,000, but he was mad. A Russian Czar presented a Shah of Persia with a bed of solid crystal, approached by three steps of blue glass, on each side a fountain of scented water inducing sleep, whilst above a crystal chandelier glistened like a jewelled basket. What a setting for an Arabian Night's story! The Victorian era brought the four-poster, almost like a small house; then came the iron and wooden bed, not so decorative as its predecessors, but clean and comfortable.

It was Maupassant who said "Bed bounds our whole life; we are born in it, rest in it and die in it."

T. ROGERS.

## Canadian Postbag

DEAR EDITOR,

The realisation has come to me at last that I must bestir myself to some manner of literary effort and stop waiting for my fellow Canadian St. Dunstaners to do it for me. In this regard, I must admit that it was the last item from the pen of my old friend, Stewart Spence, which finally did the trick. Believe me, I am not in the smallest way frightened by this task (now that I have finally conquered my lethargy), because I am not, nor have ever pretended to be, a literary giant.

I thought that perhaps some readers of the REVIEW might be interested in the little corner of Canada where I live. My efforts might even give inspiration to others to do the same.

Midway between Vancouver, Canada's largest West Coast seaport and one of the finest natural harbours in the world, and Victoria, our provincial capital, situated at the southern tip of Vancouver Island, lies a group of islands known as the Gulf Islands. These islands lie close to Vancouver Island, and run in a line north and south. They form one side of a protected channel, for which many small craft are sometimes very grateful.

I live on the largest of these islands, which bears the name of Saltspring Island. We have a population of 2,500 and an area of about 150 square miles. Our main industries are logging, fishing, farming and tourism. If you in England were to be suddenly transported to Saltspring, you might for a moment think that you were still in England, because at least fifty per cent. of our population are English and still retain their Old Country accent.

Being islanders we naturally depend on the sea to provide us with the greatest part of our recreation. Practically every family has some sort of water craft and most families have a car; both very necessary means of transportation to us. My delight, of course, is on the water, where I spend most of my summer free time. I love fishing and can sit for hours just cleaning my tackle when the weather is not suitable. You will understand then when I tell you that I am the proprietor of the local Sporting Goods Shop.

Our waters are very tricky to navigate but safe enough when you come to understand them. Our main difficulties come

from our tides, which are very swift and in some places flow faster than most small boats can move. We have tides which flow through narrow channels and reach a velocity of nine or ten knots and create large whirlpools, some as big as a house. Our tide book is our summer bible, because it limits our comings and goings, and even the fish bite better at specified phases of the tide. This latter point is a fact that you have to learn for yourself, however, because no true fisherman will let out the secret of his success.

Our little island abounds in history and legend. The Indians believed that our largest mountain, Mt. Bruce, elevation 2,400 ft., was a living being transmuted into rock. Therefore they did not live here but had their permanent villages on the many other islands. In 1860, the last real battle between tribes of Indians in the Province was fought on our beaches. Actually it was a massacre, because one tribe surprised another group in the early morning as they lay asleep on the beach. According to reports of early settlers who watched the battle, not a man, woman or child was spared.

Sincerely,  
Saltspring Island,  
British Columbia,  
Canada.

★ ★ ★

In a letter Sir Ian has received from Johnny Doucet of Toronto, who was at our Training Centre in 1944, after losing his sight in Italy, he says:—

"This is a busy time of the year for me as I manage a cigar stand at the main Post Office, and licking stamps seems to make the customers very thirsty, and I'm besieged with requests for Coco Cola or hot coffee.

We now have three children. The last one—a boy, Paul—arrived on August 23rd, making two boys and one girl. Life is never dull with three normal active youngsters around."

From A. R. Mallory, of Ottawa, comes this news in a letter to Sir Ian:—

"My family has now increased to five grandchildren.

I am still kept very busy at the canteen. Radio reception has been poor, although I have contacted three oil tankers and some American stations recently.

I had the honour to represent the Sir Arthur Pearson Association of War-blinded at the Coronation ceremonies on Parliament

Hill, here in Ottawa, and attended the reception afterwards. I was also honoured with the Coronation Medal, which I received upon my return from the Amputations Association Convention, which was held in Calgary. I did a lot of fishing in the Ottawa River, catching bass, pickerel, whitefish and pike, which the family really enjoyed.

While in Victoria in September I visited Mr. Cooper and Mr. E. Turner, St. Dunstaners from 1914-1918; they were both well and active."

★ ★ ★

DEAR EDITOR,

This is a little late to be sending Christmas greetings and best wishes for the New Year, but I suppose it is better late than never. The girls here in Canada all join me in sending St. Dunstaners our very best.

Have been going to write to you for some time, as I cut out a letter written by David Ferguson (Canadian St. Dunstan's man), and published in one of our leading American magazines, the "Ladies Home Journal." It was published in the fall, I believe. (It was called "Seeing the World.") I was lucky to hear two lectures given by Pat and Dave on their tandem tours through England, France, Holland, Italy and Spain. Their pictures are really wonderful and they must have had a grand time.

There have been a few changes here in Canada among the girls who were with St. Dunstan's during the war. Morna Barclay was married on June 7th to Alexander Petric, and they are living in London, Ontario. They had a visit from Dae Finlayson Blanchard this summer, who was in Canada visiting a sister. She used to act as a guide for the visitors who came to the Training Centre at Church Stretton. Margaret Blackmore McClure is now in Ottawa where her husband is stationed with the Air Force.

Then, on June 27th, I was married to Herbert Ritchie.

All the other girls are fine and we had quite a little reunion at Morna's wedding. Monica Sey Robinson was home for a visit at that time, so there were six of the girls at their wedding. It was nice to see them all again.

As ever,  
VERNA RITCHIE (JOHNSON),  
Toronto, Ont., Red Cross V.A.D.  
Canada.

## Talking Book Library

### Jaunty January

To start 1954, there are four new books in the Library, two home-produced—"Age of Elegance" and "Heaven Knows Mr. Allison"—and two imported from the U.S.A. — "Tombstone," and "Gods, Graves and Scholars." All four make good reading, though the first home-produced and the second import are somewhat specialised.

"Age of Elegance," by Arthur Bryant, reader Franklin Engelmann, covers a period of ten years, 1912-22. Throughout the country the elegant top layer of Society was set off by several layers of wretchedness at the bottom. This social history, though interesting, needs the leaven of the Czar's visit and the fine detailed account of Waterloo given it by the author. A good follow up to Age of Endurance and Years of Victory!

"Heaven Knows Mr. Allison," by Charles Shaw, reader Robert Gladwell, is a gripping wartime story of a U.S. marine and a comely young nun wrecked on a small, Japanese-occupied island. The complication of sex adds to their difficulties and hazards, but their rescue is one of the war's little ironies. A fine yarn and I was sorry when it proved not wholly true.

"Tombstone," by C. B. Kelland, reader Bud Abbott, is naturally a Western, and culminates in a "god-damned" awful gunfight. The heroine, a New England business girl, softens under the influence of outlaws, gamblers, and a successful millinery business, and everyone gets his or her just deserts in Tombstone in the year 1881.

"Gods, Graves and Scholars," by C. W. Ceram, reader Kermit Murdock, is a summary of the major "finds" of archaeologists during the last two hundred years. Italy, Troy, Greece, Crete, Egypt, Arabia and Mexico all figure in a most interesting array of breathless discoveries and, personally, I enjoyed this book more than the other three but beware, it might not appeal to all tastes.

"NELSON."

### Birth

DONBAVAND.—To the wife of J. Donbavand, of Oldham, on September 28th, a son—Paul.

## Likes and Dislikes

I like the *smell* of bacon being cooked over a camp fire on a frosty morning.

I *dislike* the *smell* of street drains during a long drought.

I like the *taste* of fried fish and chips.

I *dislike* the *taste* of (not so fresh) steamed fish.

I like the *feel* of springy turf beneath my feet when walking across the Downs.

I *dislike* the *feel* of oppressive heat in the City during a heat-wave (let's have one soon!).

I like the *sound* of the waves lapping gently on the sea-shore.

I *dislike* the *sound* of pneumatic drills.

S. H. WEBSTER.

★ ★ ★

I like the *smell* of new-mown hay and *dislike* the *smell* of smoke from strong, low-grade tobacco.

I like the *taste* of ham and eggs and *dislike* the *taste* of seed-cake.

I like the *feel* of pussy rubbing her face on my hands and *dislike* the *feel* of unexpectedly putting my bare feet on a cold surface.

I like the *sound* of bird song especially at early morn, and I *dislike* the sound of ill-fitting false teeth.

H. A. KNOPP.

★ ★ ★

Re the first paragraph in John Martin's letter, "if you lose your sight your other senses become more acutely developed." How does this apply to a person like myself, with no definite sense of taste, no sense of smell at all, and hearing very much one-sided? Anyway, for what it is worth, here is my list of likes and dislikes, omitting the sense of smell.

I like the *taste* of icy cold milk before going to bed.

I *dislike* the *taste* of gritty lettuce.

I like the *feel* of my daughter's small hand in mine.

I *dislike* the *feel* of a wet towel.

I like the *sound* of carol-singing on a frosty night.

I *dislike* the *sound* of a speeding motor cycle.

(P.S.—The things I like and dislike to taste are really what they feel like in my mouth, not what I can definitely taste.)

(Mrs.) MARGARET STANWAY.

Morecambe.

★ ★ ★

*Look here, you critics, while I attempt the lyrical,*

*For Stewart's sake I'll try to wax satirical;*

*John Martin writes of joy from things he cannot see,*

*To coin a phrase, He's got no flies on me.*

*Leave Milton to his sightless Paradise Lost,  
Such thoughts are as cheerful as a two inch frost;  
If you want to know what gives me the swoons,  
It's a lovely big cloud of petrol fumes.*

*There are titbits which stir my gastric juices,  
And they're not Phil Harben's roasted geese;  
When on my birthday I let my palate frolic,  
I chew tobacco, betel nut and garlic.*

*I scorn the man who wails he cannot see the dawn,  
The early morning birdsong only makes me yawn,  
To revel in the blessings of feel or touch,  
Hand me bobs and florins and pound notes and such.*

*I won't deny our ears provide some solid joy,  
Whether pinned back for Beethoven or flapped  
for Harry Roy;*

*Yet here's a sound which fairly makes my kidneys float,*

*The swish of a nearby satin petticoat.*

GEORGE ELLIS.

★ ★ ★

*I like to smell in summer eve breeze*

*The golden chains of laburnum trees,*

*Or at early morn when dew wet*

*The sweet perfume of the violet.*

*The smell from a boiled bad egg gets me down,  
I cut off the top, take one sniff and then frown,  
I imagine inside, the thought makes me weak,  
A fluffy wee body, with soft yellow beak.*

*I like the taste of a sausage well fried,*

*A long skinny bag with pig-meat inside,*

*One found not guilty by jury, of course,*

*Of being a bagful of mule or of horse.*

*I dislike intensely, in fact I could scream,*

*When given a sandwich spread with salad cream.*

*I splutter with rage like a man with the gout,*

*I wonder who's watching? Can I spit it out?*

*I like to feel, alas now rare,*

*The crowning beauty of a woman's long hair,*

*Marred not by scissors at fashion's behest,*

*But left long to grow as nature knew best.*

*I dislike the feel of a limp clammy hand,*

*I'm wishful to say "Come on, grip,*

*You're just like a cod, dying slow in the sand,*

*Come, grip hard, let it rip."*

—Continued on page 11

## Letters to the Editor

DEAR EDITOR,

I quite agree with the Rev. D. S. J. Pettitt that we blind men should not use bad language or swearing. This is a very bad habit among those who can see as well, which brings me to his second protest. This, I am afraid, is going to make some of our St. Dunstaners use more bad language.

When I was in my Theological College we had a "sweep" and did a lot of things we should not have done. I think the reverend gentleman is becoming a child and a killjoy. I am afraid that he will not stop any one of us, even if we are C. of E., from contributing our sixpence towards buying a brick for the building of a new Roman Catholic Church.

He suggests we should not buy these "officially" but "unofficially," through the back door, as it were, like a good many of our parsons buy their drinks. Did not Our Lord say "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works." We are buying bricks to build a Church for the generation to come, our children and grandchildren. Again I quote "Inasmuch as ye have done this for little children, ye have done it for Me."

It's no wonder our Churches are emptying while the Roman Church is thriving and full to capacity. We have fought two wars against dictators, and we in England still like to feel that we are free. This is the voice of us all at St. Dunstan's here, so please let us keep up the traditions without being chided like little children. We are men who have lost the best thing in life, so do let us have a little of life's pleasures.

Sincerely yours,

Ovingdean. W. R. EVANS (C. of E.),

DEAR EDITOR,

I feel compelled to reply to the Padre's complaint of the use of expletives. During my stay of one month at Ovingdean last year, when the house was almost full, expletives used within earshot were conspicuous by their absence. That, I say, is remarkable considering that we were trained by officers and non-commissioned officers who used a wide range of these words. Such words are used in unknown numbers in our current literature and on the stage. As a Trooper of Horse, I have an excellent vocabulary, but I only use the

very ordinary words when I meet the edge of a door left open or a chair that cracks my shins.

Regarding sweepstakes connected with a religious denomination, one such denomination has a belief that the end justifies the means. I am C. of E., but going in for sweepstakes has not made me evil of thought, but hypocrisy does.

Yours sincerely,

West Wickham, Kent. S. F. PRIDEAUX.

DEAR EDITOR,

Some months ago you published an offer emanating from the Talking Book Library to have special subject books recorded. Being very interested in hand-weaving, and wanting to make up myself a Braille card index, I thought "This is a solution to my problem," for although my American design book is as easy as walking off a sidewalk to a sighted reader, to get anyone to transcribe the graphs to me—well, it just doesn't seem possible.

In course of time I received a very nice letter from someone connected with the Library. It appeared that whoever had examined the pattern book had said, "O Lord, this looks complicated—no can do." I could have it brailled out for me, but as I knew I could get the book on discs from the U.S.A. I sent along actual sheets of graph, Braille and typing, to the writer. Did I get a reply? I did not.

I don't know if any other St. Dunstaner with a special interest in an old craft has applied, as I did, with hope and then received a negative reply. The fact that many other blind people are becoming more and more interested in the old art of handloom weaving has not as yet percolated to the archives of the Talking Book Library.

Yours etc.,

MAUREEN LEES.

An official of the Talking Book Library says: "We regretted that it was quite impossible to make a Talking Book of the particular publication Mrs. Lees sent us. Consisting as it did of so many diagrams, graphs, etc., it was not possible to have it read aloud. These special recordings for students must, of course, be very limited, and are of an experimental nature. Only one book has so far been recorded. This is on Physiotherapy, and of interest to a wide circle of readers."

### Ovingdean Notes

Having welcomed in the New Year in the usual riotous and time-honoured fashion of St. Dunstan's, Ovingdean very soon afterwards said farewell to the holidaymakers, took down the decorations, and prepared to get ready for the new training term, which was to commence on January 7th. From then until the time of writing these Notes, we have received six new St. Dunstaners at the Centre for training, all of whom, we are glad to say, seem to be settling down quickly to life here.

The freakish weather accorded to the rest of the country did not bypass the South Coast, as is so often our good fortune, and for about ten days the building and grounds were a faithful replica of the "snow-scene" model which had been part of our decorations in the Main Hall over Christmas.

Last month we had two accounts in the REVIEW of Ovingdean Christmas, one factual and the other (thank goodness) a flight of fancy! As, however, neither made mention of the decorations devised to transform the main rooms of the Home to provide an atmosphere of Christmas cheer, a brief mention can perhaps be made here now. First, the dining room and the lounge were given a "new look" and then the hurry and bustle seemed infectious! Everywhere one would meet members of the staff carrying rolls of coloured papers and the like and there was much snipping with scissors. The dining room walls were indeed very attractive, thanks to the hard work of Frank Bickerton, who had painted the little animal figures in a style decidedly reminiscent of Walt Disney, to Tom Eales, who had lent a hand with the cutting-out of them, and to the other members of the Dining Room and Orderly Staff who had chosen the grouping and done the fixing. The finished result was a delightful little snow scene of considerable talent and bright and cheerful colour.

Upstairs, on the first floor, the Sick Bay Staff were scurrying back and forth—not with hypodermics or tablets, or even hot-water bottles, but with yards of coloured papers, decorations and Sellotape! At last the job was done there too, and most effectively. Visitors to the Sick Wards were conducted down corridors festooned with gay "make-believe" window-boxes and brightly coloured flowering creepers.

On the top floor we found, to our pleasant surprise, the Canteen too had taken on a new air. Many little ingenious touches had softened the normal austerity appearance of the long, narrow room.

Now they are all gone—both decorations and the holidaymakers. The decorations for at any rate a year, but the holiday-makers? Well, we hear from Welfare that many have already staked a claim for their Summer vacation and others have made enquiries about Bridge and Chess weekends.

That's all from us this month then, except to report on the first of the 1954 Knock-out Shooting Competitions, which has just been completed. There were 23 entrants (both trainees and holiday men), and there was some very fine shooting. D. Stott, although a new trainee this term, was the winner, when he knocked out J. Mahony with a score of 49 plus 3. In the semi-finals he had beaten J. Walker, and J. Mahony had proved too good for L. McCredie, although McCredie was very consistent with his scoring throughout the contest and never scored less than 48 out of a possible 50 each time—so he remains a probable danger in the next contest!

### Ovingdean Chapel

Donations from the Chapel Funds have recently been sent to the following:—  
 £15 to the Westminster Abbey Fund.  
 £15 to the Turner Home, Brighton.  
 £15 to the Brighton Girls' Orphanage.  
 £15 to St. Matthew's Church Comforts Fund.

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Commandant and Matron at Ovingdean would like to thank all those St. Dunstaners who so kindly sent them greetings at Christmas. So many of you did so that it is not possible to acknowledge your good wishes personally, but through the columns of the REVIEW they hope to reach you all.

Miss Carlton has told the Editor too that she would like to thank St. Dunstaners for their Christmas greetings, and so also would all members of the Staff at Ovingdean and West House.

Our very good wishes to you all for 1954 and our apology that, owing to lack of space in the January REVIEW, these paragraphs were not able to appear until now.

### West House, Brighton

Most St. Dunstaners who come to the Brighton Homes would know our Senior Nursing Sister at West House, Miss E. Guinan, who had made many friends since she joined the Staff in 1947.

Miss Guinan went home to Eire on leave recently, where she died very suddenly on February 10th, at her home. We shall all miss her cheerful personality and her devoted service to our sick St. Dunstaners.

The funeral took place on Friday, February 12th, and a wreath was sent to Eire from Staff and St. Dunstaners at West House and Ovingdean.

### Miss Peacock

St. Dunstaners will hear with deep regret of the death of Sister Peacock. This occurred in a nursing home on September 8th, but has only just been brought to the notice of the REVIEW. Matron Avison, from West House, attended the funeral at Bexhill Cemetery.

Miss Peacock had been a V.A.D. with us since 1919, mainly at West House. When the 1939 war came, she went to the Blackpool Home but left us in September, 1941.

### Test Results

**Typing.**—H. Knape, L. McCredie (Officer).

**Preliminary.**—E. Jordan, A. Howell, S. Belsham, M. Fulbrook, J. Embleton, Capt. S. Spence, L. McCredie (Officer), J. Nichols.

**Advanced.**—S. Craig, S. Belsham.

**Writing.**—Miss D. Phillippo, A. Howell.

### Likes and Dislikes

(continued from page 8)  
 I dislike the sound of that Ovingdean bell,  
 That ingot of metal forged in hell,  
 I'm driven mad at its peals  
 Calling St. Dunstaners to their meals,

That loathsome thing with its noisome clangour,  
 Puts me right off my mash and my banger.  
 It rattles my eardrums, addles my brain,  
 If I had a month there it would drive me insane.

So come, Commandant, now do be a good fellow,  
 Put in a gong that sounds sweet and mellow,  
 Or maybe a musical box that will play  
 "Come, nymphs and shepherds, come, come away."

"GEN."

Other Likes and Dislikes next month.

### Day Dream

*I wandered down a quiet lane with wooded slopes  
 on either hand,  
 The lane turned left and then turned right; it  
 went uphill and down again.  
 The sky o'erhead was blue and clear, the sun  
 with brilliant radiance shone,  
 And insects basking in the grass, chirped merrily  
 to greet its warmth.  
 The bloom of wild flowers 'neath the trees adds  
 beauty to the sylvan scene,  
 A thrush from top of woodland tree sang "Happy,  
 happy, happy me."  
 It soon was joined by other birds, their accents  
 sweetly blending,  
 Until the woods both far and near were filled  
 with bird-song melody.*

*I passed along to higher ground and there I stood  
 to look around  
 On wooded slopes and pastures green, which  
 stretch as far as eye can see,  
 And in the background far away a church spire  
 stands erect and grey,  
 While soft wind passing through the trees brings  
 rhythmic music to the ear.  
 I stand enthralled by beauteous scene and wish  
 I had an artist's skill.*

*I wend my way 'twixt meadows green where  
 sheep and cows are grazing,  
 Then round a corner down a hill I reach a lovely  
 valley  
 Where quiet stream flows slowly through a place  
 of calm serenity.  
 I sit me down to rest awhile and drink the water  
 cool and clear,  
 I fall asleep and when I wake I sit me still to  
 meditate.  
 I'd walked some miles along the lanes and had  
 not met a person,  
 No sound of motor or of plane, no noisy hooting  
 hooter,  
 The nerves were soothed, the mind refreshed, the  
 spirit was uplifted.*

*I rise, and walk along the lane with sense of calm  
 within,  
 Until on turning round a bend I hear  
 Upon a near highway the rumbling sound of  
 traffic.  
 I am awake.  
 And all the while I'm sitting in my own arm-  
 chair.*

W. C. HILLS.

Wingham, Canterbury.

## "In Memory"

### Private Richard George Reason, *Royal Garrison Artillery*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of F. R. G. Reason, of Bothenhampton, near Bridport, at the age of fifty-six.

Blinded at Ypres, he came to St. Dunstan's in April, 1918, and trained in mat-making, and he continued with this craft, together with a little poultry-keeping, until the time of his sudden death during the night of February 1st.

Our deep sympathy is extended to Mrs. Reason in her loss.

### Private William Henry Johnson, *2nd South Wales Borderers*

With deep regret we record the death of W. H. Johnson, of London, S.E.17. He was sixty-nine.

He came twice to St. Dunstan's—first in 1917 and then in 1940. He had trained in mat-making and basket-making, but he did not follow his trade.

His death took place on January 8th after a short illness.

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

### Private Herbert Maurice Morgan, *Labour Corps*

We record with deep regret the death of H. M. Morgan, of Belam, near Welshpool, at the age of 63.

Although he had enlisted in 1915 and was discharged from the Service in 1919 suffering from the effects of mustard gas, he had only been with us since early 1953. His health had rapidly deteriorated during the last few months and he had suffered much pain.

Our deep sympathy goes out to Mrs. Morgan and her large family.

### Lance-Corporal William Horsnell, *1st Essex Regiment*

With deep regret we record the death of W. Horsnell, of Somerton, Somerset. He was 73.

He served with the 29th Division in the Dardanelles and it was in action there that he lost his sight.

He came to St. Dunstan's in August, 1915, and trained as a poultry-farmer, but later gave up this work to continue with netting. At this he had worked until his death.

At the funeral, which took place at Charlton Adam Church, the coffin was covered with the Union Jack. Among those present at the Church were Lt. Col. W. W. N. Davies, representing the British Legion, and Mr. Hiller, of Toc H.

He leaves a widow and grown-up family, to whom our very sincere sympathy is offered.

### Private James H. Rawlinson, *58th Canadians*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of J. H. Rawlinson, one of our very early St. Dunstaners, who had served with the Canadian Forces in 1915, and was wounded at Vimy Ridge.

He came to St. Dunstan's in 1917 and for many years was a shorthand typist in the Government of Canada offices in London, making occasional visits to his home country. His health, however, failed and in 1951 he went to live in South Africa. He made a very happy life for himself there, having many interests, the chief of which was the successful breeding of Alsatian dogs.

Representatives of many Dog Clubs and Societies were present at his funeral, as well as many other friends who mourn his loss.

Our deep sympathy is offered to his housekeeper, Mrs. Hazeldene, who has looked after him for twenty-four years.

### Gunner John William Lumb, *Royal Garrison Artillery*

With deep regret we record the death of J. W. Lumb, of Hessle, Yorkshire. He was 73.

Enlisting in 1914, he was discharged the following year through injuries following shell blast, but it was not until 1952 that he came to St. Dunstan's. His health steadily grew worse, unfortunately, and he died on October 18th. (We apologise for the delay in the publication of this notice. It has only just reached the REVIEW.)

Our deep sympathy goes out to his daughter, who had looked after him, and to his son.

The late Mr. Tom McGuire, of Drogheda, left three daughters and two sons. This was not made quite clear in last month's REVIEW. Our deep sympathy goes out to them in their loss.

## Deaths

Our deep sympathy goes out to the following:—

DANCE.—To F. T. Dance, of Bishops Stortford, whose wife died in hospital on February 16th after a short illness.

EUSTACE.—To G. Eustace, of Kingston By-Pass, who has lost his mother.

EVANS.—To E. D. Evans, whose wife passed away on February 14th. Our St. Dunstaner is himself ill.

HOLMES.—To P. Holmes, of Ashtead, Surrey, whose wife died on January 29th, after a long illness.

TODD.—To J. Todd, of Oxhey, Watford, whose father has recently died.

WILKES.—To T. Wilkes, of Wyunbury, who has lost his brother.

WILLIAMSON.—To C. Williamson, of Norbury, whose mother died on January 27th, after a long and painful illness.