

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Men and Women Blinded on War Service

No. 413—VOLUME XXXVII

MARCH, 1954

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

WAR PENSIONS PLEA

SPEAKING at Caxton Hall, London, on February 22nd, at the final public meeting of the British Legion's intensive campaign for an increase in the basic rate of disability pensions, Sir Ian Fraser, the Legion's National President, made the following points:—

Budget Planning

In planning his budget the Chancellor's problem would be greatly eased if he accepted the British Legion's suggestion that war pensions and war widows' allowances should take priority over other charges. Basing themselves upon the official Consumer Goods and Services Method of calculation, the Legion claimed that the present basic rate of war pension of 55s. a week should be increased to 90s. a week. This would cost £24,000,000 a year.

94% Left Behind

Although successive Governments had given valuable special allowances to a small number of most severely disabled men, it remained a fact that for 94 per cent. of all war pensioners their compensation was to-day lower in its purchasing power than it had been in the last thirty years.

All Governments

Emphasising that the British Legion made no party political point, Sir Ian Fraser said this was a severe indictment of all our Governments for the past ten years.

Minister's Pledge Welcomed

In letters which the Ministry had recently addressed to certain War Pensions Committees and in statements made in the House of Commons, the Government had said they hoped that during the lifetime of the present Government the national situation would improve to such an extent that it might become possible to do something more for war pensioners and their dependants.

He welcomed this statement. "Why not now?" said Sir Ian. "You never know when a General Election is coming and we have waited long enough."

A Debt of Honour

The truth was, he thought, that no Government had faced up to the issue that war pensions and war widows' pensions were a debt of honour that ought to take priority over other charges. Sir Ian gave four reasons to justify this priority:

1. War pensions were granted on a medical assessment of the impairment of the individual's faculties, not on an earnings or needs basis. The British Legion claimed that the purchasing power of the pension should at least match up to what had been customary during the years between the wars and this was far from being the case to-day.

2. Ex-service pensioners were dying at the rate of 15,000 a year. The average age of half the pensioners was over 64 years.

3. When men went to war the nation encouraged them and said that they and their dependants would be looked after. "We ought not lightly to escape the obligation of carrying out that promise to the full.

4. "It is wise for a great nation not to forget those whom it has called upon to serve in the most dangerous and hazardous of occupations, namely, war. The nation may once more have to call upon young men and women to make this great sacrifice—sometimes the supreme sacrifice."

Her Majesty in New Zealand and Australia

St. Dunstaners Presented

Donald McPhee writes: "The visit of the Queen was very exciting, and Mrs. McPhee and I had the honour of being presented to Her Majesty at the Garden Party at Government House on the afternoon the Royal couple arrived. In the morning, when the *Gothic* came up the harbour, there was a heavy drizzle and mist, which rather spoilt the welcome of all the small craft that went out to meet her. Although it was rough, there were hundreds of small boats in the harbour. They received a marvellous reception—Aucklanders showed their loyalty and affection in no uncertain manner. We had no rain at the Garden party on the day she arrived. Throughout New Zealand they have received a most enthusiastic reception."

★ ★ ★

During the course of the Royal Tour, many St. Dunstaners were lucky enough to be allocated places on the route and glowing reports have been reaching us.

Bill Seabrook, of Regent, Victoria, writes: "The Queen and the Duke passed just within six feet of me. My guide gave me a running commentary and I enjoyed every minute of it. After the National Anthem, when the 70,000 odd sang immediately, "Waltzing Matilda," that got the Royal couple in....It is most noticeable that the huge majority of the women stand on the left side of the road as the Royal couple pass along. The Duke sits on that side."

★ ★ ★

"It has been a big time in the lives of many here. It just wanted the visit to wake us up and when they finally depart they will take with them the love and unswerving loyalty of all."

Dee Why, N.S.W. BOB JOHNSTON.

★ ★ ★

Mrs. O'Sullivan, of New South Wales, says that already she and her husband

have seen the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh five times, but they would go, she says, a thousand times.

★ ★ ★

From J. Lloyd, of South Perth, comes this summing-up:—

"There has never been anything like it in the history of the Dominion. . . . Queen Elizabeth the Second is God's gift to the Commonwealth. . . . the First Elizabeth was to England."

Other News from "Down Under"

In a letter to Headquarters, Fred Elliott, of Kingsford, New South Wales, writes:—

We have had some varieties of weather this last month. On the Monday before Christmas it was 107 in the shade, last Monday it was 61 in the shade. We still like the climate, although when it climbs to over 100 it has a tendency to get one down, apart from the question of an unquenchable thirst."

W. H. Hills, of Bowral, New South Wales, also recalled the Christmas temperatures ("Sat., 99; Mon., 100; Mon., 104; and the town water supply failed!") "Facing from Sydney we lie on the foothills of the left flank of the Blue Mountains, 2,240 feet up. It is the oldest settled part of Australia; the first boundary established in the very early days of the settlement is three miles south, beyond which it was necessary to obtain a police permit and you ventured at your own risk."

And lastly, from physiotherapist, T. Gibson, of Thirroul, New South Wales:

"Apart from two important events, I continue to sail smoothly towards the last round-up. Event 1: After giving nineteen years' service as an alderman I have resigned. I found it absorbingly interesting and only withdrew because at the time my health was not good and I thought it was time a younger person had this opportunity. Event 2: Six months ago, after six years of lonely widowerhood, I took unto myself another wife, and I assure you that it is one of the best moves I have made."

London Club Notes

Bridge—During the month of February, we played three matches. On the 6th, we registered our first win of the year by defeating Mr. Crane's team. On the 13th and 27th we lost both matches against the N.A.L.G.O. and a team from the State Express.

On Friday, 26th, P. Nuyens' team in the L.B.H. League beat their opponents from the L.T.E., thus reversing an earlier defeat. The following Friday they beat the Civil Service in their last League game, making their total score: Played 10, won 7, lost 3. W. BISHOP.

Indoor Section

Sir Arthur Pearson Cup Competitions, 1954

For the Indoor Section the Competition prizes are the same as for last year, viz.:—
£5 for Cribbage.

£5 for Aggregate Whist Total (Highest Total).

£5 for Dominoes (Fives and Threes).

£5 for Darts (T.B.).

£5 for Darts (S.S.).

Announcement of the starting dates for these competitions will be announced by Mr. Willis, and entry lists will be placed on the Notice Board in the Hall.

Will members also please note that various events are coming along for the Indoor Section, and the same procedure will be adopted; they will be announced in the Club, and notices will be on the Notice Board for members to put their names on, if they wish to support the events.

A meeting has been requested with us by the Addiscombe branch of the British Legion, to play the Club at darts, dominoes and cribbage on Monday, April 12th, at Addiscombe. Will members wishing to go please give their names to Mr. Willis or put their names on the requisite list.

I hope we shall have your full support for this and other functions as they come along.

We would also like to see a larger attendance at the Club, particularly of the younger members; with your support we can do big things: without it, the Club just has to rely on the few; and to get and maintain a successful section we must all pull together.

CHAS. J. WALKER,
Indoor Section.

Outdoor Section

Jack Galloway, holder of the world three hours' record, and past holder of several world records for walking, started the 12 miles race at Regent's Park on the 27th February, for which he has very kindly presented a Cup, the "James Galloway Memorial Trophy," to be competed for annually and held by the winner of the handicap.

Seven of us, each with an eye to being the first to hold the Cup, went off to a fine start, in equally good weather, and had a close match with the Metropolitan Police. Pat Cryan soon went into the lead, followed by Charles Williamson, and Bill Miller third, the rest of the field close behind.

Billy passed Charles after about a quarter of a mile, but Pat continued to lengthen his lead and at the 3-mile mark was about 100 yards clear to the rest of the field. Archie Brown eventually passed Charles and, after about six miles, Billy Miller passed Pat Cryan, who started slowing up and fell back to fourth place. Billy was challenged by the first policeman in the last two miles, but managed to shake him off with only half a mile to go and so went away to win.

Times generally were good and indicated a fine standard of walking all round.

St. Dunstan's beat the Metropolitan Police by 52 points to 53. Charles Stafford won the handicap, Bill Miller was second, and Pat Cryan third. Charles Stafford is the first holder of the "James Galloway Memorial Trophy."

Congratulations to all on a fine performance. W. M.

Reunions, 1954

Mar. 20—Sat.	Guildford.
" 31—Wed.	Luton.
Apr. 24—Sat.	Doncaster.
" 27—Tues.	Glasgow.
" 29—Thurs.	Newcastle
May 1—Sat.	Harrogate.
" 8—Sat.	Bournemouth.
" 21—Fri.	Ipswich.
" 27—Thurs.	Canterbury.
June 17—Thurs.	Manchester.
" 18—Fri.	Chester.*
" 19—Sat.	Liverpool.
July 2—Fri.	Cheltenham.
" 3—Sat.	Cardiff—Porthcawl.*
" 8—Thurs.	Nottingham.
" 10—Sat.	Birmingham.
Aug. 13—Fri.	Belfast.
" 16—Mon.	Dublin.
" 19—Thurs.	Cork.
Sept. 2—Thurs.	Exeter.
" 8—Wed.	Brighton.*

*Subject to alteration

From All Quarters

Capt. M. C. Robinson, M.B.E., whose election as President of the American Association of Workers for the Blind was mentioned last month, will be visiting London for the week beginning July 27th, prior to attending the General Assembly of the World Council of the Blind, which is to be held in Paris in August.

★ ★ ★

Walter Thornton, who is a Welfare Officer at Bournville, was responsible for reviving life-saving as a Youth Club activity there, and in the National Competition of the Royal Life-Saving Society, Bournville Youth Club have been awarded the Affiliated Clubs Shield for gaining the highest number of points during the year.

For our St. Dunstan's excellent work in promoting this activity, he has now been made an Honorary Associate of the Royal Life Saving Society.

★ ★ ★

The name of David Bell, of Edinburgh, has been called as a prospective new member of the exclusive Company of Merchants of the City of Edinburgh.

★ ★ ★

St. Dunstaners have probably heard of the baby who was kidnapped recently by its father, and later found with him in a caravan. T. Parrish, of Finedon, has been in the midst of terrific excitement, for it was a caravan in his field. He spent a week-end haunted by photographers, reporters, doctors and police—and thoroughly enjoyed it!

★ ★ ★

Barbara Bell, whose "Likes and Dislikes" are printed on another page, asks if St. Dunstan's gardening enthusiasts can suggest sweetly scented flowers (other than the stock which she mentions) which are easy to grow in the garden.

★ ★ ★

Mrs. Doyle, of Harlington, Great Preston Road, Ryde, Isle of Wight, would welcome any St. Dunstaners and their wives who are thinking of spending a holiday in the Island this year, and would be glad to accommodate them at very moderate terms.

Rowing Machine Wanted

If any St. Dunstaner has a rowing machine which he no longer uses, Mr. Wills will be very glad indeed to know of it.

1954 Derby Sweepstake

The Derby will be run on Wednesday, June 2nd, and we invite applications from St. Dunstaners and St. Dunstan's trainees for tickets in our own time-honoured Sweepstake. *No other person can enter.*

Tickets are 2s. 6d. each and application for them should be made as soon as possible and will be received up to the first post on **Friday, May 21st.** Every application must bear the name and address of the sender, together with the number of tickets required, and must be sent to the Editor, ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW, 1 South Audley Street, London, W.1. Postal orders should be made payable to St. Dunstan's and crossed. St. Dunstaners are advised to send postal orders or cheques and not loose money unless it is registered. Tickets will be issued consecutively.

The total money subscribed, less the cost of printing and postage, will be distributed as follows:—

- 50% to the holder of the ticket drawing the winning horse;
- 20% to the holder of the ticket drawing the second horse;
- 10% to the holder of the ticket drawing the third horse;
- 20% to be divided equally among those drawing a horse which actually starts in the race.

Trunk Test Operator

A front page photograph and more than a full page story was the tribute paid to Alf Lincoln, of Hightown, near Southport, in the January issue of "The Journal," the official organ of the Post Office Engineering Union.

Since 1913, Alf, as a telephone engineer, has been a member of the Liverpool Internal Branch of the G.P.O. When his sight failed as a result of mustard gas, he was Pool T.O. on Liverpool Trunk Test, his job measuring the transmission efficiency of circuits in the Trunk Test Department. After training at St. Dunstan's, he returned to duty in September, 1949, to remaster his job under completely new conditions. "The Journal" describes in full the intricate technical details of his work and ends: "One can well imagine the thrill for Alf when returning to duty to find a greater sense of independence and the facility for measuring and sending test tones without the aid of a sighted person! . . . Alf Lincoln sets a very fine example to us all. . . . Well done, Alf!"

Letters to the Editor

DEAR SIR,

I was much impressed by the plain and forthright letter from my colleague, the Rev. D. Pettit, but I was not much impressed by the two replies published in your last issue.

In one of these the word "hypocrisy" was used, a dangerous petard indeed.

Both writers came down heavily on the side of sweepstakes, and both, either directly or indirectly, claimed virtue because the aim of a particular sweepstake was to buy bricks to build churches for a certain denomination. True, that is the purpose of those who sell the tickets, but is it really true of those who buy? If they are so keen on this good work why not make sure that the whole sixpence goes to that object? As it is, a large proportion of every sixpence is devoted to the prizes which provide the ulterior motive for the purchase of tickets.

Our brethren of the Roman church approve of sweepstakes, and therefore they are hailed as being broad-minded, but let Mr. Evans try to get a donation from one of them to help in the building of an Anglican, or any other denominational church and he will find that there is a very severe limitation to broad-mindedness.

As for the doctrine "The end justifies the means," it is too awful to think about. Carried to its logical conclusion it would justify any crime if it could be shown that it would yield good results.

As to Mr. Evans' remark about parsons obtaining drink, it is in exceedingly bad taste, and with no more than a very flimsy foundation.

May I take this opportunity of raising a point which affects me personally?

During a recent visit to Ovingdean I was in the lounge one morning before breakfast when someone in a loud voice said "Do you know that Canon Speight is down here?" and then proceeded to utter statements which had two outstanding characteristics:

1. They were quite childish.
2. They were not remotely true.

I do not know who the speaker was, and I am equally sure that he does not know me.

May I suggest that it is very unwise for any blind person to speak in this manner, and

particularly so when he has no direct personal knowledge of the one about whom he speaks.

Yours sincerely,
W. G. SPEIGHT.

Braunston Vicarage,
Oakham, Rutland.

DEAR EDITOR,

As one who always derives much pleasure and help from the reviews by "Nelson" of new Talking Books, may I suggest that his articles would be of even greater value if it were possible for him to quote the reference number against each new book, in addition to its title. The availability of such numbers would help us considerably when filling in our new lists of books, the forms for which are rather restricted in space if, as sometimes happens, the title of the book has to be written in, instead of being able to quote only its reference number, as is intended on the form. The present is a good time to start on the innovation suggested, seeing that the Talking Book Library has just issued its revised catalogue.

Yours sincerely,
JAMES S. HODGSON.

Fotheringhay, Peterborough.

[This is an excellent suggestion. From now onwards the Catalogue numbers, if available, will be given at the end of "Nelson's" column.—ED.]

DEAR EDITOR,

Could I borrow space in the REVIEW to express my sincere thanks to all those members of the Ovingdean staff who contributed so generously to my retirement present, which took the form of a beautiful semi-hunter Braille watch, a real gem of the watchmaker's art. The watch will serve the double purpose of telling me the time and recalling many incidents, grave and gay, but whether those memories are sad or glad, they help to make up the most interesting and edifying era of my life.

I would also like to take this opportunity of thanking all those who, when they read of my retirement, wrote from all parts of the country to wish me well. In thanking them I would like to add that whether they are retired or looking forward to that day, I pray that they will find the tranquillity and happiness which colours my future.

Huddersfield.
T. ROGERS.

Birmingham Club Notes

Although no news has appeared of late, we should like our friends to know we are still going strong and have various activities arranged for the forthcoming year.

Sports Meeting.—Our friends of the Lozell's Harriers are arranging a meeting for us on the lines of last year, a Sunday afternoon in May, date not finally fixed, but we shall be pleased to see all who would be interested in taking part.

June 13th.—Annual Outing to Stratford-on-Avon, trip on the river and entertainment by the Legion later.

A fives and threes knock-out domino competition is to be run on Sunday afternoons at the Club, and will continue throughout the year.

There are still quite a number of Birmingham folks we do not see. Bring your wives and children along on the second Sunday every month to Red Cross H.Q., Highfield Road, Edgbaston. There is bound to be someone you know.

E. M. KING.

Going to the Dogs

To pass the time I try to rhyme,
To be a poet I am craving,
I even have no use for soap
And never bother bathing,
My hair it hangs in tats and tails
So I just comb it with my nails,
And it's a trouble shaving,
I've let my pants go baggy,
I tie my shoes with string,
My coat is very shabby,
Also very thin,
My shirt is very dirty,
Of that there is no doubt,
So when I change my linen
I just turn it inside out.
I get my cigs by hunting round
Where people throw them on the ground,
But I think it is a sin.
The price so high cuts my supply
And I am forced to use a pin.
I get my fill at an hotel grill,
But the grill is outside the door,
The hotel is well, so is the smell,
And it comes up through the floor,
I make my rhymes to pass the time
But I told you that before,
And to be a bard is very hard,
My rhymes I never sell.
But if you want this hobo's name,
It's only

BILLY BELL.

A St. Dunstaner Plans Canadian Centre

One of our most distinguished St. Dunstaners, Colonel E. A. Baker, who won the M.C. and the Croix de Guerre with the 6th Field Coy. Canadian Engineers, in the Great War, and first came to St. Dunstan's for training in January, 1916, before returning to his native Canada, is one of the prime movers behind a scheme to provide a consolidated centre for the blind in Toronto.

Colonel Baker, who is General Secretary to the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, and was awarded the O.B.E. for his work in 1935, has given the Chairman full details of the project in a recent letter, in which he reveals that the total estimated cost of the building will be 3,650,000 dollars. The centre will actually consist of a group of six buildings, none of which will be higher than two storeys. It is designed, however, for expansion should the need arise.

There will be a consolidated office block for department heads who are at present obliged to go back and forth between several widely scattered points when they wish to confer; the library space is to be increased by 50 per cent., there will be workshops for the blind, concession stands facilities, occupational services, vocational guidance, employment offices—all of which are now widely scattered throughout annexes, basements and factory buildings—but which, with the new project, will be brought together at one location. Also at the new centre will be a hobby shop and other other recreational facilities, dining rooms and kitchens accommodating 425 persons, and a residence to meet the needs of 100 blind persons who are unattached to families.

Much of the equipment, furnishings and machinery now in use are to be transferred to the new centre where they can be effectively used.

The C.N.I.B. directly serves more than 20,000 blind Canadians and protects the interests of nearly 50,000 others who are on its records as blindness prevention cases, and British war-blinded men who have emigrated to Canada are looked after over there by this Organisation. Likewise we at St. Dunstan's have looked after many blinded Canadians who have come over here for specialised training or to settle in this country.

More Likes and Dislikes

I like to *smell* warm lubricating oil; I like to *feel* the throb of a motor engine, especially that of a motor launch. I like to *taste* trifle.

I dislike the *smell* of a soap factory. I dislike the *feel* of people beating time to music. I dislike the *taste* of white mixture. Southwick.

G. FALLOWFIELD.

★ ★ ★

I like the *smell* of the mixed scents when standing on a ridge (not too high) with wild country ahead, a downward slope of bracken on one side leading to a natural grass verge, a cliff edge and the sea, and on the other side, grasslands leading down to a trout stream.

I like the *taste* of milk freshly drawn from the cow straight into a drinking glass.

I like the *feel* of a good horse under me when riding over undulating ground.

I like the *sound* of a myriad insects, together with birds, when I am lying in long grass on a sunny July afternoon.

I dislike the *smell* of bad fish.

I dislike the *taste* of very highly seasoned meat products.

I dislike the *feel* of being treated like a nincompoop because of my blindness.

I dislike the *sound* of quarrelsome arguments, even though the parties concerned may not be connected with me personally. Lancing.

R. WARREN.

★ ★ ★

I like the *smell* of newly spread farmyard manure. I like the *taste* of cockles fried with oatmeal. I like the *feel* of the sun on my face. I like the *sound* of running water.

I dislike the *smell* of exhaust fumes from diesel oil engines. I dislike the *taste* of champagne. I dislike the *feel* of wet face and hands while searching for a towel. I dislike the *sound* of a farm tractor on a quiet evening.

J. E. DAVIES.

★ ★ ★

I like sincerity. I like the *smell* of tar. I like the *feel* of travelling in a high-speed car. I like a good walk.

I dislike sloppy sympathy. I dislike the *smell* of a garden bonfire. I dislike the *feel* of travelling in a railway carriage. I dislike being taken for a walk without a destination. It makes me feel like a dog being taken for its nightly airing.

Southampton.

WALLY THOMAS.

I like the *smell* of new bread fresh from the baker's oven. I like the *taste* of kippers nicely grilled. I like a fresh breeze which gives me the *feeling* of having had a mental and physical bath.

I like the *sound* of thunder as it splits the air and goes crashing and rumbling into space.

I dislike the *smell* of soot from a burning chimney. I dislike the *taste* of tea which has been left standing and stewing. I dislike the *feel* of the flabby handshake, which leaves you with the feeling of having handled a dead fish.

Huddersfield.

T. ROGERS.

★ ★ ★

I like the *sound* of a big orchestra tuning up before a particularly fine concert. The hush followed by the applause which greets the appearance of the world-famous conductor. The playing of the National Anthem which gives one an idea of how the rest of the programme may be conducted. Then the first few notes of the music as one settles back in one's seat.

I like the *feel* of the pull of the harness handle in my left hand as my guide dog, Tam, takes me safely and confidently round an awkward obstacle. I like the feeling of achievement I have when we have neatly negotiated such an obstacle, the feeling of affection that rushes over me for the clever, handsome, lovable dog at my side, and the sense of pride I have when the passer-by says "Isn't he a wonderful dog."

Where *taste* is concerned I must confess that I get a certain smug sense of self-satisfaction when tasting something I have just cooked and finding it good. I do not bake a great deal, but when I do I like the result to be worthy of the concentrated effort spent upon it. Therefore, the first taste is all-important deciding, as it does, if the cake, pastry or whatever it is, is to be discarded or if it is fit to put before visitors.

It is difficult to decide which *smell* I like best since so many scents give me pleasure. I usually have some bulbs flowering before Christmas, and although the worst weather is still to come, their scent makes me think that Spring is not too far away. Last Summer in the garden too, I got the greatest pleasure from some night-scented stocks I had planted. I would walk down the path near them to catch their elusive fragrance, which changed its position as the breeze changed its direction.

As for dislikes, I can say straightaway that I dislike intensely the *smell* of vinegar. I have to control my features severely in public for I find myself grimacing unconsciously when any vinegar is within smelling distance. I still remember the awful contortions of my face and the strange sounds I uttered when, whilst training in London, I inadvertently emptied a jamjar full of vinegar in mistake for a similar jamjar full of soapflakes, into the water in which I was washing some stockings. I held my breath and let the sour-smelling cause of my agony run away, and then gave the bathroom a very wide berth until the air had cleared somewhat.

For the *sounds* I dislike, I return again to the concert hall. Two sounds irritate me there. The first is the prolonged, furtive crackling produced as someone tries unavailingly to unwrap a sweet noiselessly in the middle of a piece of music. If people *must* eat sweets *during* the concert why cannot they come with unwrapped ones and *not* in rusty paper bags. The second sound in the concert hall which infuriates me even more is the sound of a foot tapping in time to, or more often *not* in time to the music. The person who does this invariably sits near me and I reach the pitch often where I could joyfully stand on the offending foot or bite its owner's ear. I regret to say that I cannot help turning and glaring a little at times when this disturbance becomes too much for me.

I am afraid I have waxed rather eloquent over my likes and dislikes, but, as I write very seldom, perhaps you will excuse my long-windedness. BARBARA BELL.

J. E. Davies, of Llandyssil, was awarded the guinea. There was five shillings for every other list printed.

Chess Week-end

It has been decided to hold a Chess Week-end again this year at Ovingdean, some time in the autumn.

I shall be contacting all those St. Dunstaners who are already on our list as chess players, many of whom attended the week-end last year, but if there are any others who would like to participate I shall be very pleased to receive their names so that I can send them full particulars at the appropriate time.

C. D. WILLS,
Welfare Superintendent.

Talking Book Library Freakish February

There is only one book of the five released this month which can be said to have high entertainment value, and that is a re-make of the well-known and popular novel, "Wuthering Heights." Of the other four, one is a Western import, one a 19th century family history, one an 18th century military expedition in Spain, and one a study of a bishop's life against New Mexican Indians last century.

"The Washbournes of Otterly," by H. Pakington, reader Eric Gillett, is a history of a last century family of "county" importance, starting with a pompous Sir Thomas and Querulous Lady, and living through their children and grand-children into less socially conscious days. The *mésalliances* of both son and daughter are rectified by the grand children, and though the atmosphere sounds stuffy, there are several threads of lively interest throughout. Not a bad story, but somewhat muffled in red flannel!

"Colonel of Dragoons," by P. Woodruff, reader Arthur Bush, relates the fortunes of a British Expedition in Spain in 1705-07. The author is never quite sure whether his account is fact or fiction, but Lord Peterborough, who commanded the force, was a fabulous personality, and this story of brilliant opportunism and colossal bluff may well be true. The explanation of the failure of the expedition is a maze of cross-currents and dislike and ill-feeling between all the leaders, Spanish, German, and English. This book has its moments.

"Wuthering Heights," by Emily Brontë, reader Robin Holmes, is, far and away, the most gripping and powerful story in this month's crop of releases. Heathcliffe, the Earnshaw and Linton families, are such a group of madly tangled hates and loves as nearly has no equal in any literature, save only the case books of one or two psychiatrists. That Emily Brontë could permit this seething mass of emotion all to come right in the end, and tranquil existence to be resumed, is a literary feather in her much befeathered cap. This one may be read several times without any loss of interest!

"Death Comes for the Archbishop," by Willa Cather, reader Gordon Little, is an account of the appointment of a Roman Catholic bishop to New Mexico, and his struggles to tend his diocese of colossal

extent, consisting of Mexicans, Mexican Indians, and some Americans. At the same time a cathedral must be built and, with his multitude of strenuous efforts and good works, he has to plug on in an exhausting climate. His mule trips round his diocese are a travel book in themselves. In my view, only parts of this book are really interesting, but amusing relief makes it all readable.

"Vengeance Valley," by Luke Short, reader Don MacLaughlin, is an American-produced Western. The story is of cattlemen and their womenfolk, but the cause of the excitement is the birth of a bastard boy to a waitress in the little town. The girl has two tough brothers, whose idea of protecting their sister's honour is to seek out and shoot "daddy." Hard-riding, rough-housing, romance and gunplay all have a small stake in a short, pleasant, unsophisticated romp.

"NELSON."

Books reviewed this month:—

"The Washbournes of Otterly," *Cat. No. 865.*

"Colonel of Dragoons," *Cat. No. 867.*

"Wuthering Heights," *Cat. No. 79.*

"Death comes for the Archbishop," *Cat. No. 866.*

"Vengeance Valley," *Cat. No. 868.*

Golden Weddings

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Gard, of Plymouth, who celebrated their Golden Wedding on February 29th; and to Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Smith, whose Golden Wedding was on March 8th.

★ ★ ★

Congratulations, too, to Mr. and Mrs. F. Collinge, of Blackpool, who on February 5th had been married for forty-four years (and a special wish that our St. Dunstaner will have better health soon).

Lord Normanby—a Son

From "The Times":

NORMANBY.—On February 24th, 1954, at Mulgrave Castle, Whitby, to Grania, wife of the Marquis of Normanby—a son (Constantine Edmund Walter).

The Marquis and Marchioness already have a daughter.

Placement

J. Walton, as a telephonist with Messrs. Eonit Engineering Company, Slade Green, near Erith.

National Library for the Blind

E. W. Austin Memorial Reading Competition

The Twenty-fifth E. W. Austin Memorial Reading Competition will be held at the Library on Saturday, May 15th, 1954.

Unseen passages will be read, and prizes awarded for fluency, ease of diction and general expression. (Should the entries in any class be very limited, prizes will only be awarded if merited.) ADULT

Class A.—Advanced readers in competition for the Blanesburgh Cup.

Class B.—Other readers in competition for the Stuart Memorial Cup.

Class C.—Readers who have learnt to read Braille since the age of 16 and who do not feel competent to enter the more advanced classes. (Entrants for this Class will not read in the afternoon but the winners will receive their prizes in the afternoon).

This Class will be divided into:

(1) Readers who lost their sight before 1938.

(2) Readers who have lost their sight since 1938.

Open Competition.—A special competition open to all readers eligible to enter Classes A and B and to all previous winners of the Open, Medal and Classes A, B and C for the reading of a passage from the Bible.

JUNIOR

Class D, Moon.—Open to readers of Moon type. (Entrants for this Class will not read in the afternoon but the winners will receive their prizes in the afternoon.)

Intending competitors should send in their names to the Secretary and Administration Officer, National Library for the Blind, 35 Great Smith Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1, not later than Tuesday, 4th May, stating in which class they wish to enter.

Third College Reunion

Saturday, April 24th, 12.30 to 5.30 p.m. Single tickets, 15s.; double, 27s. 6d. Last day for receiving applications, April 10th. W. T. Scott, 46 Leigham Avenue, S.W.16.

Grandfathers

Alf. Lincoln, Hightown, Lancs. (for the second time); W. Roberts, Southend-on-Sea; H. A. Davies, Elworth, Sandbach; W. Barnes, High Wycombe; H. Duxbury East Didsbury. J. Dennick, Evesham; W. Smith, Parbold, near Wigan.

Ovingdean Notes

St. Dunstaners all over the country will learn with deep regret of the sudden collapse and death of one of their good friends. Mr. A. E. (Fred) Clifford who has for the past six years been the Chairman of the Brighton, Hove and District Grocers' Association St. Dunstan's Entertainments Committee, was attending a dance at the Grand Hotel, Brighton, which was to raise funds to support the Mayor of Hove's Appeal for a Scented Garden for the Blind, when he collapsed and died. On Wednesday, March 10th, a Funeral Service was held at Christ Church, Brighton, and a number of St. Dunstan's men, together with Commandant and some Staff attended.

In the passing of Mr. Clifford St. Dunstan's has lost a most able, active and staunch friend. His family business is well-known in Brighton, and for the past 20 years or more he had been associated with the Grocers' Association Entertainments Committee for St. Dunstan's. One of his last acts was to begin the arrangements for the 1954 Summer outing, and it was in this connection that he had visited Portsmouth the week before his death.

Darts Competition

The Knock-Out Competition for February was very well supported by both holiday men and trainees. The competition was a combination of totally blind and semi-sighted men, the latter having to secure 301 whilst the former had to score 201.

There were several excellent games played, but congratulations must particularly go to Ray Benson, who has only been at the Centre as a trainee for five weeks. This was also the first time he has attempted darts since he has been blind. In spite of this he managed to knock out all his opponents. In the semi-finals he played and beat Roy Armstrong, and in the finals defeated Johnnie Walker, although all these games were very close indeed.

Camp

Royal Naval Barracks, Lee-on-Solent
Friday, August 6th to 14th.
Fares over £1 refunded.
Camp Fee: £1 5s. 6d.

Please send your entries as soon as possible. Closing date for entries, May 6th. Beds are limited. If you apply after May 6th you are very unlikely to get one.

Mrs. Spurway, The Vicarage, Holmwood, Dorking.

Magic

In the year 1905, at the age of twelve, having curtailed my education mainly because of economic circumstances in the home, I was lucky enough to find a job which suited me down to the ground. It was in a wireless station then being erected at the North Foreland and under the very walls of the lighthouse. My home was three miles distant, which I had to walk night and morning in fair weather or foul.

The apparatus consisted of a large spark-coil, a tape recorder, a morse key and two black japanned boxes. All of these stood on a bench at one end of the hut, and on the floor stood a batch of "Obach" dry cells to supply the current for the spark coil. I used to sit fascinated when the crackly blue spark was leaping from one spherical ended rod to the other. That was on the occasions when the operator was busy with the key. But when we were receiving, it was just a matter of letting the tape (inker) do its work by reeling off feet of paper tape with the mysterious cipher duly imprinted upon it. This was a magic world for a small boy to be in, one which gave me a sense of superiority over those more grown-up but less enlightened in this new field of electronics.

In those two black boxes were the etceteras that made history, but the one that fascinated me most was the box that contained the coherer. This was a small vacuum glass tube filled with nickel filings which "cohered" or stuck together whenever an electric impulse reached it. In order to reset it for the next impulse, a trembler, operated on a relay circuit, constantly tapped on the surface of the glass and in times when atmospherics—or "Xs" were being troublesome, this tapping could be monotonous—so the remedy was to bash the side of the box.

I cannot say that traffic was great, for in those days very few ships were equipped with Marconi's new invention but, among the ships that were I seem to recall such names as the "Minnehaha," the "Minnetonka," and the "Minnewaska."

To-day it is an important G.P.O. station, and you can for a modest 10s. 6d. for a three minute call, when on a steamer trip to Margate, enjoy the novelty of talking via "R.T." link call from on board a vessel at sea to your "local" way back home.

ERNEST E. J. S. BURTON.

Silent Argument

One day in 1946 my wife and I went to the butcher's shop, which was full, so we had to stand at the back of the shop. I was having a conversation with my wife and paused as I got no answer. I gave a gentle dig with my elbow and, after a few seconds' pause, got a push back, but no answer. I pushed a bit harder this time and, after a little wait, got a harder push back, but still no answer. This went on for about five minutes and I was slowly losing my temper when the wife came from the other end of the shop and rescued me. I had only been having an argument with a side of beef hung up in the shop.

G. WATERWORTH.

Coventry.

Young St. Dunstaners

Marion Britton (Blackburn) has passed her Senior Elocution Examination and received a Certificate of Merit.

Marriages

Joan Cunliffe, Eccleston, on February 20th, to Bernard Norris.

In Canada, Marris Anderson (Angus, Scotland), to the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Gawiuk.

Daniel Batchelor, Banbury, on January 23rd, to Sheila Mary Spike.

On September 5th last, Rose Printie, Edinburgh, to Hugh McFarlane.

On March 6th, Ethel Dennison, York, to Basil Noble (Secretary of York and District Referees' Association).

On February 27th, Mariane Mills, Blakeall, to Frank Riley.

On March 17th, Beryl Muir, Whitley Bay, to Dr. Martin Kemp.

Turf Notes

The Flat Racing Season is under way now and punters will be looking for a profitable system. I had my 65th birthday on St. Valentine's Day, feeling fit, fine and dandy and without a care.

We are all looking for something to show dividends and I have found one for the "Live and Like It" Stakes. The tip I am going to give you will show dividends from the start, and I advise all my friends to have a bash.

"LAYOFFNOSE-VARNISH."

Cheerio, everybody, and good luck.

ALAN NICHOLS.

Miss Hilda Leverett

It is with very deep regret that we have to announce the death, on March 3rd, of Miss Hilda Leverett, a member of St. Dunstan's staff since 1917. Miss Leverett lived at 87 Albany Street, and many St. Dunstaners passing through London before the last war, and who stayed at "Mrs. Wiggins'" will remember her.

Her sincerity, quiet wisdom and grand sense of humour made her one of the most popular members of the staff, and it was characteristic that she was held in affection as much by the younger and newer members of the staff as by those who were privileged to know her for so many years. "Lev" found very great happiness in her work at St. Dunstan's (she had lost her own sight when she was a baby), and she was proud to be an honorary member of St. Dunstan's London Club.

Mr. Askew, with many members of the staff, both past and present, attended the funeral service which was held on March 9th at the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Osnaburgh Street, and there were many beautiful wreaths from past and present members of the staff.

Mr. C. Hitchins

We have also heard with deep regret of the death of another very old member of the staff, Mr. C. Hitchins, who worked in the Basket Department for thirty-seven years and retired in 1952. Mr. Hitchins was also blind.

A Braille Sporting Monthly

Those St. Dunstaners who receive the popular "Braille Sporting Record" will know that the Scottish Braille Press, Craigmillar Park, Edinburgh, have now decided to publish a Braille monthly sports paper, "Sports Report." The first issue will appear in April.

Will St. Dunstaners who are interested and who are requiring either of these publications take particular care when writing to Mr. Jones, Men's Supplies, to see that the correct title is given. "The Braille Sporting Record" is the weekly. "Sports Report" is published monthly.

S.O.S.

Will the wife of a St. Dunstaner who has booked accommodation for a holiday with Mrs. King, 104 Longhill Road, Ovingdean, Brighton, please write again to Mrs. King, who has been ill and has unfortunately lost the correspondence.

" In Memory "

Private George Dicks, *Royal Army Service Corps*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of George Dicks, of Varteg, Monmouthshire, which occurred at his home on February 11th.

He enlisted in August, 1915, and was discharged in November, 1917, but although his sight was damaged in the course of his war service, it was not until 1934 that he came to St. Dunstan's. He trained in rug-making, but he was not able to do a great deal as his health had been seriously and permanently affected. During the last few years he had suffered severely.

Our deep sympathy goes out to his widow and relatives.

Private William John Bowers, *Royal Fusiliers*

We record with deep regret the death of W. J. Bowers, of Hounslow, Middlesex. He was fifty-eight.

Losing his sight and his right arm at the age of nineteen, he came to St. Dunstan's in January, 1916, and became one of our shop-keepers. His cheerful disposition and keen sense of humour endeared him to his many customers.

Drummer Downs, who was one of his oldest friends—they were together in the same hospital—attended the funeral. Mr. Ernie Taylor, for many years associated with St. Dunstan's, was also present.

Our deep sympathy goes out to Mrs. Bowers and her two daughters, the youngest of whom flew home from America when she heard of her father's illness.

Signalman William Jacob Pye, *Royal Field Artillery*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of W. J. Pye, of Norwich. He was within a month of his 61st birthday.

Discharged from the Service in 1918, it was not until 1950 that he came to St. Dunstan's, and the poor state of his health then prevented any training. He had been extremely ill over a long period, and he passed away on February 18th.

Our deep sympathy is offered to Mrs. Pye and her family.

Private Samuel Edgar Backhouse, *Suffolk Regiment*

We record with deep regret the death of S. E. Backhouse, of Ipswich, at the age of sixty.

He was discharged from the Army in 1921, having been gassed in 1918, and he came to St. Dunstan's only in 1949. He then trained as a netter and he continued this work until his death.

To Mrs. Backhouse and her family is offered our deep sympathy.

Pioneer John Charles Young, *Royal Engineers*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of J. C. Young, of Haywards Heath, at the age of seventy-three.

He saw service in the First World War, and received his discharge in October 1917. He came to St. Dunstan's in July, 1939, and trained in netting. He also kept a little poultry and a greenhouse.

He had been in failing health for some time but on February 9th he became very ill and was quickly taken to hospital, but he died almost at once.

Cremation was at Brighton, following a Service at St. Edmund's Church, Haywards Heath.

Our deep sympathy goes out to Mrs. Young.

Marriages

FISHER—DARRINGTON.—On March 20th, E. Fisher, of Battersea, to Miss Phyllis Darrington.

MCKAY.—T. McKay, of Brighton, on February 4th.

PRICE—DAVIES.—On February 26th, W. Price, of Shrewsbury, a St. Dunstaner of the first war, to Miss Cynthia Davies, also of Shrewsbury.

PRYOR—MORRIS.—On February 27th, J. Pryor, of Bearsted, to Miss Barbara Morris, of the Ovingdean staff.

Deaths

Our deep sympathy goes out to the following:—

BROWN.—To F. J. Brown, of Birmingham, whose mother died in hospital on February 17th.

LLOYD.—To E. Lloyd, of Cardiff, who has suffered the loss of a brother.

MARSHALL.—To J. H. Marshall, of Horden Colliery, whose father has recently died.

MOON.—To C. Moon, of Guernsey, Channel Islands, who lost his mother on February 13th.

PERRY.—To N. Perry, of Grimsby, whose father has recently died after a short illness.

STIBBLES.—To J. Stibbles, of Pitlochry, whose brother has died as the result of a railway accident.

TRENDELL.—To F. G. Trendell, of High Wycombe, who lost his mother on February 15th.

★ ★ ★

We have also heard with regret that Mrs. Wylie (Bromley) has lost her mother and that the sister-in-law of L. Stent, of Liverpool, has died as the result of a car accident.