

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Men and Women Blinded on War Service

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CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

Notable St. Dunstaner Retires

SERGEANT Alan Nichols retired at the end of March on superannuation after a lifetime of soldiering and propaganda work. He suffered multiple injuries and he was practically blinded and lost both his hands when he was a bombing instructor during the First War. After training at St. Dunstan's he worked for the N.I.B. in association with the Carol League and then after a brief interval, for St. Dunstan's for thirty years. A fluent writer and speaker with a good sense of humour, he made light of his grave disability and undaunted by all the blows of fate, led an active, vigorous life lecturing for St. Dunstan's. Many amongst his audiences said that his presentation of the Story of St. Dunstan's and his own cheerful personality were an inspiration to them. He was the first St. Dunstaner so gravely disabled to conquer this handicap and he set an example to those who followed.

Curiously enough he was the only handless St. Dunstaner to survive the First War whereas from the Second War, although casualties generally were halved, there were 13 similar cases. I surmise that this was due to land mines and more shattering explosives as well as, perhaps, to better medical care, the use of sulphur drugs and anti biotics in battle areas.

Mr. Nichols is a well-known figure among the members of Rotary Clubs, Women's Institutes, British Legion and Women's Section branches throughout the country and many will be glad to know that he will continue to undertake occasional engagements for St. Dunstan's as well as to lecture on a voluntary basis in the future.

Mr. Doughty

Another old member of the Staff, Mr. A. W. Doughty, retires at the end of the month. Mr. Doughty joined us in the autumn of 1918 and for sixteen years worked with Mr. A. B. Hall and Mr. Ottaway at Raglan Street in the Department dealing with boots, mats, joinery, and wool-rugs. In 1934, in the reorganisation following the death of Mr. Hegarty, Mr. Doughty took over the duties of Northern Area Welfare Superintendent until his appointment later as Technical Superintendent. In July, 1949, he went to South Audley Street to become Assistant Legacy Officer.

There can be few St. Dunstan's home craftsmen who have not at one time or another had the benefit of Mr. Doughty's wise and kindly counsel. He has taken great pride in the fine job his craftsmen have done and nothing has given him more pleasure than meeting them

again at reunions or on the rarer occasions in recent years when they have visited South Audley Street.

I feel sure that all friends of St. Dunstan's will wish these two members of the staff who have served us for so long good luck and happiness in their retirement.

A "Prayer"

The other day a debate took place in the House of Commons about Physiotherapy. The point at issue was to determine what examinations should qualify persons to be employed in the Health Service as Physiotherapists. The Minister of Health wished to widen the field and I and others urged him not to dilute these highly skilled persons but to employ only persons who have attained such a very high standard such as that which all St. Dunstaners have reached by passing the examinations of the Chartered Society.

The debate in the House occurred on what is called a Prayer, and Mr. Mickie Burns has asked what is a Prayer in this sense. The answer is, briefly, that certain powers given to Ministers by legislation can only be exercised by order which must lay before Parliament. These orders lie on the Table, so to speak, for forty days during which any Member who objects may "pray Her Majesty not to sign the order." Thus the word "Prayer" is a technical term for an objection raised to such an order by a Member.

IAN FRASER.

News from Overseas

Our old friends, H. ("Charlie") Gover, and Mrs. Gover, are now home from their visit to Australia and New Zealand. Donald McPhee, "Chalky" White and Jim May are among the St. Dunstaners they have met out there, writes Charlie. His visit has also inspired a letter to H.Q. from Tom Corboy, of Victoria, from whom we have not heard for some years, and who tells us that as well as meeting Charlie, he recently had a pleasant reunion with Jerry Jerome.

Another pleasant result of the Gover's visit has been a meeting with that very good friend of St. Dunstan's, Miss Morrah, and the nieces who came to London a few years ago. Pouring rain, a high wind, and one of the worst storms in years did not damp the proceedings, for Charlie had brought his cards and they settled happily to bridge.

Through Maureen Lees we hear that Mary Scorar is still in Winnipeg and often thinks of her St. Dunstan's friends. Those who knew her will recall her friendly smile and how she coped with the cars up the slopes of Longmynd.

Another old friend, Perky Perkins, with the help of a retired business man, has got a Club going for the blind in the Kelowna Valley, where he lives. He has also made a very fine contribution to the fight against polio in Canada. As Chairman of a fund, by much hard work he has raised 1,800 dollars and has presented an iron lung to a Canadian clinic. Good work, Perky!

Derby Sweepstake

The draw for the Derby Sweepstake (which closes on **May 21st**) will be made at the London Club on the evening of Friday, May 28th. All those drawing a horse will be notified by letter. If you have not already applied for your tickets, please do so at once. Tickets are 2s. 6d. each and only St. Dunstaners may hold them.

Camp

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

Closing date for entries, May 6th. Beds are strictly limited. Mrs. Spurway, The Vicarage, Holmwood, Dorking.

Thirty Years Ago

From the "St. Dunstan's Review," April, 1924:—

"The ninth anniversary! To most of those present at the Old Bungalow on the 4th April (the 9th Anniversary Dance), it must have seemed almost impossible that nine years have passed since St. Dunstan's first opened the doors of hospitality; and yet so much has happened to us all since that day in February, 1915 when the little handful of war-blinded men entered into possession of the new home of hope. There is always a leaven of sadness in anniversaries of any event. One recalls the old friends who are gone, the happy times that those past years saw, and in the forefront of every St. Dunstaner's memory on such occasions is always the voice and personality of our great Chief. . ."

London Club Notes

Indoor Section.—The Indoor Section had two matches in March. The first, at Headquarters, was against a team from the Enfield Working Men's Club. This was a very enjoyable meeting; we had a good match, the results being:

The darts team won two games to nil.

Two pairs at dominoes both won their matches for us.

A cribbage pair, Tiny Fleming and myself, beat their pair by three games to nil.

A very successful start to the season. We have been asked to send a team to Enfield for a return. More of this anon.

On March 29th we travelled to Croydon for a match with the Croydon Voluntary Association for the Blind. This again was a grand evening but, sad to say, the team was off form. Results:

We lost at darts by two games to nil.

Of two dominoes pairs, one won for us, the other lost.

The cribbage pair won their match.

A mixed result but all the same, a very nice, sociable evening and our thanks go to the Croydon folk for such a good time.

Now boys, roll along to the Club. More matches are being arranged so give us your support.

CHAS. J. WALKER.

Bridge Notes.—The first bridge drive of the year took place at H.Q. on Saturday, 3rd March, when twenty-four members of the Bridge Club, with their partners enjoyed a very pleasant afternoon. The Master of Ceremonies on this occasion was Dr. C. Stokes.

We were all very pleased to welcome Sir Neville and Lady Pearson, who kindly presented the prizes to the following winning pairs. 1st, B. Ingrey and Mr. Stokes; 2nd, W. Shakespear and Mr. Watson; 3rd, L. Douglas and Mr. Elmes; nearest to parity, T. Roden and Miss Winter.

On behalf of the Bridge Club I wish to express our gratitude to Miss Hensley, who very kindly provided the prizes and the refreshments.

On Saturday, March 10th our team lost the match against our old friends J. Lyons.

On Friday, March 19th, Tiny Fleming's team in the L.B.H. League, drew their last match of the season. Final result was Won 2; Drawn 2; Lost 6.

W. BISHOP.

Outdoor Section.—Hills and dales were the order of the day for the 15 mile race held at South Croydon again this year. And so it was that eight St. Dunstaners set off for a gruelling race through the Surrey and Kent countryside. One hundred yards downhill at the start, right turn and face $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 miles of climb to the top of Gravel Hill. A sharp drop down and steadily on through Addiscombe and Hayes, then a really tough climb up Coney Hill and up and over Keston Common, and down to the half way mark. Tired from climbing hills we then turned around for the homeward stretch. Up hill at first and then down the hills and back to Gravel Hill, which usually proves too much for better men than we. Back down the long hill into Croydon and left turn to the finish.

Here it was that a tired Billy Miller finished first, followed five minutes later by Charles Williamson, and Archie Brown, two minutes later, in third place.

These were the only three who finished inside the standard time of 2 hrs. 35 mins. Pat Cryan was fourth but just missed gaining a time standard medal.

The usual handicap prizes were won by Billy Miller, C. Williamson and C. Stafford. 1, 2 and 3 scratch medals were also presented to the first three to finish.

The race was started and prizes presented by the president of the Surrey Walking Club, Mr. Matthews.

Charles Williamson retains the Dr. Chittenden Bridges trophy.

15 Mile Sealed Handicap Walk For the Dr. Chittenden Bridges Trophy

Held on Saturday, 27th March, 1954

From the Stag and Hounds, South Croydon.

Order of Finish	Time	H'cp All.	H'cp Time	Pos. in H'cp
1. W. Miller	2-26-40	Scr.	2-26-40	1
2. C. Williamson	2-31-43	4-00	2-27-43	2
3. A. Brown	2-34-01	2-30	2-31-31	5
4. P. Cryan	2-37-57	5-15	2-32-42	6
5. S. Tutton	2-46-56	17-30	2-29-26	4
6. C. Stafford	2-48-55	20-30	2-28-25	3
7. L. Dennis	2-56-29	23-00	2-33-20	7
8. J. Lynch	3-8-52	31-30	2-37-22	8

Winner of the Dr. Chittenden Bridges Trophy.—C. Williamson.

Winners of Time Standard Medals (2 hrs. 35mins.).—W. Miller, C. Williamson, A. Brown.

Presentation to Miss Pease

At the London Club on Tuesday evening, March 30th, members gathered to witness the presentation to Miss Hester Pease upon her retirement.

Mr. Askew, opening the proceedings, said that the gifts which Miss Pease had chosen were an oak chest and a travelling clock, and these were the gifts of St. Dunstaners in all parts of the country. The London Club was, one might say, the centre of St. Dunstan's activities and therefore he would call upon its president, Mr. Percy Ashton, to make the presentation on behalf of St. Dunstaners everywhere.

Percy spoke of Miss Pease's long association with St. Dunstan's, first as a V.A.D. at West House, later as Matron of Tembani, in South Africa, and then as a Welfare Visitor. She had become a much-beloved friend to St. Dunstaners both in this country and in South Africa and they would all wish her many happy years of retirement. He then handed to Miss Pease the travelling clock and a small silver plate to be attached to the oak chest and which was inscribed,

Presented to Miss Hester Pease from her St. Dunstan's friends, 1927-1953.

Miss Pease, replying, spoke of her great affection for St. Dunstan's and her regret that her work had now come to an end. She thanked all St. Dunstaners for their farewell gift and for their friendship which it was her privilege to have.

In a very well chosen little speech, seconding Percy Ashton's remarks, Mr. Bob Giffard brought the little ceremony to an end.

Miss Pease writes:—

"I want through the REVIEW to thank once again all my St. Dunstan's friends who have given me such lovely gifts. The fine oak chest which bears an inscription on a silver plate and the travelling clock with my initials on the leather case will be amongst my most treasured possessions.

"I want also to thank those who have sent me personal gifts and letters.

"It will be a constant joy to me to possess these tokens of friendship and affection which I deeply value."

HESTER K. L. PEASE.

Grandfathers

A. J. Mitchell, of Hove; F. A. Rhodes, of Ovingdean.

Reunions

As we go to press, the first two Reunions of 1954 have taken place.

On Saturday, March 20th, at the Lion Hotel, Guildford, Sir Neville Pearson, Bt. our President, welcomed St. Dunstaners from all parts of Berkshire, Buckinghamshire, Surrey, Hampshire and Middlesex. Sir Neville was accompanied by Lady Pearson and also among those present was Lady Onslow.

Sir Ian Fraser, with Lady Fraser, attended the Luton Reunion which was held at the George Hotel on Wednesday, March 31st.

Scooping the Pool

Those of us who were present at the "Lion Hotel," Guildford, on the 20th March, will have very pleasant memories of that reunion, but the following was a shade less amusing to the principal character. He was, I might add, a sergeant, which may comfort some and perhaps upset others.

This gentleman arrived one evening at the aforementioned hotel, and proclaimed to all and sundry that he had "won the pools." Everyone was delighted. They clapped him on the shoulder, said he was just the fellow who should win . . . and drank his beer.

He stood quite a number of rounds to friends and strangers, and everyone was quite pleased to join him. Then, informing the landlord that he would return with his allotted share to make good the damage to the cellars, he departed.

Some while later a rather crestfallen individual arrived to pay his score. The bill presented was settled, or so one must imagine. The crestfallen expression? Well, perhaps the teams hadn't run so well, and he had only had a second or third dividend. Gross winnings—before paying—approximately eight shillings. There's a moral somewhere!

West Wickham.

W. J. OLIVER.

Canasta

The rules of Canasta will shortly be available in Braille and Mr. Jones, Men's Supplies, will be glad to hear from any St. Dunstaner who would be interested to have them.

Packs of Braille playing cards are now designed so that Canasta can be played with two packs.

Letters to the Editor

DEAR EDITOR,

I should be interested to know how the Rev. Canon W. G. Speight can prove that the Catholic Church (by Christ established) has ever accepted the doctrine of "The End justifies the Means," or that there is any wrong in the enjoyment of the Sweepstakes or Pools. It is lamentable that he should use the REVIEW to introduce religious discord and controversy, but should he wish to be enlightened, I would suggest that he has a friendly discussion with any Catholic priest.

Yours sincerely,

Bournemouth. ARTHUR T. BROOKS.

DEAR EDITOR,

As an old man with long experience of St. Dunstan's I would like to reply to the most interesting letter of Mr. Speight in the March REVIEW.

Remembering some 38 years ago, the early days when we forgathered at West House for a spell of rest, convalescence or holiday, it occurs to me that childish ragging was not unknown, and I shall always remember how a small bunch of fellows became known as "the Spat Brigade," and quite a number of us are still around. For the benefit of the uninitiated I would point out that spats were worn, way back in the past, to smarten up the appearance of the wearer, and believe it or not, we rather enjoyed the jokes we caused. The word "childish" used by Mr. Speight in his letter, in connection with the incident which affected him personally, is no doubt just the right word; but, strange as it may seem, we in those days did not take childish remarks seriously; after all, we were all somewhat childish, but happily so.

With more than 36 years' experience as a propagandist, it has been my job to raise funds for St. Dunstan's. Sweepstakes, boxing and golf tournaments, raffles, darts competitions, billiards and snooker tournaments, and many other methods of raising money have been employed. Churches, chapels, pubs and clubs, yes even Dartmoor and Wormwood Scrubs, have been exploited (as you might call it) by Your Humble Servant.

So far as I am concerned, I do not think it is wise to bring religion or politics into discussion in the REVIEW—or, for that matter, in the lounge before breakfast.

My sympathies are with Mr. Speight, and I would like to wish him a whole lot of luck in his career.

Yours sincerely,

Portslade. ALAN NICHOLS.

DEAR EDITOR,

I should like to thank Canon Speight and Padre Pettit for their letters in recent issues of the REVIEW, encouraging St. Dunstaners to aim at a high standard of Christian conduct which would not only bring increased happiness to us individually, but greatly increase the prestige already held by the public for St. Dunstan's.

I missed reading the other letters on the subject, but would suggest that if any further letter are written they should drop the stock of criticisms of the Church and concentrate on the one question that matters, namely, "What think ye of Christ." "Whose son is He?" Those of us who believe Him to be the Son of God, and have received Him into our lives as Saviour and Friend, possess a peace of heart and mind which is not to be found anywhere else.

I am sure there are St. Dunstaners who share this experience and others who would like to. I wonder if the idea of a Fellowship would appeal for the purpose of mutual encouragement and the solving of difficulties of a spiritual nature, either by correspondence or even some space in the REVIEW.

Yours sincerely,

Reading. A. A. H. BROWN.

DEAR EDITOR,

May I appeal to you and your readers not to publish or write any more letters attacking religion, because I think we have reached the limit when two men in Holy Orders begin to attack another denomination. Surely if a man wants to buy two thirds of a brick in aid of the Roman Catholic chapel, with the hopes of winning one third, that is his affair. I may point out that I am not a Roman Catholic; I am what most people would call a shaky Presbyterian—very shaky—but I think religion is a subject that is best left out of the REVIEW.

What a terrible thing it would be if we took all the so-called good advice we get at St. Dunstan's. First the parsons say, "You must not gamble or swear." Nick says, "Lay off the drink"—he should know! Then the doctor says, "Not too

much bread, no potatoes, no friends, no fats," and now the Chancellor says, "No more on pensions." Is life worth living?

Yours sincerely,

Ilford. JOCK MACFARLANE, B.E.M.

[This correspondence is now closed.—ED.]

DEAR EDITOR,

We St. Dunstaners have long respected Sir Ian Fraser for his vigour and integrity in upholding the cause of war pensioners in his position of President of the British Legion. To us, therefore, it may not have been surprising to read the report of his speech in last month's REVIEW, in which he castigated the present Government and their predecessors for their neglect of war pensions. How refreshing and what an example to other politicians who wait for a lead from their party executive before stating their views on a particular subject. I am sure that most war pensioners would like to congratulate Sir Ian on his efforts.

I hope the British Legion do not make a yard-stick of the conditions between the two wars for in 1918 the basic pension was £2 per week and in 1943, 37s. 6d. per week and between that time was, I believe, even lower. Apart from that there were many despicable injustices that were not righted until 1946.

Yours sincerely,

Addiscombe. EDGAR R. ETRIDGE.

DEAR EDITOR,

Do you think the following is a matter which should be put in the hands of the police?

Recently, I forgathered at Altrincham with some of my ex-business colleagues, after which some of us repaired to the Club, which possessed a bar.

Now, Clubs being what they are, this one had never heard of closing time, and so it followed that we eleven pursued our convivial way until well into the night. At length it occurred to someone that it was time to make a move towards home, and suggested that we should see Good Old Mac to the train. The station was about 50 yards from where we were then, and it was unthinkable that Good old Mac should be allowed to undertake take a journey alone. A convoy was therefore formed, and the station reached without mishap, and without losing a man.

Altrincham station is an open one, that is, you barge right on to the platform

without any flapdoodle about platform tickets, and so all eleven of us were present and correct when the train steamed in. There was a great deal of bustle and noise as we went about the task of finding a seat for Good Old Mac, and just as the guard was about to blow his whistle, it dawned on us that there had been some bad staff work somewhere, as there were ten of us in the train, looking out at Good Old Mac, who was sitting on a truck on the platform, waving us off. Of course, we all piled out again, much to the annoyance of the guard, who failed to realise the importance of the occasion. We tried to hustle Good Old Mac into the train, amid much heckling from the station officials, and Good Old Mac protested that he wanted a compartment with a girl in it. We did our best to oblige him, but our efforts were cut short by the guard, who bundled Good Old Mac into a seat and waved the train away.

After the hurly burly of the send-off, our departure from the station was the model of respectability and decorum. Strangely enough, each of us had the feeling that all was not well, but sad to say, we were in no fit state to figure out just what, was amiss.

In the morning, ten assorted hangovers in ten fat heads did nothing to bring clarity to the brains of their owners, and it was not until the evening that we were able to pinpoint what was wrong. You see, Good Old Mac hadn't been going anywhere. He was staying right there in Altrincham.

The railway line ends in Liverpool, and presumably the trains stop there. At least, I have never heard of them carrying on and piling up in the Mersey. Is Good Old Mac in some dismal, dusty storeroom in Liverpool, waiting to be claimed, or is he shuttling back and forth in the train between Liverpool and Altrincham? We haven't heard, so we don't know, but would you get on to the police about it if you were me?

Yours apprehensively,

Manchester. TOMMY TONGE.

Placement

K. W. Cooper, of Thornton Heath, in the Hardening Section of Messrs. Louis Newmark, Prefect Works, East Croydon.

The Budget and War Pensions

Speaking about war pensions in the Budget Debate Sir Ian Fraser said:

"When the Budget was opened, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer did not find it possible to deal with this matter, it naturally caused considerable disappointment among ex-Service men and my friends in the British Legion, though we were pleased when the Chancellor, in his broadcast that night, said that he would not forget them. I understand the Government's difficulty in raising old-age pensions, and all the civil benefits which are, naturally, considered with them, before they have had a full enquiry into the state of the funds, the report of the Government actuary, and all the other facts which it is necessary to have in such a complex and expensive matter. A delay of a few months, although not agreeable to the old people or to their many friends, among whom I count myself, is, nevertheless, understandable.

But all the facts relating to the war pensioners are known and, to me and my friends, there did not seem to be the same reason for delaying a decision in their case. Moreover, it is our view—and I am glad to feel that it now has support in all parts of the House—that their situation is on a slightly different footing. I shall not recapitulate the many reasons which we have given to the claim of disabled ex-Servicemen in respect of their war pensions, and to the widows of the fallen; I shall come to the question which I want to ask.

War pensions are governed by Royal Warrants, which can be brought to the House at any time. They need not necessarily be referred to in the Budget, or await the sanction of the Finance Bill. If, therefore, it so happened that an Election were coming in the Autumn—and I do not say whether that is a good or bad thing—might we expect and hope that this promise, so far as it goes, would be kept before the Election took place, notwithstanding that the much wider, more costly and more difficult subject of old-age pensions might have to wait until the review to which I have referred has been carried out?

I still feel that priority should be given to this matter on its merits, and it would be very disappointing if the Government, in the event of an Election in the Autumn, were to say that they could not deal with the claim of the ex-Servicemen until they had dealt with all the other claims."

The Chancellor of the Exchequer replying, said:

"I can give no undertaking to-day either to old-age pensioners or to ex-Servicemen, in reply to my hon. friend, the Member for Morecambe and Lonsdale (Sir Ian Fraser) who appealed to me, because to give any undertaking would not be honourable. I can only say that the position of the old-age pensioners is clearly a first priority for this or any other Government.

But this is a year in which we are going most thoroughly into their problems. We are not only making the five-yearly examination of the Fund, the condition of which ought to afford all of us a good deal of anxious consideration and thought, but I would also remind hon. Members that, from being about one to nine of the working population in 1931, the old will be about one to five of the working population in 1964 and one to four in 1979. When we do take our decisions, therefore, let us take them with all the gravity that that means for the younger and working population. Let us also take them in humanity, realising what it means for the old people. Let us not dismiss the possibility that it may mean an increase in contributions as a whole. It would be deluding the working population if, in this campaign, which is being conducted with some warmth—perhaps quite naturally because of the humanity of the subject—we were to forget the obligation which must fall on others if the old are to be helped."

Other News

Colin Beaumont Edmonds, M.C., has been chosen as a Conservative candidate at Sutton Coldfield, and will contest the Maney Ward at the local Council elections.

★ ★ ★

Robert Collins, of Liverpool, now lives with his brother George, and George married Miss Patricia Cullen on the 7th March.

★ ★ ★

R. E. Naman has left for the South of England after ten years' service as telephonist at Salford Employment Exchange. There was a report in "Salford City Reporter."

★ ★ ★

H. F. Goodley, of Diss, Norfolk, has won first prize for hyacinths at his local Show for the fourth year running, and to add to his laurels he has been crowned King of Dominoes at Diss Blind Social Club.

On the Air

Reprinted from *St. Dunstan's Review (South Africa)*:—

I suppose that you have all, at some time or other, in tuning over your Radio, come across the Radio Amateur—commonly called "Hams."

I used to listen to them with a certain amount of interest, until one day I met an old friend of mine who happened to be a Ham. Thereafter things began to happen.

Another Ham started building a small transmitter for me. In the meantime I applied for my transmitting licence, which took some time before being granted. My new friend completed my transmitter before my licence was granted and I still had no call sign. However, the happy day at last arrived, the licence was granted and I became Z S 6 Z K, and I was "on" the air.

I tuned over the band and heard a station calling C Q — Q code for calling any station. I gave him a call and, to my surprise, he came back to my call, the first time Z S 6 Z K was heard on the air. I was so taken aback, that, for a few minutes I could not think of anything to say. However, I soon recovered my breath, and carried off the QSO (conversation) successfully and was duly launched on the air.

That was three years ago and I have since had many contacts with brother Hams all over the world, affording me many hours of perfect enjoyment. I switch on the radio and there are dozens of fellow Hams all ready to talk to me; some are already old friends, others ready to become friends. I have learned more about the geography and customs of other countries than in all my school years. Who of you, for instance, know that there is a thriving Scottish Community on the extreme Southern tip of Patagonia and that they raise the finest wool sheep there, according to my friend L U 8 X E?

A word to O.M. Proctor, who, Sir Ian Fraser told me, was a St. Dunstaner on the air in England—I am looking out for you O.M. on 10 and 20 metres. I have spoken to several of the G. boys about you,—they all know about you, but so far I have not contacted any Hams in the Brighton vicinity, where I believe you are.

Good luck to you all.

Z S 6 Z K,

W. MARAIS.

Talking Book Library

Mammoth March

A round dozen of releases, eight home-produced and four imported, are summarised below in that order. "A Gentleman of France," by Stanley S. Weyman, reader Franklin Engelmann, is a cloak and dagger, Catholic *v.* Huguenot story, full of intrigue and romance.

"Old St. Paul's," by W. Harrison Ainsworth, reader Arthur Bush, is a yarn of profligacy, plague and fire overcome partially by commonsense, courage and virtue. Touches of comedy relieve its oddly realistic atmosphere.

"The Paths of Glory," by Kenneth Fenwick, reader Alvar Lidell, traces the life of James Wolfe to his heroic end at Quebec. If this is true, Marlborough and Wellington could teach him nothing.

"The Heart of Paris," by Denise Robins, reader Jean Metcalfe, is a bang up-to-date romance of a Parisian dress designer with innocence, jealousy and unscrupulousness as its main ingredients.

"Garibaldi and the Thousand," by G. M. Trevelyan, reader Robin Holmes, details the birth pangs of modern Italy and the triumph of the House of Savoy, which unofficially backed the hero in his most uncertain enterprise.

"Harvest Comedy," by Frank Swinerton, reader Stephen Jack, concerns the inter-tangled lives of three everyday men. Their ups and downs, comic, tragic, good and bad, make entertaining reading.

"Lucy Carmichael," by Margaret Kennedy, reader Robert Gladwell, is too humdrum to hold the interest mainly because the beginning seems to be the climax from which the story slowly peters out. Weep once more, my ladies! (Apologies to the song-writers).

"Quentin Durward," by Sir Walter Scott, reader J. de Manio, tells of a Scottish Squire in the service of Louis XI. Quentin all virtuous chivalry, is unaware of his master's vicious chicanery, but by sheer luck secures his fortune after hair-breadth escapes.

"Adventure in Two Worlds," by A. J. Cronin, reader Noel Leslie, seems to be the autobiography of the author but I fail to see how a man can fling away his hard won healing skill in favour of scribbling best-sellers.

"Murder on the Frontier," by Ernest Haycox, reader Milton Metz, is a collection of six or seven short "Westerns." Two concern the U.S. Army and Indians, the rest, cattlemen, homesteaders and sheriffs.

"Lieutenant Hornblower," by C. S. Forester, reader Burt Blackwall, follows the Hornblower pattern for a spell in the West Indian station and is, I think, the most gripping of the series.

"Trial by Terror," by Paul Gallico, reader William Gladden, is an up-to-date version of justice behind the Iron Curtain, or purports to be so. American journalists in Paris, made over-curious by righteous indignation, find out the system of extracting confessions used by the Communists. Clever or too clever? NELSON.

"A Gentleman of France," *Cat. No. 871. Books reviewed this month:—*

"Old St. Paul's," *Cat. No. 873.*

"The Paths of Glory," *Cat. No. 874.*

"The Heart of Paris," *Cat. No. 875.*

"Garibaldi and the Thousand," *Cat. No. 882 (preceeds Cat. No. 659).*

"Harvest Comedy," *Cat. No. 879.*

"Lucy Carmichael," *Cat. No. 877.*

"Quentin Durward," *Cat. No. 876.*

"Adventures in Two Worlds," *Cat. No. 869.*

"Murder on the Frontier," *Cat. No. 862.*

"Lieutenant Hornblower," *Cat. No. 870.*

"Trial by Terror," *Cat. No. 872.*

Old Contemptibles

A St. Dunstaner has recently reminded us that it will soon be the 40th anniversary of the outbreak of the 1914-1918 war and as an Old Contemptible himself he is anxious to learn how many other St. Dunstaners there are who can claim this distinction.

I should be very pleased, therefore, to hear from any St. Dunstaners who were members of the "Contemptible Little Army."

C. D. WILLS,
Welfare Superintendent.

The Distinction

One day a few months ago my son Raymond, age five, was going to school with the wife and another little girl called Margaret, age seven. After walking a short distance in silence, Margaret turned to Raymond and asked, "Is your Daddy blind?" Whereupon Raymond answered with a note of scorn in his voice, "No, he can't see." G. WATERWORTH.

Shattered Hopes

The yarn I am going to tell you is a true one; I know, because it actually happened to Taffy Morgan and me when we were kids some years ago in the third form at Hayfield College, in the Midlands. We are still at Hayfield, but at the time the Old Man said we were very lucky not to be kicked out. At least, he said we were extremely fortunate not to be expelled, adding that it was almost a case of sherry sack, which we later understood to be a vile pun. However, we were never very fond of school and we think it was our parents that were really fortunate. By the way, my name is Postlethwaite, and as I don't say much in the usual way, my nickname is Silent Jimmy—or Jim for short.

It all began with that ten shilling note that Taffy received from his Aunt Betsy for winning the Junior Divinity prizes, his aunt being fortunately religious. Dawkins had been a hot favourite for the Junior Divvers, and ought to have won it. The trouble was that bully Armstrong backed Dawks hot and strong, and then threatened to beat him up if he didn't bring it off. This naturally upset young Dawkins, being only a delicate little swot; he was all hot and bothered during the paper, with the result that he got Elijah and Elisha hopelessly mixed up and thought Jezebel was a man. Nobody else in the form was any good at scripture. Taff wrote least and made the fewest mistakes; so he won the prize and Dawks took a bashing.

News soon goes round in a school, especially through the master's common room, and when Alphonse, the French master, heard of Taffy's windfall, he said it was "un embarras de richesse," which I took to mean a lot of money, as indeed it was, for Taffy. His pater had a good job, but always kept Taff short (one shilling weekly), saying that was the best way to teach youngsters the value of money. Taff said you couldn't be expected to learn that without a little more practice in handling it, and I agreed.

Taffy lost a good deal of sleep wondering what to do with his aunt's note, and a lot of fellows rolled up with suggestions. Some were willing to sell useful articles they had grown tired of; others said the money would buy enough grub to make a good "hog" for the study, but Taff said that would upset their stomachs and the

matron. Moses, who is a Jew, of course, and very good at arithmetic, did some rapid calculations and advised Taff to start a money-lending business in the school, assuring him that many chaps would be glad to pay 1s. 1d. next week for the loan of 1s. this; he said this was a reasonable rate of interest, amounting to 433 per cent. per annum, neglecting bad debts, which Taff said he couldn't afford to do. Dawkins, who was practising goodness and hoping to be a parson, said the money ought to be given to the poor and needy, adding a lot about moths and rust and treasure in heaven.

None of these ideas appealed to Taff, and he began to think about cigarettes, saying that lollypops and such like only rot your teeth, and in any case he was too old for them; I agreed, being nearly twelve too. Bully Armstrong said this was a good notion, and producing a swell case he gave us one each of a popular brand, which he said were must the right sort of thing to start on. So we adjourned to the boot room to smoke them. Taff soon turned white about the gills, and I detested the grin on Bully's ugly face; he said the plum duff at dinner couldn't have agreed with us. When I finally recovered we slunk back to the study, where Taff said he was tired of all this beastly suspense and the responsibility of carrying so much money about with him. Grabbing the dictionary he opened it at random, glancing down its columns for the first article of food or drink that met his eye. Passing "sherbet" with a shudder, he alighted on "sherry," and stayed there. He said he had often heard his mother call it a heavenly drink; so it should be the right sort of thing to spend cash on that had come from winning a divinity prize.

It wasn't easy to arrange, but we managed to get a half-bottle through a secret agent by telling him to keep the change, which he did. Taff said I was to share it, as he knew I would go halves with him whenever anybody sent me ten shillings. I readily promised, especially as I never expected to receive such a colossal sum.

The rest is soon told. We were making for the main door at the time of the compulsory walk with the idea of drinking the stuff in Dog Rose Lane, when Tapeworm, the physics master, stopped Taff and asked him what the bulge was under his waistcoat. Taff looked as innocent as he could, said

it was nothing, and tried to sidle past; but Tapeworm plucked at his second button and down fell the bottle on the stone floor of the corridor. Of course, it smashed, and that was the end of Taff's ten shillings. He had always said he would have no peace of mind until he had spent it; but now it was gone it was still a bother. We were both on the carpet before the Old Man that evening, but that is another story and a painful one too. The queer thing about it all is that we were doing "Richard the Second" that term, and Brid, the English master found it all in the play—in different parts, of course. I noted down the passages on the fly-leaf of my copy as a memento, and a warning to my grandchildren:

York: What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom?

Aumerle: My lord, 'tis nothing.

York: No matter, then, who see it; I will be satisfied.

Aum.: I do beseech your grace to pardon me:

It is a matter of small consequence,

Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York: Which for some reasons, Sir, I mean to see.

Aum.: I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not show it.

York: I will be satisfied: let me see it, I say.

(*He plucks it out of his bosom*) Act 5, Sc.2.

Richard: There it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers (Act 4, Sc. 1).

Duchess: And all the precious liquor spilt (Act 1, Sc. 2).

Bird always said there was something in Shakespeare to suit all occasions. It seems he knew about Tapeworm and Taff and me.

P. S. SUMNER.

Birmingham Sports

Sunday, May 16th, at Salford Park, Birmingham

Events:—

70 yards Running.

Throwing the Cricket Ball.

Putting the Weight.

Standing Long Jump.

1 mile Walk.

Will any competitors wishing to be met please get in touch with Mr. Cooling, 179 Northfield Road, King's Norton, Birmingham.

Golden Wedding

Sincere congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. H. Colley, of Ventnor, Isle of Wight, who celebrated their Golden Wedding on March 11th, and to Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Jordan, of Luston, near Leominster, whose anniversary was on April 5th.

Ruby Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. A. Collins, of Worthing, who were married 40 years ago on April 14th. Congratulations.

Young St. Dunstaners

Twenty-one-year-old Audrey Muir, Whitley Bay, for three years a secretary at the Bank of America, leaves England shortly to take up a post at a branch in San Francisco.

★ ★ ★

The son of S. A. Chambers, of Birmingham, has passed his final examinations to qualify as a dentist and is now L.D.S., R.D.C. (Eng.).

Marriages

On April 6th, Margaret Halsall, Southport, to R. T. F. Yates.

On February 27th, Irene Wood, Congleton, to W. E. Carter.

★ ★ ★

C. F. Thompson, of Hertford, writes:—

"Although I have no wish to start a competition in the production of grandchildren, nor do I imagine that our quota of ten is a record, perhaps some of our friends at St. Dunstan's might be interested to learn that four of these are in Venezuela and two in Borneo. Two are Venezuelans and one Dutch, the last born in Borneo."

"In Memory"—continued

Private Leonard Trelvelion, Pioneer Corps

We record with deep regret the death of L. Trelvelion, of Eastbourne. He was 39 and came to us in June, 1946 and was trained as a shopkeeper. Two years later, however, his health began to fail and he was forced to give this up. He was admitted to West House and he died there on March 31st.

Our deep sympathy goes out to his widow and six children, the youngest of whom is only four.

Private William Sankey, 6th South Wales Borderers

With deep regret we record the death of W. Sankey, formerly of Aberystwyth, but since 1952 a very popular resident at West House.

Enlisting in 1915, he was discharged in 1918 having lost both eyes as the result of enemy action. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1920 and trained in boot-repairing and mat-making.

In 1948 he became a permanent resident at West House but two years ago his health began to deteriorate and he died there on March 29th.

The funeral took place at Brighton Cemetery; many relatives, to whom our deep sympathy is extended, were present, as also were many St. Dunstaners friends and members of the staff of West House.

Sergeant Francis Alexander Graham, Royal Army Service Corps

It is with deep regret that we record the death of F. A. Graham, of Aberdare, at the age of 77.

He came to St. Dunstan's in 1949, although he had practically lost the sight of both eyes during the 1914-1918 war. His favourite hobby was gardening. Three years ago he went to live with his daughter, Dr. D. Graham, Headmistress of Aberdare Girls' Grammar School, but his health has rapidly failed and he died on March 14th. By his wish he was buried at Liskard Cemetery, Birkenhead.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to Dr. Graham.

Births

ALLEN.—On April 5th, to the wife of W. Allen, of Aldershot, a son.

BRADLEY.—On October 16th, 1953, to the wife of A. G. Bradley, of Harrow, twin sons—David George and Philip William.

COOPER.—On April 1st, to the wife of K. Cooper, of Thornton Heath, a daughter—Pamela Ann.

EAGLE.—On February 5th, to the wife of C. E. Eagle, of Moorabbin, Australia, a son—Andrew Martin.

REID.—On April 4th, to Irene, wife of F. Reid, of Slough, a son—Barry Kelvin.

Deaths

Our deep sympathy goes out to the following:

DELANEY.—To M. Delaney, of Maidenhead, whose father died in Dublin on April 14th.

FLEETWOOD.—To C. F. Fleetwood, of Brighton, whose wife died on March 28th. She had been ill for some time but it was hoped that she was getting on well.

HALSALL.—To J. Halsall, of Southport, whose father died on April 3rd, in his eighty-second year.

QUIGLEY.—To B. Quigley, of Potto, who has recently lost his father.

THOMAS.—To W. Thomas, of Wakefield, who has lost his only brother.

WALDEN.—To E. Walden, of Withdean, Brighton, whose wife died in hospital on March 22nd.

“ In Memory ”

Private Percy Foyle, *Royal Marine Artillery*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of P. Foyle, of Bournemouth. He was nearly 71. Discharged from the Service in November, 1917, he was admitted to St. Dunstan's in January of the following year and he trained as a poultry-farmer. Eventually, however, he took up netting. He died on February 6th; he had been ill for some time. Cremation took place at Bournemouth on February 10th.

Our deep sympathy is extended to his brother.

Private George Henry Gilpin, *Somerset Light Infantry*

We record with deep regret the death of G. H. Gilpin, of Thorverton, Devon, which occurred suddenly on March 24th. He was 73.

When he came to St. Dunstan's in November, 1922, he trained as a boot repairer, and he continued with this work until a year or so ago. His health had been failing for some time before his death.

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

Private William Clarence Millington, *1st Battn. Royal Scots Fusiliers*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of W. C. Millington, of Blackpool, at the age of 59. He enlisted in 1916 and was discharged in 1919, having lost the sight of one eye as a result of mustard gas. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1952, the sight of both his eyes being completely lost; his health, too, had been seriously affected.

He was keenly interested in gardening and this was his great hobby.

His health became much worse in the summer of 1953 and he died on March 3rd.

Our deep sympathy goes out to his widow.

A/Corporal John William Simpson, *1st West Yorkshire Regiment*

With deep regret we record the death of J. W. Simpson, of Leeds. He was 69.

Enlisting in June, 1916, he was discharged from the Army in March, 1918, having lost his sight; his health, too, was materially affected. He came to us in July, 1920, and trained in netting and rug-making, but during the past few years his health had sadly deteriorated. He was admitted to hospital on February 17th, following a stroke, and he died there on February 27th.

A St. Dunstaner comrade, Mr. Ernest Russell, with Mrs. Russell, was present at the funeral.

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

Private Watkin Pritchard, *Royal Armoured Corps*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of W. Pritchard, of Witton Park, Co. Durham, at the age of 72.

He enlisted in 1914 and was discharged from the Army in 1918, having been severely gassed the previous year, but it was only in 1952 that he came to St. Dunstan's. He had been a resident at West House for some time but his health had deteriorated considerably during the last few months and he died there on March 13th.

He was buried at Witton Park, his home; this was his wish.

Our very sincere sympathy goes out to his relatives and in particular, to Mrs. Matey.

Driver Peter Major Ingham, *Royal Engineers*

With deep regret we record the death of P. M. Ingham, of Woolton, Liverpool. He was 66.

Joining the Army in August, 1914, he was discharged in August, 1917, with injuries which had left him partially blind. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1943 and became a poultry farmer but his health during the last year or two had seriously deteriorated; he had also lost his hearing.

At the funeral at St. Peter's on the Hill, Woolton, the following St. Dunstaners were present. Captain Halloway, with Mrs. Halloway, Mrs. Violet Formstone, Mr. Owen and Mr. Blakeley, all representing St. Dunstan's Liverpool Club. Miss Doel, Welfare Visitor, was also present.

Our deep sympathy is extended to Mrs. Ingham and her family.

Lance Corporal Arthur Holmes, *Royal Irish Fusiliers*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Arthur Holmes, of Burley-in-Wharfedale. He was 66 and he died very suddenly at his home on March 20th.

He enlisted at the outbreak of war in August, 1914, and was severely wounded in the Battle of the Somme in September, 1915. He came to St. Dunstan's the following year and trained in poultry keeping and mat-making. In 1940, to make his contribution to the war effort, he started factory work and he continued this until 1945 when his health began to fail, and he did only a little mat-making at home.

He lost his wife some years ago and our deep sympathy is extended to his family.

Private Arthur Mawford, *1st Middlesex Regiment*

With deep regret we record the death of A. Mawford, of St. Alban's, at the age of fifty-six.

He came to St. Dunstan's in March, 1931, and trained as a basket-maker but in 1949, his failing health forced him to give this work up. He was admitted to hospital on March 24th after a long illness and he died there quite suddenly on March 27th.

He leaves a widow, two sons and two daughters, to whom our deep sympathy is offered.

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