

# ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

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For Men and Women Blinded on War Service

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[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN]

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## CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

I SPENT the Christmas recess in South Africa, visiting my family business in Johannesburg, the Orange Free State, and Basutoland. We went by sea both ways in order to get a holiday and rest, and we have come back very much refreshed.

At Cape Town we met Sir Donald Mackenzie Kennedy (the Chairman) and the members of the South African Committee of St. Dunstan's, and discussed business affairs with them. Mrs. Swan, whom many met in England last year, was visiting St. Dunstaners throughout the Union. We also had the great pleasure of attending a reunion of St. Dunstaners who live in and near Cape Town. I gave them good wishes from St. Dunstaners in the United Kingdom, and they asked me to bring back messages from them to their many friends in the Old Country. The reunion was held in the beautiful garden of Carr and Mrs. Anderson's house, and amongst those we met were Tom Hart, who told us that his physiotherapy practice was developing well in Cape Town; Jimmy Ellis, who continues his successful propaganda work throughout the country, and the Rev. Michael Norman, who has just concluded the mighty task of building a church for his new Parish on the outskirts of Cape Town. From Johannesburg we had a talk with Dannie Pretorius and in Bloemfontein with J. Koehorst. I am glad to report that all these St. Dunstaners and many others about whom we enquired were fit and well. St. Dunstaners stand in very high repute in South Africa, and there is a deep and touching loyalty towards us in Britain.

We travelled many thousands of miles by road and rail, visiting all four Provinces where I had business to transact. The Blue Train is a splendid air-conditioned train up to the standard of American example, and the roads in many parts of the country are especially good. One day, for example, we drove from a place in Natal right round the East and North of Basutoland—nearly 400 miles—at an average speed, including stops for breakfast and lunch and two stops for punctures, of forty miles an hour. There are long stretches, sometimes as much as five or ten miles, as straight as a die, along which you can go at 80 miles an hour without a cross-road and without seeing a living creature. On the other hand, when you get off the national tarred road, you may find yourself on a corrugated track leading across the veldt, and you wonder that any car will stand up to such bumping as you experience. It is a paradox that the experienced driver on such roads will go as fast as possible, so that you seem to hit only the high spots, and this is, in fact, much more comfortable than driving at a reasonable pace.

I took two or three days off to fish—both in the sea and in fresh water—but was unlucky, getting only one small black bass.

At the end of the 1939-45 war, a young fellow in his early twenties came to see me in my office. He was the son of Sidney Dyer, the St. Dunstaner who, with his wife, was killed in an air raid in the town to which he had been evacuated. The lad, who had escaped because he was away from the house at the time, told me that he had just been discharged from the Royal Navy, that he had no relations in Britain, and that he wanted to emigrate, and asked if I could help him. I was much impressed with young Dyer and I recommended him to Nicholas, Ltd., the Aspro Company in Durban, and they gave him a job as a junior. He is now their representative for the whole of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, and he is doing very well.

There are good jobs in South Africa for young men who are willing to work hard and adapt themselves to a new country, and, in spite of all the obvious political and other difficulties, I believe in the future of my old country.

### Talking with your Fingers

When I visited Ovingdean, on Saturday, February 12th, George Fallowfield was there and I had half-an-hour's talk with him. Commandant Fawcett, acted as interpreter for, as many readers will remember, George is deaf as well as blind. I was struck by the speed and fluency with which these two were able to talk together, and the expert way in which the interpreting was done. I gather that many members of our staff have mastered the manual alphabet, and I congratulate them upon this.

IAN FRASER.

### St. Dunstaner to Conduct Broadcast Services

The Rev. G. M. Treglown, M.B.E., has been invited by the B.B.C. to undertake three broadcasts shortly. They will be as follows:—

March 10th—4.30 p.m., A Talk on "The Conquest of Disability," on the "Silver Lining" programme.

April 3rd (Palm Sunday).—11.30 a.m., To conduct the People's Service from Wesley Methodist Church, Newbridge, Mon.

April 10th (Easter Sunday).—11.30 a.m., To conduct the People's Service, also from Wesley Methodist Church at Newbridge.

Mr. Treglown qualified as a Methodist Minister after training at St. Dunstan's, and he has been responsible for a most successful campaign to raise the money to build the Wesley Methodist Church at Newbridge, from which the two People's Services will be broadcast.

### The Cardiff Club

The recently opened Cardiff St. Dunstan's Club is going well. It particularly appreciated the message of greeting and good wishes from friends of the Liverpool Club.

Meetings are held on the first Saturday of every month, at 3 p.m., at the British Legion Club, Womanby Street, Cardiff, and all St. Dunstaners in the neighbourhood of Cardiff would be very welcome.

### National Insurance Increased Contributions

as from June 6th, 1955

St. Dunstaners will recall that the Chairman's letter of December 3rd, 1954, concerning Pensions, made reference to the new National Insurance Contribution rates payable per week by men over 18 as from June 6th this year.

Class II (self employed) contributions are being increased from 7s. 5d. to 8s. 5d., and Class III contributions (non-employed) from 5s. 7d. to 6s. 6d.

St. Dunstan's will in future make contributions of 3s. 3d. per week instead of the present 2s. 10d. towards the cost of the Insurance, with the result that St. Dunstaners in Class II will have 5s. 2d. per week deducted by the Ministry from their pensions instead of the present 4s. 7d., and those in Class III, 3s. 3d. per week instead of 2s. 9d.

### Chess Week-end

St. Dunstaners who are keen on Chess may be interested to know that another Chess Week-end at Ovingdean is being arranged this year, from Friday, September 30th, to Sunday, October 2nd (nights inclusive). Nearer the time I shall contact all those who are at present on my Chess list. If there are any St. Dunstaners who have not yet sent in their names, and who would like to take part in this function, I shall be pleased to hear from them.

C. D. WILLS, *Welfare Superintendent.*

## London Club Notes

### Annual General Meeting.

The 8th Annual General Meeting of the London Club, postponed from January 14th, was held at Headquarters on Tuesday, January 25th.

Mr. W. G. Askew, C.B.E., acted as Chairman, and before the business of the meeting was proceeded with, Mr. Askew asked all members to stand in silence in memory of four club members who had passed on.

The Chairman then read the accounts, which were passed without comment. S. H. Webster, the Club Chairman, followed with a brief summing of the Club's activities for the past year, winding up with a vote of thanks to all those good people who had given their services to the Club throughout the year.

At this point, Mr. Askew took charge and asked for nominations for the committee to replace those members who were due for retirement. There were five vacancies to be filled but only four nominations were received, and the new committee will consist of six members instead of the usual seven, as follows: Messrs. S. H. Webster (Chairman), W. Bishop, R. Giffard, W. Miller, C. H. Walker and C. Williamson. S. H. W.

### Bridge

Our five members in the team for the London Business Houses League this season are Messrs. C. Bulman, H. Gover, C. F. Thompson, F. Winter and Paul Nuyens, who is Captain. At the end of January, they were the Division leaders, and as we go to press they have played nine matches and have won seven and lost two. Their last match is on March 11th.

The Club has again had pleasure in sending money for a watch, plus another guinea, to the Deaf-Blind Watch Fund.

"DRUMMER."

### Indoor Section

Having by now got over the Christmas festivities, it is hoped that members will make an effort to come along regularly. Look out for the March REVIEW, in which I hope to be able to give you the particulars of the Sir Arthur Pearson Cup competitions for the coming year; also watch the Notice Board in the Hall for those notices which are unable to be put in the current REVIEW, as this will obviate disappointment.

Mr. Willis tells me that he has been able to fix up rinks for the bowls players in Hyde Park, near the Albert Memorial, where there is a bowling green. More of this in our next issue, as it will be a few weeks before we can begin practice there. In the March REVIEW I expect to be able to tell you the evening or evenings we can go to the bowling green for practice, and also the time available.

CHAS. J. WALKER.

### Walking

A continuous drizzle failed to dampen our spirits on the ten miles race held in Regent's Park on January 22nd, nor did it drive away a small though worthy band of supporters who came to give their loyal support and encouragement, among them Horace Kerr, a walking stalwart of the years between the wars.

Horace, who started the race, was keenly interested in, and perhaps a little envious of his old sparring partner, Archie Brown, who, though nearing 60, is still very fit and still going very strongly. Horace was not disappointed, for Archie took the lead from Stan Tutton in the early stages of the race, set a good solid pace, and remained there for a good six miles. Then one of our police friends, deciding to stretch his long legs, started to pull away out in front. Billy Miller passed Archie and gave half-hearted chase, but could not make any impression, and so once again a policeman finished first, with Billy Miller second and Archie Brown third. Of our St. Dunstaners, I would pick out Les Dennis for special mention, for Les, now proudly sporting the colours of the Surrey Walking Club, walked a fine race, showing a much improved standard of walking, so much so that he won the handicap, and the "Fiturite" Cup, which is awarded on handicap performance. Archie was second in the handicap and Tommy Gaygan, showing continued improvement, third. Charles Williamson, though not feeling well, finished the course, and Charles Stafford, Pat Cryan and Alf Bradley all walked well to give St. Dunstan's a victory over the Metropolitan Police by 16 points to 22.

Mrs. Shuter presented the prizes at the Club, and Horace Kerr, in a short address afterwards, complimented the walkers on keeping up the good traditions fostered by the first war men.

W. M.

### St. Dunstan's Ten Mile Handicap Walk for the "Fiturite" Cup and

#### Match with the Metropolitan Police

Regent's Park, Saturday, 22nd January, 1955

Order of Finish	Club	Time	Hcp. All.	Hcp. Time	Hcp. Pos.
1. T. Kent	M.P.	93-01			
2. W. Miller	St. D.	93-36	Scr.	93-36	5
3. A. Brown	St. D.	95-12	3-10	92-02	2
4. B. Place	M.P.	95-22			
5. C. Williamson	St. D.	98-32	5-05	93-27	4
6. P. Cryan	St. D.	98-52	3-50	95-02	7
7. D. Smith	M.P.	99-07			
8. L. Dennis	St. D.	99-16	9-50	89-26	1
9. T. Gaygan	St. D.	99-35	6-20	93-15	3
10. L. Sloane	M.P.	102-24			
11. C. Stafford	St. D.	104-37	10-40	93-57	6
12. A. Bradley	St. D.	108-42	11-35	97-07	8
13. S. Tutton	St. D. Retired				

Handicap—1st, L. Dennis.

2nd, A. Brown.

3rd, T. Gaygan.

Match—St. Dunstan's, 16 points.

2nd, Metropolitan Police, 22 points.

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

### The Television Licence

We are frequently asked whether the television licence should be free to the blind. St. Dunstan's and the Royal National Institute for the Blind feel that in view of the many concessions made by the State to blind persons, we cannot very well ask for a television licence for what is after all mainly a visual art. Nevertheless, there is the point that the television licence, which is now £3, virtually includes the £1 sound radio licence, so that in a sense a family which includes a blind person and has paid a television licence thereby deprives the blind person of his free sound licence. St. Dunstan's and the Royal National Institute for the Blind are looking into this matter.

### Placements

A. Holmes, of Woolston, Southampton, as a capstan lathe operator with Messrs. A. Delco, Limited, Southampton; P. Walker, of Seaford, as a telephonist with the South Eastern Electricity Board, Lewes; and F. Jeanmonod, of London, S.E.11, as a shorthand typist with the War Office, Northumberland Avenue, W.C.2.

### Who is the Oldest St. Dunstaner?

Can anyone beat the West House "Daddies"—T. C. Anderson, who reached the grand old age of 90 at Christmas, and the "runners-up," E. Hayes (87) and D. McInnes (85)? All three still going strong!

### The Higher War Pensions How and When They will be Paid

We have received the following details with regard to the payment of the increased war pensions:—

#### Payments through Postmaster General

Officer pensioners receive through the Paymaster General a periodical supply of warrants payable at the end of each month. They will get a supplementary warrant at the end of March for the extra amount due for February and March, and other warrants in their possession will then be exchanged for ones at the higher rates.

#### Payments by Order Book

Some disablement pensioners are paid weekly at Post Offices from order books usually lasting two years.

Those whose books run out at the beginning or end of March next will then be sent new books of orders at the higher rates. The first order will include the arrears due from the beginning of February.

Other disablement pensioners will continue to draw their pensions at the old rate from their present books, but a postal draft for the increase due from the beginning of February will be sent to them. The postal draft will cover the increase to the end of their present book if it runs out by the end of March, 1956. Otherwise the postal draft will cover the increase to September 13th, 1955.

#### Operation to be completed by end of March

The whole of the operation will be completed by the end of March, and all war pensioners will then be getting the higher pensions.

Pensioners are asked not to write about their increase unless they have not received it by April 6th.

Incidentally, the new Royal Warrant states that the extra family allowances for dependants of unemployable pensioners will not come into operation until May 18th next for other ranks, and on June 1st for officers.

This answers a number of enquiries made on the subject.

### Home Again

Sir Ian and Lady Fraser returned to this country from South Africa on Friday, February 4th, and within a few hours of their arrival they attended their first public engagement—Mrs. Spurway's Camp Reunion Dance. On Saturday, February 12th, Sir Ian and Lady Fraser were at Brighton visiting our various establishments there.

### Letter to the Editor

DEAR EDITOR,

I cannot quite understand the delirium expressed by the individuals in the Chairman's Postbag in the last issue of the REVIEW. Whilst not wishing to appear cynical, in my opinion quite a large proportion of the leaves comprising the laurel wreath bestowed by them upon Sir Ian could well be distributed amongst the other ranks of the British Legion, whose pressure was greatly instrumental in gaining us an increase.

Apart from this, another reason for less delirium on the part of the Chairman's correspondents, who we only know by initials, is the question of figures. To the best of my knowledge, and I think I am being generous, the average wage between the two wars was £3 per week, and a 100 per cent. pensioner, married with no family, received a pension of £3 per week. Obviously, this pension compared favourably with the average wage, and a man could live on this, but to-day the average wage, as stated by the National Press, is £9 per week, and a 100 per cent. pensioner, married with no family, will receive, with the new increase, £5 17s. 6d. per week. Consequently there is a great leeway to make up.

In closing may I say that a 100 per cent. disabled ex-serviceman being able to work should not be coupled with demands for increased pension, as the primary objective of any Government or representative body of disabled men should be the procurement of a pension which would enable them to live on, without working, or at least to compare favourably with the average wage.

Yours faithfully,

F. T. MORGAN.

Bristol.

[As always, the Editor takes full responsibility for the choice of extracts from letters to the Chairman published last month; they represented a fair cross-section of a large correspondence.]

[The Editor has asked our Pensions Adviser to set out the relevant facts to aid judgment on this matter.]

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Between the wars, the Standard Rate Pension for a 100 per cent. disablement was £2 a week. If the pensioner was married before being disabled, 10s. a week was added for his wife, and, if he was totally blind, a further 10s. a week. Attendance

Allowance was added. Mr. Morgan's £3 a week is therefore the figure for a totally blinded pensioner before disablement.

Under the present Royal Warrant, a totally blind pensioner, married (whatever the date of marriage) and unemployable, will receive £8 17s. 6d. a week free of income tax (£3 7s. 6d. pension, £2 5s. 0d. unemployable supplement, £1 5s. 0d. wife's allowance, £1 10s. 0d. attendance allowance, and 10s. comforts). A similar pensioner who is able to work will receive £5 17s. 6d. a week (free of income tax), (£3 7s. 6d. pension, 10s. wife's allowance, £1 10s. 0d. attendance allowance, and 10s. comforts), and will be able to earn the higher wages to which Mr. Morgan refers.

Incidentally, the single man earning £9 a week wages would be liable for roughly 18s. a week income tax.

H. D. R.

### Talking of Braille—

In a letter from Fred Elliott, of New South Wales, Australia, he writes:

"We had our twin grandsons, aged five, staying with us. One of them, Terry, was sitting on the bed talking to his Nana when I walked in and picked up my braille book off the bed and went out into the lounge for a quiet five minutes' read. As I went out, Terry said "There goes Pop to read his bumps."

This reminds us of a story John Mudge tells of a St. Dunstaner of Church Stretton days who complained plaintively of his braille that it was "like picking up bread-crumbs."

Any more braille stories? Half a guinea will be paid for each one printed. Entries should not exceed one hundred and fifty words.

### We Hear That—

A 10 month old pullet, owned by W. C. Carnell, of Bampton, has laid an egg weighing a fraction under half a pound. Its length was four inches; its circumference, seven and a quarter inches. A photograph of it appeared in the local newspaper. The egg proved to contain another complete egg.

B. Inman, of Boreham Wood, again won fourth prize for his garden last year.

Miss Vaughan Davies (correct address: 8 Dunes House, Fairhaven Road, St. Annes-on-Sea) has had two ex-staff parties since Christmas. Miss Berry has returned from Devon and Mrs. Webster (née Gornall) returns early next month.

### Waterside

Waterside, the wood of many faces, the wood of my boyhood dreams! Waterside, with its little babbling brook that raced through the dense trees, sweeping with it as it went the long trailing leaves of the dirty green ferns that lined its banks! It was a dark brook, dark because the sunlight seldom pierced through the foliage of the sturdy oak and elm that populated this small wood. This brook had been my only inspiration towards engineering; many times had I tried to build across its silvery surface a dam that would stop its hurried flight and lay bare before my eyes a new world of water creatures in amongst the rocks.

The wood had a tense air about it. In the early morning it would be cold and forbidding. The grass, such as it was, would be damp; there would be drips of water sliding from the leaves, making a pitter pat as they fell on to the dead leaves below. In the morning, as I walked through Waterside, I was always looking for something strange, that should not be there, but, if found in the light of day could be faced more easily. Sometimes it was a pistol, its spent charge lying beside it, telling me that a dramatic duel had been fought there the night before; or perhaps a bag of loot that a dashing highwayman had been forced to abandon as he fled for his very life. After I had finished my wanderings I would go to the little camp I had built from the ferns and bamboos of the wood. There I would sit and think of my dashing highwayman, or perhaps fashion a stout longbow while I listened to the gurgling of the brook or the cry of the rooks high up in the trees above my head. In this way I could pass a morning quite easily; in fact it often caused me to be late for my lunch.

In the afternoon Waterside belonged to me; I think I must have explored every square inch of it. It was I who had found the old rabbit burrows, outside which only a few years ago the young rabbits had been wont to play, their little noses twitching and their delicate ears moving incessantly, and finally disappearing with a white bobbing of the tail at the mere sound of the heavy-booted man. I had also discovered the wood pigeon's nest, high in the topmost boughs of the stately elm. The mother bird was perched on her nest and would not budge until I was but an inch from her;

then with a shrill squawk and a great flapping of wings, she perched herself on another tree and watched me with eyes fairly poisonous with hate. Naturally I did not touch the eggs. As I was king of the wood, then I must be good to my subjects and treat them and their young with respect. Thus, climbing trees, chasing rabbits or listening to the birds, seated on the warm ground, my back propped against the ivy-covered trunk of a rugged oak, I passed a thousand and one happy hours in Waterside.

It was in the evening that Waterside became almost a challenge to me. My heart would beat faster and faster as I half walked, half ran, down the narrow path winding in and out of the tall trees. There would be a robber lurking behind every tree, ready and waiting to pounce on me as soon as I was close at hand. The babbling of the brook that I loved so well during the day would sound loud and ominous, accompanied by the eerie hooting of an owl calling to its mate.

In spite of myself I would not have been surprised to see a band of daring huntsmen mounted on their noble steeds, spears poised, leaning forward in the saddle, a bloodthirsty glint in their eyes as they chased a wild boar; or the red deer bounding along, taking the lower bushes and shrubs in its graceful stride, a dim shadow in the gathering dusk with the hounds mad for blood yapping at its heels. It was a frightening place at night, the wood Waterside.

MAURICE ALDRIDGE,  
Ovingdean.

### Calling All Chums

On March 26th next we shall be celebrating the 40th anniversary of the foundation of St. Dunstan's. Forty years ago we received our name because of the generosity of Mr. Otto Kahn, the American financier who lent his house for the duration of the war to our beloved Chief, Sir Arthur, who gave us the opportunity to be what we are to-day.

Chums entering for the "Stayers' Handicap" must send in their names not later than March 31st, as this is the closing date of entry for the V.O.B. Cup, Cabinet and Purse; so we may consider April 1st as the "Off!" I must have a complete list of competitors to hand to the trustees, Barclays Bank, Ltd., also the Welfare De-

### Overseas News

In a most interesting letter to Headquarters, N. F. Nolde, of Aspendale, Victoria, Australia, writes:

I believe I have mentioned to you before that I was a member of the British Ex-Service Legion of Australia. Well, I have been serving on the central committee for the past few months, and at the Annual General Meeting I was both nominated and elected President of that organisation. It came as a complete surprise. It is quite a growing organisation with about five hundred members in Victoria, and a branch in Tasmania and Southern Australia. Incidentally, if there are any St. Dunstaners contemplating emigration out here we can be very useful in the matter of housing, settling, and employment.

I would like to mention the extremely friendly relations existing between the Victorian Blinded Soldiers' Association, of which I am an honorary member, and the Legion. We have met for darts matches, at which, incidentally, I turned traitor and played for the blind boys. Both matches were very keen indeed, and much to the surprise of the Legion members, they were beaten. Joe Lynch never stopped crowing. Mr. "Mac" McConnell, the Federal Secretary of the Blinded Soldiers, came along to our Christmas social and dance and carried off one of the spot prizes. So you can see we are getting along really well together. It is a little awkward at times being a member of both associations at the same time, but I manage to enjoy myself with both.

A letter from D. E. Williams, of Brisbane, told us that he has attained his B.A. degree at the University, and is going on for Honours in Philosophy during this year. Congratulations and the very best of luck, David.

His letter ended with the news that Malcolm Bryce has arrived safely and they have spoken together on the telephone.

A four-page illustrated article about James Scrymgeour, O.B.E., the St. Dunstaner who is famous in Australia as a cattle breeder and authority on poll shorthorns, appeared in the fortnightly magazine "People" recently. Five times in the past seven years he has been the most successful competitor in the poll shorthorn section of the Sydney Show. He was runner-up the other two years.

partment must be furnished with a list so that there can be an annual check on the position. Chums unable to participate in the rendezvous on August 15th, at Ovingdean, are also, of course, runners, but it is essential that you send your names to me so that you will go in the "frame" as starters, and it will be helpful if you can let me have a postcard, because I don't want to leave anybody out.

Chums who will be making the trip to France on August 21st will have their passport forms posted to them on April 6th, and please do not forget to state if Mrs. Chum is coming along with you. I would like to suggest that all Chums buy a rucksack for the trip, as this will simplify the problem of portage on the Continent, and would be adequate for the amount of luggage required for such a short period.

Please do not telephone instead of writing, as I must have a written record. I am very anxious to advise the Welfare Department concerning our accommodation requirements for the last two weeks in August, so do please let me know as soon as possible. To date the acceptances are 50:50, meaning that half the runners are bringing their wives as jockeys.

Note the address: Alan Nichols, Rose Bungalow, 97 Mile Oak Road, Portslade, Sussex.

The all-in cost of the tour to France will be six guineas per head. This will include passport available for three months, transfer from Ovingdean, return steamship passenger fare, hotel accommodation, and gratuities or service charges.

Please do not send any money until you have completed your passport forms and received your passport.

Good health and good luck to you all.

ALAN NICHOLS,  
Chum Chair.

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In the House of Commons on February 18th, Sir Ian Fraser spoke in favour of continuing travel concessions for the old, the blind, and the disabled.

"One does not lightly take away from persons a privilege or benefit which they have long enjoyed," he said.

The House gave a second reading to the Bill which will reinstate existing concessions which had been ruled out of order by High Court judgment in Birmingham a few weeks ago.

## OVERSEAS NEWS (continued)

Mrs. M. F. Perkins, of Ribstone, Alberta, Canada, would like us to correct a mistake which was made in a recent article about her son. "Perky" was *not* one of the founder members of the White Cane Club, but is happy to be one of its many members. The White Cane Club was founded many years before he lost his sight. "Perky," she adds, would be the last to assume an honour which does not belong to him.

It is one of the pleasures of Christmas and New Year that it brings news of so many of our St. Dunstaners in the Commonwealth. Recent mails have brought other messages of greeting from James Bell and P. Bullen, both of Melbourne, and Ben Stevenson, of Eastwood, New South Wales. We are delighted to hear from them, and from any other of our distant friends.

## Young St. Dunstaners

Graham White (Stalybridge) has passed his radio engineering examination and has signed on with S.S. "Nova Scotia" as Second Radio Officer. He left for Canada on February 5th.

Alfred Jennings, of Bradford, who is a member of the Police Force, gives a great deal of his time to Scouting. He has just been presented with a Prayerbook in recognition of his notable contribution towards a Scout Hostel on the moors above Kettlewell. The presentation was made during the Dedication Service. He had given his skilled services as architect and foreman, said Mr. R. Ibbetson, making the presentation.

Dennis Hicks (London, N.13) has passed his Intermediate Examination in chartered accountancy.

The son of S. A. Chambers, of Northfield, took his degree of B.D.S. at Birmingham University in December, and is now a partner in a firm of dentists in King's Norton and Moseley.

Sylvia McCheyne (Rhyl) has passed her Elementary Examination (First Class) for pianoforte of the London College of Music. She is only fourteen.

Martin Dunkley Feltham, who is only eight, has passed the Preparatory Grade of the Rudimentary Examinations of the London School of Music in piano playing with 81%. The average age of the entrants was 12.

[Continued at foot of next column]

## Talking Book Library

## January Journal

The first fruits of 1955 consist of five books as diversified as any group I can remember. Three are of general interest, but the first and third have a more limited appeal. Here they are for your personal evaluation:—

"The Burning Man," by Sarah G. Millin, reader Arthur Bush, tells of a Dutch scholar and roué who turns missionary after a number of personal tragedies. He moves out to the Cape of Good Hope at the end of the 18th century, and despite good work in the missionary field, he has always to fight the roué side of himself. He is either a nasty old man or a martyr. You decide. *Cat. No. 905.*

"The Journalist's London," by Philip Gibbs, reader Arthur Bush, is an interesting book of the history of newshawks, bringing to the light of day many obscure nooks and crannies of the dear old capital. This is both entertaining and informative. *Cat. No. 906.*

"The Songs and Calls of British Birds," edited, compiled and read by Eric Sims, gives a word picture of each bird followed by a recording of its call. Some of the calls are good recording, but one or two miss completely. N.B.—Either this book will excite the canary or the cat will knock your machine for a "burton." *Cat. No. 907.*

"Lasseter's Last Ride," by Ion Idriess, reader Colin Wills, is a gripping account of an ill-fated expedition into Central Australia in search of a gold reef, once found, but its position on the map unplotted. A feast of aeroplanes and Stone Age men! *Cat. No. 909.*

"The Ascent of Everest," by Sir John Hunt, reader Alvar Liddell, details the epic story of the century. Team spirit and team spirit alone, combined with a goodly slice of luck, enabled this expedition to triumph in time to add further lustre to Her Majesty's brilliant Coronation. Naturally the last chapter is Edmund Hillary's. Rope up and read. *Cat. No. 910.*

The last two are the pick and I put No. 4 first by a hair.

"NELSON."

## Marriage

On January 7th, Daniel Murphy, Glasgow, to Catherine Burns.

## An Account of a Long Journey

We left by coach, a most uncomfortable old coach to be sure, at 10 p.m., stopped for a few minutes in Piccadilly, and then rushed on to Dover. Rather a quiet Dover, and a light, much too light breakfast at a boarding house on the front.

Going on board, or trying to go on board, seemed a long, tiring business, with lots of people waving lots of forms. Passports, luggage, and then on to the steamer itself. The sea journey and then—arrival at Boulogne. No longer the old dirty Boulogne harbour of 1914, no longer the mulberry harbour of 1945, but now a modern harbour, described to me as the most modern maritime harbour in the world. A long wait, for our coach touring people were dilatory indeed. A heavy, cold breeze, but memories awakened. What had happened to the 1918 rest camps, at the top of the Ostrohobe hill? Army buildings are now used to house the population.

Into the coach and on our way to Paris via Beauvais and Abbeville. Everywhere a vivid trace of the damage done, not only by the Germans in their occupation, but by our bombers. Some villages still with hardly a whole roof, and others on the Beauvais road making a brave and valiant effort to rebuild their blitzed towns.

Beauvais. It will recall memories for some of you 1914-1918 men. Still there, and still a little café where you can buy good coffee and cream cakes, but rather expensive now with the franc at a thousand to the pound.

We broke at Abbeville for tea; yes, for a real English tea, even though we found a tea bag in the teapot. A piece of plum cake, rather thin, wrapped in cellophane bag and carefully sealed. To those who recall Bruce Bairnsfather's cartoon, "If you know of a better 'ole, go to it"—well, Abbeville is no longer like that. We parked in the centre of the town. On one side were modern shops. Shoes, millinery—all very dear. On one corner a neat, bright little fruit shop, with oranges about 1s. 3d. per pound; bananas, alas, 4s. per pound. Brandy very cheap. Then, on the other side of the little market square, this modern hotel, very like an English one. English spoken, tea served.

Then we were off again, past blitzed farm houses, rushing along the French countryside. Fields tilled and plenty of cattle in the fields.

And now to Paris. Paris is shabby; Paris is poor and prices are sky-high. Women shabby, hatless. Some men in rags. I felt the irony of this, for these no doubt were the men and women who had fought the Germans, had formed the Free French Army, or had been members of the Maquis. A city of contrasts—very, very poor people with high prices for every necessity—and in the Bois de Boulogne and the Champs Elysées at the other end of the scale, thousands of motor cars costing about £5,000 or more each. Expensive gowns, and at a dress show firms paying £100 even to see the display. Indeed a city of contrasts.

A civic reception at the Hotel de Ville, to meet the man, now bandmaster of the French military band, the band which fired the first shots, so we heard, to liberate France in Paris. A visit to Versailles—and along the only good thing the Germans ever did in their occupation—the one truly magnificent motor road in France. And at Versailles, we did not go into the Palace. Instead we wandered with the French folk down into the lovely gardens, making friends with the folk seated near us. A woman came to collect 2½d. (ten francs) for our chairs, but refused to accept mine because I was *mutilee de guerre*. No use my trying to tell her I wanted to pay my 2½d.

A drive back via the Longchamps race-course, a long ride to the Bois de Boulogne, a visit to the Louvre, visits to shops and markets, two dress shows at Chanel's and Nina Ricci; drives and walks. As for me I thoroughly enjoyed strolling along the boulevards and getting to a crossing—standing looking like a piece of cheese on a mouse trap, knowing the gendarme would blow his whistle and we would cross in safety.

Coming back we came along the Amiens road and stopped at Hazebrouck for tea. The old names, familiar to us all from the two wars—the road to Arras and Amiens, with its twice-blitzed cathedral. Amiens is being rebuilt now. After Hazebrouck, along to Dunkirk. What is it like now? Some buildings are slowly being rebuilt, but all along the road for miles around are huge craters and debris, signs of the destruction of war. We had passed, by the Arras roads and near Amiens, signs of the trenches of 1914, and one thought of the lives then lost. Now we were at Dunkirk

—another place of destruction—and memories came flooding back. Dunkirk—perhaps the epitome of a miracle. The long road to the frontier, with guards on either side, the long road along which so many of our men marched—and the shambles of war and havoc still perceptible.

Of France, I think differently now than I did. I realise how painful to many Frenchmen is the subject of German re-armament, for they live their daily lives alongside the craters, the deep, deep mine fields, and the untilled land, while they hear across the border of the rising prosperity of their former enemy.

MAUREEN LEES.

### Ruby Wedding

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. C. Ruston, of Headington, Oxford, who were married forty years ago on February 1st.

### Thirty-eight Years

Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Cooper, of Bridlington, were married thirty-eight years ago on January 20th.

### Silver Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. E. Butler, of Hayes.

### Grandfathers

W. H. Wainman, of Bridlington; F. J. Sherwood, of Mottingham, London, and A. Morgan, of York, who at forty-one must be, we think, our youngest grandfather. Other St. Dunstaners who have had grandchildren recently are N. Printie, of Edinburgh; J. Kennedy, of Barnhill by Dundee; L. Calvert, of Ormskirk (the eighth); E. R. Smith, of Southall (the sixth) and J. W. Kerr, of Widnes (the twenty-sixth!).

Another little grand-daughter for Sergeant Nichols has brought his proud total up to two grandsons and two granddaughters — “the same as the Prime Minister’s.” The baby just missed by a day or so being a nice birthday present for grandfather, whose 66th birthday was on St. Valentine’s Day.

### Holidays

Mrs. “Paddy” Doyle, “Harlington,” Great Preston Road, Isle of Wight, offers comfortable holiday accommodation at moderate terms. Please apply as early as possible.

### St. Dunstan’s—Fellowship and Brotherhood

On the evening of Friday, February 4th, many St. Dunstaners braved the heavy rain in order to be present at St. Dunstan’s Camp Reunion Dance, held at the Trevelyan Hall, Great Peter Street, Westminster. This gave us the opportunity of getting together once again in unity, and enabling us to meet yet once again our very kind and loyal friends, many of whom have for many long years given their valuable time, and put aside home ties, in order to give us a wonderful time at our Camp. This, I feel sure, is appreciated by all. Throughout the evening a very pleasant time was had by all.

As light feet were stepping in time with the band, suddenly everything stopped dead; there was an announcement of the arrival of Sir Ian and Lady Fraser just back from South Africa, and what a hearty welcome they received from us all. They had only that afternoon landed in this country after their long journey. Sir Ian brought greetings from our fellow St. Dunstaners way back in South Africa, whom some of us knew very well in our Stretton days. Unfortunately, Sir Ian could only stay a few minutes, for he had an engagement to fulfil at 9 o’clock, then had to dash home to change in order to catch the night sleeper to take him to his constituency.

I was born and bred only a few miles from Ovingdean, but my age just cheated me from entering the first World War. It was during those years that I worked on the land, on the slopes of the Sussex Downs just at the back of Ovingdean. Those days we worked as long as we could until night-fall, for every effort was put into the land, as our food stocks were very short. On my way home each night one could hear the great guns rumbling in France, just across the Channel, sounding like a never-ending thunderstorm way out to sea. How well I remember seeing the Red Cross trains, one after another, with their large red crosses on a white background, coming up from Newhaven. They were heavily loaded with wounded men, who in spite of their suffering were singing. No doubt many a St. Dunstaner was among them.

Years later I watched with great interest the building of St. Dunstan’s Home at Ovingdean, and stood before it in admiration, for there it stood, with a bold challenge to courage and determination, a great

symbol to the late Sir Arthur Pearson, our Founder, whose memory we for every honour.

How well I remember seeing St. Dunstaners for the first time. They were walking along the Brighton sea front; some were taking a swim, others would be enjoying a chat and a joke over a beer in the local, and I could not help thinking what courage and fellowship prevailed among them all. Little did I know that the day would come when I, too, would become a St. Dunstaner. It was in 1942, on boarding the train at Paddington, on my journey to Church Stretton, that my thoughts went back to those earlier days. I wondered what I should find on reaching the end of my journey.

I had no need to worry. I was welcomed in the main hall at Longmynd by Matron Pain, who heartily welcomed me as a member of a united family. It was not long before I had a pleasant surprise, for I was delighted to meet some of the St. Dunstaners of those earlier days, of which I have already spoken. It was these First War St. Dunstaners who gave me courage, not to look back but to look ahead to the future. It was these men who offered me fellowship and brotherhood, and it was they who showed me the right road to take, the same road which they themselves had come by so many years ago. I take my hat off to them and grasp them by the hand, for indeed I have a great deal to thank them for.

G. H. (“Peter”) PIPER, Watford.

(This article was received too late for inclusion in the Braille issue of the REVIEW. It will therefore appear next month.—ED.)

### Post Office Help for Blind People

From the “New Beacon,” January, 1955:—

In order to aid blind people, the Post Office, wherever practicable, is allowing postmen who are delivering “Talking Books” (boxes of special gramophone records for the blind) by van to the homes of blind people, to collect free of charge at the same time any “books” which are ready to go through the post to the Talking Book Library. The books must be properly packed and postage prepaid so that no delay will be caused to other letters and parcels for delivery. People wishing to take advantage of this service should apply to their local Head Postmaster.

### Births

BEATTIE.—On January 23rd, to the wife of J. Beattie, of Mobberley, Cheshire, a daughter—Kathleen Eleanor.

PREECE.—On January 21st, to the wife of R. Preece, of Epping, a daughter—Lyne Doreen.

### Deaths

Our deep sympathy to the following:—  
BARNES.—To W. Barnes, of High Wycombe, whose mother has died. She was in her ninetieth year, and a remarkably active old lady.

BEAZER.—To A. Beazer, of Pontypridd, whose brother has died. Illness prevented our St. Dunstaner from attending the funeral.

BRITTON.—To J. (Smoky) Britton, of Pontefract, and Mrs. Britton, in the loss of Mrs. Britton’s father; he lived with them and was a tremendous help to our St. Dunstaner.

KNIGHT.—To J. J. Knight, of Romford, whose younger sister died recently.

LIVINGSTONE.—To D. Livingstone, of Mauchline, who has suffered the loss of his mother.

MOELLER.—To J. Moeller, of Dagenham, whose wife died on January 19th. She had been seriously ill for some weeks.

ORRELL.—To Jack Orrell, of West House, whose brother, Adam, has died suddenly.

PARRY.—To E. Leonard Parry, of Binley, near Andover, in the loss of his wife on February 1st.

PRIOR.—To H. Prior, of Portchester, whose father died on February 4th, after a long illness.

TAYLOR.—To A. Taylor, of Wollescote, Stourbridge, whose father died on January 17th, at the age of 83. He had 69 years’ service with his firm and had never had a day’s illness to keep him from his work.

THOMPSON.—To W. J. Thompson, of Worcester, who has suffered a double loss. His mother died on January 1st, aged 90, and his father a week later at the age of 88.

WALTON.—To J. Walton, of Erith, whose aunt has died. She had brought him up and was like a mother to him.

### Personal

Mrs. Bird, Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Rees Warren wish to thank everyone for their kind sympathy and tributes in their bereavements.

## “ In Memory ”

### Private Arthur Billingham, *Royal Army Service Corps*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of A. Billingham, of Northampton, in his sixty-second year.

He enlisted in 1914 and came to St. Dunstan's in 1919 upon his discharge. He trained in joinery, which he carried on for a considerable number of years; lately, however, he had only been able to do hobby-work and last September he was at Headquarters for instruction in making dog-leads.

He died on January 12th.

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

### Private George William Bird, *Royal Fusiliers*

We record with deep regret the death of G. W. Bird, of Tottenham. He was nearly seventy-two.

He was discharged from the Army in 1919, but he did not come to us until as recently as July of last year when his age and the state of his health did not permit him to train. Two months ago he was admitted to hospital and he died there on February 7th.

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

### Corporal Edwin Coy, *Royal Field Artillery*

We record with deep regret the death of E. Coy, of London, S.W.15, at the age of sixty-three.

He, too, saw service in the First World War, but did not come to us until last October. His age and poor health prevented him taking up training. His health had been gradually failing and he died on January 18th after a severe illness.

We offer our very sincere sympathy to his widow and her family.

### Private Ernest Gallier, *East Shropshire Light Infantry*

With deep regret we record the death of E. Gallier, of Broseley, Shropshire. He died on December 24th in his sixty-fourth year.

He enlisted in 1915 and was discharged at the beginning of 1916, having been seriously wounded at Loos. It was not, however, until 1953 that he came to St. Dunstan's. His health was far from good—he had also been injured by mustard gas—and his death on Christmas Eve followed a severe attack of bronchitis.

To Mrs. Gallier and her family we extend our deep sympathy.

### Private Harry Miller, *Royal Army Medical Corps*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Harry Miller, of East Ham. He was nearly fifty-six.

He saw service in the First World War and came to St. Dunstan's in March, 1940, when he trained as a telephonist, but illness forced him to give this up in July of last year. “Dusty” was a popular member of the Bridge Club and of the London Club. He died on January 14th, after a long series of recurrent chest attacks. At his own wish he was buried at Finchley Cemetery—North London was always home to him.

Our deep sympathy goes out to Mrs. Miller and her family.

### Private Bernard Marcus Tenen, *Royal Army Service Corps*

With deep regret we record the death of B. M. Tenen, of Sheffield, in his eighty-first year.

An old soldier (he enlisted in 1912), he was discharged in 1918, but did not come to St. Dunstan's until 1950. His health began to deteriorate the following year and he died at his home on November 5th.

He leaves a widow, to whom our sincere sympathy is offered.

### Private Rees Warren, *52nd South Wales Borderers*

We record with deep regret the death of Rees Warren, of Lancing, at the age of fifty-five.

He came to us in January, 1919, and trained first as a basket-maker and later—in 1935—as a telephonist. Early in 1950, however, his health forced him to give up this work, and his friends have noted with regret its gradual deterioration. He died on January 19th.

To Mrs. Warren, and to his sisters, our deep sympathy is extended.

### Private Thomas Vaughan, *8th Welsh Fusiliers*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of T. Vaughan, of Brecon, Wales.

Enlisting in 1914, he was discharged in 1919 and came to St. Dunstan's in 1926, when he trained as a basket-maker. He also had a greenhouse with which he had great gardening success, and which gave him pleasure over many years. During the last few years his health had rapidly worsened and he died on October 9th, after only a few days in hospital.

Our very sincere sympathy goes out to Mrs. Vaughan, who is herself not in good health.