

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Men and Women Blinded on War Service

No. 424—VOLUME XXXVIII

MARCH, 1955

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[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN]

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

Forty Years Old

On March 26th we celebrate the fortieth year of the foundation of St. Dunstan's by Sir Arthur Pearson, Bt., G.B.E. Sir Arthur had himself gone blind some years before that when he was at the height of his career and in the prime of life and he had already done much to establish the National Institute for the Blind on a firm financial basis. In his lifetime his name was to be known all over the world, linked with that of St. Dunstan's, and it is a source of happiness and strength to us that his son, Sir Neville Pearson, Bt., our President, has been associated with us ever since.

St. Dunstan's not only taught the blinded soldiers, sailors and airmen of the First World War how to be blind, and started them off on a new and useful life, but it also gave birth to a new spirit in the blind world generally. As the war of 1914-1918 came to an end, St. Dunstaners settled all over Britain and in the Dominions, and official and public interest in their cheerful bearing and achievements led to great developments in the care of the civilian blind also.

Sir Arthur died in 1921, mourned by many. The majority of St. Dunstaners did not therefore have the honour and pleasure of knowing him personally, but they have benefited by his imagination, foresight, leadership and devotion.

The men of the Second War also owe a debt to their older comrades who discovered many things about blindness and who blazed the trail for them.

There is no organisation of blind persons or seriously disabled ex-Servicemen in the world so strong, united, and so rich in experience as St. Dunstan's, and we celebrate our fortieth birthday with pride in the knowledge that each one of us has contributed his page to our splendid history.

A few months ago, thinking of the Old Contemptibles, I quoted from the opening lines of a famous song. Perhaps my older fellow-St. Dunstaners may feel that the last words of this same song will stir their feelings as they do mine:

*Forty years on, growing older and older,
Shorter in wind, as in memory long,
Feeble of foot and rheumatic of shoulder,
What will it help you that once you were strong?
God give us bases to guard or beleaguer,
Games to play out, whether earnest or fun,
Fights for the fearless, and goals for the eager,
Twenty, and thirty, and forty years on!*

IAN FRASER.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Payment of Pensions by Pension Order Book, during a Pensioner's stay at West House or Ovingdean

In future any pensioner wishing to draw his pension through the Post Office, whilst on a visit to Ovingdean or West House, must take steps *before he leaves home* to effect the transfer of his pension to *Kemp Town Post Office, Brighton*, by completing Form P80B at his local Post Office. The Counter Clerk of his Post Office will help in completing the form.

Both the Ministry of Pensions and the Postal Authorities point out that in future it will be impossible for a pensioner to draw his pension unless the Pension Order Book has been transferred.

In view of this regulation, I shall be unable to draw any pensions on a Pension Order Book unless the pensioner has changed his office of payment to *Kemp Town, Brighton*.

L. BANKS,
Pensions Officer.

Invested

During the month, Mr. J. Swales, M.C., received the M.B.E., which was awarded him in the New Year Honours, and Second Lieutenant Michael Tetley (Kenya Regt. T.F.) received the M.B.E. which was given to him in the Birthday Honours List, June, 1954. Mr. N. Macauley was also at Buckingham Palace to receive his M.B.E.

Broadcasting

On March 10th, the Rev. G. L. Treglown, M.B.E., gave a most inspiring talk in the B.B.C "Silver Lining" programme.

St. Dunstaners can hear him again on April 3rd (Palm Sunday) when he will take the People's Service from his church—Newbridge Wesley Methodist Church—and on April 10th (Easter Sunday) when he conducts another People's Service from that church.

Camp, Lee-on-Solent

Friday, August 5th to Saturday, August 13th, 1955. Entries as soon as possible please. A fee of £1 5s. 0d. is payable at camp. Refund of fare over £1. All journeys arranged.

A. SPURWAY,
The Vicarage,
Holmwood,
Surrey.

Tel. Dorking 73191

A Dance

There has been a request for another Dance in the Trevelyan Hall, Westminster. All St. Dunstaners and escorts are welcome and all St. Dunstan's V.A.D.'s, present or past.

It will be on a Friday in May. For exact date, see April REVIEW.

A. SPURWAY.

New Braille Periodical

The R.N.I.B. are to produce a new braille periodical to be called, *Braille Listener*. It is hoped that it will become an essential companion to the weekly *Radio Times* in braille. It will contain picked, informative articles from the *Listener* that have not already been broadcast, together with comments on current programmes and personalities. There will also be book reviews and a radio quiz. It is hoped gradually to build up a service of information concerning highlights in overseas broadcasts, such as musical festivals, sport, and international items.

St. Dunstaners who are interested in obtaining this new magazine should write to Mr. S. Jones, Men's Supplies.

American News Letter

St. Dunstaners who have asked for Mrs. Russell's *American News Letter* (which she brailles herself), have found it most entertaining. Three *Letters* have so far been received. If any other St. Dunstaner would like to receive them will he let the Editor know.

Reunions, 1955

March	26—Guildford
April	16—Luton
	20—Bournemouth
	22—Truro
	30—Bristol
May	18—Ipswich
	19—Nottingham
	21—Doncaster
	26—Ashford
June	9—Manchester
	10—Chester (provisional)
	11—Liverpool
	21—Belfast
	23—Dublin
July	6—Edinburgh
	8—Newcastle
	9—Harrogate
	16—Birmingham (provisional)
Sept.	23—London
	28—Brighton (provisional)

London Club Notes

Bridge

The Harrogate Week will be held this year from September 17th to 24th. The hotel tariff will be about 22s. 6d. per day per head. Will members of the Club who would like to join the party please send me their names not later than Monday, July 25th, so that we can make rail and hotel reservations.

The invitation from the London County Contract Bridge Association has been received and this event will be on June 11th or 18th. Will members please make up their fours and let me have names as soon as possible. We have been asked to send five teams and if there are too many entries it may be necessary to ballot.

On Saturday, February 26th, Miss Hensley gave one of her Bridge Drives. This time it was a party for St. Dunstaners only. It was a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon at the end of which we had the pleasure of our old friend from New Zealand, Miss Morrah, giving the prizes.

The winners were (1st) F. Winter and A. Wiltshire; (2nd) Jock Henry and Bob Giffard (this followed Bob's success in winning the Christmas Drive); (3rd) R. Armstrong and Tiny Fleming; (4th) J. Douglass and W. Bishop.

A warm vote of thanks was passed to Miss Hensley for her hospitality.

Congratulations to our member, C. R. Bulman, of Beckenham, who has been made chairman of the Beckenham Bridge Club, which has a membership of 130 and is the largest Bridge Club in Kent.

DRUMMER.

Indoor Section

The Sir Arthur Pearson Cup Competitions for the Indoor Section are as follows: Cribbage, Aggregate Whist, Dominoes (Fives and Threes), Darts (T.B.), Darts (S.S.), just as last year.

It is hoped that members who have entered for these competitions will come along and play off their rounds as early as possible, to avoid the lag which has hitherto rather spoil the smooth running of the competitions.

Will all club members who are willing to play in the Darts Matches, both home and away, please have their names entered on the list placed on the notice board for that purpose, in order that we may know

whether we are able to get the support necessary to run these events as we have in the past. This is important, as without adequate support from you we shall find it very difficult indeed to continue these fixtures.
CHAS. J. WALKER.

Outdoor Section

The twelve-mile race which should have been held on February 19th had to be postponed because of the terrible weather we have had lately, and will have been held by the time this edition of the REVIEW is circulated. The result will appear next month.

Here instead are a few dates to remember:
March 26th—15 miles, Stag and Hounds, 2.30 p.m.

April 19th, Tuesday—5 miles v. C. E. Heath and Co., Regent's Park, 6.30 p.m.

April 23rd—7 mile Championship for Sir Arthur Pearson Cups, Regent's Park, 2.30 p.m.

May 21st—Stock Exchange London to Brighton Walk. W. MILLER.

One-Armed Smokers

Our shop-keeper, William C. Wood, of Southsea, has sent us an extract from the February issue of the N.U.R. Tobacconists' Journal which will be of interest to our one-armed St. Dunstaners. Here it is.

"Every one-armed member of the British Limbless Ex-Service Men's Association is to be given a cigarette lighter with a simple, one-hand action. Britain's largest lighter manufacturing company, whose products are noted for their one-finger mechanism, are making this gift as a tribute to disabled ex-Servicemen and a help in their daily lives. More than 3,000 lighters will be given away through the 120 branches of B.L.E. S.M.A."

Double Event

This is certainly "Tim" Healy's year. He has recently heard that in the spring his first novel is to be published. It is entitled *While Apples Grew*. Now Tim, who is 79 and who is on the local (Blackpool) executive committee of the National League of the Blind, has been elected Delegate to the Triennial Conference of the League which will be held at Brighton in May. More details of his book will appear nearer the date of publication. In the meantime, we offer our warmest congratulations to Tim on his "double."

Letters to the Editor

DEAR EDITOR,

As the 40th Anniversary approaches, our thoughts will naturally centre on our much loved and honoured Founder.

In both of the world wars, we fought a common enemy and suffered thereby in our various ways, but we also had the blessing of companionship—men and women in the same plight.

Sir Arthur Pearson fought a lone battle and out of the greatness of his heart, he lit a torch to lighten our darkness, not only through material difficulties, but also to keep the spirit of comradeship alive and far be it from us to dim its brightness.

As an old St. Dunstanian who remembers so well the trials and difficulties of early blindness, I offer my sympathy and best wishes to our younger members. Fortunately age brings acceptance and toleration of the things that seem such a burden at first, and we each find our compensations.

The greatest tribute that we can pay to the memory of Sir Arthur (whom the older men were privileged to know personally) will be to ensure by our efforts that the spirit of St. Dunstan's—true to his conception of it—shall go forward as an inspiration to those who may—but who we sincerely pray may not—have to follow in our footsteps.

Yours sincerely,

Halifax. REGINALD FITZGERALD.

DEAR EDITOR,

At the time of writing, many St. Dunstanians like myself, are listening with awe to the broadcast accounts and newspaper reports of the havoc being wrought by the floods in New South Wales, Australia. Many people have lost their lives, townships have been swept away, hundreds of thousands of cattle and sheep destroyed, and tens of thousands of people rendered not only homeless and destitute but faced with the problem of disease caused by the destruction of the sanitary arrangements in the towns, and like many St. Dunstanians to whom I have spoken, I feel that we would like, if at all possible, to make some contribution, however small, to the rehabilitation of our kinsmen "Down Under"—there is an adage that "one ounce of help is worth a ton of pity."

I recall that during the lean times of the last war and post-war years, these same people were not lacking in the help

they gave to the people of the Old Country, and I remember with gratitude the many parcels of food which helped to augment the depleted larders of many St. Dunstanians.

Australia has never been backward in coming to our aid when we were in need of help and I have had personal contact with the Aussies in many ways, having served with them in the Syrian and Egyptian deserts, and also in that epic military achievement, the landing at the Dardanelles, where the immemorial word "Anzac" was forged, and which means as much to them as "Old Contemptibles" means to our own ex-Servicemen.

If it is possible for us to contribute to such a fund in a small way, I am sure that St. Dunstanians will not be backward in helping to get Matilda a-waltzing again.

Yours sincerely,

H. CRABTREE.

DEAR EDITOR,

I have been greatly moved by the news of the great disaster which our friends in Australia have suffered through the floods, and it brings back to me the many great kindnesses that we St. Dunstanians received during the last war by means of the many food parcels sent to help our then empty cupboards. Therefore it occurred to me that this is the chance by which we could reciprocate the kindness by a fund to which those of us who wish to do so could contribute.

Yours sincerely,

Glasgow. A GORDON FISHER.

[If there are any St. Dunstanians who would like to support the suggestion made by Mr. Crabtree and Mr. Fisher, the Editor would be only too happy to receive subscriptions. They should reach 1 South Audley Street not later than the end of April. Envelopes should be marked "Australia."]

Old Contemptibles

Sergeant Alan Nichols has asked us to remind all Old Contemptibles that the last date for receiving entries for the Ovingdean holiday (last two weeks in August), and the trip to France (August 21st), is March 31st. After that date it will be too late for accommodation.

When writing to Sergeant Nichols, Chums should say whether they are coming for the holiday, the trip to France, or both, and if they are bringing their wives.

Twenty-One Years Ago A Coincidence

On February 26th, 1934, *Punch*, reporting the Unemployment Bill debate, said:—"Captain Fraser's admirable amendment ... exempts first twenty shillings of wound or disability pensions" and published a cartoon with the caption, "A Feather in His Glengarry."

On February 26th, 1955, exactly twenty-one years later to the day, at the North Western Area Conference of the British Legion at Salford, a resolution urging that the £1 of disregard should now be raised, was unanimously approved. Sir Ian happened to be present at this meeting and spoke in favour of the motion.

Calling All Chums Memories

Forty years ago our beloved Chief opened up St. Dunstan's for the first time, with a small band of voluntary helpers, and I feel sure you would like me to pay a tribute and express our appreciation for what Sir Arthur gave us by his untiring efforts on our behalf.

I have found that the memories of the House, the College, the Bungalow, Cornwall Terrace, Sussex Place, and Townsend House, have inspired me at all times when things were looking drab. At St. Mark's there were Sister Padbury, Sister Pat and Mrs. Lipscomb (Sir Arthur's daughter), and Miss Preston. And do you remember E.K., Mrs. Bates, Matron Pat, and dear old Auntie (Sister Read); and amongst the lounge Sisters, Lady Sybil Stopford, Lady Waterlow, Sister Mac (America)? And Captain Russell-Roberts, Captain MacMahon, Sir Alfred Fripp, Dr. Bridges, the Rev. Tommy Tucker, Father Howell, and Mr. Hart in the wee Pension Office. Do you remember that formidable gang of dot-chasers, with Miss Pain at the top? And Miss Reynolds, Lady Nicholson, Miss Watson, Mrs. Broughton, Mrs. Cooke-Smith, Mlle. Duché and Miss May, top of the Typewriting Department; and the jolly happy-go-lucky instructors in the Workshops, under Mr. Atkinson? Will you ever forget Miss Thelluson and Miss Boyd-Rochfort, and Mr. H. at the College, Matron Love at Cornwall Terrace? Will you ever forget parading round the Outer Circle from the annexes to the Workshops, and do you, like myself, find you can ever forget (and never want to forget) those

wonderful days spent in Regent's Park? Do you remember orderlies Strathmore, Douglas, Hack, and Taylor—to mention only a few? And those tots of Boy Scouts, who were so invaluable, and such delightful companions on our jaunts when we were in a hurry to keep a date. The Scouts were under the orders of that strict disciplinarian Hetherington, the one-armed hall porter. Do you remember Mrs. Arnold (Sir Arthur's sister), Matron of the first Convalescent Home, Queen's Road, Brighton? Mrs. Wilson, Convalescent Home, St. Leonard's? And we had a place at Torquay; then came West House, Brighton, in 1919, with Miss Pearson (another sister of Sir Arthur's) as Matron. How well we will all remember what we owe to Sir Arthur! How well we will remember that he was there always to help us out with our problems, to pop into the dining-rooms and lounges occasionally and blow that whistle, when we could always be sure of something bright and cheery.

And now, old-timers everywhere, may I wish you all the luck in the world. Congratulations on still being around. And I know that you will join me in thanking all those mentioned here who are still readers of the REVIEW for everything they did for us when they volunteered to assist Sir Arthur in his job of reconstructing our lives, and when he became our father, guide, philosopher and friend.

ALAN NICHOLS, *Chum Chair*.

Mr. James McGuire

We have heard with deep regret of the death of James McGuire, M.B.E., B.A., LL.B., who since May, 1947, had been Director of St. Dunstan's, New Zealand. He was a civilian blind man who was connected with the New Zealand Institute for the Blind for many years and who had undertaken instructional work in the New Zealand St. Dunstan's since its inception. He followed as Director a young war-blinded officer, James E. May, who retired to become Assistant Director of the New Zealand Institute for the Blind itself.

With his patience, tolerance and understanding, Mr. McGuire endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact, and particularly with the young blinded Servicemen of World War II.

Donald McPhee represented St. Dunstan's at the funeral.

News of St. Dunstaners at Home—

On February 10th, Violet Formstone went to the Girls' Public Day School Trust, The High School, Birkenhead, and addressed four hundred girls. It was the first talk of this kind that Violet had ever given and she is to be congratulated. The Headmistress wrote: "I do not think that there could have been an improvement on the simple and straightforward address that she gave." While Violet was in Birkenhead she took the opportunity of telephoning Maureen Lees, who has been ill for some time and was still confined to bed.

★ ★ ★

Eddie Quinn, of Killeigh, Offaly, Eire, who in addition to total blindness has only one hand, has made himself a wireless set out of a domino box. "And," says Miss Boyd, "I actually heard it work."

★ ★ ★

Herbert Ward, of Ireland Wood, Leeds, is Hon. Secretary of the Garden Section, Ireland Wood Tenants' Association, and he is responsible for running the Annual Flower and Vegetable Show.

★ ★ ★

F. J. W. Westaway, of Yeovil, has just completed thirty years' service on the Executive Committee of the Yeovil Branch of the British Legion and thirty-one years as a member of the Legion Branch Benevolent Committee. This must be a record for a St. Dunstaner.

★ ★ ★

Ernest Maisey, of Plymouth, who has been a patient in the Queen Mary Hospital, Roehampton, for the past month, was presented to H.R.H. the Princess Royal when she recently visited the hospital. Her Royal Highness talked for a long time with our St. Dunstaner about his experiences. A Dockyard official at Hong Kong, he enlisted in the Dockyard Defence Corps and was made a prisoner of war when Hong Kong was occupied. He remained a prisoner for four years during which time he lost his sight.

★ ★ ★

Margaret Paterson, of Chessington, was a nurse on the staff of the West End Hospital for Nervous Diseases, Regent's Park, and she was blinded when a bomb fell on the hospital in 1944. In the hospital's new building, shortly to be opened, a Ward is to be named "The Margaret Paterson Ward." Two other wards will be named after nurses who lost their lives in the raid.

—and Overseas

John Windsor, who was at Church Stretton in the summer of 1944, has recently moved from Vancouver to Brentwood Bay, Vancouver Island, and has settled there. In a recent Municipal Council Election, he was elected to the Council with a very good majority and is now serving on the Council, on the Fire and Finance Committee, etc.

After being in the City of Vancouver for a long time, he is thoroughly enjoying his new life in the country.

★ ★ ★

The Rev. C. M. Rogerson, who was ordained in England, after being blinded, and is now Rector of St. Mark's Parish, Harbord, New South Wales, Australia, won £96 in a wireless quiz for one of his parishioners who was in sad straits following a car accident. The session was called "Strike it Rich," and this is how the Rev. C. M. Rogerson described it: "They give you three pounds and you have five questions to answer, and you can bet as much as you like of your three. If you are correct you double up each time. I got the lot each time, so you can add it up."

★ ★ ★

Tom Hart, of Cape Town, devotes much of his time and professional skill and knowledge in helping physically handicapped people to overcome their disabilities. Tom began this work some years ago in Durban when, together with a doctor who has since become an orthopaedic specialist, he helped to establish a remedial clinic for the crippled victims of poliomyelitis, or who were paraplegics through injury or disease. Tom, acting as honorary physiotherapist to the clinic, played a major part in launching the new venture. His move to Cape Town brought to an end his work at the clinic which was carried on by the newly-formed St. Giles Association in Durban.

About a year ago Tom became one of the founder-members of the newly-formed St. Giles Association in Cape Town, and again acting as honorary physiotherapist, he advises and directs the patients in the various exercises and gymnastics. In addition, he plays a very active part as a member of the committee of the Cape Town Branch of the Association.

From the St. Dunstan's (South Africa) REVIEW, we also learn that we have two

St. Dunstan's actors in South Africa. Bob Owen some time ago took an active part in amateur dramatic performances in Pietermaritzburg, and now the Rev. M. H. Norman is in the cast of a one-act play, "That Brute Simmons," given by the Bergvliet Dramatic Society.

★ ★ ★

A. F. G. May, of Lake Boga, Victoria, Australia, and Mrs. May, write that they have four grand-children now. Their letter was written on February 16th and they had been having very bad weather. Two inches of rain in one week-end had made a terrible mess of their grapes, since it was also hot, steamy, tropical-like weather. Their two cows calved within a week of each other, one got milk fever, and had to be given an hypodermic injection.

Grandfathers

W. Farmery, of Golden Common, near Winchester; J. Griffiths, of Woodingdean.

Young St. Dunstaners

How many Rugby enthusiasts know that the famous "Tug" Wilson is the son of a St. Dunstaner? Capped for England many times, captain of Middlesex County, and captain of Metropolitan Police, "Tug" is the son of H. Stayt, of South Africa. His full name is Dyson Stayt Wilson. He was brought up by his uncle and took his name. The braille magazine, *Sports Report*, last month mentioned the fact that his father was a war-blinded man. Bill Phillips, one of our keenest sportsmen as many will remember, quickly spotted it and rang us to find out further details.

★ ★ ★

The twin daughters of S. Barton, of Bootle, Liverpool, have passed with merit the preliminary examination for the Guildhall School of Music and Drama.

Marriages

On February 12th, Barbara Ann Sayers, Birchington, to John Hammond. She is the ninth of our St. Dunstaner's children to get married. The only other child, a son, is in Korea.

Hermione Millward, Wooburn Green, near High Wycombe, was recently married.

Placement

C. T. H. Coster, on machine work with Messrs. F. S. Manufacturing (West End) Ltd., London, E.C. 2.

Chess

You will remember that during last year's Chess Week-end, several games had to be decided by a toss of a coin because they had not reached the stage at which proper adjudication could be made. In one game, only fifteen moves were made by each of the two players, while in another, owing to a misunderstanding, no move at all was made for a considerable period. In order to get more games completed and more progress made in the others, I want to suggest that clocks should be used, and I should like, before proceeding further, to have the views of all players on the matter.

If the suggestion is adopted, I should endeavour to enlist the aid of the Brighton Chess Club for a loan of the special clocks, and for the services of some of their members to record and supervise each game, and to assist the players generally.

As T.B. men need more time for their moves, I propose that in their case, thirty-two moves should be made in two hours, while in the case of S.S. men, the thirty-two moves should be made in an hour and a half. This would therefore require a session of three and a half hours.

I should like this idea to be tried out for at least one week-end and we can improve as time goes on, and benefit by experience.

Another item on which I should like your opinion is whether a T.B. man should be allowed to have an additional board on his knees when playing against another T.B. man. If this is allowed, it would, in my opinion, lead to confusion, for if it were allowed to one it must be allowed to both, and we should have three boards used for one game. Personally I think that only one board should be used for a game between two T.B. men; this would be fair to both.

You will be interested to know that Mr. Bonham, the celebrated blind Master from Worcester College, has offered to give us a talk on chess, or to give a simultaneous display against all our men. I doubt whether there will be time for the latter but the talk could be fitted in for the Friday evening quite easily.

Would you be good enough to pass your views on the foregoing to me, so that we can go into the matter further.

39 Belmont Road,
Hastings.

CHARLES KELK.

Talking Book Library February's Few

There are three books only this short month, and each one of them has its own core of entertainment to offer without any hitting the heights. They are:

"The Village," by Marghanita Laski, reader Robert Gladwell, is staged in the immediate post-last-war period with all the shortages, and reflects a degree of the disintegration of the comradeship engendered by the war. In this particular village, a one-sided class-consciousness replaces the team spirit and consequently the dull daughter of a poor, proud, classy family who determines to throw in her lot with a worthy artisan, rather creates a flutter in the dovecot. The whole thing is slightly ridiculous but it is true to life and has no hint of being funny. There is some amusement here but not for the sophisticated townee!

Catalogue No. 912

"Rough Justice," by C. E. Montague, reader Lionel Gamlin, is enacted before and during the Great War. The hero, a solid, simple cove, has a friend, one of the intellectual type who appears brilliant until the war comes along and then only one of them returns. The girl in the book is really something and the whole story merits lots of readers.

Catalogue No. 915.

"One of Our Submarines," by Edward Young, reader Eric Gillett, is the Cruel Sea from a different angle. It has plenty of incident and excitement but also conveys the boredom and strain of the crew on long and fruitless patrols. Good and gripping! Number 2 is the book of the month but Number 3 for my money.

Catalogue No. 917.

Brighton and District Club

All are welcome. The Club meets at 7 p.m. on the second Thursday of each month. There will be a Derby outing and another coach outing later. All those interested, please let me know.

FRANK A. RHODES.

★ ★ ★

J. H. Hawkins, of Sidcup, had a contribution accepted for the London *Star* on February 17th. It was his own device for making a lean-to verandah warm in winter by enclosing it, the whole thing being quickly removed if necessary. He ended with a generous tribute—"I owe my knowledge of carpentry to St. Dunstan's, who trained me."

Talking of Braille

Here is a first selection of stories sent in as a result of our invitation last month. The sender of each receives half a guinea.

"Some time ago whilst talking braille with Tommy Dickinson he complained that he couldn't read for long in bed because his hand got cold; it was winter. I advised him to put his book under the bedclothes instead of keeping it outside. He thought that a good idea and said he would try it. On our next meeting he greeted me with, "Wait till the wife meets you, you're for it." I asked why, and got the following explanation.

"Reading in bed is all right but the book being so big, every time I turn a page it lets the draught in. The wife plays about it and when she sees you, she says she'll teach you to advise married men to read under the bedclothes."

T. ROGERS,

Huddersfield.

"When first carried in to St. Dunstan's, I was deaf-blind and my limbs had been twisted. Mr. Killingbeck tried to teach me braille. My poor sense of touch didn't enable me to understand braille on paper. Killie pressed his fingers into my right leg just above the knee. Down the left side of the leg indicated dots 1, 2, 3; down the right, dots 4, 5, 6. My shaky legs made it impossible to understand all that Killingbeck tried hard to impart. One day, thinking I was alone, I considered it an idea to find the most sensitive part of my leg, hoping in turn it would help me to learn braille. I sat up in bed and with the forefinger of my right hand I started poking above the knee of my right leg. An orderly came along, got hold of my left hand and said, "What are you doing?" "Oh," says I, "I'm practising braille." I could neither see or hear the orderly but I know he gasped, stared hard at me, then walked away wondering if this fellow, Thomas was as dotty as braille."

WALLY THOMAS,

Southampton.

"I was returning, newly blinded, from the war at sea and arrived by troopship at Liverpool in December, 1941.

"My baggage was landed ahead of me and when I entered the Customs shed, I found the officials in a state of some excitement. Every one of my trunks and cases

had been opened and the contents lay scattered around.

"I learned that one of the officials, in zealous pursuit of his duties, had discovered a volume or two of braille and, thinking that he had stumbled upon a secret enemy code, had ransacked all my belongings.

"When the true position was explained, a good laugh was enjoyed by all."

R. C. B. BUCKLEY,

Barnes, S.W.13.

"During the war I was travelling from Church Stretton to London in company with four or five new St. Dunstaners who had also lost one arm. Our destination was Roehampton. Conversation on the journey was flagging so I took out a braille book to pass the time. After reading for an hour or so, our old friend, Bill Hawketts, who was in charge of the party, asked me, "How long does it take, Joe, to wear down a finger through reading braille?" He then explained to the new boys that after twenty-five years of reading braille, I had worn one finger down to the second joint and had now started on another. The boys enjoyed the joke when they felt my hand and found I had lost half my finger."

JOSEPH T. WALCH,

Saltdean.

"I was a trainee at Ovingdean in 1939. Miss Lloyd had successfully coerced one of our St. Dunstaners into taking a refresher course in braille reading. One afternoon she shepherded him into the Braille Room and put a braille book in front of him. The book was "Prester John," by John Buchan. Very slowly the pupil began to read. He was doing fairly well until he came to a very long word. As well as I can remember the word was, "Blawaddersfontein," the name of a village in Africa. Our St. Dunstaner manfully struggled with the word, his finger moved back and forward; by the time he reached the end of the word, he had forgotten the beginning. Finally in desperation, with his thumb nail he ripped the offending word clean off the page. With a note of triumph in his voice he said to Miss Lloyd, "There! No one else will be bothered with that word." Final scene. Exit St. Dunstaner. Collapse of Miss Lloyd.

Little did he know that the word appeared quite a few more times in the story."

GEO. A. PRINCE,

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

"I say," said an old lady. "Isn't he clever." This unexpected but not undeserved praise was a comment on my braille reading as I travelled by train from Liverpool to London. Since then I have never failed to make my unpraised life happier by producing my "World Digest" as soon as the train pulls out of Lime Street, Liverpool. I did this recently in a compartment of prospective admirers. I flipped over the pages throughout the journey little knowing that sitting opposite was another blind person, also reading. As we ran into Euston, the gentleman on my left leaned towards me and said, "Er, I hope you don't mind—can I ask you a question?" I nodded and waited with smug satisfaction for the inevitable words of admiration. "How is it," my neighbour asked, "that you read so slowly with one hand whilst the gentleman opposite reads so quickly with two?"

GEORGE ELLIS,

Liverpool.

"In 1945 I spent a period of rest in West House, the first 1939 man to do so, and as a new boy had rather a strange experience.

"I had but for a short period been chasing the little dots and could read braille at an extremely slow and tedious pace.

"Being new and at the time rather bashful regarding speaking to and contacting the First War men, I went to bed early. But sleep eluded me so I lay on my bed and I found I was listening to a little noise, so regular, so steady, like this—pause zzzzip; pause zzzzip; pause zzzzip. I must have gone to sleep hearing it.

"Early next morning the tea came round and I realised I was not alone in the room; I passed the time of day with my unknown room-mate; he was not very talkative so I retired into my shell. A few minutes later I heard my noise again and after a few puzzled minutes, questioned my unknown friend. He listened and we both lay there, but no noise. He said, 'It must be something outside,' then he went silent again and the noise reappeared. I said, 'It's started again and it comes from your part of the room.' He said 'It's not me, I'm reading the REVIEW.'

"The problem was solved. It was Fiddle Dee, of Hull, now my old friend, reading in his own manner despite the rules.

Reading with his thumb, the zzzzip being his return along the line. I can read faster now but I do not think at his speed."

JOHN A. MUDGE,
Tottenham, N.17.

"In *Countryman*, by John Moore, there is a chapter on Gilbert White, of Selborne fame, who lived some two hundred years back. It states there that White attended 'The Basingstoke Grammar School.' Early days for such modes of education? One more dot on that L would have given us R as any brailist will know."

ANTHONY LAW,
Pensax-Stockton, Worcs.

"I am reminded of the painful days when I was a patient in Stoke Mandeville Hospital struggling laboriously to distinguish the large dots which the more experienced referred to as 'Braille for the Babes.' I thought I had reached the D.T. stage in braille when I came across a dot which seemed to follow my questing finger round, eluding all recognition.

"I asked Killie to feel it, swearing that I had finished with braille for ever if the blankety dot was not moving. Fortunately for the state of my mind, the top of the dot had been loosened by someone who had tried to make sure of its presence by feeling it with his finger nail."

WALTER THORNTON,
Northfield, Birmingham.

This happened at Church Stretton. After dinner one beautiful summer's day, my braille teacher took me and Pop Humphreys for a short stroll round the grounds. We came to a nice shady spot and sat down on the lawn. Always glad of something comical, I went quiet all of a sudden. Pop wondered what was wrong with me, and I told him I was very busy with a braille lesson. And I was. I was sitting where a rabbit had been sitting, and I was playing with dots much larger than those that were in the book, and saying, "Dot five, dot five," and so on, until my teacher said no wonder I was picking up my braille very fast!

JOE McDONALD,
Oldham.

Holidays

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

Blind Fishermen

Situated above Nanaimo, on the East coast of Vancouver Island, is a cosy-looking summer cottage, nestling on the shore of beautiful Qualicum Bay. To the East and some forty miles distant lies Vancouver, the sprawling metropolis of South-west British Columbia.

In this evergreen paradise abounds fish and wild life of many sorts. It is no surprise that thousands of British Columbians, and equal thousands of tourists come to satisfy their appetite for natural sport. Since coming to British Columbia many years ago, Capt. Robinson has become a familiar figure where fishermen meet. Capt. Robinson established his prowess as a salmon fisherman before erecting his home at Qualicum. However, with his cottage but a few paces from the sea, and his 16ft. boat anchored but a few yards off shore, he has ready access to some of the best fishing in these parts. Not only is he a proficient fisherman, but he ably assumes all the responsibilities of a true fisherman, including the care and servicing of his boat for the ensuing season. A 6 horse-power Lawson outboard propels the craft through the water, and Capt. Robinson, though totally blind, frequently takes the controls if there are not too many boats in the area.

In the many years he has fished, Capt. Robinson has battled with many salmon. His best catch for any one season was 101 salmon. This is no little feat, since it is far above the average catch of the average fisherman. He landed his largest salmon in a Rotary Club Derby, conducted in 1949 off Vancouver Island. His 26lb. 8oz. salmon took second prize, and was only 4oz. less than the first prize winner.

As any typical fisherman, Capt. Robinson has his favourite lure, equipment and stories. A No. 3 Martin pearl pink plug is his prize possession. An elastic ruler for measuring fish and a grammar book for truthful terms of exaggeration may be in his kit. One of his favourite stories, for which we can vouch, reflects not only his own skill but that of Mrs. Robinson, who frequently accompanies him on his fishing expeditions. About two years ago, Capt. and Mrs. Robinson were entertaining friends on a fishing trip near their Summer home. Capt. Robinson was using his favourite 7ft. glass rod, with 20lb. test Nylon line, and

his pet lure, the No. 3 Martin pearl pink plug. His friend was fishing with his pet lure, an Abalone shell. The sudden lurch of the rod indicated that Mr. Salmon had an appetite for Capt. Robinson's plug. He threw the engine out of gear in order to play the fish. As the boat slowed down, his friend hooked into a salmon as well. In a few seconds both lines twirled around each other. Obviously the situation was serious and the landing of any of the fish problematical. In a situation like this, great skill is required, since both fishermen must co-ordinate their actions by anticipating what the fish may do. As the battle progressed, the fish were gradually brought close to the side of the boat. His friend slackened his line to permit Capt. Robinson to deftly draw the fish within range of Mrs. Robinson, who was appraising the situation with a view to how best to cope with the problem. With little time to waste in contemplation, and her mind made up to gamble for all or none, Mrs. Robinson, with a swift swoop of the net, bagged both salmon and brought them on board. They weighed 8lb. and 10lb. respectively. With fish this size thrashing about in the water, and having the advantage of twisted lines in their favour, one can readily appreciate the feat that was performed, not only by the fishermen, but by Mrs. Robinson. For all would have been lost had she miscalculated and failed.

Typical of Capt. Robinson and having found fishing to be such a pleasurable recreation and thrill, he pondered over ways and means of giving other blind persons the opportunity to share in the experience. In 1947, while fishing in Vancouver Harbour with a friend who was a boat rentals proprietor, he conceived the idea of a Salmon Derby for the blind of the area. Later that year, in September of 1947, 33 blind men and women gathered on the sands of Locarno Beach. Few had any previous fishing experience and equipment was provided by the boat volunteers. Some 15 small, open power boats sailed away, a few minutes later, to favourite fishing haunts in the immediate vicinity. At the award ceremony held on the sands a few hours later, the salmon and trout were counted and prizes presented. The first annual C.N.I.B. White Cane Salmon Derby became history. On September 11th, 1954, the 8th annual event of its kind took place,

with over 100 blind men and women participating.

In the eight years of the Derby a different blind person has captured first prize, and it is interesting to note that five of the eight first prize winners have been totally blind, and no person has won first prize twice. Joe Pepper, totally blind and 70 years of age, holds the record catch with his 31lb. 8oz. salmon caught in the 1949 event.

The popularity of the event spread to other communities in the South-west area, and in 1950 a similar Derby was initiated in Nanaimo, midway up the East coast of Vancouver Island, and in 1953 Victoria joined the parade. There are now three Derbies for the blind of various areas conducted annually. In addition to this programme, many blind persons who revived or developed an appetite for the sport, requested more frequent experience in fishing. For this reason, in 1949, the C.N.I.B. White Cane Salmon Club of Vancouver came into existence. This programme provides members with a number of trips each season, in addition to the annual Derby. The most extraordinary catch of the Club programme occurred a few years ago when two blind war veterans of the last war hooked and landed an unfriendly-looking octopus. Fortunately the catch was made close to the dock and the visitor did not have to be entertained for too long a time.

(Contributed by Mr. Joseph Lewis, of the C.N.I.B.)

Silver Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. T. Cox, of Egham, February 22nd. Congratulations.

The Things They Say

Young lady to my wife:

"How does your husband know he is talking if he can't hear himself speak?"

GEO. FALLOWFIELD.

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As from Monday, March 28th, Mr. Nye and the Research Department will be transferred from 8 Hinde Street, W.1., to Headquarters at 191 Marylebone Road, N.W.1.

[Articles on these two pages are omitted from the braille edition of the REVIEW and will be printed next month.—Ed.]

"In Memory"

Private James Peeling, *King's Liverpool Regiment*

We record with deep regret the death of J. Peeling, of Audenshaw, Manchester. He was eighty-two. He served in the 1914-1918 war but did not come to us until 1926. His health had never been good and for some years he had been unable to carry on with any occupation, although he was a boot-repairer by trade.

He was one of our frequent visitors to Brighton but his death, which was sudden, occurred at his home on February 16th.

At the funeral, the coffin was covered by the Union Jack. It was his express wish.

Our deep sympathy goes out to his family.

Corporal Patrick Smith, *Royal Irish Fusiliers*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Patrick Smith, of Cork.

Although he served from early 1916 until 1919, he did not come to St. Dunstan's until 1946 when training was not possible owing to his age and ill-health. For many months he had been a patient in the Shanakiel Hospital, Cork, and he died there on February 19. He was taken home to Killchandra for burial.

Our deep sympathy is extended to his relatives.

Private John Henry Edgerton, *Labour Corps (formerly King's Shropshire Light Infantry)*

We record with deep regret the death of J. H. Edgerton, of Oakengates, Shropshire.

He was an elderly man when he came to us in 1949, although he had served in the 1914-1918 war, and his very bad health prevented any training at all. Although he was for long an unfit man, his death nevertheless was unexpected.

Our very sincere sympathy goes out to his wife and family.

Private Ernest Arthur Marsden, *Royal Army Service Corps*

It is with deep regret that we record the sudden death on March 10th of E. H. Marsden, of Northolt. He was sixty-seven.

After serving in the 1914-1918 war he was discharged in 1919, but it was not until November, 1947, that he came to St. Dunstan's. He trained as a joiner and he carried on with his craft in spite of failing health.

He had suffered for many years and he bore his last illness with great fortitude and courage.

To his widow and grown-up son our very deep sympathy is offered.

Births

MCCARTNEY.—On February 11th, to the wife of Henry McCartney, of Belfast, a daughter.

RICHARDSON.—To W. "Dickie" Richardson, of Worcester, on February 19th, twins—Heather May and Keith.

WARREN.—On March 4th, to the wife of A. C. Warren, of Woodbridge, Suffolk, a daughter—Angela Beverley Mary.

Marriages

EDWICKER—WATSON.—On February 19th, E. Edwicker, of Saltdean, to Miss Watson, also of Saltdean.

REED—SMITH.—On March 12th, J. H. Reed, of Grays, to Emily Smith, also of Grays.

Deaths

Our deep sympathy is extended this month to the following:

AGATE.—To W. Agate, of Croydon, whose wife died on March 1st after a long illness.

BRIMELOW.—To Jim Brimelow, of Durban, South Africa, whose wife died suddenly in October.

CAVANAGH.—To A. Cavanagh, of Salford, Lancs., who lost his wife on March 21st.

CHUBB.—To Kenneth Chubb, a trainee, whose father died on March 14th.

COLE.—To S. Cole, of Swansea, and his wife whose grandson, whom they had brought up from a baby, died recently in hospital at the age of 28.

GODFREY.—To C. C. Godfrey, of Dudley, a new St. Dunstaner, who has recently suffered the loss of his sister.

HARRIS.—To Peter Harris, of Ovingdean, whose father died on March 12th following a stroke.

HORNE.—To T. Horne, of Northwood, whose step-father, who lived with him and Mrs. Horne, has died.

KNIGHTS.—To J. J. Knights, of Romford, whose youngest brother has died in Ipswich Hospital. This is a second bereavement, for his sister died very recently.

ROBERTS.—To W. J. Roberts, of Southend-on-Sea, whose sister died on February 12th. She was 83.

SATTARY.—To Tom Sattary, whose brother died recently in Port Elizabeth, South Africa.

STEVENTON.—To F. Steventon, of Lisburn, Ireland, whose brother has recently died in England.

TAYLOR.—To A. Taylor, of Wollescote, who has lost his father.