

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Men and Women Blinded on War Service

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SIR IAN FRASER SUGGESTS WAR PENSIONS DEPUTATION

AFTER giving the new Government time to settle down, the British Legion should consider sending a deputation to Ministers, say at the end of November, to discuss improvements in war pensions generally, and also many directions in which anomalies can be corrected and special adjustments made.

This suggestion was made by Sir Ian Fraser, M.P., in his Presidential Address at the Annual Conference of the British Legion at Llandudno on Whit Sunday.

"I know the Legion will not be fully satisfied until its familiar claim that the basic rate of war pensions should be raised to 90s. has been met. Nevertheless, any Government is bound to take into account the needs of the poor and the aged and the beneficiaries of National Insurance generally. I do not think it likely that our claim will be dealt with separately, but rather as part of a general advance in standards of living when this becomes possible, or as part of a general adjustment should the cost of living rise materially. I therefore think it wise for the Legion to study certain anomalies in war pensions and allowances and other methods of advancing the interests of war pensioners or sections of them, so that we may make what progress we can. In war, if you cannot immediately advance on a broad front, it is well to go for more limited objectives; and this is true also in the field of representation."

In the last Parliament they had had the best ever advance in war pensions, and he hoped that during its lifetime the new Parliament would do as well.

Sir Ian said he had observed that wherever and whenever the British Legion was seen to be serving the public interest, nationally or in the town or village, its reputation was enhanced and its power to do good strengthened.

"Ours is the greatest voluntary society in the land," he said, "and we can set a patriotic example. Thus we may serve our country in peace as we did in war, and it will follow that our voice will be all the stronger when we ask for consideration of the needs of the ex-Service community generally and of disabled men and women in particular."

St. Dunstan's Councillors

Councillor Charles Cooper, of Worthing, has been elected Chairman of the Local Safety Committee. At a representative meeting of local bodies, held at the Town Hall to discuss the establishment of a St. John Ambulance centre, Councillor Cooper moved that the centre be formed and this was agreed to.

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Councillor Harry White, of Stalybridge, has been elected Chairman of the Public Health Committee, Chairman of the local Parliamentary Committee, and Chairman of the Further Education Committee of the Council.

News of Other St. Dunstaners

Walter Thornton, who is Youth Welfare Officer at Bourneville, has seen Bourneville Youths' Club win the Affiliated Clubs' Challenge Shield of the Royal Life Saving Society for the second year in succession, and Walter attended in London on May 21st to receive the Shield from Lady Mountbatten.

His Club raised the score to a new record of 1,173 points.

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Howard Simcocks has been chosen by the Viewers' Association in the Isle of Man to state their case at a Government enquiry into alleged electrical interference. Mr. Simcocks is keenly interested in music and cricket, and follows both on T.V.

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Ted Miller, of Leamington, and his family were invited guests at a garden party given by Lord Brook to celebrate his coming-of-age.

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C. Walters, of Leek, won a third prize at the Braille Reading Competition, held at the National Library for the Blind on May 21st.

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Maureen Lees, despite missing nearly all the classes this winter, has passed the E.D.A. advanced basketry examinations with credit, and is now a fully qualified teacher of basketry recognised by the Board of Education. An article by Maureen on Guilds appeared in the summer issue of "Homecrafts." On May 13th she went to Harrogate to speak to Home Teachers for the Blind and other officials. For health reasons, she did not actually demonstrate weaving, although her apparatus was there.

Derby Sweepstake, 1955

As the draw for the Derby Sweepstake was included in last month's REVIEW, readers will know the names of the lucky prizewinners.

The actual draw was made at the London Club on Thursday, May 19th, by Messrs. Sammy Webster and Charles Williamson, under the supervision of Mr. Bob Willis. Mr. Askew and many Club members and their wives were present to witness the draw.

The total number of tickets sold was 2,606, and after printing and postage expenses had been deducted (£15 15s. 0d.), a sum of £310 was left for distribution in accordance with the published rules.

The result was as follows:—

1st Phil Drake	W. T. Scott (210)	
	Streatham	£155 0s. 0d.
2nd Panaslipper	J. Francis (697)	
	Hastings	£62 0s. 0d.
3rd Acropolis	F. C. Fleetwood (57),	
	Brighton	£31 0s. 0d.

£62 was distributed between twenty other starters, the holders of these tickets receiving £3 2s. 0d. each. They were:—

Bicester	H. Farrell, Portslade	2262
Bryn	A. G. Bright, Blackpool	693
Cardington	J. Martin, W.11	375
King		
Daemon	C. Cooper, Worthing	531
Hafiz II	W. Clamp, Wolverton	2489
Kookaburra	C. J. Pennells, Brighton	1619
Marwari	G. B. Reed, Kingston	475
My Smokey	W. Cavanagh, Patcham	1516
National	V. Davies, Braunton	1719
Anthem		
National	E. James, Darlington	1921
Holiday		
Noble	A. Needham, Swindon	299
Chieftain		
Our Babu	G. E. G. Rushton, Wooler	2429
Point Gamma	Ted Bates, Purley	1306
Praetorian	A. Partington, Colwyn Bay	643
Solarium	F. G. Trendell, High Wycombe	1841
Starlit II	H. Crane, Thornton Heath	1409
State	G. E. G. Rushton, Wooler	2541
Trumpeter		
Tippecanoe	G. Lingham, West House	2346
True Cavalier	J. P. Meighen, Clacton-on-Sea	2557
Windsor Sun	A. C. Nugee, Berkshire	2497

The rest of the horses listed last month did not start.

Rotary

S. Gobourne, of Cheltenham, has become President of Cheltenham Rotary Club. He was installed on May 24th.

London Club Notes

Walking

Six of our members brought great credit to our section by their efforts in the Stock Exchange A.A. London to Brighton Walk on May 21st.

The first stroke of Big Ben at 7 a.m. started them on their 52½ miles journey. It was a chilly morning and the weather forecasters had promised rain, so each was perhaps a little apprehensive of what lay in store for them. The forecasters were right, for the heavy rain, hail, strong winds and scorching hot sun all did their best to unsettle the stout hearts of over 30 competitors.

The St. Dunstan's record for this race, set up last year by Billy Miller of 9 hours 35 min. 14 secs., was again shattered by him, for he completed the course in 9 hours, 9 mins., 28 secs., and he even finished third in the race. Billy is the first to hold the "St. Dunstan's Cup," a new and beautiful trophy, presented by Messrs. Bisgood, Bishop & Co., Ltd., a firm of jobbers on the Stock Exchange, and it is to be held for one year by the first St. Dunstaner to finish in the Brighton Walk each year.

Archie Brown again put up a fine performance and knocked almost a quarter of an hour off his last year's time. Archie finished very much fitter than last year, but then he had to, as a lot depended on his showing in this race, so he used it, more or less, as a training spin (see separate note).

Les Dennis, by being the third St. Dunstaner to finish, proved that the improvement shown over shorter distances was no mere flash in the pan, but good walking ability. Les, doing his first London to Brighton, put up an extremely good show, and I feel sure that next year he will be after winning the cup.

Charles Williamson, whilst being a little slower than last year, did very well for he had been having trouble with his knees only a few days before the race.

Charles Stafford was also a little slower, but that is no discredit to him for the weather was enough to stop, not just slow down, many a better man than any of us.

For Stan Tutton this was also his first London to Brighton, and although he has never before attempted anything like the distance, he came through with flying colours. He felt like packing up at Crawley and, in fact, reports to that effect reached Brighton, but

Stan refused to be beaten and finished the course, with quite a number of Stock Exchange walkers well behind him. After a hot bath, Stan went straight home, had a good night's sleep, and was up again very early the following morning on his job at London Airport, feeling none the worse for his walk, but feeling just a little proud of his achievement, and why not? when all the others were taking it easy in bed.

The first three St. Dunstaners each received a pewter tankard bearing the Stock Exchange crest, and the other three a medal each. Those who went to the reception and prize-giving at the Hotel Metropole received a great ovation and hearty congratulations from Their Worships the Lord Mayor of London and the Mayor of Brighton.

Each walker will in due course receive a St. Dunstan's *London-to-Brighton* certificate.

Sir Ian Fraser and Mr. Lloyds extended their heartiest congratulations to all six walkers.

Special Note.—Archie Brown, who is in his 60th year, had his application to enter the London to Brighton and Back Walk accepted after the above race. Archie is to attempt the 100 miles in 24 hours to qualify for membership of the Centurion Club, and become the first St. Dunstaner to do so. The race will start near Coulsdon Hall at 6 p.m. on Friday, July 1st. Continuing through the night the competitors will walk to Westminster Bridge, turn about and walk to the Aquarium, Brighton, and then back to Coulsdon. W.M.

Bridge

Owing to unforeseen circumstances, the North v. South match, due to be played on June 4th, was cancelled. Up to date the North are leading 1—0.

On May 22nd a party of twelve members were invited to spend a day at Dorking. The invitation was from our old friend, Len Rogers, and other members of the Lyons' Bridge Club, Cadby Hall. A most pleasant day it was, and at the end of the Bridge Drive we were taken back to our different dispersing points. On behalf of St. Dunstan's Bridge Club I would like to take this opportunity of saying how very much we all appreciate that comradeship. Thank you, Mr. Rogers, for a delightful and happy day spent with you and the other members of your Bridge Club.

"DRUMMER."

Letters to the Editor

DEAR EDITOR,

It is now five months since you notified us of the brailled letter which Mrs. Violet M. Russell is sending over here regularly once a month, in which she gives factual details and personal experiences gained after having lived for more than seven years in the United States. I believe I am correct in saying that Mrs. Russell learned to read and write braille especially for the purpose of sending to St. Dunstaners those intensely interesting and illuminating letters. She also transcribes them herself and binds them into book-form before mailing them to us, all of which involves the expenditure of much time, energy and money.

A few of my fellow St. Dunstaners have asked for their names to be placed on the list to have these letters, and I feel that it is solely on account of the lack of knowledge as to the nature of these letters which has prevented others applying. Having read all the letters, I have been very much more than interested, and have learned a vast amount from them about Americans and what they are like when at home. I have thoroughly enjoyed all the tit-bits contained in these letters, and I am certain that many more of my fellow St. Dunstaners would obtain no less enjoyment from them. I am certain, too, that if one letter is read, the result will be that the number of names on the list will immediately be greatly increased, and thus make well worth while the great effort which Mrs. Russell is putting out for us. I would make it clear that the latter is an English lady, so that we get a picture of American life completely free from trans-Atlantic bias.

Yours sincerely,

Halstead, Sevenoaks. WALTER HEUSHAW.

[As we go to press Mrs. Russell writes that she regrets that, owing to illness in the family and to business pressure, the June and July letters will be combined, and she hopes that this volume will be sent off by the middle of July.]

DEAR EDITOR,

I was very interested in Maureen Lees' "Radio Discussion" article. I have been a regular contributor to our own West Country Radio Correspondence from its commencement five years ago. The "Dear Sir" and "Any Answers" programme, on which I have also recognised Maureen Lees, of Birkenhead, have also received my considered attention, and on the second series of "Dear Sir," Leslie Baily said, "Thank

you, Mr. Radford, and welcome back to the programme." One can be excused for getting a real kick out of inclusion in the broadcasting of personal viewpoints, selected from several thousands, and I am now so well known in the West Country that I have even had personal letters of appreciation and abuse.

For many years nobody, except my friends, local residents and fellow St. Dunstaners knew that A. J. Radford, of the B.B.C letters and Press articles, was either blind or a blinded ex-service man, as I never wished that point to be considered when wishing to air my own point of view. Then one day I received two anonymous poison letters. The writer of one declared that it was time that I came out of my armchair funk-hole, but this letter was accompanied by an article in the Editor's private column telling the world just who and what I was. Since then there have been no anonymous abrasions of my super-sensitive ego.

I should like to second Maureen Lees' secret desire for a St. Dunstan's Panel for a broadcast discussion group, and the new Commercial Television authorities should find the idea both unique and enterprising.

To the men of the Second World War I would say, follow Maureen's advice and try and keep topsides with current affairs and new ideas by every means possible. Then, also by every means possible, try to express your own opinions and gain an outlet for your ideas. It will bring you into constant contact, even if it sometimes brings conflict, and it is the conflict of ideas that leads to ultimate conviction and lasting friendships. Once established as an individual who genuinely is anxious only to know and, knowing, share his knowledge or ideas, it will be found that the people around you cease to treat you with that irritating nonentity attitude that so many people use towards us. You all know what I mean. "Does he take sugar?" instead of "Will you take sugar?" "Would your husband like a drink?" instead of "Will you have a drink?" and so on *ad infinitum*.

Yours sincerely,

Castle Cary.

A. J. RADFORD.

Masonic

John Embleton, of Trimdon Village, has been installed as Worshipful Master for the year 1954-55 of the Caradoc Lodge, No. 4749.

Calling All Chums

You will be agreeably surprised to learn that I am introducing the third and final classic, in which my old comrades amongst St. Dunstan's Old Contemptibles can all participate with a reasonable chance of success. This event will be decided on March 26th, 1956, and if you will pause for a moment and work it out, you will find that this date will be St. Dunstan's Golden Jubilee. The name of the new event will be "The Sir Arthur Pearson Memorial Stakes," and there will be three prizes, which will take the form of a purse of 100 National Savings Certificates to the winner, 50 for the second, and 50 for the third, with accrued interest as from April 1st, 1955.

I suggest that all competitors meet in the Lounge at Ovingdean on March 26th, 1965, when the winners will be presented with their prizes. The first prize will be awarded to the oldest Old Contemptible of St. Dunstan's; the second and third prizes will go to those nearest in age to the winner.

It will be observed that Chum Marsden now becomes the favourite for the double, *i.e.* the *Naughty Nineties Stakes* and the *Sir Arthur Pearson Memorial Stakes*. Having a walk round the paddock recently and studying the form of the entries, there is every prospect of keen competition.

For the benefit of the boys in training for these prizes, I would like to tell you that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, in 1903, described Sir Arthur Pearson as "the greatest hustler I have ever known." Ten years later, in 1913, when Sir Arthur was informed by Professor Fuchs of Vienna that he would soon be blind, he told his wife that he would never be a blind man, he was going to be *the* blind man.

Just as a training hint, don't forget to add a little more confidence and determination to your "feed." And, in conclusion, lots of luck to all the boys taking part in our first Mons Rally on August 21st.

ALAN NICHOLS,

Chum Chair.

St. Dunstan's Old Contemptibles
Trip to Mons, etc., August, 1955

PROVISIONAL PROGRAMME

Sunday, August 21st—

7.15 a.m. Leave Ovingdean for Dover. Embark 11.30. Sail 12.25. Arrive Dunkirk 4.15 (16.15). Drive to hotel, Ypres, where we shall spend the night and inspect the town.

Monday, August 22nd—

9 a.m. Board the coach for Mons. First call, the War Memorial. Place wreath of poppies. After lunch drive to Brussels. Place wreath at War Memorial and tour the capital of Belgium. Return to Mons for dinner and the night.

Tuesday, August 23rd—

9 a.m. Board coach and cruise through battlefields en route to Paris. A break for lunch. Arrive Paris 6.30 p.m.

Wednesday, August 24th—

Place a wreath at the Arc de Triomphe, which will be our first objective for the day. Tour of Paris, including the Eiffel Tower, Champs Elysées, etc., and a peep at Fontainebleau and Versailles. Chums wishing to visit the Folies Bergères or Montmartre after dinner will be able to proceed under their own steam and at their own expense.

Thursday, August 25th—

6.15 a.m. Leave Paris for Dunkirk, where we embark for Dover, and we should be back at Ovingdean at approximately 9.30 p.m.

ALAN NICHOLS.

We Hear That—

The mother of H. I. Morris-Jones, of Prenton, Birkenhead, was one hundred years old on June 13th. She is still a wonderful old lady. Her brain is very alert and her conversation most interesting. One of her grandsons, Odell, was the geologist of the Everest Expedition. Our congratulations to you, Mrs. Morris-Jones.

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H. McCrea, of Belfast, has taught a young girl telephony at the Labour Exchange and, as a result, she has secured a job in London.

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J. Halsall, of Southport, had another success at the local Music Festival, gaining top marks in all classes for vocalist. The test piece was "Sea Fever," and the judge's report said "A splendid interpretation." Everyone must have been inspired by this.

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W. E. Bignell, late of Edgware and now of Basingstoke, sends greetings to all his friends at the London Club, and hopes to be with them at the next November parade.

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W. Harding, of N.4, celebrated his 65th birthday on Derby Day and had a day off to go to Epsom. It was the first day he had asked for from work for 37 years.

Bowls in Australia

The Victorian Blinded Soldier Bowlers have experienced a very happy and particularly busy season for 1954-55, from early September to May 21st. All taking part enjoyed every minute of it. During the period, we were engaged in some fifty-odd matches, the majority against Bowling Clubs of Melbourne Metropolitan Area and a number opposed to Clubs of provincial centres—some as far afield as Mildura, distant from the capital 351 miles. The entertainment and hospitality extended by the members of such Clubs is unbounded—likewise the fellowship, the spirit and social benefit which means much to us and, may I say, to our party, for in the majority of cases our wives and other good friends (the skippers) travel with us.

You may be interested possibly in the names of our men participating in this particular sport: G. Aarons, W. Clifton, T. Corboy, L. Cropley, C. Daw, E. Drew, B. Gibson, E. Glew, W. Gray, L. Houlst, F. Kilby, J. Lynch, T. Melbourne, H. Power, J. Urquhart, G. Watson, H. Williams and A. F. McConnell. Owing to illness, A. Aldersley has unfortunately been out of the game since very early in the season. E. Drew, also ill, has been absent for three months, and the physiotherapists, E. Glew and G. Watson, play at week-ends and on such occasions as they are able to "wangle" a few hours off-duty.

We conducted our Championship games during March and April, with the following results: *Singles Championship*: Winner, G. Aarons; Runner-up, F. McConnell. *Pairs*: Winners, G. Aarons and E. Glew; Runners-up, B. Gibson and J. Urquhart. *Handicap*: Winner, B. Gibson; Runner-up, T. Melbourne. *Most Improved Novice*: L. Cropley. G. Aarons has annexed the Singles title for four years in succession.

Now we go into "recess" for four months.

Maybe—one day—we will challenge a St. Dunstan's Rink. A. F. McCONNELL.

Great Grandfather

J. Bentley, of London, N.12—to twin girls.

Grandfathers

F. J. Mears, of Beeston, Nottingham; J. Davies, of Meols; H. Frankish of Harraby (for the second time); E. Williams of Shipley (Marion has given birth to a third son).

Reunions

The May meetings began with a most successful and happy reunion on May 18th at Ipswich, where Sir Neville Pearson, our President, welcomed some fifty St. Dunstaners. At the Nottingham meeting the following day, Mr. D. G. Hopewell presided. More than thirty guests were present at this reunion, which Miss Gordon had organised for the first time. During the afternoon, Mrs. Pettitt, wife of the Rev. Dennis Pettitt, presented Mrs. King, former Visitor for the Area, with a gift subscribed for by St. Dunstaners present as a token of their esteem on her transfer to the Northern Counties.

Mr. Hopewell presided, too, at the meeting at Doncaster on May 21st, which was held, very successfully, in the new Earl of Doncaster Hotel.

On May 25th, Sir Neville Pearson presided at what was a very special meeting. The anniversary of the founding of St. Dunstan's by Sir Neville's father, the late Sir Arthur Pearson, fell the following day, and in honour of this the management of the hotel presented a beautiful cake, complete with forty candles. Sir Neville and Lady Pearson blew out the candles and cut the cake. The Derby was broadcast during the afternoon over the loudspeaker system.

The Birmingham Club

Sunday, June 5th, was the Club's annual outing to Stratford-on-Avon. This year we were favoured with a lovely day and two coaches made a good start, picking up *en route*. Arriving at Stratford, we made our way to the river, where most of the party enjoyed a trip up the river in bright sunshine, the rest waving them off from the bank. Then we strolled through the gardens, making our way to the British Legion Headquarters, where once again we enjoyed a lovely tea, served by the women members. Here we were met by our old friend, Miss Chadwick. After tea a vote of thanks to the British Legion for their kind hospitality was given by Mr. Cooling. Mrs. Spurway, whom we were glad to see, "said a few words." Miss Gordon, Miss Fairhead, and a number of Red Cross personnel made our party fifty strong. After tea we returned to the field by the river where we enjoyed games, and the children a swing with their friend, Mr. Timberry. Returning to the British Legion for a drink

"on the house," picking up our coaches and starting away at 7.45 p.m., we think this one of the best trips we have enjoyed. Thanks are due to the weather (first) and arrangements made by Messrs. Shakspeare and Cooling, and the Stratford British Legion, with the help of the Red Cross. On behalf of the boys, wives and children—thank you all. E. VARLEY.

Placement

R. Fry, as a capstan operator with Messrs. Ac-Delco, Ltd., of Southampton.

Golden Weddings

Mr. and Mrs. R. Ashwell, of Cheadle Hulme, near Stockport; Mr. and Mrs. G. Savory, of Norwich, June 12th. Special congratulations.

Ruby Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. D. Murphy, of Glasgow, June 15th.

Silver Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Emerton, of Chalton, near Luton, June 14th.

Young St. Dunstaners

Anthony Smith (Wembley) who has been selected as wicket-keeper for Middlesex Schoolboys' Team, has been invited by the London Schools Association to play against Eton College on June 25th. By the same post he had a letter from Lord's asking him to attend every Wednesday for the rest of the season for coaching. Anthony is only 14 and is already keeper for Wembley Schools.

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Peter Webber (Tewkesbury) has won a place at Dean Close School, as well as qualifying for a place at Pate's Junior School.

★ ★ ★

Colin Wardle (Brixworth, Northampton), who works for an engineering firm in Calcutta, has just completed a trip from Calcutta to London by car in twelve days—a distance of 8,250 miles. This journey took him through thirteen countries. With a colleague he travelled non-stop, night and day, in a Studebaker car fitted with a bed and 50-gallon water tank. But for a leaky radiator, they would have done the journey in even less time. The previous record of 14½ days was held by a Swiss, but their journey was not intended as a race.

They started out on Friday, May 13th, and Colin was spending part of his holiday on the trip. Although he was able only to stay with his parents for a day or so—he flew back to India almost immediately—it has meant that they have seen him two years earlier than they had anticipated, as his leave was not due until 1957.

Note.—The normal time for this journey is from six to eight weeks.

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John Gardner, Heswall, has not passed out of the Nautical Training School, as we reported, but from the Liverpool Training College for Ships' Cooks and Stewards. He is a cook and has just left on his first voyage.

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An attractive photograph of Margaret Steel, Upper Walthamstow, appeared in the *Evening Standard* of April 29th, in the series, "Career Girls."

Marriages

On March 26th, Harold Downs, Rishton, to Miss Kirkham.

The daughter of J. Kelleher, of Cork, was recently married to Mr. Barrett.

Memory

'Tis Whitsuntide, and memory takes me back for forty years bar one.

At sunny Seaford I lived then, but not by my own choosing.

On Whitsun Day free time I had to wander o'er the Sussex Downs,

The Downs were clothed with new green grass and clumps of gorse had golden crowns,

The sun shone bright from clear blue sky, the air was warm and balmy too.

I crept beneath one golden crown and laid me down to rest and dream,

To dream of home and loved ones dear for that is where I fain would be,

But I was soon to cross the sea, had much to do and much to see,

'Ere that fair dream could truly be.

I wandered on to Alfriston and there I sat me down to tea

With home-made jam and home-made cakes washed down by cups of sweetened tea,

And these did much refreshen me.

Then took the road back to Seaford way until I came to Cuckmere Vale.

Then for a while I lingered there and watched the quiet river flow

Upon its way down to the sea.

I sauntered 'long that river bank, 'twas peaceful in this solitude,

This peace went down into my soul and gave the strength that will prevail whate'er the future may provide.

And though my eyes near sightless be, my mind does sweet memories give

Of Sussex Downs and Cuckmere Vale and all the influence I felt there

Near forty years ago.

W. C. HILLS.

The Things They Say—

A further selection of children's sayings received from St. Dunstaners. (This competition has now closed).

A few years ago my wife and I were spending a short holiday with our daughter in Kidderminster. The day was warm and sunny and after lunch I settled myself in a comfortable chair on the lawn, with a braille book on my knee. Our four-year-old grand-daughter spotted me and came running up. "Grand-dad. If you have anything wrong with your arms or legs, a lady from the hospital will come and give you something to make you better." This cryptic statement referred to our neighbour, an elderly lady, badly crippled with rheumatoid arthritis. I said "That is very kind of the lady, but do you know, Ann, I used to work at the hospital and help to make people better." "Did you?" Ann replied, "then why didn't you make your own eyes better?"

R. MIDDLEMISS.
Kidderminster.

Barry (aged 8) was getting annoyed because his hair would not go the way he wanted it to, and this was the ensuing conversation:—

"Dad, why do we have hair?"

"For decoration and warmth."

"Well, then, Mr. Kipps must be absolutely frozen."

Mr. Kipps is a friend who is quite bald.

A. H. ROBINSON.
Rayleigh.

My youngest daughter, only four years old, went to Sunday School with her two elder sisters. The teacher had been teaching them the Lord's Prayer, and why they should say "Our Father, which art in heaven." Evie blurted out "Why should we say 'Our Father, which art in heaven?' Our father's out in the shed mat-making."

A. J. RADFORD.
Castle Cary.

My five-year-old was very fond of a game of magic, which consisted of placing a coin on the table, closing his eyes and clapping his hands. When he opened his eyes the coin had mysteriously disappeared. Then began the search about the room, followed by the second act, closing his eyes again, clapping his hand and giving a whistle, and when he opened his eyes again, lo and

behold, there was the coin in its old place on the table.

One day, when meeting me in the street on my return from work, he handed me a sixpence that someone had given him. I, not expecting it, let it drop and it rolled away on the pavement. The kid was making no effort to find it, so I urged him to do so. Instead, he turned to me and said "Let's close our eyes, daddy, clap hands and whistle."

The street was anything but deserted, and I had one home and did not want to be put in another.

J. L. DOUGLASS.
Barking.

Christopher, aged five, returning home from church: "I think I'll be a priest when I grow up."

My wife (greatly encouraged): "Good boy."

Christopher: "Will you buy me a plate?"

Wife: "Plate? What on earth for?"

Christopher: "To take the collection with, of course!"

J. A. LEE.
Wakefield.

Manchester Club Notes

Owing to an omission in last month's report, the name of Mr. W. McCarthy as Vice-Chairman did not appear in the list of persons re-appointed to official positions. This omission is much regretted.

"MANCUNIAN."

Sir Ian Returned Again to Parliament

Most St. Dunstaners will now know that at the General Election, Sir Ian Fraser was returned again for Morecambe and Lonsdale. Sir Ian polled 29,706 votes, increasing his 1951 majority by 222.

The Rail Strike

Mrs. Robinson, of Rayleigh, would like through the REVIEW, to thank everyone concerned for the help she and her husband, and the other St. Dunstaners of the party, received when they returned from Brighton, during the recent railway strike.

She says: "I could not help appreciating the way those at Headquarters had everything organised. Very quietly and quickly they had train times fixed, taxis at the door, and in no time everyone was on their journey home. Our lunch boxes put on board at Ovingdean were very much appreciated."

Anyone for Dominoes?

They say that we English (with apologies to Blodwen) are reticent; the stigma of the stiff upper lip and the don't-talk-to-me-till-we-have-been-introduced attitude is always associated with us. It's all nonsense, of course. Just see how little it takes to get two Englishmen talking like long-lost brothers. The recognition of a regimental or school tie, a hint of Masonic interests, a badge worn in the lapel or on the pocket of a blazer. All these things can and do break the ice in a magical way, and I daresay some of us would find much to reminisce if we sat in a train next to someone who made some casual reference to a recent sojourn in Dartmoor.

In St. Dunstan's, of course, the same thing applies. Basketmakers smile at each other, telephonists offer each other cigarettes, and poultry-keepers compare egg production. These examples of the latent English brotherliness are very fine, but I have yet to draw your attention to the one brotherhood which outstrips all others in terms of abiding affection for each other. Once the light of recognition gets into their eyes, there springs up a friendship which is jealously guarded. Only one little word is needed to disclose the secret of these blood brothers—Bridge. Just listen to them in the lounge once one has admitted the bridge addiction. I listen with awe to the endless discussions of what seem to me to be the most complicated of mathematical problems. All day and night it goes on. Eggs, bacon and Bridge for breakfast. Roast beef and Bridge for lunch, and sausage, beans and Bridge for supper. Two years ago I happened to be at Ovingdean during a Bridge Week-end, and I was the loneliest of men. I would sit next to someone and with hopes of a cheery chat, I would make some observation on the weather. "Do you play bridge?" would be the response. As soon as my apologetic "No" was heard, my neighbour would mutter something about having some important business in the main office. My reputation as a non-player seemed to spread like wildfire, and I decided I would have to avenge this treatment before my ignorance was common knowledge. I was pretty crafty about it too. It was simply a matter of cornering them one at a time (those who did not know of my failing) and ask them if they would care for a "game" with me and two friends.

To the inevitable question "Auction or Contract," I would time my answer like a heavyweight times a K.O. punch. "Oh no, we play dominoes." These shock tactics put four of the bridge players in sick bay for the whole week-end.

The following year I found myself again travelling Brighton-wards at the same time as the dozens of ankle-kickers who were converging on Ovingdean. Twelve months has passed and I still had not taken the obvious step to raise myself from the squalor of a bridgeless existence. The truth is I did try, but the miracle of holding thirteen cards in hand and mind was for greater mortals than I.

Having boarded the train, a steward led me to a seat where he said another St. Dunstaner sat. I knew right away that this St. Dunstaner was a bridge player because he wore an Anthony Eden hat. I found out about the hat by the simple expedient of sitting on it. There was only one way of quieting the grumbling which accompanied my companion's efforts to restore the squashed hat to its former shape. "Do you play bridge?" I asked. There was no immediate effect, apart from a grumpy "Yes," but bridge, like murder, will out, and in a few minutes my friend was chattering away happily under the impression that I too was a "Three-no-trumper."

I began to regret my reckless allusion to the game, but after a while my anxiety eased off, for even though my companion had obviously taken it for granted that I was a fellow-bridger, he did not show any immediate tendency to give me an analysis of his last forty-three hands. This remarkable self-control was not to endure for long, however. I was coping very well with the subject of V.A.D.s when suddenly I knew I was going to be in a tight spot. "Do you play Auction or Contract?" asked the Squashed Hat. "Both," I replied, playing for safety.

"And what system do you use?" Blithely I answered "I play Contract and Auction." "Yes, yes—you've told me that—but what system?" I was sunk. I wondered if it might be a good idea to reach for the communication cord and stop the train, or else make a getaway via the window. "Perhaps you have a system of your own?" There was something sardonic about this question, but it was a way out and I took it. "Yes, that's right, I use

my own." This seemed to make an impression. "Your own system, eh? Very interesting. I use the Stern system myself." It was time to get on to safer ground. "Do you play pontoon?" I asked. I was tempted to use the domino gag, but I thought the flattened hat was enough damage for one day. "Tell me about this system of yours," urged my inquisitor, ignoring my query. Just then I realised the train was drawing into Brighton station. "No time now," I said, reaching up for my suitcase. "See you in the lounge some time. My name's Higginbottom." The train jerked to a stop and my case slipped from the rack down on to the table. Right on top of the Hat again. Up to that moment I had taken my companion to be a gentleman, but really, the words he used! I thanked heaven for the inspiration of giving him my name as Higginbottom, and struggled out to join the other Ovingdean-bound fellows, who were being checked up by the St. Dunstan's 'bus driver. As I stood listening to my late companion giving an account of the idiot he had travelled down with, the driver was saying "G. Ellis. Anyone here called G. Ellis?" "Never heard of him," I said.

GEORGE ELLIS.

Mr. Askew's Presentation

Mr. Lloyds informs us that contributions for a presentation to Mr. Askew are coming in well from all over the British Isles. Mr. Lloyds asks us to say that it would be administratively convenient if the closing date were regarded as July 30th so far as home contributions are concerned. Overseas contributions can, of course, be dealt with later if they are sent by sea mail, but it would be very convenient if they could be sent by air mail.

Brighton Club Notes

It is proposed to have an outing during the first fortnight in September, rendezvous to be decided later. Price 12s. 6d., including coach and supper.

All those interested in bowls are cordially invited to join us at St. Ann's Well Gardens, Hove, every Tuesday morning at 10.30.

We had a most enjoyable Derby outing and were lavishly entertained in the evening by Mr. Harry Samuel and his wonderful band of helpers at the Haven St. Mary Country Club.

FRANK A. RHODES.

Talking Book Library

May Miscellany

Seven books of great variety, all of which, except one, are eminently readable. The one exception is rather too spiritual for everyday reading. They are:

"The English Past," by A. L. Rowse, reader Richard Wessell, is a little anecdotal study of various historical figures, literary for the most part, with small details of biography attached to each. The author took care to study at first hand the environment of each character, hence he gives substance to the time and place of each individual written about. Very pleasant, undisturbing reading. *Cat. No. 919.*

"The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," by George Meredith, reader Robert Gladwell, exposes the folly of a baronet who, with no feminine influence in his household, rears his son at home under a tutor on a rigid theory of education devised by himself. Despite everything, Richard turns out a good, spirited young man and naturally there is trouble. The interlarding of lacy fragments of verse adds nothing to an otherwise amusing yarn. *Cat. No. 922.*

"Pan's People," by the Hon. Gilbert Coleridge, reader Arthur Bush, is an interesting little book on some birds and little animals. The author must possess that rare intangible bond of sympathy for the bird and animal kingdom which he portrays here in most endearing fashion. *Cat. No. 923.* (Included in this container is "Sold for a Farthing," by Clare Kipps.)

"Bandoola," by J. H. Williams (Elephant Bill), reader Franklin Engelmann, has that gripping quality which a story tracing the career of "the most perfect of a species" should have. Bandoola is a Burmese elephant. A damnable and moving biography. *Cat. No. 926.*

"Triumph and Tragedy," the sixth and final part of "The Second World War," by Sir Winston Churchill, reader Andrew Timothy. The tangled skein of international politics begins to ruin the fine work of the victorious Allied armies and signs appear of what we have now accepted as normal in the political field. A sad story of bad faith mitigated at the time by resounding victory. *Cat. No. 859.*

"Of the Imitation of Christ," by Thomas A'Kempis, reader Stephen Jack, is a saintly work written by an abbot for his monks, and readers, whom I presume, in the main,

to be as sinful as myself, can hardly expect to swallow this in a gulp. It is essentially a book for dipping and pondering. *Cat. No. 465.*

"The Thirty-Nine Steps," by John Buchan, reader Andrew Timothy, is a grand spy story of 1914 and the escapades of Richard Hannay remain fresh after any amount of reading and re-reading.

Cat. No. 534.

May I recommend: Bandoola.

"NELSON."

Ovingdean Notes

First and foremost we would like to draw the attention of readers to the fact that our Sports Day and Garden Party, which will be on similar lines to last year, is to be held at Ovingdean on *Saturday, July 2nd*, from 2.30 p.m. All entries for sports events will be taken by Mr. Jarrold on the field, and in addition we shall provide competitions and entertainment for those who are not able to take part in the field events.

Local St. Dunstaners will be receiving invitations within a few days, but any from outside this district who would like to come along for the day we shall be very glad to see. Will they, however, be sure to apply for tea tickets not later than June 26th, to Miss Guilbert, at Ovingdean.

During last month we welcomed the Deaf Reunion here, and although their numbers were a little depleted, those who came along seemed to enjoy themselves and a varied programme was arranged for them and included a visit to the R.N.I.B. The "traditional" farewell dinner at Stroods was on this occasion attended by Mr. Wills.

The Centre has been filled almost to capacity during the last few weeks, and we had a large party going to the Derby from both Ovingdean and West House. Whit-sun weekend following immediately afterwards there was plenty in the way of entertainment and we were very glad to welcome back some old friends when Mrs. Bulmer brought her Concert Party on Whit Sunday evening. The previous week-end we had enjoyed a concert of "The Gondoliers," by members of the Tudor Choir, Worthing.

Another Page in Braille

When Joe and I meet we usually discuss the books we have been reading, that is, of course, after we have filled and applied a

match to our pipes. Recently we wondered if we hadn't read more braille over the past thirty years than any other St. Dunstaner, but we have often wondered how it all started, so one of the items of interest fixed for our Deaf Reunion was a visit to the R.N.I.B. to see how our braille was turned out—and a fine tour it was too, conducted by Mr. Jarvis. We first saw the translating department, where sighted people were reading to blind girls as they worked a large braille writer, partly electrically driven; these girls wrote out the braille, which was embossed on sheets of zinc. These sheets of zinc went to the machines, where a double-sided two-page sheet of braille was embossed at a time, and the man working this machine—music, knitting patterns, etc.—turned out six hundred of these sheets an hour. We went on to the large rotary machines, where we saw miles of braille paper rolling through, turning out our periodicals and other volumes. On we went to see the binding, and much care has to be taken in this department, where the periodicals are dealt with. We saw the large volumes being sewn up and passed on to two men, who glued on the backs, and these two men alone got through 40,000 volumes a year! We saw the chief Dispatch Department, and finally three miles of best quality braille books on every kind of subject and by practically every well-known author.

Our thanks are extended to Mr. Jarvis and others, who went to so much care in having everything clearly explained to us.

G. FALLOWFIELD.

Test Results

The following have passed tests since April 5th, 1955:—

Typing.—J. Whitcombe, P. Harry, G. Dennis, A. Cropley (H.T.) Officer.

Preliminary Braille.—P. R. Duffee, W. Durrant (B.L.).

Writing.—M. Aldridge, M. Tetley (Officer).

This list is up to June 6th, 1955.

Braille Correspondent Wanted

A young blind Dutch girl would very much like to correspond in braille (English) with a young blind Englishman. She is 27 years old, is a Roman Catholic, and works as a telephone operator. If any St. Dunstaner would care to correspond with her, the Editor would be glad to send her address.

“In Memory”

Lines Written on the Death of a St. Dunstaner

Darkness was his companion long, but gloom was ne'er his friend,
For him 'tis now new light, new life—beginning and not end.

CHARLES KELK.

Private Walter Thomas Baughn, 3rd Gloucestershire Regiment

It is with deep regret that we record the death of W. T. Baughn, of Ovingdean. He was fifty-eight. He served in the First World War and came to St. Dunstan's in March, 1918. He trained as a netter and basket-maker, and he continued with this work until a few years ago, when his health deteriorated. His death took place on May 13th.

He was a widower and our deep sympathy is extended to his son.

Private George Polley, 3rd London Regiment

We record with deep regret the death of G. Polley, of Southall, which took place in hospital on May 24th. He was seventy.

Coming to St. Dunstan's in November, 1917, he trained as a basket-maker and he continued with this work until 1938, when ill-health forced him to give up. For some months he had been seriously ill in hospital.

He lived with two daughters, and to them, and to the other members of his family, our very sincere sympathy is offered.

Gunner Archibald H. Wilson, Royal Field Artillery

With deep regret we record the death of A. H. Wilson, of Kelvedon. He was within a week of his seventy-third birthday.

He came to St. Dunstan's in March, 1929, and first trained as a poultry-keeper, but in 1939 he transferred to netting. He worked at this for some years, but in 1945 his failing health forced him to give up. He had been very ill for some while and he was to have entered hospital, but he died at his home on May 30th.

Private George Hill, West Yorkshire Regiment

It is with deep regret that we record the death of G. Hill, of Gloucester. He was seventy-one. Coming to St. Dunstan's in September, 1923, he first trained in joinery, and later as a netter. His health, however, had been failing for some time and in March he was admitted to hospital, where he died on May 21st. The funeral took place on June 3rd at Coney Hill, Crematorium.

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

Private Patrick Mulkerrin, 7th Bn. Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers

We record with deep regret the death of P. Mulkerrin, of Carna, County Galway, Eire.

Enlisting in April, 1915, he served until February, 1918, but it was not until 1948 that he came to St. Dunstan's. In addition to his loss of sight, he had also lost an arm, and his health prevented him taking up any occupation; he had, however, a small farm holding.

Our deep sympathy goes out to his wife and family.

William Anderson

It is with deep regret that we report the death of W. Anderson, of Hove.

As a lad of fifteen in the First World War, Billy was blinded and lost both hands by the explosion of a detonator on a bombing ground. He was awarded a pension from the War Office, and in October, 1927, he came to St. Dunstan's. He was well-known to St. Dunstaners in the Brighton area.

Our deep sympathy goes out to his mother.

Deaths

Our deep sympathy goes out to the following:—

ALDRIDGE.—To A. R. Aldridge, of Ealing, whose wife died very suddenly on May 28th.

BOWER.—To W. Bower, of Sheffield, whose wife died on June 1st.

COOKE.—To C. Cooke, of Kingston, whose mother died in Manchester on May 26th.

WOMACK.—To C. Womack, of Leicester, who has recently lost his father.