

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Men and Women Blinded on War Service

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[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN]

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

I GET many letters from St. Dunstaners and I appreciate them very much. Some inevitably bring trouble and tell of difficulties and we do what we can to help, but many are just letters from old friends—and younger ones too—telling us how they are getting on, calling to mind some experience or incident, or saying how their children are doing; many praise the Reunions.

The first Reunion was at Bristol, in April, 1920, and Miss Dorothy Ayre was our Welfare Visitor for the West of England at the time. The meetings had to be largely abandoned during the war years, but we started them up again in 1946 and at that time I wrote:

“I have always attached very great importance to these meetings, for they bring St. Dunstan's staff into contact with St. Dunstaners and *vice versa*, and offer an opportunity for St. Dunstaners to meet each other. They have always been and are and will be in the future, an important part of St. Dunstan's machinery for keeping in touch with its men's views and maintaining what I may call the family connection.”

This year we had twenty reunions, and I was glad to see that they were well attended by St. Dunstaners generally. Lady Fraser commented to me more than once how smart St. Dunstaners were, and how well they looked. This, as I know from personal experience, is a tribute to our wives.

I have mentioned letters from and about St. Dunstaners' children. I am very pleased to receive these, and especially when they tell of some activity or interest that we can mention in the REVIEW. Personally I always read the “Young St. Dunstaners” column with pleasure.

IAN FRASER.

The London Reunion

Presentation to Mr. Askew

A large gathering enjoyed the London Reunion, which was held again at the Windsor Rooms, Coventry Street Corner House, on September 23rd.

Representatives of all the Areas, chosen by ballot, were there to take part in the presentation to Mr. W. G. Askew of the parting present on his retirement as Secretary of St. Dunstan's.

Our President, Sir Neville Pearson, Bart., who presided, paid his tribute to Mr. Askew, and he would, he said, second over and over again everything Sir Ian said about him.

Sir Ian Fraser, making the presentation as a St. Dunstaner himself, on behalf of St. Dunstan's men throughout the world, said Mr. Askew was a man of the highest integrity and the highest selflessness. He was a man with whom it was good to talk things over—such a man was greatly to be admired.

The presentation took the form of a gold cigarette case, the balance of the sum of £214 being given to Mr. Askew to buy something for his home or garden.

Replying, Mr. Askew said: "This most lovely cigarette case will be my constant companion and I shall always value it. Indeed, my son will also value it because he will inherit it, but I hope I shall be able to use it myself for a number of years yet. I shall, as you suggest, spend the rest of the money on buying something for my home so that I shall be surrounded by reminders of the happy time that I have spent over the years working with you and for you."

Mr. Askew Writes:

"May I, through the columns of the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW, send to all my St. Dunstaner friends who were not at the London Reunion my sincere thanks for the most generous presentation made to me on that occasion.

"I shall always retain happy memories of my work at St. Dunstan's, and of the great kindness extended to me by all my St. Dunstaner friends, both here and overseas, and send you all my warm regards.

W. G. ASKEW.

Placements

J. R. Churchill, as a capstan operator with Messrs. Rodd Engineering Company, Walton-on-Thames, M. Linacre as a circular saw operator with Messrs. Abbott's (King's Langley) Ltd.

Braille Publications

Those St. Dunstaners who receive braille literature have recently received from Mr. Wills a list of braille publications, and they have been asked to mark the list, bringing their requirements up to date.

There may be some braille readers who are not on our mailing lists and therefore will not have received the list. This is now printed below and it gives the names of all braille publications which are available to St. Dunstaners. If you have not already returned such a form, Mr. Wills will be very glad if you will let him know which publications you would like to receive.

The ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW is not included on the list below as all St. Dunstaners receive it either in print or in braille.

Braille Literature

Adventurers All
American All Story Magazine
Bible Reading Fellowship
Braille Mirror
Channels of Blessing
Chess Magazine
Family Doctor
Gleanings
Hampstead Magazine
Hora Jocunda
The Horizon
Journal of Physiotherapy
Light of Moon
Listener
Madame
Moon Magazine
Moon Newspaper
Musical Magazine
National Braille Mail
National News Letter
New Beacon, Braille
New Beacon, Printed
New Statesman and Nation
News Summary
Nuggets
Panda
Physiotherapy Quarterly
Progress
Radio Times
Rainbow
Reader's Digest
Science Journal
Sporting Record
Sports Report
Theological Times
View Point
World Christian Digest
World Digest

London Club Notes

Bridge.—Fourteen members of the St. Dunstan's Bridge Club went to Harrogate for our usual Bridge Week. We were very pleased to welcome four members who had not made the trip before. On the Sunday afternoon we played our usual match, consisting of a competition for the St. Dunstan's Trophy for Harrogate Teams of Four. Our best team, in this event, was a very close second made up of Blodwyn Simon, Violet Formstone, Jack Simmonds and Bert Kirkbright. On the Monday evening, in a Duplicate Pairs event, Harry Gover and Paul Nuyens were an easy top of their section. We also visited our usual friends at the various bridge and golf clubs. On the Friday evening we again wound up with our usual "At Home" at the Dirlton Hotel, where our friends whom we had visited during the week came to our party. We had sixteen tables, and the prizes given were made by St. Dunstan's men.

In the London Business Houses League, our team has played two matches so far. They have won both matches—the first against Iraq by 54—18, and the second against Carreras, 39—12.

"DRUMMER."

"While Apples Grew"

Under this title, St. Dunstaner J. G. ("Tim") Healy, of Blackpool, has published his first book, at the age of eighty.

The story tells of Geoffrey Manley, who has gone to work on a fruit farm for health reasons, of the daughter of the farmer with whom he falls in love, and of the course of true love which runs anything but smoothly. A shadow of the past haunts the heroine. She disappears, and to find her Geoffrey calls in the police. A gang of swindlers are holding her, but after exciting situations she is rescued.

"Tim" tells his story well and if the conversation is just a little naive at times, it is very pleasant to read. Good luck to your book, "Tim." We hope it sells well.

Ruby Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. E. Oram, of Westbrook, Margate, September 26th. Congratulations.

Silver Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. H. Adams, of Oxford, October 11th.

The Brighton Reunion

The last Reunion of the year took place at Brighton on Wednesday, September 28th. Sir Ian and Lady Fraser welcomed the guests and among those present were many old friends, including Mr. M. Richards and Mr. L. Benstead, of the Southdown Bus Company, Mr. L. Lutwyche and Mr. H. Finlay, of the Grocers' Association, Captain W. Hutchinson, C.B.E., Chief of Police, Mr. and Mrs. I. Kittle, of the Pittman Trust, and Mr. A. J. Fitzjohn representing Toc H.

The management of the Grand Hotel presented us with a cake to mark our 41st year.

Liverpool Club Notes

On September 24th, the Club journeyed to Plessington, near Blackburn, to meet our old friends, the darts club of the "Railway Hotel." Arriving about five o'clock we were met by our hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Hindle, and members of the Club; we then sat down to a sumptuous tea, in the preparation of which the ladies had excelled themselves. Having done justice to this excellent meal, we proceeded to the serious business of the evening, trying to beat our hosts at darts. As we ended up by drawing with them, everybody was satisfied.

Adjourning to the "Snug," a very pleasant musical evening was spent. After listening to two of our friends singing, I began to tremble for Mario Lanza's reputation.

All too soon we had to say farewell to our friends, and with suitable speeches of thanks by our Chairman and Secretary, to Bob Britton ("Honest Bob," may his tankard never be empty), our hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Hindle, the Darts Club and their good ladies, the evening came to a close.

To the strains of "We'll meet again," the coachload of "happy wanderers" left for Merseyside, a good time having been had by all.

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The Sir Arthur Pearson Memorial competitions are practically finished and prize moneys will be presented at the annual Christmas Party on December 10th. Please note date.

"SWANNEE."

To See Ourselves

Many St. Dunstaners, I expect, will have read Cecil Roberts' novel, *David and Diana*. I wonder if any of them would agree with me that his war-blinded officer—who almost steals the whole show—is just a little too wonderful in his competence and insight, to say nothing of his moral attributes. "It is too high, I cannot attain unto it."

One recalls other authors who have depicted blind people in their stories. Dickens has one at least in *Barnaby Rudge*, I think, but I fear that in spite of his cleverness, he was a bad lot. R. L. Stevenson also puts a blind sailor or pirate into *Treasure Island*, but he too was no model of virtue. But in Ian Hay's *The Poor Gentleman* we have another of these blind supermen, who while he was being abducted by car, could keep a track on the streets through which he passed and finally coped with the crooks!

The blinded war correspondent in Rudyard Kipling's *The Light That Failed* was of less stern stuff and went all to pieces under his trials. Many years ago I remember a book that had a short-lived success, *The Rosary*, by Florence Barclay, in which, I think, the hero was accidentally blinded, and his wife attached tapes all over the house from door to banister, etc., so that the poor chap could find his way around. It's not quite so bad as that, I hope, but what queer creatures some sighted people think we are. Wouldn't it be better to place us somewhere midway between the sublime and the ridiculous?

S. A. CHAMBERS.
Northfield, Birmingham.

Flash Back

By a strange coincidence, just after reading Mr. Chambers' article the Editor came across some notes written on the same subject by our Founder, the late Sir Arthur Pearson. This is what Sir Arthur wrote in April, 1920:

"I wish someone would write a book in which there was a blind character who was not either an impossible wonder or hopelessly incompetent. There have always been normal blind men, and to-day there are many many more of them than there have ever been before . . . Except in Mr. H. G. Wells' *Country of the Blind*, which is not a book but a long short-story, I do

not ever remember reading a portrayal of a blind person which struck me as being natural and true to life, excepting in some magazine stories which have appeared during the last few years, and have been written by people familiar with St. Dunstan's.

"Two of the most popular books of modern times have been *The Rosary* and *Sonia*." (Sir Arthur goes on to describe the incident in *The Rosary* which Mr. Chambers points out, and goes on) "The blind man in *Sonia* was so wonderful that a very short time after he lost his sight he was able to so conduct himself that nobody realised he was blind.

"It does seem a pity that authors who wish to write about blind people do not take a little more trouble to acquaint themselves with their subject."

(*The Editor would welcome other St. Dunstaners' views on this subject. Titles and authors of books should be given where possible.*)

Camping on Snowdon

This year I camped at the foot of the Watkyn Path leading to Snowdon, with twenty-six scouts and two senior scouts who acted as A.S.M.s. We were blessed with glorious weather and a mountain stream which ran through our camp site was interspersed with deep pools in which it was possible to dive and swim. It was almost tepid despite the fact that it was within a couple of miles of its source. The outstanding feat of the Camp was a climb up Snowdon by the Watkyn Path. We were told this was an easy way up except for the last 500 feet, where there was a scree. What they forgot to tell us was that this scree was a narrow path about a foot wide in parts with an 80 degree scree slope, sloping away to a precipice. We had to leave two scouts in camp, and another stayed behind with a smaller scout, who would not attempt the slope. Otherwise the rest of us reached the top. Whether I am the first St. Dunstaner to do this climb I do not know, but the fact that I got up at all was entirely due to one of my A.S.M.s, who piloted me the whole way. He would not let me attempt the descent, but sent me down with two young scouts by rail.

H. T. NORTON CHRISTAL.

Rotary

Dr. W. J. J. Oxenham, of Toronto, Canada, has been elected President this year of the Rotary Club of Eglinton.

Letters to the Editor

DEAR EDITOR,

May I say "Thank you" to Mrs. Spurway and everyone who worked so hard to make the Dance on September 30th so enjoyable.

Mrs. Spurway is arranging the next Dance for Friday, December 9th, 1955. Tickets are 3s. single and 5s. double, obtainable from Miss D. Hoare, 4-9 The Paragon, Blackheath, S.E.3, or telephone Reliance 1084. Book the date and come and enjoy yourselves. Yours sincerely,

G. EUSTACE.

DEAR EDITOR,

In my report of the Camp at Lee-on-Solent this summer, I dropped a mighty "clanger." I completely forgot to mention that the Royal Naval Air Station acted as our hosts. This was an unforgivable breach of etiquette and I am, consequently, covered in great confusion and deep shame. My great respect and admiration for the R.N.A.S., particularly the Lee-on-Solent Station, knows no bounds and is, I feel sure, shared by my fellow St. Dunstaners who have enjoyed this annual holiday. One good thing is that my sin of omission may have engendered a more solid sense of gratitude. On behalf of my fellow campers, therefore, I extend sincere thanks for the Station's great kindness this year as in others. I hope that I may be forgiven for my bad manners, and that I may receive reinstatement as a St. Daedaluser.

Yours sincerely,

E. STEWART SPENCE.

Braille from Tristan da Cunha

Dr. Kenneth Fawcett, son of our physio-therapist, C. J. R. Fawcett, of Bourne-mouth, who, as was reported last month, has a Colonial Office appointment on the tiny island of Tristan da Cunha, writes long braille letters to his father, who not long ago received one of ten pages, in the course of which his son wrote:—

"There are no more loyal lovers of our Queen or more proud members of the British race than the people here."

Braille REVIEW readers will have read this note last month, but unfortunately it had to be dropped from the printed REVIEW.

Our St. Dunstaner says that even while they were at school his two sons wrote braille letters to him, and it would be interesting to know if other young St. Dunstaners keep in touch with their fathers in this way.

Chess

There were some new features during our Chess Week-end at Ovingdean this year, and some anxious moments for me, as I was primarily responsible for the introduction of clocks. However, owing to the assistance which we had from the boys of Varndean School, and to the co-operation of all the players I think that it can be said that the experiment was a success. The Swiss system, which was introduced in place of the usual Knock-out, ensured that everyone had a game and cut out the byes. I am very grateful to the players for their indulgence in this somewhat drastic experiment. We shall all benefit by this experience which will be useful in the future.

Mr. F. W. Bonham's talk on the Friday evening was helpful to all players, whatever their strength, and he was able to give full and detailed answers to all questions which were put to him. He also gave a great part of the week-end to individuals, beginners as well as the more experienced players. It is this kind of coaching which is most needed at St. Dunstan's. We are very grateful to Mr. Bonham for devoting so much time to this matter.

It was a pity that more time could not be given to the Simultaneous Display, as we had to break off just when most games were becoming exciting. As near as we could make it, Mr. Bonham won six games, six were drawn, while in the one remaining, that of Brian Beavis, of Varndean School, the position was very open with, I think, the advantage in favour of Brian. Our hearty congratulations to this young player on his good performance.

Next year, when Mr. Bonham comes, as he has promised to do, it will be advisable I think to limit the players in this display to eight or nine.

The winner of the Cup this year was J. Whitlam, the second place being taken by Bill Hodder for the third year in succession. Both players had 3½ points, but the Cup went to Whitlam under the Sonnen-berger system. This is a very complicated system, as Miss Carlton knows well by now, but it means that in the event of a tie, the man who has had the harder task of the two gets the prize.

The first two places in the lower half of the table were won by George Fallowfield and Freddie Taylor, both of whom made a come-back after a bad start. Our con-

gratulations to the prizewinners, to "Kirky" (F. Kirkbright) and F. B. Campbell, who came so near to winning the Cup, and to all the others who put up such a good show.

Matron presented the prizes in her usual gracious manner and, as usual, Miss Carlton was on hand all the time, making things go smoothly, and this year, with several sheets of paper, working out Swiss and Sonnenberger until she became almost "S.S." herself.

The Varndean boys were extremely helpful, as usual, and they enjoyed being helpful and have promised to come again.

CHARLIE KELK.

Budgerigars for Sale

A. W. Martin, of Peacehaven, has been breeding budgerigars for the last three years. He has sold several to St. Dunstaners in Brighton and each has been satisfied. He now has a number for sale which are from three to five months old and will be ready for breeding next spring. A few are just right for teaching to talk. The usual price is £1 to 25s. each, but our St. Dunstaner is willing to sell at 30s. a pair. He is a member of the Budgerigar Society and all his birds are close rung with the Society's close ring. His address is 128 Cavell Avenue, Peacehaven, Sussex.

Fishing

There were a number of applications for the fishing rod mentioned in last month's REVIEW, and a ballot was made. The lucky St. Dunstaner was H. Bridgman, of Allenton, Derbyshire, and the rod is being sent to him.

There appear to be quite a number of keen fishermen among St. Dunstan's men, and they certainly get a great deal of enjoyment out of the sport. As A. W. Martin, of Peacehaven, puts it: "I do not manage to catch a lot, but whether I only catch an eel off Portobello sewage pipe, or a few pouting off Newhaven, or a cold off Brighton Pier, I get a pastime and some fresh air."

Handicrafts Exhibition Successes

With a single-cylinder, single-acting vertical steam engine made from rough castings, T. Chamberlain, of Reading, won a Silver Plaque, the first prize in the blind section of the International Handicrafts Homecrafts and Hobbies Exhibition at Earl's Court in September. Bill has an excellent workshop, including a wood turning lathe.

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At the same Exhibition, A. Jordan, of Mitcham, won a Bronze Medal for a cocoa fibre mat with inset letters of coloured fibre, "Use Me."

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W. Alan Smith, of Huggate, Yorkshire, was awarded a Certificate of Merit for a standard lamp "turned" by himself on his lathe.

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Maureen Lees, of Birkenhead, was awarded a Certificate of Merit at the same Exhibition. She contributed a specially designed stair carpet and hall rug. Maureen has also been awarded a Certificate of Merit in the National Weaving Contest (Weaver of the Year Contest).

Grandfathers

H. A. Davies, Elworth, Sandbach; J. G. Moeller, Dagenham; W. Judd, Hillingdon; C. E. Temperton, Hull; J. P. Gibbins, Leeds; G. T. Pinner, Batheaston, Bath; E. Laker, Haverhill; C. Smith, Bury St. Edmunds; D. Murphy, Glasgow; S. Sephton, St. Helens (a grand-daughter has been born in Burma); R. Scrimgeour, Middlesbrough.

For the Sick and Sad

St. Dunstan's has recently received a generous gift of £100 from a Prayer Group in South Wales, who ask if some St. Dunstaners would join with the Group in prayer for those who are sick or sad. For those St. Dunstaners who would like to join in this partnership in prayer, the time suggested is nine o'clock each evening.

Other News

After three years as a shopkeeper at Northwood, Middlesex, T. J. Horne and Mrs. Horne have left their shop to live at Woodingdean. At the invitation of the local school, they attended there on October 12th, when the children presented them with a china breakfast set for two, on a tray. The assembled children, led by the school teachers and the Vicar, sang a specially composed song thanking them for their help in the past and wishing them luck, and particularly good health, in the future. The little ceremony was most moving and our St. Dunstaner and his wife were quite overwhelmed. We, too, send them good wishes in their new home and way of life.

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A. V. Law, of Pensax-Stockton, has received his Radio Call Sign and Certificate. He is "G. 3 KNE."

★ ★ ★

Susan, the guide dog referred to in last month's REVIEW as having done a wonderful job in leading four St. Dunstaners from the platform at Waterloo, belonged to F. S. Nunn, of Ilkeston, and not to T. Brougham. Our apologies and congratulations to Susan, and to her master and mistress.

★ ★ ★

Tom Taylor, our poultry farmer of Farington, Lancashire, recently returned to Bolton Road Methodist Church, of which he was a former member, to preach at the family service. He is a qualified local preacher and frequently visits churches in the Leyland area, where he now lives.

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W. T. Curtis-Willson, M.B.E., J.P., has been appointed chairman of the Brighton and District Disablement Advisory Committee.

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Charles Cooper, of Worthing (he is a Town Councillor), was responsible for putting on a most successful Road Safety Motor Rally on September 3rd. It was the first-ever in Worthing, and sixty-seven cars took part.

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T. Daborn, of Bexley Heath, attended the Dover Sea Anglers' International Contest on the weekend of October 8th and won the Silver Challenge Cup for the greatest number of sizeable fish.

Tom McKay, of Patcham, has made a grandmother clock in less than a week. Tom, who has lost three fingers of his left hand, specialises usually in coffee tables, fire screens, etc., but he made the grandmother clock for shipment to his sister-in-law in New Zealand. It took him in all 48 hours.

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S. Purvis, of Seghill, has been winning more prizes and cups for his leeks. He won a first and two cups at one show.

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C. Roach, of Darlington, won a second prize with his roses this year.

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Jack Howes, of Thornaby-on-Tees, attended the 26th annual reunion of his regiment, the 39th Division, Royal Engineers. He was "noted" in a press photograph of the occasion.

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W. E. Brooks, of Bournemouth, asks all football pools fans who are in favour of having the previous week's results printed in the "Braille Sporting Record" to send a postcard or braille letter to the Manager of the Scottish Braille Press, who has promised to refer to this matter in the "Record."

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Gerry Brereton appeared in "In Town To-night," on September 24th, on his return from Canada. In the Canadian Blind Golfers' Tournament he finished four strokes behind the winner and received a nice prize.

Accommodation

When visiting London, St. Dunstaners, their wives, families and guide-dogs (if any) are cordially invited to stay at Mernay House Private Hotel, 53 Pembridge Villas, Notting Hill Gate, London, W.11. Phone Bayswater 8118. Central all parts.

Marriages

SMITH—HAIDER.—On September 10th, at St. Margaret's, Rottingdean, Gordon Smith, of Ovingdean, to Miss Joan Haider, who was for two years a V.A.D. at St. Dunstan's, Ovingdean.

WHITCOMBE—SHOESMITH.—On September 24th, at St. Alban's Church, Brighton, John Whitcombe, now training as a telephonist at Ovingdean, to Miss Beryl Shoesmith, of Brighton.

Talking Book Library

September Storings

Whereas this month I expected anything up to fifteen books, there are so far but five releases to hand. Edwardian ease, soldiering 1939-45, a post-war struggle and romance, the career of a research chemist, and a theatrical romance should provide ample variety to suit most tastes. On to the titles:

"Country House," by John Galsworthy, reader Jack de Manio, tells of "a man of property" beset by the indiscretions of a son entangled in a web of a not-so-slow horse and an extremely fast matron. The setting is typical Galsworthy and the squire's wife manages to soothe both son and husband after much polite tension. Fine character drawing and sufficient plot make good entertainment. *Cat. No. 935.*

"Men at Arms," by Evelyn Waugh, reader Derek McCulloch, is the story of the 1939-45 period, tracing the career of Guy Crouchback, an officer in the Halberdiers. Here there is humour, pathos, drama, but very little that could be called violent. Amusing enough. *Cat. No. 937.*

"The Loving Brothers," by Louis Golding, reader Robin Holmes, is a finely conceived tale of two pairs of brothers. A University Warden has a crooked brother and an undergraduate at his College has one too. There are many interesting situations and the Warden's pretty daughter is most helpful and distressed. *Cat. No. 938.*

"The Struggles of Albert Woods," by William Cooper, reader Robert Gladwell, traces the career of a research chemist at Oxford. Albert, besides being a brilliant chemist, has a somewhat amorous nature, hence there is comic relief in addition to a live main story. *Cat. No. 939.*

"Catherine Carter," by Pamela Hansford Johnson, reader Norman Shelley, is a theatrical romance which, despite a thinly veiled Henry Irving as leading character, is nevertheless a charming story of pure fiction. This reads better than the dramatised version recently put out by the B.B.C. *Cat. No. 940.*

Three-star selection—"The Loving Brothers."

"NELSON."

Appointment with Fear

This is your story teller, "The Man in Black," and it is a true story.

The scene is laid at St. Dunstan's House in the Outer Circle of Regent's Park. The year is 1919, the month November, the place under the mulberry tree at the far left-hand corner of the Terrace Lawn.

The title, "Horace has a Night Out."

To all St. Dunstaners of the 1914-18 war who trained as masseurs, Horace was an old friend, but to those who met him not I would explain he was a Skeleton, the most necessary furnishing of the lecture room. He was housed in a snug corner of the room which adjoined the outer lounge of the house.

The students would gather round Horace, running their fingers over the various bony projections and poor Horace highly resented such familiarity. Then one day his heart, or the place where it ought to have been, gave a great leap of joy. Three students were talking together, and he heard one say that when they had qualified, it would be a good thing to give poor old Horace a night out. For had he not been shut up every night and never a breath of fresh air? Horace counted every day to the examination date, and then onwards till the results were declared. Everybody had passed. The usual dance was held in the outer lounge one night in late November, and when the guests were departed and all quiet, three stealthy figures crept into the Massage Department and took Horace from his crib. A beautiful red dressing gown was draped on him, a straw hat placed on his head, a pipe between his teeth, and a bottle in his dressing-gown pocket with its neck well protruding. Around his breast hung a notice to the effect, "He died for his country." The conspirators then carried Horace and placed him under the mulberry tree. Solemnly they bowed to him and hoped he would have a good night. Then they stole away, making their exit into the Outer Circle turning towards Sussex Place.

Horace surveyed the scene. "This is my dance floor, and over nature's green covering I shall sweep with tripping steps, and the spirit of Saint-Saëns with his baton will beat time as I perform a Danse Macabre!"

The night was his, and he would work up a spirit of elation that would show all these blind fellows sleeping so close to him

how a "Real Night Out" should be conducted.

The very elements themselves caught the spirit of hilarity, for the rain gently fell, the winds started to blow, first as a gentle caress on Horace, but as his spirits grew ever more wilder, the elements kept pace. Swaying from side to side, forwards and backwards in ever increasing range, he leapt into space, he twirled in circles, he waved the now empty bottle round and round his head, till finally he failed to co-ordinate and fell with a headlong crash to the ground. On his back under the mulberry tree he gazed upwards, his fevered brow cooling by the falling raindrops. Happy, oh so happy! he chuckled to himself; the finest night out ever. With these thoughts Horace lapsed into tranquillity and slept the sleep of the just.

As daybreak came, two lady cleaners engaged in the lounge were busily at work. One of them, gazing out of the window towards the lawn noticed an object lying on the grass under the mulberry tree. Her curiosity aroused, she determined to investigate this, and accordingly proceeded across the lawn towards the tree. Her pal's interest stimulated, she followed at a distance. The first cleaner came very close to our Horace, gazed at him, and then uttered a tremendous shriek and fell fainting to the ground. Cleaner Number Two made a hasty retreat towards the house, enlisted the aid of two lusty orderlies, and returned to the prostrate form of both Horace and the cleaner. After carrying the fainting lady back to the house, these two gallant fellows proceeded to investigate further the object on the ground. Seeing that it was Horace draped in his dance suit they refused to compromise themselves any further and left him still under the tree.

The hour of 9 a.m. saw increasing activity in the house, and a group of curious and laughing spectators surrounded Horace, who still slept peacefully. Eventually the Principal of the Massage Department arrived and, noticing the assembled multitude by the mulberry tree, strolled across the lawn to investigate.

She looked down and Horace smiled sweetly upwards, a case of mutual recognition. The outraged and furious lady of the massage school glared round the assembly and ordered two students to carry

Horace back to where he belonged. Followed by a cheering retinue, Horace was triumphantly carried homewards.

Now completely recovered and quite sober, Horace found himself surrounded by a group of students, each in turn digging their fingers into his ribs. The lady instructor, in firm and convincing tones, grasped the right arm of Horace and said "The deltoid muscle in its contraction does, as well as other things, lift the arm from the side."

Horace listened to this oft-told story and added with a chuckle, "Yes, and with a bottle, too." W. COLLINS.

[This article is not included in this month's braille issue of the "Review," but will appear next month.]

Sanctuary

Take me to a woodland dell, where the
Mystic Spirit dwells,
There is solitude and peace there, the mind
can find content.
Take me to a woodland glade when the
primrose carpet's laid,
When the anemone's in bloom edged around
by herbage green.
Take me there when bluebells flower,
bowing, swaying in the breeze,
Then I see the little folk, Fairy Pixie
Leprechaun
Dancing, prancing to and fro, singing gaily
as they go.
Then their voices come to me like the
humming of a bee.
I'd be there when soft winds blow rustling
through the leafy trees.
There is rhythmic music then if the ear be
so attuned.
I'd be there when sun shines hot, then indeed
'tis fairy bower,
Air is filled with fragrant scent drawn
from every tree and flower.
I'd be there at break of dawn, when the
light spreads o'er the sky,
When the first sun rays appear, wakening
every sleeping bird.
Every nerve is vibrant then, waiting for the
first clear note.
Soon from many a throbbing throat swells
the chorus of the dawn.
Nature's music so sublime calls to man his
praise to add.
Take me to a woodland glade, for to me 'tis
Heaven's Gate. W. C. HILLS.

Ovingdean Notes

First of all this month we would like to draw the attention of local St. Dunstaners to the fact that on Sunday, November 27th, the Florence Moore Theatre Players will be making a welcome return visit to Ovingdean. At 7.30 p.m. that evening, in the lounge, they will act scenes from Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" and "Macbeth." Any local resident who would like to attend will be very welcome to come along.

So much for future attractions. During the last few weeks we have had a fairly full house and, as the really wonderful weather lasted until well into October, the two drives each week have been continued, the Elm Court Country Club, Ringmer; Drusilla's, Alfriston; and the Roebuck Hotel, Forest Row, all being visited, as well as such old favourites as Wannock Tea Gardens, near Eastbourne, and the Norfolk Hotel, Arundel. The race meetings too were well attended.

Visitors to Ovingdean this summer have been as numerous as in past years, and throughout the season we have averaged 60 to 70 persons each week being shown over the building and workshops.

During September we were pleased to welcome once again a number of our deaf St. Dunstaners for their Autumn Reunion. Unfortunately, not as many as usual were able to attend, but those who did come along seemed to thoroughly enjoy their holiday. The reunion ended as on other occasions, with a farewell dinner at Stroods. This year Mr. Wills joined the party for dinner. He and the Northern and Southern Welfare Superintendents had spent the afternoon at Ovingdean with the men.

Finally, we should like to mention another event taking place in Brighton shortly, which it is hoped local St. Dunstaners will attend. The Brighton Remembrance Day Service and Parade, organised by the local British Legion Branch, will take place on Sunday, November 6th. The parade will be at 2.30 p.m., and the Service in the Dome, Brighton, at 3 p.m., will be conducted by the Vicar of Brighton, The Rev. Canon D. H. Booth. A certain number of seats will be allocated to St. Dunstan's (Church Street entrance).

Young St. Dunstaners

Alison Boyd, Brighton, has got her degree. She is now M.B., Ch.B. Mr. and Mrs. Boyd were not at the Brighton Reunion because they travelled to Liverpool for her presentation.

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Tony Smith, Wembley Park, who, it will be remembered, was granted special coaching at Lord's, as a wicket-keeper, is also being encouraged by his masters at school to play football. He has played for the school three times lately. Cricket, however, is his first love. Last month he was wicket-keeper for the Home Counties match (Schoolboys) and reserve wicket keeper for Southern England. He is not fifteen until February.

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Fred Eastwood has been awarded the Star, Bronze Medal and Bar as a Life Saver. He is an expert swimmer and can undress and dress in the water.

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Malcolm Edmunds, Portsmouth, passed his 11-plus examination and now attends the local grammar school.

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Geoffrey Power, Filton, near Bristol, passed in all seven subjects of the Final R.S.A. examination before leaving the Technical School. It was the best performance in the school.

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Mildred Horner, Holmfirth, has passed a typewriting and English examination, and Christine Carney, of Dunstable, has passed her first music examination.

Marriages

On September 24th, Shirley Selby, Seven Kings.

On August 4th, George Arthur Cole, Lower Tuffley, Gloucestershire, to Denise Newnham.

On September 3rd, Eugene Joseph Kift, West Norwood, to Margaret Ann Jewel.

On September 24th, Ernest Arnold Owen, Liverpool, to Judith Rosse, of Bristol.

On May 23th, 1955, Margaret Emerson, Clacton-on-Sea.

On September 29th, Joan Frances Speight, Braunston, to A. J. Dallimore, eldest son of the Rev. A. G. Dallimore. The fathers of the bride and bridegroom officiated. The couple will live in Uganda.

Mr. C. E. Beaufoy

Tommy Rogers, of Huddersfield, writes: "It was my privilege to have the late Mr. Beaufoy as a pupil. What a pleasure it was to share a part of the day's work with that keen, alert and receptive mind, and that at a time when most men would have said, 'What do I want to learn typing for?' But that was not 'Grandpa's' philosophy. One had to be in his company for a short while to appreciate that time, as registered by the movement of the earth round the sun, is only relative when applied to human beings, for 'Grandpa' at 72 possessed the mental and physical vigour of a man twenty-five years his junior.

"This is how he described his trial visit to Church Stretton:

"When Matron Pain said 'We will have a word with some of the men in the Lounge' I expected to find an atmosphere of gloom and depression, with the men sitting around nursing their grievances; instead, two of them were wrestling on a couch, a group were discussing horses, another was being told to sock his vocal effort. Here was activity, life, a world I would not have believed to exist."

"Like so many who have not had previous personal experience with our organisation, 'Grandpa' had viewed his proposed entry into our community with doubts and misgivings, but he came, he saw, was conquered, and remained to become one of St. Dunstan's most striking personalities."

"Daddy" Anderson

George Fallowfield writes:—

"With the passing of 'Daddy' Anderson we lose one of our most popular figures at West House, not merely recently; 'Daddy' was a character over thirty years ago. He liked his dominoes, his pipe and good spirits, and he had a keen sense of humour. When Scott and Black gave a talk on their flight to Australia, 'Daddy' said: 'In my opinion you young men were lucky. When I went to Australia it took 90 days.' There is no doubt it was a hard life when 'Daddy' first went to sea and there are not many St. Dunstaners who went round the world in a windjammer.

"When I met 'Daddy' for the first time after the last war, at a dinner with Sister Carter, she said he might understand me if I spoke loudly. 'How yer going on,

Daddy?' I bellowed, gripping his hand, to which he replied 'A double Scotch!'

"'Daddy' was cheerful enough at our last reunion and we shall miss him at the head of the table in future, for he was the only seaman to join the ranks of the Muffled Drums."

Births

BAUGH.—On October 13th, to the wife of F. T. Baugh, of Long Eaton, a daughter.

CROYMAN.—On September 15th, to the wife of R. Croyman, of Sydenham, a daughter, Jacqueline Sharon.

CRUSE.—On September 17th, to the wife of J. Cruse, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, a daughter, Rosalind Joyce.

WIGGLESWORTH.—On September 27th, to the wife of A. T. Wigglesworth, of Shipley, a daughter, Anne Marie.

Adoption

TODD.—By Philip and Mary Todd, of Meole Brace, Shrewsbury, Stephen Philip—a brother for Robert.

Deaths

Our deep sympathy goes out to the following:—

HIGGO.—To Mr. and Mrs. Len Higgo, of South Africa, whose little son, Kenneth, has died, aged 6 years.

KNIGHT.—To J. J. Knight, of Romford, who has suffered a further bereavement by the death of his brother, George, on September 23rd. Our St. Dunstaner has lost two brothers and a sister, all younger than he, within the last nine months.

LUCAS.—To W. Lucas, of Tenterton, whose sister died on September 26th.

MOSELEY.—To S. Moseley, of Halesowen, Worcestershire, who lost his only sister suddenly a few weeks ago.

SHREAD.—To J. Shread, of King's Lynn, whose father has died suddenly.

SMITH.—To W. Smith, of Parbold, whose wife passed away on September 30th after great suffering.

TURRELL.—To A. Turrell, of Clacton-on-Sea, whose brother died early in October. Our St. Dunstaner was able to see him before he died, although he was unconscious.

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HORRELL.—We deeply regret to announce that Mrs. A. Horrell, of Treorchy, widow of our late St. Dunstaner, A. Horrell, has recently died after a long and painful illness.

"In Memory"

Steward Thomas Charles Anderson, *Mercantile Marine*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of one of our oldest St. Dunstaners, T. C. Anderson; he would have been ninety on December 23rd. His death occurred at West House, Brighton, on October 9th.

"Daddy" Anderson, as he was known to everyone, came to St. Dunstan's in April, 1920, and he trained as a wool rug maker. He became a permanent resident at West House in 1945.

He leaves a step-son, to whom our sincere sympathy is extended.

Private Thomas William Stratfull, *Durham Light Infantry*

We record with deep regret the death of T. W. Stratfull, of Blackpool.

Blinded on the Somme, he came to St. Dunstan's in April, 1917, and trained as a joiner. In spite of his total blindness, and the fact that his hands had also been badly damaged, he was a wonderful craftsman. Much of the beautiful furniture in his home he made himself. He lived at Barnet for many years and settled in Blackpool after his home had been hit in the bombing.

He had been a sick man for a number of years but his death, which took place at his home on September 15th, was unexpected.

Our deep sympathy goes out to his wife and daughter.

Private William Alfred Simmons, *33rd Middlesex Regiment*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of W. A. Simmons, a permanent resident at West House.

He was wounded at Ypres in 1917, and came to St. Dunstan's the following year. In addition to his blindness he had been severely injured in the leg. He trained as a boot repairer and mat-maker, but passed to cane work, later.

His wife was killed in an accident at Blackpool some years ago and since her death he had gone rapidly downhill. He became a resident at West House and he died there on October 11th.

He leaves three sons, to whom we extend our deep sympathy.

Private Jack Ratcliffe, M.M., *Hampshire Regiment*

We record with deep regret the death of Jack Ratcliffe, of Sherborne, Dorset, at the age of sixty-five.

Discharged from the Service in September, 1919, it was not until January, 1954, that he was admitted to St. Dunstan's. He was trained as an industrial worker, and he continued with this work up to a fortnight before his death on August 5th.

The funeral took place on August 8th in the Roman Catholic Church. The coffin was covered with the Union Jack and upon this the wreath from Sir Ian and his St. Dunstan's comrades was laid. He was a holder of the Military Medal.

Our deep sympathy goes out to his widow and grown-up daughter.

Dr. Ludovic B. Rosleigh (previously Rosenberg), *Polish Army Medical Corps*

It is with deep regret that we have heard of the death in Australia of Dr. Ludovic B. Rosleigh, whom many will remember as Dr. Rosenberg when he came to St. Dunstan's in September, 1941.

A heart and chest specialist in Poland before the war, he served in the Polish Army Medical Corps. His wife, son and daughter were imprisoned in a concentration camp and only his son and daughter survived. At St. Dunstan's he qualified as a physiotherapist and some years ago he left England to join his son and daughter, both now married, in Sydney, Australia. There he met the lady who subsequently became his wife and whom he had known in Poland many years before; the last few years had been very happy ones for him. His death on October 15th followed an attack of heart trouble some seven or eight weeks earlier, from which it was hoped he had made a good recovery.

To his wife, son and daughter our deep sympathy is offered.

Colonel Kenneth St. George Kirke, D.S.O., *Royal Field Artillery*

We record with deep regret the death of Colonel K. St. George Kirke, D.S.O., which occurred at West House on October 2nd.

Colonel Kirke came to St. Dunstan's in May, 1934, and he was then a retired business executive.

His wife died only recently and he had been living at West House.

He leaves two daughters to whom we extend our very sincere sympathy.

Mr. E. E. Fidler

It is with great regret that we have heard of the death of Mr. Fidler, Telephone Communications Manager of Messrs. Shell-Mex, who has helped us so much and for so long in placing St. Dunstan's telephone operators with Shell-Mex. Mr. Fidler, as well as giving us his very high personal

interest and exceptional kindness, was responsible for an annual reunion for them of recent years. We join with St. Dunstan's telephone operators in the service of Shell-Mex in their sadness upon the passing of one who has been such a friend, not only to them but to St. Dunstan's generally.