

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Men and Women Blinded on War Service

No. 436—VOLUME XXXIX

APRIL, 1956

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(FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN)

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

AT Ovingdean the other day I met A. C. ("Tiny") Pointon, a St. Dunstaner physiotherapist, and he asked me if we could do something to encourage gardening. I told him that we already had a scheme under which any St. Dunstaner who had a garden and could make use of them might receive, free of cost, a packet of suitable vegetable seeds; also he might buy locally seed potatoes up to twenty-eight pounds weight, the cost of which we would refund. All he has to do is to write to the Country Life Superintendent at 191 Marylebone Road.

But "Tiny" wanted me to go further than this, and for a start I asked the Commandant to see if he could arrange for elementary gardening talks or lectures to be given at Ovingdean, which both trainees and holiday men might attend, as an experiment. The Commandant is seeing what he can do about this. I hope it will prove popular and useful.

There is, of course, also the Gardening Supplement which accompanies the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW for those who want it in which timely hints and tips are given, and my wife and I have also found the B.B.C. Home Service programme called "Home Grown," every Sunday at 2 p.m., most useful. Incidentally, I have written to Sir Ian Jacob, the Director General of the B.B.C., asking him if the producer of that programme would include one Sunday a few minutes of advice to blind gardeners, with special reference to sweet smelling or scented plants or herbs.

I have never really had a garden suitable for growing vegetables and flowers, except for an odd year or two during the war, so I have not had the opportunity of interesting myself in this hobby. Curiously enough, "Tiny's" request came just at the moment when I have taken a small fishing cottage on a river in my constituency which has a garden, and that is why I find myself listening to "Home Grown" and taking a personal interest in the subject.

Many St. Dunstaners from time to time have written to tell me how they can feel their gardens grow, and of various dodges and devices for planting in straight lines and so on. I am sure that gardening can be a great pleasure, the more so if one is able to do a little of the work oneself. I call to mind Kipling's lines:—

*"But to take a large hoe and a shovel also
And dig till you gently perspire;
And then you will find that the sun and the wind
And the Djinn of the Garden too,
Have lifted the hump—
The horrible hump—
The hump that is black and blue!"*

Adaptability

Commenting upon my note last month about one-handed and handless St. Dunstaners, George Fallowfield tells me that a number of one-handed St. Dunstaners have learned the manual alphabet so that they can talk to their deaf-blind friends; even one or two handless St. Dunstaners, he says, can talk to him by signs on his hand. This is indeed a good example of adaptability on both sides.

IAN FRASER.

The Derby Sweepstake

As announced last month, applications can now be received, from *St. Dunstaners only*, for tickets in our Derby Sweepstake. The closing date is Friday, May 25th. Tickets are 2s. 6d. each.

The draw will take place at the London Club on Thursday evening, May 31st. All St. Dunstaners drawing a horse will be notified.

Dance—Trevelyan Hall

A reminder that there is to be another Dance at the Trevelyan Hall, Great Peter Street, Westminster, on *Friday, May 18th*, 7.30—11 p.m. This is Whit Friday and if any campers are passing through London for Brighton and can come to the Dance we can see them off on a late train from Victoria. All St. Dunstaners and an escort are welcomed at this Dance without charge, but please write in for entrance ticket to Miss Hoare, Flat 4, 9 The Paragon, Blackheath, S.E.3 (Phone Reliance 1084, Flat B). (We *must* know numbers).

There will be a Raffle at the Dance. Any gifts for this would be welcomed.—A.O.S.

Camp

Royal Naval Barracks, Lee-on-Solent, Friday, August 17th to 24th. Camp fee, 25s. Entries close on May 7th.

When in camp have your letters addressed *St. Dunstan's Camp*, Royal Naval Barracks, Lee-on-Solent, Hants.

A. SPURWAY,
The Vicarage,
Holmwood, Dorking.
(Tel. Dorking 73191).

Reunions, 1956

The *Cardiff* Reunion, listed provisionally last month as May 26th, will now take place on Saturday, June 16th.

The *Belfast* Reunion has been confirmed for Tuesday, June 19th, and the *Glasgow* Reunion for Tuesday, July 10th.

From All Quarters

C. W. W. Cooper has been elected Vice-Chairman of the Worthing Conservative Association.

★ ★ ★

Walter Thornton's factory Youth Club at Bourneville has won the Affiliated Clubs' Challenge Shield of the Royal Life Saving Society for the third successive time.

★ ★ ★

P. ("Mick") Sheehan, who is leaving Chislehurst for health reasons, has been presented with a leather wallet by the Blind Friends Social Club, of which he is Vice-Chairman.

★ ★ ★

An article by Maureen Lees, "The Kipling Stone," has been accepted by "The Lady," while an American magazine has taken an article on weaving. What pleases Maureen particularly is the fact that it has brought her in touch with a New York authority on weaving, who has sent her one of her books.

★ ★ ★

When a grand-daughter married recently, Mr. and Mrs. P. Lynch, of Brandon, Co. Durham, met all their family—four sons, four daughters and twenty-one grandchildren.

★ ★ ★

H. T. Cheal, of Saltford, Bristol, took first prize for the best bowl of daffodils out of a very large entry. The judge remarked on the quality of the blooms and the fact that the plants were in every way perfect, the bulbs being beautifully spaced.

★ ★ ★

For the fifth year in succession, H. F. Goodley, of Pulham Market, took first prize for his hyacinths at the Diss Blind Social.

★ ★ ★

J. Langham, of Arnold, Nottingham, and Mrs. Langham are keen members of the British Legion Club. Mr. Langham is one of our oldest St. Dunstaners. Last year their collecting box for St. Dunstan's raised £33.

London Club Notes

Bridge

Drummer is still at Ovingdean and in his absence "Jock" Brown has continued to carry on the arrangements for the season's fixtures. There have been two matches this month so far; we lost to State Express on April 14th and to Willesden Town Hall on the 21st.

Heartiest congratulations to our team in the London Business Houses League, who have finished Divisional Champions. The five members who have played throughout the season—Messrs. C. Bulman, H. Gover, P. Nuyens (Captain), C. F. Thompson and F. Winter—receive medals. Eleven Leagues took part (sixty-eight teams), and our team in their Division had to play twelve matches; they won nine and lost three. The Trophy Finals were played off on April 18th, when St. Dunstan's team finished fifth of nine.

Presentation to Mr. Bennett

At the London Club on Thursday, April 19th, a presentation was made from St. Dunstaners to Mr. Harry Bennett, who recently retired after thirty-three years' service.

Mr. A. D. Lloyds, who had acted as Hon. Treasurer of the Fund, called on Mr. Sammy Webster, Chairman of the London Club, to make the presentation on behalf of St. Dunstaners everywhere. Sammy recalled Mr. Bennett's long association with St. Dunstan's, and in particular his valuable work in the placing of St. Dunstaners in industry, and as he handed Mr. Bennett a handsome silver cigarette case, he wished him many pleasurable hours of ease and leisure.

The cigarette case was inscribed "To Harry Bennett, from his St. Dunstaner friends, 1923-1956."

Mr. Bennett, in reply, said that selling articles often in competition with the big stores had sometimes not been easy, but it was evident from the continued success of the Gift Club that the products of St. Dunstan's craftsmen had been proved over and over again. Some Clubs had bought regularly for twenty years. The public know the quality of these goods; they bought them and they continued to want to buy them; that was the true test.

Working with and for St. Dunstaners had given him complete satisfaction and happiness. Their gift would be a constant reminder of many happy years.

Ruby Weddings

Congratulations to the following, who are celebrating Ruby Weddings:

Mr. and Mrs. P. Yuile, of Glasgow, December 28th, 1955; Mr. and Mrs. H. Olpin, of Westbury-on-Trym, March 26th; Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Watson, of Burton-on-Trent, March 27th; Mr. and Mrs. D. Edwards, of Hatch, Bedfordshire, March 30th; Mr. and Mrs. Oldfield, of Walkley, Sheffield, April 22nd.

Silver Weddings

Mr. and Mrs. S. Dyson, of Bilton, Harrogate, celebrated their anniversary on September 15th last, but it has only just been notified to us. Unhappily our St. Dunstaner suffered the loss of his mother and father shortly afterwards.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Richmond, of Harrogate, on April 11th.

Grandfathers

T. Callaghan, of Woodbridge (Evelyn, in South Carolina, has had a daughter); J. Lamborne, of Bletchley; P. Yuile, of Glasgow; F. Ralph, of Rottingdean (a grandson); F. Stew, Shuthonger, near Tewkesbury; E. Watts, of Birkenhead; G. Maskell, of Hunmanby (a grandson); H. Boorman, of Peterborough; A. T. Brooks, of Bournemouth (Dorothy, in Australia, has had another little daughter); G. H. Thomas, of Shirley, Birmingham; P. Sheridan, of Wishaw, having been presented with three new grandchildren since March 9th, now has twenty-six in all.

All the Difference

From Jock Macfarlane comes the following:—

The other day an old colleague of his, whom he had not seen for years, visited his offices and asked if Mac was still around. Told that he was, he arranged to meet him later for a drink. Mac turned up at the appointed place and time but there was no friend. The minutes passed and when at last he did arrive, Mac said "You're blooming late, aren't you?" "Sorry, Mac," his friend said, "but I saw a poor blind chap across the road and took him down the lane." "Well, I've been totally blind for nearly forty years," said Mac. "Don't talk so stupid," said his friend, "You're a St. Dunstan's man."

Letters to the Editor

DEAR EDITOR,

I was interested in Mr. Oxborough's article "Why?" in the March REVIEW.

Just before the last war a play entitled "The Flood," depicting the flooding of a coal mine, was due to be broadcast on the Welsh Regional programme. A few days before the broadcast a mine at Hook, in Pembrokeshire, was flooded, resulting in the loss of several lives. The play was taken off and I don't think it has ever been put on since.

Yours sincerely,

J. E. DAVIES, *Llandyssul*.

DEAR EDITOR,

Mr. E. B. Oxborough's article "Why?" must have started many of us thinking about coincidences which occurred in our own lives. Here is one that may amuse fellow readers.

As a small boy I was being shown over Salisbury Cathedral, together with other members of my family. The party, conducted by a Verger, was about twenty paces ahead of me and, having made sure that no one was looking, I took hold of a long rope which disappeared into the lofty darkness above and gave it a savage tug.

At once the great Cathedral bells started to ring out. Terror gripped me, but I was not to be let off with a single peal. The bells chimed on and on. What had I started?

I had expected the Verger to whip round and seize me by the collar; I had expected to see other Church officials come running at me from every direction. But nobody seemed in the least perturbed; nobody seemed to notice anything wrong. It took me quite a while to realise that my act of boyish impudence had no connection with the pealing of the Cathedral bells, for the timing was perfect.

Yours sincerely,

R. C. B. BUCKLEY, *London, S.W.13*.

DEAR EDITOR,

With reference to Sir Ian's remarks in the last issue of the REVIEW concerning our reaction to noise.

Answering for myself, I must say it affects me with a nervous irritation. Discordant music which is so often played as a background in the cinema, on television, and radio is an aggravation noise. I enjoy a Symphony Concert if I listen with a large number of people in a hall; this thrills me,

but it is not at all the same listening to the same thing on the wireless. When I listen to an orchestra spread out over the stage with a thousand people or so in dead silence, there is an atmosphere created that you can never feel if you are sitting in a room and all that is coming through a little box.

I dislike a band playing when sitting down to dinner at an hotel. Being deaf in the left ear I have difficulty in hearing what my friends are speaking about. This reminds me that some time ago my escort and I went into the Carlton Hotel, Cardiff, and sat at the only table available, when the orchestra struck up quite near to me. I could not tolerate this, so we walked out. The commissionaire at the door asked me for a reason, and when I told him recommended me to the Grill Room. My escort described the room to me—the tablecloths were emerald green with scarlet borders, the aprons and caps of the waitresses were the same colour. On our way out, the old gentleman asked if all was satisfactory, and I told him all was very satisfactory but the colour scheme. He said in a loud voice, "Good Lord, and I always took you for blind!" I dislike noise, and there is so much that is called music to-day which to me is noise.

Yours sincerely,

MALCOLM JORDAN, *Hove*.

DEAR EDITOR,

I was very interested in Sir Ian's remarks concerning noise.

Much of the music on the wireless is to me merely noise. Some that is supposed to be soothing is just plain irritating, although I revel in music that has rhythm and cadence. It is not music, however, that irritates most. Singularly enough it is that high-pitched signal before the 9 a.m. News on the Light Programme. Also the horrible whine of the air-conditioning plant when one goes into some bars just sends me to the door. I do not think my nerves are unduly frayed, and as I live in the country we are spared the combined noises of city life, but a low-flying plane, especially a jet, makes me duck for cover. The low hum of an electric fan would have the same effect, but the natural noise of the quiet countryside is so accepted that when the eerie silence that precedes a great storm comes, with no birds singing, no trees rustling, that silence is as oppressive as the noises.

Yours sincerely,

A. J. RADFORD, *Castle Cary*.

News from Overseas

W. F. Fox, of Tasmania, has recently left industrial work and he and his wife have taken on a small dairy farm. They like the work and are settling down well. Our St. Dunstaner handles the job of milking.

★ ★ ★

C. H. Hills, of New South Wales, Australia, writes:

"It will be forty years, come September 1st, since I stumbled through the long glass doors at the back of the Lounge and was pushed rather than steered to a very large chair, from which I thought at the time it would take a very urgent crisis to prise me. I do not think my mother was at all happy at leaving me in the care of strangers; I was there on probation for a week. After three days you could not have dragged me away. I was unable to finish my training though, as my old enemy, acute rheumatism, sent me back to hospital several times until Sir Arthur called me into the office one day and suggested very kindly that as Australia had been so beneficial to me in the matter of my health, I had better go back. So it was that I was the first "colonial" to leave for home to try to take, as it were, St. Dunstan's training back with me.

I was born at Orpington, in Kent, so what more natural that I should gravitate towards poultry? Since coming to Bowral, I have only kept a few hens to supply us with eggs. My present half dozen birds have laid 2,567 since they began laying two years ago.

Well, I have gone on and on until I have got a very stiff neck as a result of the extra concentration. My kindest regards to the old school of my vintage."

★ ★ ★

"Eddie" Taylor, of Natal, was taking Mrs. Taylor to hospital in Maritzburg, on March 15th, for an appendix operation. We wish her a speedy and complete recovery.

★ ★ ★

Mrs. Violet Hamilton, of New South Wales, Australia, says that her husband still suffers as a result of his gassing. Even so he has built her some very good cupboards and is a tremendous help in the house. Seventeen-year-old Ross is in his final year at High School, with the University as his goal. There is also an eight-year-old son who also thinks his Daddy is wonderful.

Harry Coyle, formerly of Toronto, Ontario, Canada, has now moved to Don Mills, Ontario. He says he likes to receive the REVIEW for he always finds there is a story about a friend or place that he grew to know during his stay in Britain.

★ ★ ★

In February, Percy Norris, of Subiaco, West Australia, wrote while the temperature was 108.2 degrees, and little prospect, said the weather forecasters, of a break in the heat-wave. He meets up with Bill James at various functions at Braille House, and is still carrying on his radio broadcasting appeals, with good results for the Rest Home for Aged Blind. A fête was organised for the Home, which realised £500. At one stall at which he helped, a hat, trimmed with a five-pound note, several pound notes and a half note—realised £30.

Rotary

S. Gobourn, of Cheltenham, is President of his Rotary Club for the current year.

The Searcher

*The man who searches often hard and long,
Whose thoughts can come to no decisive head.
Who knows not what is right and what is wrong;
Or which dim truth to which plain fact is wed.
Yet still retains an optimistic air
That's strengthened by each new breath he draws.
Believing round some corner unaware
Lies the answer to the perfect and the flaws.
Here is a man of great content,
Content, not of fulfilment, but of quest.
He is so eager to search, so keenly bent
Unravelling the maze that will not give him rest.
And what will happen if this man should reach
his aim?
What pleasures will he hold, what treasures will
he gain?
Will he run amok through long and dusty streets,
His hair amazed while tears run down his cheeks?
Or will he pluck a star from out the midnight sky,
And chain it fast around his skinny wrist?
Or will he sprout huge wings, and with them fly?
No, he will but turn and look at journey's start,
And realise he has further still to go.
No deep content will rule his thumping heart
Until he meets again the mighty foe.
Real content comes when the last great problem's
solved,
And then our hearts shall beat like crimson
drums,
And deeper love will then our minds enfold
While gazing on the efforts of our sons.*

M. VINCENT ALDRIDGE.

Press Cuttings

From the "Evening Gazette," Middlesbrough, February 27th:—

"Regarded by common consent among those who know him as one of the most remarkable men on Tees-side, Mr. Joseph Swales, 'Joe' to all his friends, to-day ends his career with British Railways. He nominally retires on March 10th, but as he has some leave due to him, he hands over to his successor and closes his desk in the head offices in Dock Street, Middlesbrough, to-night for the last time.

"What is so remarkable about Mr. Swales? Just that he lost his sight while serving as an officer with the Tank Corps in the First World War but, after training at St. Dunstan's, so effectively overcame his handicap that he returned not only to rise to a position of importance and responsibility with the railways, but to play a prominent part in the life of the community.

"He served for nine years on Middlesbrough Town Council, but to detail all the other offices he has held, especially in his work for the blind and ex-servicemen, would fill a column.

"Above all, the characteristic about Joe Swales which impresses all who meet him is his unfailing cheerfulness."

On another page of the newspaper was a photograph of Mr. Swales receiving a cheque from the staff and friends. Making the presentation, Mr. E. A. Kindon, district commercial manager, said that "Joe" had been a very real personality and must have contributed more to the office than anyone had or ever would.

"What will Mr. Swales do with the cheque? It will go towards a workshop at his home. He intends to use his St. Dunstan's training in a bit of light cabinet-making."

★ ★ ★

From the "Sunderland Echo," March 27th:

"Mr. Frank Green can identify a voice rather more easily than you or I could identify a face. Voices have been his business for 36 years, and in that time he has developed a talent for picking out the little inflections, the hundreds of tiny characteristics which, like the twists and turns in a fingerprint, makes each one unique.

"Faces can mean little to Frank, who is telephonist with the Sunderland ship-building company of Short Brothers, for he was blinded in World War I by shrapnel

wounds. His first job was at Short's, and he is still there."

The article then sets out in detail Frank's war record, and goes on:—

"He is certainly one of the most cheerful people I have ever had the good fortune to meet, and I think one of the reasons for this is his acute awareness of, and interest in, almost everything. Both he and his wife, for example, are blood donors and have been giving their blood regularly since September, 1954.

"There are no heroics about it; he derives great pleasure and satisfaction from the thought that his blood might save a life. . . ."

Briefly

John Walborough, with Mrs. Walborough and his small son, Crispin, is in South Africa on a holiday visit to Durban, his old home.

★ ★ ★

Some of the items on this page arrived too late for inclusion in the Braille REVIEW. This also applies to Ovingdean Notes and the Report of the Deaf-Blind Reunion. They will appear next month.

★ ★ ★

We look forward to seeing Jimmy Ellis, with Mrs. Ellis and their two little daughters, when they come to this country in July.

Masonic

On February 15th, St. Dunstaner E. C. Jager, of Saltdean, Brighton, was initiated into Freemasonry, joining the Southdown Lodge, No. 1797. In addition to several high-ranking Masons, five St. Dunstan's Masons were also present, Messrs. Mahony, McKay, McLeod Steel, Randall and Rhodes.

Spring

*Spring is a frolic of woolly tails,
Of dancing feet and fleecy sails,
Spring is the nursery for nature's child,
Echoing life, the call of the wild,
From hill to hill, throughout the dales.*

*Spring is a portrait, a lovely face,
Smiling a wealth of beauty's grace,
Spring wears a garland, a floral dream
Pervading the air a perfumed sheen,
A gaze entrancing interlace.*

*Spring is a concert in harmony,
A thrilling song, a rhapsody,
Each pure note is blended with the breeze,
And flows caressing through the trees,
The voice of Spring, love's infancy.*

JOHN CRUSE.

Elephants—Some More Stories

"The Elephant is a Gentleman," so sang Kipling, but he never said a word about the Elephant being a lady!

The story I am about to tell is of a dear old lady—her name was Motee—which means "Pearl" in Hindustani. Now, Motee had given a long life to service in the Army hauling big guns—probably she had been present at the Siege of Seringapatam, and probably Clive and Arthur Wellesley, afterwards the Duke of Wellington, had known her—like many old soldiers of her time she had been cast aside in her old age and left to fend for herself. At the time of our story, Motee was spending her nights in the shelter of a massive surface tomb in the churchyard of St. John's Church, Calcutta—the days were passed searching for food in the streets of Calcutta.

All this happened in the early years of the last century, and in Mission Row there happened to live a General who was a member of the Governor General's Council. This gentleman had two beautiful young daughters. They saw poor Motee's plight and took pity on her and adopted her, looking after her and feeding her. Motee, in return, would take the girls shopping and calling on their friends. It is pleasant to hope that Motee passed the remainder of her days in comparative comfort and happily. The above story is quite true and the house where the young ladies lived was standing in Mission Row twenty-five years ago. There was a plaque on the wall stating that "General B— of the Governor General's (Warren Hastings) Council lived there." I once stayed in an old Mansion in Mission Row, and I remarked that the porch at the front of the house was very high. People in those days frequently used elephants for transportation and it would be necessary to have high porches to accommodate the elephant plus the howdah and its canopy.

My reference to Tombs reminds me of a tomb in the old English cemetery in Park Street—some of my readers may know the cemetery—the tomb in question is situated near the street and it is a massive structure and contains the mortal remains of Rose Aylmer, a ravishing beauty who burst on Calcutta society about 1820, but, alas, died very young. On the side of the tomb, facing the street, there are inscribed some

immortal lines written by Walter Savage Landor—the verses are to be found in the "Anthology of English Verse." A friend once said to Landor, "You must have been very much in love with her." "I never met her," said Landor, "in fact, I composed the verses when I was shaving." Another romance shattered.

I said at the head of this article that the elephant is a gentleman, but he can also be a thug and a killer, attacking at sight. I refer, of course, to the wild elephant.

In the vicinity of Dehra Dun, the home of the Indian St. Dunstan's, there are vast Government forests which contain much wild life, including wild elephants, these creatures are protected by law and heavy fines are inflicted on anyone shooting them.

My father, towards the end of his life, became a keen fisherman and one of the fishing grounds he visited was situated at the south side of the forest. In order to get there it was necessary to drive through the gates and pass through the forest—these gates were padlocked. After a day's fishing my father was warned that a wild elephant was roaming near the road and to be careful. He had not gone far along the road when a solitary elephant was seen standing by the road side. The Indian driver, a former forest ranger, started to back the car, but my father told him to go full speed ahead. As they passed the elephant he rolled up his trunk and charged after the car. My father told me afterwards that the speedometer registered 40 miles per hour before they were able to shake the beast off.

Had the car been near one of the exit gates the position would have been desperate, the elephant could have been on them before the gate could have been opened.

Another story of wild elephants was told me by a friend who, with her husband, were very great Shikaris (hunters), especially of tigers, which abound in the Dehra Dund forests. One day the lady, accompanied by her husband—then about 80, she was much younger—had gone to inspect a machan, a platform placed in a tree and used by the hunter as an observation post and resting place to await a tiger. Below, a "kill," usually a goat, is tied, to lure the tiger. While the lady was examining the machan she was attracted by her husband

who was sounding the horn in the car on the road. To her horror there were four wild elephants standing round the car sniffing at it with their trunks. Her husband was unable to drive the car so all she could do was wait with bated breath. Finally the brutes left and she dashed down to the car from the embankment and drove home as hard as she could go. Next day the couple drove out to look at the machan; it had been torn to pieces.

Elephants are very inquisitive creatures and it is said that when a wild elephant is chasing you the best thing to do is throw a hat or something away—this will cause him to stop and examine the article, so giving valuable time for the quarry to make his escape. The taming of wild elephants is largely accomplished by tame elephants, but the African elephant, unlike his Indian cousin, is an ugly beast and untameable.

One of the most popular festivals in Bombay, and a Bank Holiday, is known as Coconut or Gampati day—Gampati is the Elephant God of Hindu Muthology, and my favourite god of all—not like the terrible goddess Shiva—the Destroyer.

On this day fairs take place and booths set up, on which sugar candy is sold—these sweets are made in various shapes and are threaded like necklaces. Larger sweets are made in the image of the God. Much jollification takes place on this day, but the evening is devoted to the religious aspect of the day. Then crowds of devotees wend their way to the Chowpatty sands at Back Bay, carrying on their heads images of the elephant god. The God is depicted as squatting cross-legged—his body is human but he has four arms and the head of an elephant, a really kindly, benign expression on his face. The images vary in size and are highly coloured and quite artistic. At the beach the devotees place flowers and sticks of burning sandal wood at the foot of the image and do puga (venerate).

As the sun sets in a blaze of majestic colour and glory, tinting the whole colourful scene as though in a final benediction, the devotees raise the images of the God on to their heads and commence their final pilgrimage across the sands to the sea, walking slowly until the water is shoulder high, and then slowly and gently dropping the images into the welcoming arms of the Arabian Sea.

D. McALPIN.

Ovingdean Notes

After having a full house for Easter, when a fairly wide programme of entertainments was arranged, the Summer Term commenced on the 12th April.

During the first week of the term we had the pleasure of a visit to the Centre by Sir Ian and Lady Fraser, who made a tour of the Training Departments.

Since then we have had the Deaf Reunion at Ovingdean, of which a report appears below.

The Deaf Reunion, Ovingdean, April 1956

The number of deaf St. Dunstaners has sadly dwindled in recent years, and there were only four of us at the Spring Reunion. The highlight of the Reunion was a visit to the House of Lords, which had been arranged by General Sir Brian Horrocks, on Friday, April 24th, 1956. At the House of Lords Sir Brian is officially known as "Black Rod," so it was most fitting that he should conduct the tour. Sir Brian cleverly chose his words and condensed his sentences, thus making it simple for the escorts to translate and in turn easy for the deaf men to understand and fully appreciate everything.

At the end of this most interesting tour, the party moved on to the House of Commons, where they were warmly greeted by Sir Ian and Lady Fraser. The House of Commons party enjoyed an excellent lunch, which had been arranged by Sir Ian. After lunch, Lady Fraser very ably conducted a tour of the Crypt.

On the last day of the Reunion the "Muffled Drums" had tea with Mr. Wills and Miss Outing. During the evening they very much enjoyed their traditional farewell dinner.

The "Muffled Drums" would like to express their sincere thanks and appreciation to all those who made their Reunion a happy and interesting one. WALLY THOMAS.

★ ★ ★

Johannesburg has followed Cape Town in having a Garden for the Blind; in fact, they were opened within a week or so of each other. St. Dunstaners will be interested to learn that one of the prime movers in bringing the Johannesburg garden into being was Miss Marjorie Watson, who, as "Auntie," will be remembered with affection by her old braille pupils at Tembani.

West House News

Miss L. M. Arnold, our Lounge Sister, is leaving West House at the end of April and is to be married to Mr. Donald George Brookes, son of St. Dunstaner W. E. Brookes, in June.

She will take with her the affectionate good wishes of St. Dunstaners and staff alike.

Births

ASH—On March 27th, to the wife of M. Ash, of Burnham-on-Sea, a daughter—Carolyn Jane.

BROUGHAM—On March 13th, to the wife of T. Brougham, of Speke, Liverpool, a daughter—June.

FARNEN—On March 28th, to the wife of H. Farnen, of Hastings, a son—John.

NORTHWOOD—On April 9th, to the wife of L. Northwood, of Plympton, Devon, a daughter—Elaine.

PADLEY—On March 22nd, to the wife of J. Padley, of Worthing, a son—Derek John.

POWELL—On March 8th, to the wife of V. Powell, of Shirley, Birmingham, a son—Stephen John.

Marriages

BURT—J. H. Burt, of Southampton, on March 28th.

JESSUP—STRACEY—On April 11th, G. Jessup, of Hastings, to Mrs. Stracey, of Edmonton.

Placements

G. W. Dennis as a telephonist with British Railways, Gordon Hill Station, Middlesex; W. Kirkpatrick has taken over the tobacco and confectionery kiosk at Hobart House, Grosvenor Place; H. Meleson as a shop-keeper at Brent Street, Hendon.

Blind Expert Skier

From a newspaper cutting which has been sent to us we learn that a young totally blind student at Harvard University has become an expert ski-er. He is Abdul Hadi, from Afghanistan, who, before his blindness, in 1945, had skied for years in Switzerland and elsewhere. His girl friend skis ahead with a small bell attached to her right pole and she shakes this as she moves from turn to turn. ★ ★ ★

We have heard with deep regret that Mrs. J. R. Hopkins, of Llanelly, widow of our St. Dunstaner, has lost her mother three months after the death of her husband.

Young St. Dunstaners

Winfred Seymour (Culceth, Lancashire) is a keen and active member of Culceth Branch of the British Legion, and at the Annual Area Conference, held in Southport in February, accompanied the Delegate and Standard Bearer.

Peter Pollard, Kettering, emigrated to Canada with a friend on April 5th.

Tony Warren, son of our late St. Dunstaner, Norman Warren, who is a Ramsgate veterinary surgeon, acted as midwife when his wife, Dorothy, gave birth prematurely to their second child. A happy picture of mother, father and son appeared in the local newspaper, Tony commenting "... I would not worry at all another time; there's not much difference between animals and humans."

Terry Mills, Tavistock, now Lance Corporal, was presented with a shield for proficiency in gaining 68 marks out of 80 as the all-round best Cadet in the 6th Bn. Devonshire Regiment.

Bobby Croyman, Sydenham, has been offered a vacancy at the Comprehensive High School (Technical Side). He is twelve, and has just been awarded first prize for an essay on birds. He plans to be a zoologist.

Marriages

Dennis Bignell, Kempshott, on March 24th, to Mary Davies.

Barbara Smith, step-daughter of I. H. Poole, of Redditch, on March 17th, to Stanley David Wall. Our St. Dunstaner gave the bride away.

Nesta Millward, Wooburn, High Wycombe, on March 3rd.

George Wardle, Brixworth, Northamptonshire, on March 17th, to Muriel Grace Thornton.

May McLoughlin, Dublin, on April 5th, to Mr. Shiel. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Dublin were among the guests.

Bernard ("Micky") Brooks, Bourne-mouth, on April 2nd, to Jean Reeson.

Ida Matthews, Bilston, on March 31st, to Mr. T. E. Clinton.

Fishing Rod

The fishing rod mentioned in the February REVIEW went to T. Daborn, of Bexley Heath.

"In Memory"

Private Thomas Batt, 16th Warwickshire Regiment

We record with deep regret the death of T. Batt, of Saltdean, at the age of sixty-six. He came to St. Dunstan's in March, 1919, and trained in boot-repairing, but later had a country life settlement. He moved to Saltdean in February, 1955, but his health had been failing for some time and he passed away in hospital on April 15th.

We offer our deep sympathy to Mrs. Batt.

Private William Edwin Bamber, 1/7th King's Liverpool Regt.

With deep regret we record the death of W. E. Bamber, of Brighton. He was fifty-eight. He came to St. Dunstan's for training in December, 1918, and later followed a number of occupations. He had been a shop-keeper, a basket-maker, and a netter, at which craft he was working at the time of his death, which took place suddenly on April 7th.

Our deep sympathy goes out to his widow and her son and daughter.

2nd Clerk Harold Ernest Best, Royal Air Force

It is with deep regret that we record the death of H. E. Best, of Bournemouth, at the age of sixty-nine. He saw service in the First World War and came to St. Dunstan's in October, 1937. He left training, however, owing to his wife's ill-health, but later took up wool-rugs and then string bags, and it was at this work that he was occupied at the time of his death.

Although he had been in failing health for the past few years, he had been able to get out and about and it was while he was on his way to the shops, on March 22nd, that he dropped dead. He had requested no mourning and no flowers.

Our deep sympathy is extended to his widow and her family.

Private John William Boothman, 1st Loyal North Lancashire Regt.

With deep regret we record the death of J. W. Boothman, of Torrisholme, Morecambe. Wounded in France in September, 1918, he came to St. Dunstan's almost immediately and trained as a basket-maker. For a very long time, however, his health had been such that he had to lead a quiet life. To his widow and her family our deep sympathy is offered.

Private Roland Henry Shenton, Royal Army Medical Corps

It is with deep regret that we record the death of R. H. Shenton, of Chipping Campden. He was sixty-five.

Gas in the First World War deprived him of sight completely for a time, but it returned and although it was never fully restored, he returned to his executive post with the Ministry of Labour—he had been a Civil Servant since 1911. In 1945 his sight began to fail again and he came to St. Dunstan's in January, 1950. He did not take serious training, but had a great interest in gardening.

His health had not been good for some time although he had been able, a month ago, to attend the annual dinner of Campden British Legion, of which he was a member.

Mr. D. G. Hopewell, a member of St. Dunstan's Council, was present in church at the funeral service. Our deep sympathy goes out to Mrs. Shenton.

Deaths

Our deep sympathy goes out to the following:—

ATHERTON—To W. Atherton, of Bolton, who lost his mother on March 11th. She was in her 88th year.

BATES—To Brenda (*née* Henderson), whose father died on April 4th.

COOKE—To Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Cooke, of Rode Heath, in the loss of Mrs. Cooke's mother.

COULSON—To L. Coulson, of Horsham, whose mother died at the end of February.

DENNIS—To G. W. Dennis, of Loughton, whose father died on April 9th.

DYSON—To S. Dyson, of Bilton, Harrogate, who last September suffered a double bereavement in the deaths of his mother and father within a few days of each other. They were both over 80.

GROVES—To D. Groves, of Grays, whose mother has died suddenly.

HUGHES—To F. Hughes, of Norwich, whose wife died on January 29th. He has also suffered a further loss by the death of his very dear friend, Mr. Stewart, who lived at his home with him.

JENKINS—To E. J. Jenkins, of Porth, Glamorgan, who lost his son, Raymond, on March 19th, after a long illness.

PALMER—To H. A. Palmer, of West Hartlepool, whose eldest brother died in hospital two days after his 76th birthday.

POLLITT—To A. Pollitt, of Patricroft, Manchester, whose grandmother died on March 16th.

POPLE—To H. Pople, of Cardiff, in the loss of his mother at the age of 84.

SHARAM—To S. Sharam, of Torquay, whose eldest brother has died suddenly at the age of 90.

TAYLOR—To R. Taylor, of Fordhouses, Wolverhampton, whose father died on April 10th.