

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Men and Women Blinded on War Service

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CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

"LET us now praise famous men," said the Rev. W. J. Taylor, our St. Dunstan's padre, opening the Service to the memory of Sir Arthur Pearson, Bt., G.B.E., in the Chapel at Ovingdean. The Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Chichester told the story of the founding of St. Dunstan's by Sir Arthur Pearson forty-one years ago, in 1915. His text was "I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a Father to the poor; and the cause of him that I knew not I searched out." *Job 29, 15, 16.* Sir Neville Pearson, Bt., President of St. Dunstan's, read the Lesson, which consisted of well-chosen passages from the Books of Isaiah and Job, and finally we sang "Abide with Me," the words of which we like to remember were written by the Rev. H. F. Lyte, great-grandfather of our Founder. The Lord Bishop also dedicated some stained glass windows which have added a touch of much needed colour to the beautiful chapel. In the dining room at Ovingdean, just before lunch, I added my tribute to "this man who made such a lasting impression on those of us who had had the privilege of knowing him, and who has influenced directly or indirectly the lives of all blind people of his generation and thereafter."

So ended the celebration of our 35th Founder's Day which, by good fortune, fell on the actual anniversary, Sunday, 9th December, just as, by coincidence, Remembrance Day itself happened to fall this year on November 11th. No one who was in the chapel could fail to be moved to grateful remembrance and thanksgiving; and I feel sure that many will have thought with special affection of Lady (Arthur) Pearson whose age prevented her from being present. An extended report of the Lord Bishop's eloquent sermon, which included a graphic description of the windows and their meaning, is included in this number and will, I feel sure, be read by all St. Dunstaners, old and new, with great interest.

The gathering was widely representative, amongst those present being the Mayor and Mayoress of Hove, Sir Neville's wife, Lady Pearson, his son, Mr. Nigel Pearson, with his wife, Lady Frances Pearson, the Ven. Archdeacon F. Darrell Bunt, Air Commodore and Mrs. Dacre, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Curtis-Willson, Mr. Hugh Powell, the designer of the new windows, and Mrs. Powell, Mr. A. D. Lloyds, Secretary of St. Dunstan's, and St. Dunstaners from both Homes, and many who live in Brighton and district. Every seat in the chapel was taken, and through the ingenuity of the Commandant, Mr. L. Fawcett, the loudspeaker system at West House, the Home for older and less mobile St. Dunstaners in another part of Brighton, was linked to microphones in the chapel so that they were able to join in the service.

We are indebted to our President, Sir Neville Pearson, for his deep concern and help in all our affairs over so many years, as well as, in particular, at this moment for his artistic guidance and judgment in the provision of the stained glass windows.

Making a Fool of Yourself

CHARLES Temperton's letter which was mentioned in last month's REVIEW, in which he and another St. Dunstaner had a good laugh at themselves, reminded me of an experience a few weeks ago.

Frank Braithwaite and I were standing talking at a reception. People were shaking hands and making a remark or two about the weather and then passing on. It was hard for Frank and me to know the precise moment at which they left us, and so occasionally one or other of us would start a new conversation and find nobody there to reply.

Frank told me how one day he shared a room with Bob Young and they were talking about this and that; Bob Young then went out to the bathroom and Frank went on talking. When Bob came back, Frank was still talking, and Bob said "Are you talking to yourself, Frank?" The implication of this rude question was not lost upon Frank, who said "I am getting more intelligent answers to my questions than I would have got if you had been here."

All this nonsense reminds me, as it reminded Frank, of an aspect of blindness which is, I suppose, common to all of us, and has been a part of our experience from time to time ever since we lost our sight, namely, the risk of making a fool of yourself or appearing to do so, and the effect this may have upon you. I can remember when I was young and had not been blinded long, being very upset at the things I did which seemed to make me look a fool or put me at a disadvantage; talking to someone who was not there, kissing the wrong girl, or tipping the managing director of the Savoy Hotel who, incidentally, took it without a word so as to prevent my embarrassment. All these things seemed to matter very much, and had I let them weigh with me they might well have made me shy and caused me to lose confidence, but I got over it, just as Frank did. When you come to think of it, you only make a fool of yourself if you allow yourself to be self-conscious. If, on the other hand, you accept the fact that you will often do unusual things because you are blind, and that everybody else understands this just as well as you do, I have no doubt it will cease to worry you.

Thank the British Legion

I doubt if any ex-Servicemen's society has more influence than St. Dunstan's in its own field. Certainly in getting employment for its members and helping them in various ways this is the case. But in the matter of representing the war pensioners' claims to public and government, the British Legion is supreme because of its national membership and widespread appeal. We St. Dunstaners therefore owe the British Legion a debt of gratitude and thanks which I should like to place on record.

It occurs to me that it would be courteous if St. Dunstaners who do not belong to the Legion would care to join it and go to the next meeting in their village or town and express St. Dunstan's thanks. Many St. Dunstaners already belong but many others do not. There is strength in unity and I commend the thought to every St. Dunstaner. If any St. Dunstaner does not know the name and address of his local British Legion branch, I would be pleased to find it out for him if he would write to me.

Incidentally, once the effort has been made to go out and meet a new circle of friends in the local British Legion branch or club, I am sure the St. Dunstaners will get a warm-hearted welcome.

Christmas

Lady Fraser and I wish a Happy Christmas and a good New Year to St. Dunstaners and their families wherever they may be, all over the world.

IAN FRASER

"They owed him more than anyone in the world"

A Service in memory of Sir Arthur Pearson, Founder of St. Dunstan's, and the dedication of new stained glass windows, was held on Sunday, December 9th, at the St. Dunstan's Chapel, Ovingdean. The Address and Dedication was by the Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Chichester, who dedicated the Chapel itself in 1938.

In his address, the Lord Bishop said that on December 9th, 1921, Sir Arthur Pearson, Founder of St. Dunstan's, died. It was very fitting that thirty-five years later, to the very day, we should remember him together and make the anniversary also the occasion for dedicating new stained glass windows for the enrichment of St. Dunstan's Chapel. The new windows themselves had a meaning of their own. Four of them recalled the four Gospels, with the symbols usually associated in the Christian tradition with each one. In the case of the other four windows, St. Dunstan's badge was inset in one, and in the others an anchor for the Royal Navy, an eagle for the Royal Air Force and crossed swords for the Army.

The Lord Bishop continued: "But it is not so much of the new windows but of the Founder of St. Dunstan's that I wish to speak this Sunday morning. It is Sir Arthur Pearson, the blind man who by his inspiration and marvellous achievement, transformed the lives of thousands of blind men and women all over the British Isles and far beyond then, that we salute with our grateful admiration. And while you salute him here, as a representative group of those who lost their sight in the service of their country in two world wars, there are a great number of others who are thinking of him too at this very hour. Sergeant Alan Nichols, an old St. Dunstaner, wrote: 'We cannot all be together on this date, but we shall make a date in our thoughts for 11 a.m. on the 9th December, and spend a few minutes in meditation, and with pride let us remember how we have tried, and will still try, to show the world what Sir Arthur did for us when he gave us St. Dunstan's.'"

The Lord Bishop went on: "It is a great tribute to any man that other men and women should be able to say that under God they owed him more than anyone, or relied on him more than on anyone or anything else in the world. In 1913, at the age of 47, at the height of an extremely

successful career, Sir Arthur Pearson became completely blind. The blindness had come gradually and he had prepared himself to face it. He was a man of great courage and a zest for action. He at once determined to make the cause of the blind his cause. He started with the National Institute for the Blind, and as its Treasurer devoted his energies and enthusiasm to developing its buildings, its library, its funds, its activities of every kind. But in the first months of 1915 he began to turn his main strength to the care of blinded soldiers. From the little acorn first planted grew the mighty oak which is famous as St. Dunstan's.

"In the ordinary way it is a sighted man who acts as the blind man's eyes. In Sir Arthur's case it was one who was blind himself, who was eyes to the blind. Yes. Eyes to the blind he most certainly was, but there is something in Job's description that is equally apt. Sir Arthur was eyes to the blind, he was a father to the poor, and he searched out good causes."

The Lord Bishop recalled to mind that Sir Arthur had given Captain Ian Fraser the task of building up the Settlement and After-Care Departments.

"So the work continues," concluded the Lord Bishop, "long after Sir Arthur Pearson's death; retaining and inspiring the same spirit still in all who serve St. Dunstan's."

To the family of St. Dunstan's the call also came, not only to be eyes for their brothers, but to be eyes to those many people who, while they seem to be sighted, are spiritually blind. For blind men and women, with their values right, who are determined to put to the highest use all the other abilities God has given them, can indeed often open the eyes of those who appear more fortunate than themselves, and bring them a new vision of the wonderful opportunities of service which life offers.

"Therefore, thanks be to Almighty God for the work of Sir Arthur Pearson, for his life and inspiration. Thanks be to Almighty God for the service of those who were partners with him or are partners to-day in the continuing St. Dunstan's. And with our thanks for the mercies of the past, go our prayers for the present and the future, for God's continued guidance and blessing on the whole family of St. Dunstan's, and on that grand work which finds a centre, in this place, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

At Sir Arthur's Grave

On the morning of Saturday, December 8th, St. Dunstaners W. T. Scott, A. Carrick and R. Brett, escorted by Mr. May, went with Mr. A. D. Lloyds, Secretary of St. Dunstan's, to Hampstead Cemetery where a wreath was placed on Sir Arthur's grave on behalf of St. Dunstaners all over the world. Mr. Scott also placed a wreath on behalf of the Physiotherapy Advisory Committee.

War Pensions Improvements New Age Allowance—Increased and Extended Comforts Allowance

In reply to our enquiry, the Ministry of Pensions and National Insurance confirm that the Extended Comforts Allowance will be payable to every war pensioner whatever the type of his pension provided he is in receipt of the Unemployability Supplement or the Constant Attendance Allowance, and the increased Comforts Allowance will be payable to every war pensioner who is in receipt of the Comforts Allowance at present.

The Ministry are not yet able to tell us positively that the New Age Allowance will be payable to Officers, N.C.O.s and other ranks who have the Special or Alternative rate of pension under the First World War Royal Warrants, but promise to let us know immediately a decision has been reached. A further notice will appear in the REVIEW as soon as we have any information on this point, but if the Age Allowance is not made available to special or alternative pensioners who are 65 or over they will have the opportunity of reverting to the standard rate of pension with the Age Allowance if it is to their advantage.

H. D. RICE.

Men's Supplies Section Welfare Department

Correspondence with Headquarters concerning items supplied and services rendered by the above should in future be addressed to Mr. H. Christopher.

Brighton Club Notes

Will all those who wish to enter for the Sir Arthur Pearson tournament games kindly let me have their names not later than January 7th, 1957.

FRANK A. RHODES.

Speech Recording

An experimental speech-recording service on tape has been started by the R.N.I.B. in conjunction with St. Dunstan's, intended chiefly for work and study purposes. A few recordings on Physiotherapy, Law, etc., have already been made.

If you think such a service might be useful to you, the organisers need to know *now*:

1. For what purpose and subjects you require it.
2. Whether or not you own a tape-recorder.
3. If so, full details of your machine (i.e. type, make, playing speeds, maximum reel size, etc.).

Please reply *now* to Students' Library, The Royal National Institute for the Blind, 204 Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

Petrol Rationing and Disabled

In the House of Commons on December 3rd, Sir Ian Fraser asked the Minister of Fuel and Power if he would give specially sympathetic consideration as regards petrol rationing to persons who use motor vehicles on account of severe disabilities.

The Minister (Mr. Aubrey Jones) replied: "Yes, sir. My regional Petroleum Officers have been so instructed."

The Joys of the Gardener

*I'm a plain spoken fellow, I say what I think,
A spade is a back-ache to me,
I dig and I dig, I put in the seeds,
The crop that I get are nearly all weeds.
When weeding the peas I am down on my knees,
The onions bring tears to my eyes,
The sparrows and crows, they sit out in rows
Watching each move that I make.
Then something hits me with a nasty clout,
I have stepped on the head of the rake,
I have built up a scare, it's like me to a hair,
Now there's nothing so funny about that.
Just to show what they think of my brainy idea,
The sparrows just sit in the hat.
The sun it shines bright, not a rain cloud in sight,
And I could do with a nice cup of tea,
Then I think of the plants, they look very dry,
They must have a thirst like me.
So out with the can, up and down to the tap,
I water everything that's in sight.
When all that is done I call it a day
And it rains cats and dogs all the night.
Garden work is alright, it's a job to be done,
And if it's done right, you will have lots of fun
But you'll still have the crimp in your back.*

BILLY BELL, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

London Club Notes

To all St. Dunstaners and their families, wherever they may be, a Merry Christmas and prosperous New Year. God bless you all.

S.H.W.

Bridge

The 21st Annual General Meeting of St. Dunstan's Bridge Club was held at Headquarters on Saturday, December 8th. The Chair was taken by Lieut. Commander R. C. B. Buckley, G.M.

A message of good wishes was read to the meeting from Drummer Downs, at Ovingdean, and the Acting Captain, Mr. Jock Brown, presented a full report of the Club's activities throughout the year; this was followed by a report from the Treasurer, Mr. S. Webster.

The election of officers resulted as follows:—

Captain-Secretary: G. P. Brown.

Treasurer: S. Webster.

Committee: N. Downs, J. Fleming, H. Gover.

The thanks of the meeting were expressed to Mr. Bob Willis, and to Mrs. Willis and her helpers in the Catering Department, for the willing help they give to make the bridge meetings so enjoyable.

Our London Business Houses team has now played five matches. Of these they have won three, drawn one and lost one.

Two members of the L.B.H. team, P. Nuyens and F. Winter, are also representing St. Dunstan's in the Open Pairs Competition and have qualified for the Semi-Final.

Indoor Section

On Saturday, October 13th, a gay and merry party left the Club by coach for a trip to the Vicarage, Holmwood, Dorking, the residence of the Rev. and Mrs. Spurway.

When we arrived we were met with refreshments after the journey and then the party proceeded to various games, among which was included a game of bowls on the lawn. Later we were escorted to tea in the Vicarage, where a full and bounteous spread was provided.

In the evening we paid a visit to the local club, where we fraternised with the local folks, including the Vicar and some of his helpers. All good things come to an end and after a nice evening we proceeded homewards, our journey being much enlivened by the musical section of the boys.

With mouth organ, squeeze box and guitar we had quite a band and the vocal section did full justice to it. Indeed a very good outing enjoyed by one and all.

The results of the Sir Arthur Pearson Indoor Competitions for 1956 are as follows:
Cribbage—Winner, G. P. Brown; Runner-up, W. Bishop.

Dominoes—Winner, G. P. Brown; Runner-up, C. Williamson.

Darts (T.B.)—Winner, C. Williamson; Runner-up, W. Lacey.

Darts (S.S.)—Winner, P. Ashton; Runner-up, J. Fleming.

Whist (Aggregate)—Winner, G. P. Brown. The CLUB ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING will be held in the Club on Tuesday, 8th January, at 6.45 p.m.

C. J. WALKER.

Walking

6 Miles v. Metropolitan Police

It was almost like old times when St. Dunstan's held their annual 6 miles race against the Metropolitan Police at Regent's Park, on Saturday, November 17th, for not only did St. Dunstan's turn out an almost full team, but the Police turned out in force. In all, we had well over twenty men out.

Beaten when we last met, St. Dunstan's boys were certainly out for revenge, and all walked pretty well up to standard and jointly earned their reward. Stan Tutton and Alf Bradley in particular walked extremely well; it was really their good mid-field support that gave us our victory. Little wonder that they were both placed in the handicap. Congratulations to them both, and also to Archie Brown, who also took a handicap prize.

W. MILLER.

St. Dunstan's Six Mile Handicap Walk and St. Dunstan's v. Metropolitan Police Match

		Act. Time	H'cp. All.	H'cp. Time in H'p	Posn.
1. P.C.					
	McGreechan	M.P. 54.10			
2. W. Miller	St.D. 54.24	Scr.	54.24		5
3. A. Brown	St.D. 55.54	2.55	52.59		3
4. C. Williamson	St.D. 56.26	2.40	53.46		4
5. P.C. Place	M.P. 56.49				
6. A. Bradley	St.D. 57.17	4.25	52.52		2
7. S. Tutton	St.D. 58.25	6.00	52.25		1
8. P.C. Youlden	M.P. 58.30				
9. P.C. Ritchie	M.P. 58.41				
10. L. Dennis	St.D. 58.41	3.40	55.01		7
11. P.C. Bonniface	M.P. 60.10				
12. P.C. Rowe	M.P. 60.20				
13. P.C. Lightwing	M.P. 61.08				
14. C. Stafford	St.D. 61.15	6.35	54.40		6
15. P.C. Young	M.P. 61.15				
16. P.C. Collins	M.P. 61.15				

Match Result—1st, St. Dunstan's, 46 points.
2nd, Metropolitan Police, 59 points.

Letters to the Editor

DEAR EDITOR,

I have read Mr. Oxborough's letter with interest and although I agree with him more or less, I cannot accept one word. "Oxo," old friend, don't you know that you must never use the word "foolhardy" in connection with the actions of any St. Dunstaners. It isn't done, old boy. "Unwise," yes; "foolhardy," no. It simply is not done, "Oxo," old boy. You have dropped a clanger.

Yours sincerely,
B. A. HAMILTON, *Thetford*.

DEAR EDITOR,

I was slightly interested and a little intrigued upon reading the letters of Messrs. Oxborough and Pollitt with their direct reference to myself. The former says that I contradicted myself in that I claimed independence and acknowledged my dependence upon my dog. I certainly did *not* claim independence in the first place, but merely independence from reliance upon a sighted human escort, and I think I stressed the monotony of long walks without human companionship. I agree most heartily with him that it is better to be safe than sorry, but the subject was "mobility," and one is better off physically and mentally if one can get around when nobody is available.

Mr. Pollitt, on the other hand, emphasises the personal note and if it is true of writing letters or even a book on blindness then he should rebuke Sir Ian for his personal references in the REVIEW, and for having wasted his time writing "Whereas I Was Blind," which I am sure, like Sir Arthur Pearson's "Victory over Blindness," has stimulated others to efficient achievement. Probably one might prefer to be a fish when one considers the limitless mobility of that equally wonderful accumulation of atoms.

Yours sincerely,
A. J. RADFORD, *Castle Cary*.

DEAR EDITOR,

First may I add my tribute to those already paid to George Ellis, and endorse the comments of my fellow St. Dunstaners. The columns of the REVIEW will be the poorer for his passing.

Mr. Pollitt's letter was, I thought, most interesting, good, sound constructive criticism, and certainly a point of view which has my support.

Mr. Oxborough's letter puzzles me. Surely this is not meant to be serious, particularly as it comes from an old St. Dunstaner. According to Mr. Oxborough, I have been foolhardy for over thirty-five years, and I still go it alone. To have an escort is no guarantee that we will be immune from the risk of accident. I should also like to remind our old friend that Sir Arthur was often to be found walking around alone in the old days.

Yours sincerely,
H. V. KERR, *Harrow*.

DEAR EDITOR,

I should like, through the REVIEW, to thank the Chairman, Sir Ian, for the fine work he has been doing in Parliament for the benefit of all disabled men and dependants.

Yours sincerely,
P. GARRITY, *Patcham*.

DEAR EDITOR,

It is now so long ago since any Talking Book Library notes appeared in the REVIEW that, like myself, many possessors of talking book machines must be wondering whether the popular and very helpful "Nelson's Column" is merely in abeyance or has ceased altogether. Perhaps the last few months have produced nothing worth writing about in the way of new books! Nevertheless, it is to be hoped that we are not going to be deprived of what, in my opinion, is one of the most useful and interesting features in the REVIEW.

The extent to which Nelson's reviews can put one on to a good book was brought home to me recently when I listened to "So Well Remembered," by James Hilton, and read with splendid characterisation by Stephen Jack. The synopsis of this book given in the Talking Book Library's catalogue is so watered down as to be totally inadequate as a guide to the book's merit. Thanks to Nelson, I enjoyed a rattling good yarn, which would never have been on my list had the synopsis in the catalogue been my sole guide.

Yours sincerely,
JAMES S. HODGSON, *Fotheringhay*.

[Nelson is almost back on his column. See p. 11.]

The Conquest of Disability

Sir Brunel Cohen, K.B.E., a member of St. Dunstan's Council and one of the founders of the British Legion, who holds No. 5 badge and was its Treasurer for its first twenty-five years, recently published his Autobiography under the title "Count Your Blessings." In it he tells of his long Army service, first with the Volunteers, and continuing with the Territorial Army when it was formed in 1908. The war came and as a result of the wounds he received at Ypres he had both legs amputated. This could have proved a shattering blow. Instead, Sir Brunel turned his attention to what was to be a lifetime of public service. He was a Member of Parliament for thirteen years and he has been the moving spirit in many important organisations, besides his work for the British Legion and St. Dunstan's. His services were recognised by a knighthood in 1942.

Sir Brunel's outlook on life is summed up in these words:—

"I am proud of my war wounds and never minded who knew about them. I have met people similarly disabled who seemed shy and diffident, and rather wanted to hide themselves for fear of being accused of flaunting their disability in the public eye. Perhaps I should have thought like that, too; in fact, I never did, and that has made the whole difference to my life."

★ ★ ★

Another book which has appeared recently is "The Conquest of Disability," which has been edited by Sir Ian Fraser. In this book, the first of its kind, men and women from many walks of life describe in intimate detail the various ways in which they have conquered, as far as humanly possible, the grave physical disabilities from which they suffer. Some of the contributors are already well-known personalities; many are ordinary men and women. All have remarkable stories to tell of disabilities met and conquered. Sir Ian, in his Preface, writes that after reading their stories, and from his own experience, he had come to these conclusions:—

"You must concentrate on the things you can do and enjoy them, and forget the things you cannot do. You must be infinitely adaptable and strongly curious. If there is something you very much want to do which seems impossible, you

must not give up until you have tried all sorts of direct and indirect ways. If, eventually, you come to the conclusion that it is impossible or so difficult as not to be worthwhile, forget about it and substitute something else. Ordinary men and women are infinitely kind and tolerant and want to be helpful, but often you must make the first move to enable their help to bear fruit to the great pleasure of both. . . . I am thankful that in this enlightened age, so many are able to lead useful and contented lives, and if this book helps but a few others, those of us who have had the making of it will rejoice."

A History of the British Legion

Mr. Graham Wootton's book, "The Official History of the British Legion," is based on the official records of the Legion and in it Mr. Wootton traces the development of the Legion from its first days, when the various bodies representing ex-Servicemen were fused into one body. The effort of the British Legion to improve international relations with Germany in the inter-war period, and the association of the Duke of Windsor, then Prince of Wales, with the Legion in the years following the First World War, are perhaps of special interest. It is interesting to find that as long ago as 1941 the Legion's case for independent appeal tribunals was, to quote the author, "being forcibly argued in the House of Commons by Sir Ian Fraser." The necessary legislation was passed two years later. That year (1943) was one of the most successful in the Legion's history. It was the year when equality in the basic rate of pension as between men for the two wars was achieved, and, above all, it was the year when, for the first time in the history of war pensions in this country, the onus of proof was placed on the State and no longer on the claimant.

The Legion's history is a great human story and many, Legionaries and others, will, as Sir Ian says in his Foreword, find much in this book by way of inspiration and example.

"Count Your Blessings," Sir Brunel Cohen, K.B.E., *Heinemann*, 15s.
"Conquest of Disability," Edited by Sir Ian Fraser, *Odhams Press, Ltd.*, 15s.
"The Official History of the British Legion," Graham Wootton, *Macdonald and Evans, Ltd.*, 25s.

Bridge Congress

The 7th Annual Bridge Congress was held at Ovingdean during the week-end, November 16th to 18th. There was a good attendance and we were pleased to welcome C. Stock, of Southampton, as a new player. We would like to congratulate all prize-winners who were:—

Teams of Four (Sir Arthur Pearson Cup):

1st	F. Winter	J. Walch	
	C. Thompson	C. Kelk	+ 3670
2nd	F. Rhodes	F. Matthewman	
	E. Carpenter	A. Caldwell	+ 1780
3rd	P. Nuyens	F. Kirkbright	
	H. Gover	J. Simmons	+ 1270

Pairs Championship

1st	G. P. Brown	2nd	H. Gover
	J. Fleming		P. Nuyens
3rd	W. Bishop		
	G. Jolly		

Bridge Drive (Sunday morning)

1st	T. Roden	2nd	C. Kelk
	J. Owen		J. Walch
3rd	F. Kirkbright	Parity	R. Armstrong
	J. Simons		H. Crabtree

Bridge Drive (Sunday afternoon)

1st	A. Wiltshire	2nd	H. Gover
	L. Douglas		P. Nuyens
3rd	F. Kirkbright	Parity	C. Kelk
	J. Simmons		J. Walch

Special Prizes were won by:

Mrs. Formstone	J. Smith	R. Wylie
Miss Simon	S. Webster	R. Giffard

The week-end was a great success and this was mainly due to our old friends, Alf Field and Cyril Stokes, who acted as M.C.s.

Commandant opened the Congress on Saturday morning and Matron very kindly presented the prizes on Sunday afternoon, after which "Drummer" thanked Matron, Commandant and Staff and all who had helped during the week-end.

DRUMMER DOWNS.

What Drummer Did Not Say

Mr. A. E. Field writes: "The Commandant, in opening the Congress, said: 'We have with us a chap who has just negotiated a very sticky contract' (Drummer).

When Drummer presented the bouquet to Matron and said his few direct words, the lads spontaneously hit the roof with "He's a jolly good fellow."

Mr. Field thinks bridge players all over the country will be interested in the following two hands which were played during the Congress.

Board 3

Sir Arthur Pearson Cup—Pairs

Dealer South
E.W. Vulnerable
S. J 5 2
H. K J 10 2
D. A Q 8
C. 9 8 4

S.	K 10 7 4		S.	9 6 3
H.	A Q 7 3		H.	8 5
D.	10 7		D.	K 6 3 2
C.	A K J		C.	10 7 6 2

S. A Q 8
H. 9 6 4
D. J 9 5 4
C. Q 5 3

The score slips show that E.W. made one and two Hearts and also one Spade, but also N.S. bid and made one Heart. Can this be done on 9 Spades lead?

Board 10

Final of Sir Arthur Pearson Cup

Pairs Championship
Dealer N.
N.S. Vulnerable

S. A 2
H. A K Q 10 3 2
D. 7 3
C. A 10 8

S.	J 9 7 6		S.	Q 4 3
H.	9 5		H.	J 7 6 4
D.	5 4		D.	10 9 6
C.	Q 9 6 5 4		C.	K J 7

S. K 10 8 5
H. 8
D. A K Q J 8 2
C. 3 2

The makeable contract is 7 Diamonds—nobody reached that, however.

Try bidding this with your favourite partner.

Paul Nuyens and Charles Gover reached 7 NT doubled and redoubled and made it, but it should, I think, be defeated.

A.E.F.

Great-Grandfather

A. W. Blaker, of Lancing.

Grandfathers

H. Marsden, Alderholt, near Fording-bridge; A. W. Lincoln, Hightown, Liverpool (a grandfather for the fourth time—and all boys; W. Thomas, of Wakefield (his twelfth grandchild).

"We Had to Laugh"

Here is the first selection of St. Dunstaners' stories which were invited last month. The sender of each receives 10s. 6d.

★ ★ ★

It might have happened in either Princes Street, Edinburgh, or in the Leith Walk, had we been in Scotland, or in the "Land of Green Ginger" had we been in Hull, or in Union Street, Plymouth—but it didn't. It happened in Rottingdean. It was like this.

One fine Sunday morning, Jimmie Reed and myself had elected to go and do the rounds of Rottingdean, just to see if the duck-pond was behaving itself, etc.

It was a very satisfactory tour and we had, at about 12.30, decided to return to St. Dunstan's. We stepped carefully out of the doors of the "Victoria" and aligned our two selves on the edge of the pavement with a view to crossing when the traffic was clear. At that instant a saloon car slowed to a stop opposite us, the door was opened and a voice invited us to jump in "if we were going to St. Dunstan's." We were and we did. The car glided away. Enjoying the luxury of a chauffeur-driven arrival at the portico of St. Dunstan's, we fell to musing as to who was our Good Samaritan. Jimmie whispered hoarsely to me "Who is it?" and I replied, equally hoarsely, that I did not know.

We duly slowed to a halt, the door was opened and we descended, me first and then Jimmie, who turned to the driver and thanked him most profusely for such a kindly act. The driver shut him up by saying "Shut up, you blinking fool, it's me, Alf, the driver of the St. Dunstan's bus!" Whereupon we all burst into spontaneous laughter at being literally "taken for a ride."

ERNEST E. J. S. BURTON,
Cliftonville.

It was during the era when many St. Dunstaners wore spats, and I was teaching at West House. I was getting ready to go out one Saturday afternoon, and had just finished buttoning up one of my spats when a pupil came to see me on "a private matter," after which we continued to talk until, consulting my watch, I exclaimed "Good lord, look at the time. My escort

will think I am never coming." Grabbing my hat and stick I hurried downstairs to be met with a frigid "So you have come?" After diplomatic relations had been re-established, we strolled along the front to the Palace Pier, across to the Old Steine, through Castle Square and along the Western Road to my escort's home. Seated on a comfortable chair, with one leg tucked under the seat and the other stretched out, I was talking to the daughter of the house when she remarked, "I like your socks, Mr. Rogers." I was just beginning to feel pleased when suddenly the thought struck me—but she ought not to be able to see my socks! An examination of my ankles completed the *coup de grace*. To my horror and humiliation, I discovered I had walked from West House to West Hove with one ankle enclosed and one exposed.

P.S.—I often wonder whether the natives attributed my strange appearance to poverty or eccentricity.

T. ROGERS, Huddersfield.

I am one of our deaf St. Dunstaners. I was sitting in the Lounge one day when a young lady came to me and said "Will you tell my friend your poems?" I said yes, so her friend came and I went through half a dozen. When I had finished I thought she said "You are very silly." I said "Thank you." Her friend then came back and asked how she liked them. I said she did not like them at all, she said I was very silly. She went away and came back with her friend. They could not speak on my hand for laughing. At the finish she said "Mr. Bell, I am very sorry, but I did not say you were very silly. I said you were versatile." It was my fault I could not take it in, and I said "I still say 'thank you.'"

BILLY BELL, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

I was a member of a College four. One tea-time we decided to have an extra practice, as we had a race pending with a crack Bungalow team. We all met at the workshops and the late Billy Pratt suggested a smoke and handed one round. Only one match was struck. "Who will be third?" said Billy. I bent forward and accepted the light. "Unlucky for you, Yates," he remarked. Not being superstitious I made no comment. Minutes later we were on the landing stage waiting. "Here we are," a voice bellowed. Peering down with the small vision I then had I presumed the boat

to be at my feet. "In first," I cried, bending low and stepping down. Alas! there was no boat. I was completely submerged and my feet in the mud for several seconds. Kicking myself free, I grabbed the side and, aided by a score of hands, I was soon on terra firma, minus hat. I hastened back to the College, with gallons of lake water, coupled with rain. Entering the College, I crashed into the kindly porter, Mr. Lomas, who was so startled that he could not jump clear. He gurgled something. "It's the second Flood," I quoted, and dashed forward upstairs to No. 8 and commenced piling my clothes on the floor. The door opened. "Ha, ha," exclaimed an orderly, "I thought someone had been using a watering can, so followed the trail." In a few seconds there was an army of people. Sam Cotton, our orderly, also followed the trail and, seeing my plight, soon gently ushered that mighty throng away and peace was restored. It took all the boatmen, much time and patience to lower me into the boat after that incident. Never again have I adventured to be third man.

ALLAN YATES, *Southwick.*

Braille was never my strong point, but a few years ago I entered for the Braille Reading Contest at Manchester, in the Novices' Class. I read once before the examiner, then later had to read again and so did another young woman in the same class. When the results were announced, this young woman came third, so it stood to reason that I had come fourth. Feeling rather proud of my achievement, I returned home to tell the news.

But was my face red when the official results came through the post. Only four people had entered for my particular class! I was at the bottom.

MARGARET STANWAY, *Morecambe.*

We live in the country; up a lane, off the main road. Far from the madding crowd. My wife takes our boy to school each morning and fetches him back in the afternoon. The other afternoon, as my wife was leaving to meet the boy, she said "Whilst I am out the travelling shop may call. I don't want anything this week, but ask him to bring a pair of fur-lined boots next week, size 4. Tell him I want good fur lining, as good as this," and she thrust an old fur-lined boot into my hand with a

seam-rent toe. I said "Right," and placed the boot where I could put my hand on it. I was typing when I heard a motor pull up with a screech of brakes. I picked up the boot and proceeded down the path to the gate. As I neared the gate I heard two men get out of the cab, so I said "Mrs. Hamilton does not want anything this week, but she wants you to bring her next week a pair of fur-lined boots, size 4, and it has to be good lining, like this," and I thrust the boot forward. Neither man took it and I could feel them looking at each other, so I said "You are the travelling shop, aren't you?" "No," replied one of the men, "We are the dustmen."

B. A. HAMILTON, *Thetford.*

This story concerns my friend, Arthur Cavanagh, one of our handless men. I have spoken with him and he agrees to my suggestion that we send it to the REVIEW.

Some years ago Arthur was in the White Horse, Rottingdean, having gone there with an escort for a quiet drink. Not feeling quite up to the mark, he asked his escort to get him some aspirins, or Aspros. At that time you could get things from slot machines fitted in the establishment. It was not until Arthur had taken the tablets that it was discovered a mistake had been made. His escort had inadvertently made the purchase from a machine dispensing cascara tablets. Of course, the matter did not end there, but the story does.

H. POLLITT, *Farnworth.*

P.S.—If this story is published, please send the half-guinea to Arthur.

Last year in June, at Ovingdean, Freddie Wareham and I, wishing to get our weight down, decided to walk to Brighton. It was a very blustering day and, escorted by Freddie's wife and sister-in-law, we started off. By jove! how those ladies could walk! They started off at a gallop and when we had done about two miles we had to find some excuse without showing cowardly to call a halt. "Toilets" was the answer, but alas, being a wet and windy day there was no one about whom we could ask. However, one of the ladies thought she saw one and took us across to investigate. She ran down the steps like a female Roger Bannister, then came back and told us to go down the steps, the door was at the bottom right, but we would have to find our way back. After finding the place I

heard Freddie trying to find the door to get out. "Where's the door?" says he, but before I could answer the door opened and I heard a voice say "One moment, I'll help you." Freddie was put outside. Then the same voice came over my shoulder. In sorrowful but firm tones it said "Didn't you realise that poor chap is blind? There are a good few more three miles from here. People are so soon to forget, but there has recently been a war on and that poor chap lost his sight for the likes of you and me. So please remember that in future!" I replied "Sorry, old man, it was remiss of me, but I didn't stop to think." Then I made for the door, but like Freddie I could not find it. "Where the hell is this ruddy door?" I cried. He found it for me with profound apologies and I left him laughing heartily.

E. H. NORTH, *Taunton.*

Family News

Mary Loveridge (North Harrow) has been successful in passing her examinations and is now an S.R.N. She is staying on at the Kent and Sussex Hospital to gain experience as a Staff Nurse.

Brian Montgomery, Slinfold, has recently passed his Chief Petty Officer examination, with three months' advancement. He is 21 and an Ordnance Artificer, Royal Navy.

Sylvia Morgan (Bristol), after passing the G.C.E. in four subjects, has entered the Civil Service.

Our sympathy is sent to Mrs. W. Sherwood (Ipswich), who has lost her mother, who lived with them.

Sympathy also goes to Mrs. A. V. Law (Pensax-Stockton) in the loss of a sister and brother within a month, and to Mrs. W. H. Hill (Tolladine) whose mother has died.

Sons' and Daughters' Marriages

Eva Chandler (Richmond, Yorkshire) on November 17th. Unfortunately, our St. Dunstaner was seriously ill in hospital at the time and, to Eva's deep disappointment, was not able to be with her.

Anne Walsh, of Cork, on September 8th, to Kevin Dunne, and Kathleen Walsh, of Cork, to Noel Casey, on November 17th. They are the daughters of our late St. Dunstaner, P. Walsh.

On November 17th, Brian Arberry Montgomery (Slinfold), to Maureen, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Penrose, of Hull.

Talking Book Library

The Editor has intimated to me that some readers, if not actually missing this column in recent months, are wondering whether or no the column has died for good and all.

The time seems to have come when I must try to give some kind of explanation to those readers who have found this column useful in their selection of reading and to assure them that I shall do my very best to continue the tiny service. The explanation involves a short sketch of "from printed book to Talking Book Library" as I see it, so please bear with this short spasm of sobstuff.

Our own recording studio records all the books and the present rate of recording is higher than ever before—from the master recording of each page, a processing company makes a sample pressing which comes to me for reading. I report on each record and when a book is satisfactorily completed, that book is ordered from the company to be delivered to the Library in properly finished records.

From that you will see the books released for the Library are those delivered by the company to the Library itself, hence, no deliveries—no releases—no Nelson.

I learn from my chief at the recording studio that the present trickle of reading coming through to me ought in reality to be a steady flood and he warns me to expect complete submersion when the processors pull the stops out. This hold-up has been and still is a considerable headache to him but with the Christmas rush behind them, we hope that there will soon be a steady flow again. As there are already between fifty and seventy-five books finished and ordered, you will see that my position is likely to become increasingly tricky when the avalanche of releases starts. However, I'll do my best.

"NELSON."

Gardeners

E. G. West, of Egham, Surrey, at the Chrysanthemum Show of the Staines "Lino" Horticultural Society gained a First Prize and a Third Prize in two classes for his blooms.

★ ★ ★

J. Wood, of Grange-over-Sands, gained two firsts, a second, and three third prizes and a special award at the local flower show in November.

Australian Letter

In a letter to Sir Ian, A. F. McConnell, of Sandringham, Victoria, tells us that at the Olympic Games, in Melbourne, two of his four sons were appointed officials for the Games. All the boys are athletes and we understand that this particular two just missed selection as competitors but, in their own words, "were appointed officials as the next best thing."

The Victorian Blinded Soldiers' Bowling Club have been enjoying a grand season, in the course of which they have visited twenty-five, and covered hundreds of miles. Mr. McConnell is Chairman of the Club, Mr. Joe Lynch is Deputy Chairman, Messrs. C. Daw and T. Melbourne are members of the Committee, and the members are Messrs. Gabe Aarons, Bert Aldersley, Bob Archer, Ted Bell, Bill Bushby, Bill Clifton, Tom Corboy, Lionel Cropley, Eric Drew, Lal Gibson, E. "Ted" Glew, Bill Gray, Fred Kilby, Hodge Power E. "Ted" Ransome, V. (Jack) Urquhart, George Watson and H. (Snow) Williams. Mr. Les Hout is Manager.

Other Bowling News

Over here, Joe Baxter, of Ashted, a St. Dunstaner with very slight sight, has just received two awards at the annual general meeting of his Bowling Club. One was the novices' award, when he beat a sighted opponent by 23 to 2; the other was "the St. Dunstan's prize" for which the Club holds a competition each year. In this event he beat the captain, who is also sighted.

Congratulations, Joe, and also to you, Mrs. Baxter, on winning the silver spoon.

Summer Dies

*The sun, its radiance will rest,
And fail to climb with former zest,
And guests on wing their parting grieve,
For Nature bids so they must leave.
Now cuckoos flown to warmer clime
With brood on wing o'er land and brine,
And swallows, swifts and martins, too,
Have made for harbours' rendezvous.
The golden ears their grain hath shed
No more to rest on poppies' head,
And vibrating wings their rest will take,
In hollow tree on honey cake.
The rose her sheen and petals fade,
And night encroaches evening shade,
The pines on needle bed do sigh
In sad refrain, for summer dies.*

RONALD SMITH, Seaford.

Liverpool Club Notes

On Saturday, November 3rd, we paid a visit to our friends of the Darts Club at the Railway Hotel at Pleasington, near Blackburn. The afternoon turned out fine and, arriving a little early, some of the party took the opportunity of a stroll down the country lanes before tea; judging from the greenery some carried back with them I imagine they were looking for Christmas decorations.

Our hosts gave us a true Lancashire welcome and a sumptuous tea, to which everybody did justice.

Tables being cleared, the two darts teams proceeded to do their worst, but the games worked out about even, the match of the evening being a match between Maureen Lees and Bob Britton; although Bob was 100 behind, he managed to pull up and beat his fair opponent.

Dominoes were played in the "Snug," and in the front parlour the "St. Dunstan's Ladies Choir" was heard in full chorus.

After a very happy evening we were loath to leave, but assured our hosts and Mr. Hindle that we would see them again at Christmas, at our Club.

On December 1st the Club held its Annual Christmas Party, which this year was served in the Board Room of the British Legion, Leece Street; this room has seen many notable gatherings.

Among the guests were Miss B. Vaughan Davies, Miss Everett and Miss Madison, our good friends from the Railway Hotel, Pleasington; our St. Dunstaner, Bob Britton, and his charming wife, and Mr. Hindle were with them. After tea and the toasts and speeches were over, we adjourned to Sefton Hall for a grand concert, given by Mr. Lamb and his colleagues. A sad note was the reference to the late Mr. Joe Reason, the pioneer of these concerts, who passed away only a short time ago. After the concert the floor was cleared for dancing, and we have to thank Mr. Edwin Owens for his excellent work at the piano. He really kept the dancers on their toes. After "Auld Lang Syne" the party broke up.

JOSEPH BLARELY.

Golden Wedding

Warm congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hines, of Birmingham, who on Christmas Day celebrate their Golden Wedding.

Ruby Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Kerr, of Widnes, December 12th. Congratulations.

St. Dunstan's Badge

I spent just over a month in the autumn in the United States, flying both ways, and while there travelled about 3,500 miles by car, train, sea and air, and visited Niagara Falls, Ontario, Washington, D.C., Pittsburgh, Buffalo City and New York.

While sightseeing at the top of the 525-foot Washington Monument in Washington, D.C., a gentleman said to me "I am delighted to see the badge of St. Dunstan's in this fine city. I was always keenly interested in the work of this fine organisation, and it is very gratifying to see you here." I was very proud of the fact that he had recognised my badge, and said so; he said he had lived in Hayes, Middlesex, and was now resident in the United States.

On Broadway, New York, I met a blind beggar, playing a violin in the gutter and being led by an Alsatian guide-dog. Can such a thing occur in this country, I wonder?

I was staying in Pittsburgh when the Presidential Elections took place and was taken to view a polling booth and examine the machine the Americans use for voting, this being quite a different method entirely to the card vote used in this country.

C. V. L. MONTGOMERY, *Slinfold*.

News from Tasmania

In a letter from Captain Frank Marriott (Uncle Marriott) to the Chairman, he says:

"I find that as the years go by, one does like to be remembered, especially by old friends, and my memory takes me back to the first day you visited me in hospital, in London, in March, 1917, and also to many other happy associations at St. Dunstan's.

"My son, Fred, who, as you know, is Deputy Speaker and Chairman of Committees of the State Parliament, is also President of the Tasmanian Branch of the Empire Parliamentary Association, and has been chosen to represent Tasmania at an Empire Parliamentary Conference in South Africa next year."

Captain Marriott writes from Tasmania, where he was for many years Member of Parliament, leader of ex-Servicemen's movements, and Commissioner of the Boy Scouts' Association.

Manchester Club Notes

The Annual General Meeting will be held at Red Cross House, Pendleton, on the 11th January, 1957. J. SHAW, *Secretary*.

The Rest of the News

T. Taylor, of Farington, is still in demand as a speaker. Recently he spoke at a meeting near Southport on St. Dunstan's.

★ ★ ★

A. Abram, of Reddish, and Mrs. Abram, are founder members of Reddish "Good Companions" Club, which has recently celebrated its first birthday. It has a membership of two hundred over 60's and a waiting list! Our St. Dunstaner and his wife are also members of a concert party.

★ ★ ★

E. Alexander, of Parkstone, Dorset, gained a Certificate for a baritone solo in the important Bournemouth Music Festival.

★ ★ ★

H. Bridgman, of Allenton, Derbyshire, has again been elected to the Committee of the local British Legion and attended the Area Conference.

★ ★ ★

There was a wonderful surprise recently for R. Popple and his wife of Llandebie, when their son rang his mother from Hong Kong on her birthday!

★ ★ ★

Our St. Dunstaner, W. J. Edmonds, and Mrs. Edmonds, who have an inn at South Witham, sent a cheque for £55 10s. to St. Dunstan's which was half the proceeds of a harvest festival auction sale held on their premises on October 21st. The other half went to the Leicestershire and Rutland Institution for the Blind.

★ ★ ★

Another St. Dunstaner, W. Watford, of Cudham, near Sevenoaks, with Mrs. Watford, recently held a whist drive, also in aid of St. Dunstan's, which raised £32. Mr. Watford said that the response was remarkable. A hall was lent free of charge, many local ladies made and provided refreshments, and the only expense was 3s. 6d. for the purchase of raffle tickets.

★ ★ ★

Congratulations to A. F. Naumann, of Bramley, Surrey, whose whippet, Palmers Cross, Silver Spell, became a full champion at Birmingham Championship Show. This brindle bitch has throughout her career been handled by Mrs. A. Naumann, a former St. Dunstan's Matron. Silver Spell was home-bred.

"In Memory"

Private John Robert Lynch, B.E.M., 13th Devonshire Regt.

With deep regret we record the death of J. R. Lynch, of Ruislip. He was 59.

Jack Lynch came to St. Dunstan's in January, 1920, and trained as a telephonist. He became one of the first Shell-Mex telephonists and for thirty-one years he continued at his work. He received the B.E.M. in the New Year Honours, 1946, for "Services rendered in the Petroleum industry". In 1951 failing health forced him to give up and on December 5th he was admitted to hospital, where he died on December 8th. He will be remembered by many early St. Dunstaners and particularly by the St. Dunstan's Singers, of which he was a member for some fourteen years.

He leaves a widow and one married daughter, to whom our deep sympathy is offered.

Sapper Thomas Dixon Stamper, 227th Field Royal Engineers

It is with deep regret that we record the death, on November 30th, of T. D. Stamper, of Addlestone, Surrey, at the age of 80.

Coming to St. Dunstan's in July, 1916, he trained as a mat-maker and poultry-farmer. For some time he carried on poultry farming, but later did wool rugs. He had been in failing health for some time, as had Mrs. Stamper, but in spite of failing health, she had continued to care for her husband.

On the night of November 30th he died suddenly. Mrs. Stamper, who was 73, went to her neighbour's house just after midnight, but she had a stroke and died the same day without recovering consciousness.

There are four step-children who were to him like his own, and to them our deep sympathy is sent in their double bereavement.

Corporal William Edwards, 33rd Battalion, Australian Forces

We have heard with deep regret of the death of W. Edwards, of Sydney, Australia.

Although he did not actually train in England, in 1953 he came to this country and we met him and Mrs. Edwards, when he was here to spend a holiday in his beloved Scotland. Mrs. Edwards says that always, and particularly in the last year of his life, his thoughts were always there, although he knew that he could not live there because of the climate.

He died in the Military Hospital, Concord, Sydney, on July 9th.

Our deep sympathy is extended to Mrs. Edwards, who has herself been ill.

Birth

HIGGINS.—On December 10th, to the wife of T. Higgins, of Hazelbury Plucknett, near Crewkerne, Somerset, a daughter

Marriage

WALTERS—BULLAS.—On July 24th, at Brighton, Collis Walters, now of Colindale, to Sheila Marvis Bullas. Mrs. Walters had been a member of the staff at Ovingdean.

Deaths

Our deep sympathy goes out to the following:—

COLVILLE.—To H. Colville, of Berkhamsted, whose brother died very suddenly ten days after they had all enjoyed a holiday together. He was married to Mrs. Colville's sister.

THOMPSON.—To Mr. and Mrs. J. Thompson, of Parkstone, Dorset, whose little grandson, aged 2½, died on November 21st.

MCCARTHY.—To Mr. and Mrs. D. McCarthy, of Fordingbridge, whose eldest son, Daniel Thomas, died on September 23rd in a London hospital after several months' illness. He was 35.

★ ★ ★

Greetings from Brighton

Commandant and Matron at Ovingdean and Matron at West House send greetings to all St. Dunstaners for a very happy Christmas and New Year.

★ ★ ★

"Pop" Humphries sends us a Christmas message in the following lines:—

*Awake, old soldiers, The morn is high,
A great day's awaiting You and I,
For on this day A child was born
To guide us on our way.
And in our darkness We can see
The fairy lights upon the tree.
My simple wish I send,
A Merry Christmas
And God bless you to the end.*