

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Men and Women Blinded on War Service

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[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN]

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

MOST of us tend to get into a bit of a groove. By this I mean that we stick to the things that are familiar, whether it be on the radio or our choice of a daily newspaper or of friends and acquaintances, and so on.

What I have said is true of all men and women, more particularly as we get older, and I think it is especially true of the blind. It is more difficult to do new things, to move from one place to another if you are blind, and there is, accordingly, a tendency to follow the old line. Even the physical difficulty of moving about may tend to keep one in one's chair for too many hours of the day.

I don't think this is a good thing and I try very hard myself to be always interested in every new thing I hear about or experience I can gain.

Amongst my St. Dunstan's friends, I have noticed two facts which have interested me and made me curious. They are that a considerable number of St. Dunstaners do not go to our Reunions and that many do not go to Ovingdean or West House.

Let us take these two facts separately. I go to a number of Reunions in different parts of the country and observe what goes on there and meet my friends. Undoubtedly a great many St. Dunstaners enjoy an annual occasion to meet members of the staff of St. Dunstan's with whom they have been dealing over various matters and to meet again old friends whom they knew at St. Dunstan's in former years. Some are, I know, prevented from coming by their employment or their businesses, others by their old age or casual sickness, and there may even be some who really dislike that kind of gathering. But I fancy there are others who do not go because they have got into a groove and find it rather an effort to move away from home.

If there are any such I urge them most strongly to try to overcome this inhibition and make the journey next time, even if it is only for the experience to see if it is a good thing.

Now let me deal with the second fact, namely, that many do not go to Ovingdean or West House. Ovingdean is available for a St. Dunstaner to spend a fortnight's holiday a year, and we do our best to fit him in at the time he chooses, though of course all cannot always get the dates they prefer. During the summer months, from May to September, the house is very full, but in the winter months there are often spare beds and many St. Dunstaners go for a second period of change or holiday in the year. The climate at Brighton is often very delightful in the spring and the autumn, and even in the winter, and at all times there is an abundance of fun and games, entertainments and outings, and a warm welcome.

I think the old reason about the groove applies in this instance also, and in addition to it there may be the difficulty of leaving the wife at home or of travelling alone. But a change is good for everybody and travelling difficulties can be overcome—difficulties are indeed made to be overcome. I genuinely believe that a St. Dunstaner who has not made

the effort to leave home for some years will benefit very much indeed by a visit to Ovingdean.

Only a few days ago I met one St. Dunstaner who had never been to Ovingdean because he felt it would be strange and unfamiliar, and that he would feel lost there. Now he tells me that he felt at home at once and enjoyed himself greatly and will go again next year.

The situation at West House is slightly different, for the beds there are mainly given up to men who are wholly or nearly bedridden, others are in bad health or are old and lonely, and only a few beds are available from time to time for holiday-makers. Indeed the limitation of beds is such that holidays at West House can only be made available to men of over 70 years of age. West House, however, is nearly always full and I am not, therefore, urging St. Dunstaners to apply to go there, because unless their circumstances were of a very special nature, they would be disappointed by finding there was no room for them.

This line of thought leads to a further word about getting out of your chair and your home in your own town or village. A little walk by yourself down to the village pub or the British Legion Club, or to see a neighbour and pass the time of day with him, would be a very pleasant routine once established. Those who have given up walking alone may find it a little bit of an effort to start again, but I am quite sure it is well worth while, and if you bump yourself on the garden gate or trip up over the kerbstone, I can assure you from experience that you will only do it once.

IAN FRASER.

Call for Higher War Pensions

Deputation to Downing Street

A deputation representing twenty-two ex-service organisations was received by the Prime Minister at 10 Downing Street, on Monday, October 21st, in pursuance of a resolution, passed unanimously at a British Legion mass meeting at the Albert Hall the previous day, calling for increases in war pensions. The deputation consisted of Sir Ian Fraser, President; Major J. T. Spinks, Chairman of the British Legion; Mr. Howell Griffiths, Chairman of the War Pensions Committee; Major R. Hargreaves, Vice-Chairman; Dame Regina Evans, Chairman of the Women's Section; Air Marshal Sir Robert Saundby, Chairman of the Royal Air Forces Association; and Brigadier General J. H. G. Wills, of the Royal Marines Association.

More than one hundred Members of Parliament, and some four thousand ex-servicemen and women were among the vast audience at the Albert Hall which heard Sir Ian Fraser announce the forthcoming meeting.

Sir Ian said he would tell the Prime Minister that this was perhaps the last opportunity that this Government had, or any Government had in Britain, of making a settlement with the abundance of goodwill between Government and ex-service men that now existed.

"Our rulers should not lose sight of the fact that our calculations would put our

claim at 110s. 4d., but we are willing to settle for 90s., and we feel, if we are generously met in this matter, that the country has at last discharged this long-standing debt," Sir Ian declared, to a great ovation from his listeners.

The resolution, which was moved by Sir Ian Fraser, expressed the deep concern of the meeting at the continuing fall in the value of pensions granted to those disabled in the service of the Crown, and to the dependents of the fallen, and called on the Government to take immediate steps to grant a further and more substantial increase in the basic rate of such pensions; asked the Prime Minister to receive a deputation from the meeting, and directed that a copy of the resolution be sent to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Minister of Pensions, other Ministers, and to Members of Parliament.

Sir Ian paid tribute to the present Minister, Mr. Boyd-Carpenter, and to his predecessors for their efforts to see that the pensioners got what they were entitled to. Sir Ian said that there were three reasons why it should be easy for the Treasury to revise war pensions. A promise, or an implied promise, was made and kept for 24 years; the number of persons concerned was known and strictly limited; and they were dying at the rate of 18,000 a year.

Air Marshal Sir Robert Saundby, seconding, said that the continuing process of inflation was already making the figure of 90s. too small instead of too large, and if there was any delay "we shall undoubtedly have to raise our sights still further."

London Club Notes

Bridge

From September 7th to 14th, nine members of St. Dunstan's Bridge Club made the trip to Harrogate for this, our seventeenth visit, and with us came Mr. Willis ("Bob"), who once again was a very great help and a friend.

On Saturday evening we went to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Green for a Bridge Drive, and we spent a very pleasant evening. On Sunday evening we competed, with two St. Dunstan's teams in the field, for the St. Dunstan's Trophy for Harrogate teams of four. Our best team consisted of Messrs. Winter, Thompson, Nuyens and Gover, who finished second. On Monday afternoon we were entertained by Mrs. Nokes and Mrs. Habish and their many lady friends, while in the evening we played in a Duplicate competition at Campbell's Club. St. Dunstan's best pair, North-South, were Messrs. Winter and Thompson, who finished third, while in the East-West section, Messrs. Nuyens and Gover were top. On Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday we played another four matches with local clubs and won every one of them. Over all the years this is the finest record to date and I am proud to be a member of such a team.

On the Friday evening, as usual, we held our St. Dunstan's "At Home" at the Dirlton Hotel. Most of our friends whom we had met and been entertained by during the week came along for a Bridge Drive and it was a good social gathering. All the prizes were articles made by St. Dunstan's men and were much appreciated by the winners.

I must, in closing, say how much we appreciate the work done for us by Mr. Frank Nokes in arranging our programme before the event.

H. G.

St. Dunstan's Two Mile Walk

Parliament Hill, Saturday, 28th September, 1957

Position in Handicap	Actual Time	Allow.	H'cp. Time
1 C. Stafford ...	20:06	4:00	16:06
2 S. Tutton ...	20:46	3:45	17:01
3 G. Hewitt ...	18:34	1:30	17:04
4 L. Dennis ...	18:45	1:20	17:25
5 C. Williamson ...	18:50	1:00	17:50
6 A. Bradley ...	19:31	1:40	17:51
7 W. Miller ...	18:14	Scr.	18:14

St. Dunstan's Five Mile Handicap Walk and Match with Metropolitan Police

Regent's Park, Saturday, 5th October, 1957

Order of Finish	Act. Time	All.	Hcp. Time in H'p	Pos.
1 G. Checkley	M.P. 41:44			
2 R. Hopper	M.P. 44:48			
3 L. Ward	M.P. 46:14			
4 W. Miller	St.D. 46:29	Scr.	46:29	7
5 J. McCann	M.P. 46:30			
6 G. Hewitt	St.D. 46:46	2:10	44:36	3
7 C. Williamson	St.D. 46:58	2:15	44:43	4
8 L. Dennis	St.D. 47:59	2:20	45:39	6
9 R. Barrett	M.P. 48:32			
10 A. Bradley	St.D. 48:37	4:40	43:57	1
11 T. Gaygan	St.D. 48:39	3:30	45:09	5
12 P. Collins	M.P. 49:59			
13 C. Stafford	St.D. 50:03	5:30	44:33	2
14 C. Shields	M.P. 51:41			
15 S. Spencer	M.P. 51:57			
16 S. Tutton	St.D. 52:30	5:00	47:30	8

Match Result

Metropolitan Police	1st	61 Points
St. Dunstan's		75 Points

Dance

You are reminded that there will be a Dance for St. Dunstaners on Friday, November 15th, at the Trevelyan Hall, Great Peter Street (off Great Smith Street), Westminster, from 7.30 to 11 p.m. Single tickets, 3s., double 5s., from Miss Hoare or Mrs. Spurway, or you can pay at the door.

Adventure on the Broads

John Mahony, of Woodingdean, and Mrs. Mahony, with two friends, spent their holiday on the Norfolk Broads. They started off happily on the Saturday in a launch from Beccles, but on Sunday morning a strong gale blew up which broke their steering cable and sent them on to the rocks. Eventually they were towed into Great Yarmouth and set sail ten hours later. All went well until the Tuesday afternoon when, as they were tying up at Wroxham Broads, another boat bumped them.

Imagine Mrs. Mahony's distress when, going to see if her husband was all right, she found he had gone overboard. However, help was at hand. Two or three people from other boats jumped in fully dressed to help him out and soon he was in dry clothes, little the worse for his experience. The remainder of the holiday was quite good and the weather lovely.

Ruby Weddings

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Wright, of Verwood, Dorset, whose Ruby Wedding was on October 10th, and to Mr. and Mrs. F. James, of Hove (October 14th).

Letters to the Editor

DEAR EDITOR,

The proposed Memorial to our late Founder, Sir Arthur Pearson, Bt., is excellent, and I should like to congratulate the Chairman and Committee of St. Dunstan's Physiotherapy Advisory Committee in this connection.

I share Mr. Tom Floyd's sympathy for caged birds, and while those brought up in captivity may not miss their freedom, if I kept birds it would be in an aviary.

Yours faithfully,
ARTHUR T. BROOKS,
Littlehampton.

DEAR EDITOR,

Once again I would like to say "thank you" to all at Ovingdean and West House for a lovely and interesting Deaf Reunion, which went without a hitch. We went to see where the money came from. I would not like to work there, I would lose all interest in money. Yes, it was very interesting, but not a hope of a free sample. We had a nice talk with Sir Neville and Lady Pearson and tea with the Welfare Staff, then a lovely dinner at the Blackboys Hotel, and I am not forgetting the dinner with Matron and Comm.

I trust our old friend, Joe, and his wife are keeping better now. Sorry he was called away so soon. I was doing fine until the 'flu knocked me out, but thanks to Dr. O'Hara and Sister Guinan and her staff I am once again feeding my hens and digging my garden.

I wish a speedy recovery to all the sick members of the staff at Ovingdean and West House, and hope to see you all about next time.

Thank you all.

Yours sincerely,
BILLY BELL,
Newcastle-on-Tyne.

DEAR EDITOR,

I understand that Mr. Hold, of Yeovil, has received a long service medal for twenty-seven years as a Bandsman with the Salvation Army Band, and that his father played until he was seventy-eight, with sixty-three years' service.

I was most interested to read this, but I can beat it.

I have received a Long Service Medal for forty years and am entitled to another

bar for five years. I have also been a Songster for forty-five years. I was commissioned in 1910.

I am still a Bandsman and Songster, and was Corps Sergeant Major for twenty-two years. This means that I am in charge of the Corps when the Officers are away. I also have to appoint Leaders for open-air morning, afternoon and evening services.

Can any St. Dunstaner beat this?

Also, my father died at the age of eighty three and he was playing up to the age of eighty-three. My father was the first cornet player in the band at Langford, Bedfordshire, where I used to live until three years ago, when I moved here.

Yours sincerely,
A. G. ROGERS,
Woodingdean, Brighton.

DEAR EDITOR,

I should, through you, like to congratulate Mr. McKay on his success at the International Handicrafts and Do-It-Yourself Exhibition recently at Earl's Court.

It is another shining example of the skill and patience of our craftsmen. And I think more so in the case of McKay's double handicap.

It also reflects the skill of our instructors in imparting their skill and knowledge to their pupils.

I am fond of modelling myself and one of the difficulties in doing this work is to get a *true picture* in my mind of the work in progress. However, that difficulty has been greatly overcome by a gadget sent to me from H.Q.

It is an embossing set. It comprises a baseboard and very thin sheets of plastic and a special ball-pointed pen.

The method of using this set is very simple. A sheet of this plastic is fixed on to the baseboard by two clips. Then the shape of the article is drawn on to the plastic sheet by a sighted friend. The action of the pen actually embosses the shape so that the blind person can easily follow the outline of the article in question.

I, personally, have found this gadget very useful indeed, and I would advise any St. Dunstaner who likes to make things to get in touch with Mr. Christopher, Men's Supplies, who will be only too pleased to send them one.

Yours very sincerely,
T. W. CHAMBERLAIN
Earley, Reading.

"Should we ask for more?"

Sir Ian Fraser's article in last month's REVIEW created a great deal of interest and many letters have reached us on the subject.

Almost without exception, the writers think that the blind should not have further concessions, the solution being adequate pensions.

Some correspondents stressed the importance of having a telephone which, as Stewart Spence, of Hillingdon, says, presents a real mixed blessing to those who find it "a justifiable necessity and at the same time feel the great burden of its expense," but W. Lowings, of Chandlers Ford, thought that in the case of a St. Dunstaner this was taken care of in the comforts allowance.

A. J. Radford, of Castle Cary, thought that those who had been rehabilitated into the normal world of industry and commerce should even more strenuously hang on to such independence that paying your way allows, a point of view which came up over and over again in the correspondence.

Malcolm Jordan, of Hove, said that many blind people have a tendency to speak of such concessions with a note of demand instead of request, thus damaging their own cause. To his own knowledge, 'bus conductresses in Cardiff had been instructed to help disabled persons to board and alight from 'buses, but they complained that blind passengers seldom thanked them.

George H. Taylor, of Cricklewood, gave his opinion as follows:—

"Blindness is not the worst handicap by a long way. There are some in our midst who cannot enjoy the privileges that we do—braille reading, talking books, or even the wireless. Tell the scrounging ones that independence is the reward of work, it cannot be given free, and to remove the 'chip' from their shoulder and enjoy life with what is already offered to them."

H. C. Bayer, of Walthamstow, just said "Don't be greedy."

★ ★ ★

J. G. ("Tim") Healy, of Blackpool, whose book, *While Apples Grew*, was published last year, has finished another full-length novel. *While Apples Grew* is published by the Mitre Press (7s. 6d.).

DEAR EDITOR

For a period after the Second World War I was privileged to act as Secretary of the War Blinded Ex-Servicemen's Association in Western Australia. Ever since I have been on the mailing list for your excellent paper and I hope I always will be there, because I frequently read bits and pieces which serve to remind me of the great courage shown by blinded ex-servicemen.

For ten years I have been Sporting Supervisor in Western Australia of the Australian Broadcasting Commission, and I thought you might find room in your magazine for what I regard as one of the best stories I have ever broadcast.

It is about an American schoolboy who was often to be seen walking around the playing fields, arm in arm with his father. One day the boy's mother rang the football coach to tell him that her husband had died suddenly, and she asked the coach to convey the news to her boy, believing that it would be better to come from him. The coach told her he regarded it as a pretty tough assignment, but he agreed to tell the lad. Having done this, the boy disappeared for a couple of days and he returned to school on the eve of a very important match. He went to the coach and pleaded to be included in the team. The coach told him he wanted more than ever to give him his chance but that he wasn't good enough, and couldn't be played. The boy persisted to such an extent the coach finally agreed to play him, and he warned him that if he failed he'd pull him out of the team and substitute him with another. The boy played the game of his life and was largely instrumental in winning the game for his team. After the game, the coach put his arm around the boy's shoulders and said to him, "I just can't understand it, you never played anything like that before. What came over you?" And the boy's reply was simply "That was the first time my father had ever seen me play." You see, in the days when the boy walked arm in arm with his father, he had quite naturally wanted his father to believe that he was a fairly good player, but now, and for the first time, he was actually being "seen" by his father, so he had to rise to the occasion, and right well he did so.

My kind regards.

R. HALCOMBE.

c/o Australian Broadcasting Commission,
Perth, Western Australia.

"Roll It"

[As reported on another page, the well-known film director, Mr. Anthony Asquith, recently visited Ovingdean and for a week the Training Centre became a film studio.]

Came the time of the Moon of the Harvester, and the Leader of the Dark Eyed Ones did send forth a summons, even to the far corners of the land. This summons did call to the Tribal Huts of Ovingdean men of many crafts, those of Slap and Tickle, the Speaker on Wires, the Weavers of Wattle, the Carvers of Woods, even the humble maker of the Bags of String.

These men did gird up their loins, and did hie them to the Stockades, and did wonder of the import of such a mighty gathering.

Then did one Anthony come to them, with his twelve henchmen, and his two Handmaidens, and did labour mightily. With them they did bring many small Suns, the machines of the one unwinking eye, and the box which did faithfully record all the mutterings and sayings of the throng.

Strange cries were heard throughout the houses, cries of "Quiet please," "Okay for sound," "Action," "Cut," and the cry of the henchman with his strips of wood of "Scene 4—take three."

Now the Dark Eyed Ones did many things which were their wont, but now did they not do them many times, even more than many times, and the Dark Eyed Ones did grow weary, even unto exhaustion. For they did enter into the Hall of Feasting but were satisfied not, for it is written that empty utensils fill not a man's belly.

For it was not possible to sit in the halls of rest in peace and parley, for even as a man did commence to tell his friend of this or that, did not Anthony enter, blow upon his reed, and alter all around and crave that the Dark Eyed Ones did halt their tongues.

For these men of the leader, Anthony, did fall upon the unwary, and summon them to their bidding to sit at such a place or walk in such a way, or take the tea goblet in the forenoon, empty, to falsely depict the bazaar hubbub of the fourth hour of the afternoon.

Now the leader of the Stockade, even he in Command, did grow long of countenance, and the leader of the Handmaidens of the Stockades did grow sad of face and her eye lose its twinkle and the lowly handmaidens

did wish that they were but leading the Dark Eyed Ones upon the Undercliff, yea even to the Beer Halls of the nearby villages.

Now the Dark Eyed Ones did become exhausted, and did grow cunning, even to the point of taking themselves to the sleeping chambers, to the corners of the building which normally did know them not, and the Scented Gardens did hold full many, and the Hall of Learning, with its books of little dots, did see many who used it not at other times. Now those of the tribe whose huts were within easy march of the Stockades did keep themselves away, for they did experience great crowds and milling hordes of the Night of Dancing, and did mutter amongst themselves of the strangers within their midst whose presence was at other times not heeded, they were not there.

So five days did pass, with the Little Suns being stood in strange places, and the strange cries echoing within the walls, and the ells of metallic snakes with its energy contained therein, wound around and did make the Dark Eyed Ones stumble near to fall.

Then Anthony the Leader did fold his tents, and gather unto himself his paraphernalia and return to his Rank Organisation, who did him welcome.

All these labours will be laboured upon by many men of the organisation, there will be developing, and cutting and editing, and one day within some moons the whole labourings will be in "The Can," and it will be sent forth to the Halls of Entertainments, yea even the Astorias, the Odeons, the Ritz's, and to the humble pit of fleas.

Then will the world marvel, they will say one to the other such things, "Look he is doing that," "See, he is doing this," "Are they not marvellous," and so the Dark Eyed Ones will steal for a short while that saying, the right of the London Policemen, "I think they are wonderful."

For the labours of five days, and many hours within the Rank Walls will flash before the eyes of the world in twenty minutes.

JOHN MUDGE.

Personal

A good home is wanted for a pedigree Great Dane bitch. Brindle, aged 3 years. House trained and good with children.—Mrs. Melling, Westbourne, Tilkey Road, Coggeshall, Essex.

The Brighton Reunion

One hundred and twenty St. Dunstaners from all parts of Sussex attended the last Reunion of 1957 at the Grand Hotel, Brighton, on October 2nd.

Sir Ian and Lady Fraser were present, and the Mayor of Brighton, Alderman Charles Herbert Tyson, visited the gathering before dinner and greeted the guests. In thanking him, Sir Ian said that successive Mayors of Brighton and Hove had for over forty years placed all the facilities of their Town Halls at St. Dunstan's disposal.

Sir Ian also paid high tribute to the many organisations in Brighton and Hove which helped St. Dunstan's so faithfully. Amongst those present whom he mentioned were Mr. H. Finley and Mr. L. Lutwyche, of the Grocers' Association; Mr. M. Richards, of Southdown Motors; Mr. A. J. Fitzjohn, Toc H; and Mr. and Mrs. Kittle, representing the Pittman Bequest. He also thanked the Chief Constable and through him all the members of the local police force.

Sir Ian said that whereas at the London Reunions or those in busy industrial towns, two-thirds or three-quarters of St. Dunstaners present were still actively at work, more than half of those at the Brighton Reunion had retired. "The pattern of St. Dunstan's in Brighton and Hove reflects the character of these sister towns. It is because they provide such a good climate and atmosphere that so many retired people are there. Brighton has been in a sense our home for 42 years, and a great many St. Dunstaners have come to love Brighton because of their many happy visits to our Convalescent Home."

Great Grandfathers

W. Raine, of Maldon, Essex; J. Healey, Bradford, Manchester (for the second time).

Grandfathers

J. Stibbles, of Pitlochry (Dorothy, in Holland, has had a son); W. Timbrell, of Southall; J. Lucocq, of Llandaff; B. Varley, of Marks Tey; C. H. Stock, of Southampton; J. G. Rose, of North Berwick; J. H. Reed, of Grays; G. Power of Bristol (not G. Bower, as announced last month); W. J. Sansom, of Colyton, Devon; A. W. Back, of Shaldon, near Teignmouth.

Patricia, daughter of our late St. Dunstaner, T. Jarman, of Bournemouth, who died on September 9th, gave birth to a daughter on September 17th.

News from Canada

Maureen Lees writes:

Last month I received a telephone call from Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Holmes, of Toronto, Canada, telling me they hoped to visit my workshop and myself the following morning. They arrived in pouring rain, accompanied by Mrs. Holmes' sister (Mrs. Jackson, of Liverpool), who has lost one eye and is now almost blind.

Mrs. Holmes, of course, is the lady who, working at Baker Hall for several years, filled the breach when I wanted an escort for my return trip across the Atlantic.

She mentioned that she often meets the Red Cross girls we all knew at Church Stretton and Ovingdean; very recently she was on a street car and who sat next to her but Mary MacKie, of the Rug Shop. Mary is working now and has a very good job.

Baker Hall now is used for other purposes, but a very modern building to house both male and female blind, and joint training is now in existence. Of course, from my personal knowledge, I consider Canadian blind welfare second to none in the universe.

I heard of old friends of us all attending the Canadian Reunion, some travelling many thousands of miles in order to be present.

The Holmes have only been here for three weeks, as Mr. Holmes has not yet retired (he says he never will); it was his first visit in fifty-three years and he had one fine day in three weeks.

Mrs. Holmes now lives at 4 Hiawatha Road, Toronto, and welcomes anyone from St. Dunstan's visiting Canada.

To Fishermen of Kent!

Sir Alexander King, Bt., is Chairman of the Deal Angling Club, which earlier this year sent the splendid sum of £371 9s. 9d. to St. Dunstan's as a result of a Fishing Festival.

Sir Alexander knows that there are many blind people interested in sea angling, and he invites all St. Dunstan's fishermen in the County of Kent, or within reasonable distance of Deal, to become honorary members of the Deal Angling Club at 5s. per annum, this small subscription being used to provide rods and tackle, etc.

From All Quarters

The Vicar of Crowthorne, the Rev. A. C. Nugee, was the preacher at the annual service for the blind at Southwark Cathedral on September 22nd.

★ ★ ★

The Rev. Geoffrey Treglown, M.B.E., was the preacher at the Harvest Festival Service for the Blind, broadcast from Witham Friary Parish Church, Somerset, on the Home Service on September 30th.

★ ★ ★

St. Dunstan's bridge teams last month concluded their seventeenth annual visit to Harrogate where, playing against local Bridge Clubs, they won five out of their six matches and came second in the sixth.

★ ★ ★

J. Abbs, of Stibbard, Fakenham, took a first, second and third prize for flowers at Norwich Blind Gardeners' Show last month, and a second and a third for vegetables. The Cup winner got 33 points, our St. Dunstaner 31.

★ ★ ★

M. C. Jarman, of St. Agnes, Cornwall, was awarded a bronze plaque in the Weaving Section of the British Home Handicrafts Exhibition for his exhibit.

★ ★ ★

T. Oxborough, of Great Yarmouth, appeared in the B.B.C. feature, "Down to the Sea," which was broadcast from the Midland Region on October 15th.

★ ★ ★

C. Durkin, of High Rocks, Tunbridge Wells, has sent us a most interesting report of excavations which have been going on in the High Rocks area. Archaeologists have found evidence that the rocks were inhabited in both the Middle and the Stone Ages, and it is believed that High Rocks was a fortified encampment against Julius Caesar's advancing army.

★ ★ ★

An article on weaving healds, by Maureen Lees, appeared in the September number of "Creative Homecrafts." Maureen would like to hear from any St. Dunstaner who is doing weaving, either as a hobby or full-time. She is collecting information for discussion by a special sub-committee. (Typed letters if possible, please).

Double Meanings

I lay on the edge of the bed but couldn't drop off.
By Jove, they raised the roof!
I got into hot water.
They left me holding the baby.
We painted the town red.
I was glad to eat humble pie.
Smoking cigarettes doesn't half make a hole in your pocket.
He got too big for his shoes.
I was tickled pink.
We got lit up early last night.

JOSEPH T. WALCH,
Saltdean.

My Philosophy

Just sit and think in a lazylike way,
Reminiscing on all that has passed,
The happiness, pleasure, sorrow and strife,
All of which has been unmasked.
But what of this fast-moving, turbulent world?
The future, what has it in store?
Then let your reflections
Guide all your directions,
You draw on them more and more.
So though you have heart-aches
For all your mistakes,
Some may be vital or vast,
Then one dozy nod,
Put your whole faith in God,
He knows what is best at the last.

W. H. LACEY.

We regret that it was not possible to include the last two items in the Braille REVIEW but they will appear next month.—ED.

On the Journey

Mrs. Devlin, widow of our St. Dunstaner who died in 1951, has discovered some amusing lines among his papers. He would have liked to have them in the REVIEW and here are a few of them:—

*All adither and quiver
You stutter and stammer
Like a steam hammer
Till the porter cuts it off.
All right, I've got it here,
All written nice and clear.
"This way," you hear him say,
Which way? "Sorry chum,"
Oh, blast the wall!
"Keep to the left," you hear him mutter,
"The rail is here" (is this gny a nutter?).*

Family News

June Tappin, Wembley, has passed her General Certificate of Education, and Belle Denmead has passed the same examination in cookery, biology and history.

After his examination successes last term, Roger Greatrex, Peacehaven, has gone into a new Form and is Head Boy.

Marriages of Sons and Daughters

Audrey Grace Fallowfield, Southwick, on September 14th, to Ernest James Edwards.

On August 31st, Malcolm Kittle, Ilford, to Ann Lewin, at a double wedding at which Ann's brother, Alan, was also married.

From the Chairman's Postbag

"... but as so many kind letters have said, 'No one ever leaves St. Dunstan's (even when superannuated). The friendships, the loyal co-operation and service, the triumph over difficulties—in short, the wonderful spirit of that unique world.'"

B. McANDREW.

Amatus a Lune

*A cold November night was dawning,
The sand was glistening and a wind was roaring.
And the yellow moon was calling, calling.
My light on the cliff top high was flashing,
Waves on the rocks below were crashing,
How mad was I, how free;
How bright the moon, how dark the sea.
I ran to the steps where the tamarisk grew,
Where the savage fighting falcon flew,
Tripped on the last and cut my hand,
The blood ran red in the yellow sand.
But my sister moon was calling me;
"Over the rocks to the dreadful sea."
The waves thundered round, but I staggered on.*

*To join the moon in ecstasy.
The water was ice to my trembling frame,
Like ice it froze the heart and brain.
Slowly I sank while my sister shone.
Quietly drowned while the moon looked on.
A cold November night was dawning,
A sea was running and a wind was roaring,
And a body lay among the rocks and weeds
Upon the shore beside the sea.
But was the moon at all concerned?
Not she.*

M. VINCENT ALDRIDGE.

Ovingdean Notes

September and October have been busy months at Ovingdean, with many St. Dunstaners deciding upon a late holiday this year. In addition to those holiday-makers, we have had the Autumn Deaf Reunion, with the Physiotherapy Conference following soon afterwards; later in October also will be the Chess Week-end.

At the Spring Deaf Reunion the men were taken to London Airport, and we tried to think of somewhere of interest for a visit in September. It was decided that a trip to the Royal Mint might meet the bill and so this was arranged. Despite the fact that they came back with no free samples, it was generally felt to have been a good idea. An occasion, too, was the visit of Sir Neville Pearson to Ovingdean to have a chat and tea with the men, and Mr. Wills and the Area Welfare Superintendents were also present. It has been a tradition of the Deaf Reunions to have a "Farewell" dinner on the last night. This year, for the first time, Stroods was not the rendezvous. Instead a first visit was made to Blackboys Inn, where a really excellent dinner was provided. Blackboys Inn is owned by the well-known stage comedian and actor, Ronald Shiner, who most generously provided the wine for the dinner.

The Battle of Britain was again commemorated throughout the country and a small number of St. Dunstaners attended the local Service of Remembrance at Brighton. An invitation was also received from the R.A.F. at Tangmere for a party of ex-R.A.F. St. Dunstaners to attend their annual "At Home" day. Three trainees were able to accept the invitation and had a wonderful time, which was made all the better by the extremely graphic and explicit commentaries of the various flying as it took place. An invitation was extended to the R.A.F. personnel to visit the Training Centre at some future date.

★ ★ ★

In September Mr. Anthony Asquith visited the Home to make "World Without Shadow," the first full-length sound film showing the work of St. Dunstan's.

John Mudge amusingly describes the descent of the film company upon our quiet scene on another page, but full tribute must be paid to Mr. Asquith, whose kindness and patience with us all made it a very happy and most interesting experience.

"In Memory"

Lance Corporal Albert Benning, M.M., *2nd Scottish Rifles*

We record with deep regret the death of Albert Benning, M.M., of Tudwick, Tiptree, at the age of sixty-four.

He was blinded on the Somme in October, 1916. He came to us in April, 1917, and trained as a poultry-farmer and he had continued most successfully with this work up to the time of his death. He was taken seriously ill on September 30th and he died on October 8th. Cremation took place at Ipswich on October 11th.

He leaves a widow and grown-up family to whom our deep sympathy is extended. Mrs. Benning is herself only slowly recovering from a major operation some nine months ago.

Private William Henry Bamber, *Yorkshire Regiment*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of W. H. Bamber, of Blackpool, which occurred at the BLESMA Home, Lytham Road, Blackpool, on October 7th, after a short illness.

Wounded at Ypres in 1917, he suffered not only blindness but also gunshot wounds in the face and both arms, but he did not come under our care until August, 1953, when he was a very sick man. He did not take up any occupation.

He was a widower, but leaves a sister to whom we extend our sympathy.

Private William Farmery, *Labour Corps*

We record with deep regret the death of W. Farmery, of Colden Common, Winchester. He was sixty-one.

When he came to St. Dunstan's in January, 1922, he trained as a boot and mat-maker. He carried on with both these occupations for a considerable time, but gave up boots in 1946, working with mats up to the time of his last illness. He was admitted to hospital on September 4th and he died there on September 28th, following an operation.

Our deep sympathy is offered to his widow and family.

Grenadier Harold Edgar Raymond, *1st Bn. Grenadier Guards*

With deep regret we record the death of H. E. Raymond, of Bournemouth, at the age of fifty-five. He came to St. Dunstan's in March, 1920, and became a joiner, and although he had been in failing health for some time now he had continued with his work up to the time of his death.

He leaves a widow and grown-up family to whom our very sincere sympathy is sent.

Private Albert Henry Singleton, *1st Royal Marine Light Infantry*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of A. H. Singleton, of Skegness, which occurred in hospital on October 4th, after a very brief illness.

He served with his regiment from August 24th, 1914, and was wounded at Bouille de Greghae in September, 1916, when he also lost his right index finger. He came to us in December, 1916, and became a poultry farmer, but only for a short while. Later he became a mat-maker.

He died very suddenly as the result of a heart attack.

He was twice married and our deep sympathy goes out to Mrs. Singleton and to his four children.

Gunner Albert Spierling, *49th Siege Bn. Royal Garrison Artillery*

With deep regret we record the death of A. Spierling, of Bridgend, which occurred in hospital at Bevendean on October 5th.

He was an old soldier who had served from his enlistment in March, 1909, until August, 1918. He was gassed at Ypres in July, 1917, but did not come to us until as late as January, 1943, when, owing to the poor state of his health, he could not undertake basket-training until June, 1947. Even then his poor health made it impossible for him to continue. Our deep sympathy goes to his widow and his grown-up family.

Births

DURRANT.—On October 12th, to the wife of W. Durrant, of Norwich, a son—Vernon James Keith.

ROWE.—On September 30th, to the wife of Eric Rowe, of Minehead, a daughter—Suzanna Mary.

SALTERS.—On September 30th, to the wife of G. J. Salters, of Liverpool, a daughter.

Deaths

Our deep sympathy goes out to the following:—

BLACKETT.—To C. Blackett, of Plymouth, who has recently lost his sister.

RALPH.—To F. Ralph, of Rottingdean, whose brother died suddenly on September 19th.

SHURROCK.—To W. Shurrock, of Pontefract, whose wife died in hospital on October 19th.