

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Men and Women Blinded on War Service

No. 463—VOLUME XLII

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CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

Playing Bridge

PASTIMES, hobbies and games available to the blind are necessarily limited in number. All the more reason to make use of those that have proved themselves. Contract bridge is one of these.

For the greater part of my lifetime, most of my evenings have been engaged and therefore I have never had the opportunity, even if I had the ability, to become a really first-class bridge player. Though I know that a few St. Dunstaners are extremely good, reaching what might be classed match play standard, I am more the sort of chap who plays family bridge rather than club bridge.

I am not, therefore, writing about this subject as an expert, but merely as one who has derived enormous pleasure from the game and wishes to encourage others who may be a little nervous or a little lazy not to miss this splendid source of interest and fun.

Bridge is a considerable mental effort, but strangely enough I do not find this trying. Indeed, after a really busy day, a game of bridge is a change of mental activity which I find positively refreshing.

It takes four people to play bridge and this is an important aspect because a bridge party is not only a first-class game but is also a very sociable, pleasant affair, and many friendships are made or improved thereby. One of the difficulties is to get a start, for you must find three friends who are reasonably good at the game but who are nevertheless patient enough to put up with a beginner, bearing in mind that his mistakes often spoil the game for the others. But do not be deterred by this. Most people are a little unselfish some of the time and it is really worth while getting over the initial difficulties for the pleasure that comes after.

I am, of course, writing for those who are totally blind, or at any rate so blind that they really cannot see the dummy or even recognise their own cards, however dimly. If you can see a bit, circumstances are quite different and no special problem arises.

I hold my cards in my right hand and feel them with my left thumb. I would be interested to learn what other really blind persons do.

I will not worry the ordinary reader with details as to how to play bridge but if anyone wants some information, I will get a leaflet put together on the subject, more especially after some of my regular bridge playing friends have written to tell me what they think and how they go about it.

I have just enjoyed a sea voyage from South Africa during which I played bridge with various fellow passengers for probably twelve nights. I found that I was just about as good or bad as the average player on the ship. I expect I slowed the game down just a little and of course I had to put my fellow players to the trouble of calling the card as it was played and of telling me the dummy when it was put down. There is no way out of this, but it is my experience that certainly in the case of the friendly kind of bridge I play, nobody minds helping to this extent.

FRASER OF LONSDALE.

Scottish Braille Press

"Thistle Book Publications"

We are very pleased to bring to the attention of St. Dunstaners the new "Thistle" Book series now being published by the Scottish Braille Press. Those wishing to obtain any of these books should apply to Mr. Christopher at Men's Supplies.

The books are all "best sellers" in their own particular category and one new "Thistle" book will be published each month. Here is a list of the "Thistle" books which can now be ordered, Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 being obtainable immediately, while the remainder will be published between now and March, 1959.

"Thistle" Book No. 1—"My Story," by Matt Busby. The major football events of the last decade discussed by one of the game's leading authorities.—3 vols.

"Thistle" Book No. 2—"The Case of the Angry Mourner," by Erle Gardner. Perhaps the most intriguing Perry Mason case so far written by this famous mystery writer.—3 vols.

"Thistle" Book No. 3—"Balefire," by Nigel Tranter. The story of a famous feud between the Border burghs of Hawick and Hexham dating from the grim days of Flodden.—4 vols.

"Thistle" Book No. 4—"The House Next Door," by Lionel White. This American thriller is one of the famous "Bloodhound" mystery series.—3 vols.

"Thistle" Book No. 5—"The Man in My Grave," by William Tucker. The story of a gruesome business such as would have set the shades of Burke and Hare chuckling in Hades.—3 vols.

"Thistle" Book No. 6—"End of an Innings," by Denis Compton. An autobiography which surveys 20 years of brilliant sporting achievement.—4 vols.

"Thistle" Book No. 7—"Doctor in Love," by Richard Gordon. Like its predecessors in the "Doctor" series, this book will delight all who enjoy good fun.—3 vols.

"Thistle" Book No. 8—"The Peacock Palace," by George Blake. The gripping story of the somewhat riotous life of a lovely girl who was acquitted of murder under the Scots verdict of "Not Proven."—4 vols.

"Thistle" Book No. 9—"Death and the Golden Boy," by Nigel Morland. A plot thrill-packed and full of frankly mad-cap drama.—3 vols.

The London Reunion

Friday, October 3rd, again saw nearly 150 St. Dunstaners and their escorts gathered together at the Windsor Rooms, Coventry Street Corner House, for the London Reunion, and, incidentally, to greet their Chairman for the first time as Lord Fraser of Lonsdale.

Representing all St. Dunstaners present, Mr. S. C. Tarry, of Wandsworth, congratulated Lord Fraser upon the honour which had been conferred upon him, coupling with their good wishes the name of Lady Fraser. Mr. Tarry also recalled to those present "the many good friends who are no longer with us, foremost among them, Sir Arthur Pearson."

A beautiful bouquet was then presented by Mrs. Sammy Webster to Lady Fraser, who expressed her pleasure and thanks.

Replying, Lord Fraser said that in mentioning the names of Mr. Wills, Miss Rogers, Miss Dodd and Miss Moseley, his vote of thanks to them would be a vote of thanks to all who had helped in this excellent Reunion (Miss Midgely was most unfortunately unable to attend owing to an accident that day). Lord Fraser thanked Mr. Tarry for his remarks, recalling their days at St. Dunstan's in 1915 and 1916, and he paid a warm reference to "that wonderful lady, with whom I have recently celebrated my ruby wedding." They had just returned from a business trip to South Africa and brought with them the good wishes of South African St. Dunstaners. Lord Fraser then mentioned the categories of St. Dunstaners there that night—the word "retired" was a misnomer in the case of St. Dunstaners, for the one thing St. Dunstan's had taught its men was how to remain occupied. With them that night was Captain F. J. Woodcock, of Toronto, who was blinded in the Second World War and was now taking an active part in work for Canadian blind, and in particular, the war-blinded. He was a very welcome guest and through him, they would send good wishes to our Canadian colleagues.

In conclusion, Lord Fraser spoke of the severing of his Parliamentary connections ... "Perhaps I shall miss many of my old associations, but although I may have retired from some of my activities, I have not retired from St. Dunstan's." (Applause).

London Club Notes

Bridge.—St. Dunstan's Week at Harrogate.
A party of seven bridge players, Messrs. Cook, Fisher, Gover, Jolly, Nuyens, Rhodes and Thompson, visited Harrogate again this year from September 13th—20th. It was indeed a happy party as usual and our team of eight was made up with the help of Wally Burgess from Harrogate. We visited all the usual Golf and Bridge Clubs in the area, winning two matches and losing two. Our best team effort in the Sunday teams of four was to finish third out of nine and the team was, Gover, Jolly, Nuyens and Thompson. In the Pairs event held at the Campbell's Bridge Club on the Monday evening, our best pair was Rhodes and Burgess, who finished TOP of the East-West section.

We held our usual "At Home" at the Dirlton Hotel on the Friday evening and we had even a bigger crowd than usual. There were fifteen and a half tables—a real, friendly social gathering. All the prizes were articles made by St. Dunstan's men and were much appreciated.

Once again at Harrogate we had the company of Bob Willis and as usual, he was a great help to me and, indeed, to every member of the party.

H. GOVER.

*Bridge.—*Four members of St. Dunstan's Bridge Club took part in the B.B.C. Bridge Programme on Network 3 on Tuesday, September 16th, and not on September 23rd as had been originally planned. The members of the team were Messrs. G. P. "Jock" Brown, E. Gover, P. Nuyens and F. A. Rhodes. Great interest was aroused in the broadcast. Mr. Donald Pearson, an old friend of St. Dunstan's, who organises the Ilkley Congress in aid of St. Dunstan's each year, also spoke, and listeners heard our team play a hand against four players of international status. Mr. Terence Reese and Mr. Harold Franklin were the commentators.

Grandfathers

P. Holmes, of Burgess Hill; and new grandchildren also for W. H. Dunn, of Prittlewell; D. W. Woodget, of Winton, near Bournemouth; W. S. Fray, of Salisbury; D. J. Williams, of Cardiff; R. Robinson, of Cookstown, Northern Ireland; G. H. Thomas, of Solihull, Warwickshire; and W. J. Roberts, of Southend-on-Sea.

London Transport 'Bus Passes

St. Dunstaners holding London Transport 'bus passes have in previous years been sent a renewal form for completion. This year renewal forms will not be sent out but the pass tickets will be issued automatically at the end of December.

Successes

Margaret Stanway, of Morecambe, received a Certificate of Merit for a rug which she submitted to the Hobbies Exhibition in London.

T. McKay, of Brighton, was awarded a bronze plaque at the International Handicrafts and Do It Yourself Exhibition at Olympia. He submitted a nest of coffee tables in oak and the standard of his work made an excellent impression. Mr. McKay has severe injuries to his hands (he also has lost a leg) and he was eligible to enter the Heavily Disabled Class, but he preferred not to do so. It will be remembered that last year he received a silver award for a grandfather clock.

Camp Thoughts

of one recovering from a car accident

*If you're feeling sick and glum
Or crushed by motor car,
If you're needing gin and rum
And like an open bar,
And if old Austin runs too slow
To get you down to Lee,
Just get a Rover, make it go
Until you reach the sea
And there you'll find the merriest crowd
The best you'll ever meet,
A gang that makes old England proud,
St. Dunstan's men you'll greet.
And then with Avis planning all,
They'll swim, dance, walk and run,
The slim and fat—the short and tall,
They're out for all the fun.
There's Drummer, Bob, and Dick and Joe,
There's Tom and Jerry tall,
You'll never meet where'er you go
Such gallant fellows all.
So if you're feeling sick and glum,
Just make for camp at Lee,
You'll soon be well, with lots of rum
And the grand gang from St. D.*

B.E.T.

Letters to the Editor

DEAR EDITOR,

With space restrictions both in the braille and print copies of the REVIEW, I fear that a column such as suggested by M. Burns for theatre and cinema guidance would be beyond the bounds of possibility. Such a column, to be a good job, would take an enormous amount of space.

I would imagine that the national press and radio excerpts and criticisms would be a fair guide; also a lot can be learned from conversations with sighted persons who are theatre lovers or film fans.

The national press employs drama critics, theatre gossipers, etc., in a full-time capacity, so why not let the work of these persons be used. One can surely pick out from such columns something to one's taste. I am not aware of the position in Southend regarding Rep. but usually such districts have a reputable Repertory company which puts on excellent shows. As one whose interest in the theatre is keen, may I suggest to our readers that to support Rep. is to support the Nursery of Stars of Histrionics of the future.

Very sincerely,

Saltdean.

JOHN A. MUDGE.

DEAR EDITOR,

My feeling is that Micky Burns' suggestion of a column on theatres, books and films could be of no benefit to St. Dunstaners generally. Firstly, a large number of us live in rural areas where there are no theatres, and a whole day is required to visit one in the nearest large town that boasts one. Secondly, there is ample publicity in the Press and on the wireless to plays and films, together with critics' reviews. Thirdly, Micky could ask for *Progress* to be sent to him which carries a monthly series for interested readers, without further cluttering up our REVIEW.

I listen in to Movie-go-round with its excerpts from current films and often I think I would like to hear the whole thing, but when I get to Brighton where there are several cinemas, I find that there is never anything at any of them which appeals to me sufficiently to take me away from the sun, the sea, and the sand.

How can anybody say which is or which is not suitable for blind people, seeing that we all have different tastes?

Yours sincerely,

Castle Cary.

JACK RADFORD.

DEAR EDITOR,

Progress contains a play, film and book review and if a man who can hear cannot get enough read to him from printed play and film reviews, and doesn't take the trouble to write for *Progress*, he isn't worth the space in our small magazine.

The R.N.I.B. also sends out a free catalogue of their publications periodically.

A good reader and play and film goer doesn't need our REVIEW cluttered up with this information.

I do not appreciate filling several pages of every braille magazine with the announcement of reading competitions of the National Library for the Blind. These details could be combined in the catalogue they send out every alternative month, and I may say here that these free catalogues give a brief review and description of each book.

Last month I read in every magazine about the Circle of Guide Dog Owners. "Home Topics" in the *New Beacon* is exactly the same as "Matters of the Moment" in *Progress*. The Brussels Exhibition has been described several times under different headings in the *Science Journal* and others.

What we want is a larger variety of short, different work in magazines rather than the same reports, reviews and announcements.

Yours sincerely,

Southwick.

G. FALLOWFIELD.

The EDITOR says:—

Even if it were humanly possible for someone to attend every theatre and film production in London, the length of run for a play or film in the West End is unpredictable; a recommendation might appear in the REVIEW when a theatre production had ended or a film had already been released in some districts.

The answer to Micky Burns' suggestion therefore seems to be: A column in the REVIEW is not a good medium, but St. Dunstaners should follow the newspaper and radio critics if possible and study the Braille Library catalogues. They will then get a pretty good idea of what is good in the world of plays, films and books. If, however, someone should come across a play, film or book which can be thoroughly recommended (and in the case of a play, looks like running for a long while), let him tell the REVIEW.

Presentation of Colours

On August 14th, J. Mitchell, of Edinburgh, went to Munster, Germany, as a guest for the Presentation of Colours to his regiment, the First Battalion Seaforth Highlanders. The Presentation was made by Field Marshal Sir Gerald Templar, Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

Our St. Dunstaner writes:

"Mrs. Mitchell and I arrived at Munster at 12 noon and were received by the Regimental Sergeant Major and three Sergeants with transport, and we journeyed to the barracks. Then we were immediately handed over to a Sergeant and his wife who had been detailed to attend to our wants. We had a wonderful reception from the Commanding Officer. Now for the ceremony . . .

"The battalion was formed up ready for the Inspecting Officer, who was none other than Field Marshal Sir Gerald Templar. After inspecting the ranks he described his former connection with the Seaforth Highlanders and I discovered that his regiment, the Royal Irish Fusiliers, and Seaforths relieved each other in the trenches in the First World War.

"My sensations when the Old Colours were being trooped for the last time were very sad, and as the band stopped 'Auld Lang Syne' as the Colours disappeared, the tears were streaming down my cheeks.

"We dispersed and the guests (there were nine of us) were told to meet the Field Marshal in the Sergeants' Mess. When he reached me he asked when I joined the Army, where I was in the First World War, and when I said, 'With you,' he immediately took a seat and conversed for ten or fifteen minutes. I am told there is a good photograph of us both, laughing."

A Misunderstanding

It happened at Lee.

St. Dunstaner: "Is there a sailor there?"

Sailor: "Yes. Did you want me?"

St. Dunstaner: "Can you take me to the Stables?"

Sailor: "Sure. Come along."

They depart. Shortly afterwards the St. Dunstaner is shown into . . . a lavatory.

[Dictionary note for the uninitiated:—
STABLES: Name given by St. Dunstaners to place where horses are read over and bets placed.]

West Worthing.

J. T. Cook (Capt.).

Tales of Ind

Eyes Right

It was V.E. day in Dehra Dun and a military parade had been arranged to celebrate the occasion. A saluting base had been erected and a large number of spectators had assembled near it.

Down the road came the troops headed by some five huge tanks rumbling along. These were followed by an English regiment, then came a regiment of American troops. Following them came an Irish regiment with their pipers, who were followed by an Indian Army unit. Then there followed four lorries. Standing in the lorries in rigid ranks were ex-servicemen, with white hospital dress and round white caps on their heads. They were all Indians, except for a British officer who stood at the head of them in the first lorry. The spectators looked curiously at the men standing so smartly to attention as they slowly passed them. Suddenly the order, "Eyes right!" rang out from the leading lorry and every head in those standing ranks turned smartly to the right. There was a dead silence for a few moments which was broken by stifled sobs. A great surge of emotion swept through the spectators as they realised that . . . not one of those men standing so proudly in those ranks COULD SEE.

DUNCAN McALPIN.

Return to the Regiment

It is July 15th. At Westbury Camp about a score of St. Dunstaners with their escorts are awaiting transport to take them to Knook Camp, about eight miles away. They are to be given the opportunity of comparing the Army of their days to the Army of to-day. But first to put you in the picture.

For the past eleven years we have been the guests of the Infantry School where N.C.O.s and Officers of the British, Commonwealth and N.A.T.O. forces come to be brought up to date in the new methods of drill, weapons and tactics. The School is at Warminster. Nearby is the village of Imber. This village was evacuated in the early part of the Second World War to be used as a battle ground for training for D Day. Since then it has continued to act in a similar capacity but the villagers are allowed to return occasionally to attend service in the empty church. At Knook

Our old 'uns surprised the instructors on their memory of this weapon and when Freddy got behind one, he showed how it should be used. Gunner Wareham returns to do battle!

There was much more to be seen but time was drawing to a close as we had a rendezvous at Hinton Charteris, so we went on to the Sergeants' Mess where we were shown the beautiful silver cup just won the week before at Bisley by two Sergeants of the Regiment.

Here are a few facts that will interest the old 'uns. I must thank Lieut. Col. Urwich, editor of the *Regimental Light Bob Gazette*, who kindly answered some questions I asked him by letter.

The old unfix bayonets routine has been done away with. No six paces forward by the right-hand man. No standing by beds at First Post. Pay parade the same; if your name starts with a "Z" then you are last in the queue. Supper can be obtained up to 7.30 if ordered. Full marching order is now 30 lbs. compared with 90 lbs. in our day. Food is dished out in self-service style. There is a choice of grub; each man taking as much as he thinks his tummy will carry, but what he takes he must eat. No eyes bigger than tummies allowed. The sergeant in the mess told us of one man who not only took bacon and fried bread but five eggs, and put back the lot. No spuds to peel, no unfortunate orderly men to draw the food at the cook-house. No washing of knives or plates. It's all done by machines.

Oh you lads of the mulligatawny, cottage pie, bully beef stew, and "Give us a cap badge, cook, please," days. It is dinner at the Ritz in the Army of to-day. GEN.

National Egg Laying Test

Final Period of Four Weeks. August 12th—September 8th, 1958

	Test Score	Value	Awards
1. Bagwell, Philip ...	1257	£3	St. Dunstan's Challenge Cup Jacobs & Spearman Challenge Cup P.A.G.B. £3
2. Webb, W. ...	1184	£2	P.A.G.B. £2 Medallion Winter Certificate
3. Holmes, Percy ...	1142	£1	Medallion

D.W.F.

Camp a few miles away is stationed the Demonstration Battalion whose job it is to try out new weapons, new battle tactics, etc. . . Officers and N.C.O.'s attending the course are put through their paces by experts drawn from various branches of the British Army. They then go to Imber where the Demonstration Battalion, with tanks and artillery, proceed to knock hell out of the village, tanks and infantry going into action just as in warfare. Hearing that this year and next my old regiment, the Somerset Light Infantry, would be the Demonstration Battalion, I got the Camp Committee to arrange a visit to Knook.

At 14.00 hours our transport arrived and we had our first glimpse of the Army going into action. The transport was a troop carrier. In the usual course of things, the carrier should have drawn up, the sides let down and the fully armed troops boarded and away in thirty seconds. We had to board her from the rear taking about twenty minutes, as some of us had to be hoisted up the two steep steps. At Knook Camp we were met by the Second in Command, the R.S.M., the Bugle Major and Staff Sergeants. I, being an ex-bugler of the Regiment, was given the Bugle Major as an escort, while Frankie Rhodes and Charlie Kelk had the R.S.M. I bet those two never thought forty years ago that they would one day be toddling along the barrack square arm in arm with the R.S.M.!

The first thing we came to was the buglers practising the routine calls. After giving us Defaulters, Long Reveille, and Officers' First Mess call, I expressed the wish to hear the Sambre et Meuse band and bugle march. The band could not be in attendance as they were cleaning up for a Regimental Guest Night but the buglers obliged by giving us the bugle part while the instructor strummed the band part, and I found that I had not forgotten one note or the time to come in.

Then on to the guns. First the new automatic Belgian rifle, weighing just 8lbs. 14 ozs., with conical foresight and aperture backsight; the bayonet just 10 in. long. Then to an anti-aircraft gun with 13ft. muzzle which fires a 10 lbs. shell and was exploded by four electric batteries which could be placed in a match box. Then on to what interested the old 'uns most, the old Vickers machine gun. It has had very few alterations and still holds pride of place in the hearts of the instructors.

Presentation of Colours

On August 1st I received the Colours of the 1st Battalion, Somerset Light Infantry, which were presented to me by the Regimental Sergeant Major and the Regimental Quartermaster at the presentation ceremony held at Knook Camp.

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A Miscellaneous

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Tales of Imber

Byes Light

It was V.E. day in Imber and the British Army had been engaged in the battle of Imber. The British Army had been engaged in the battle of Imber.

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Imber to the Regiment

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Backchat at the Barber's

Knife, fork, spoon, razor, lather brush, toothbrush, buttonstick. That was the "issue" forty years ago. The fourth item in those days was the old "cut-throat." When we returned from the wars, the habit of shaving with a "cut-throat" was not quite so simple as it had been. Not only that, but those of us who were prepared not to be outdone found other difficulties. In the wash-house it was necessary to keep one's ears pricked. It may be that the singing and humming we practised was a form of warning to each other that shaving was taking place. We often heard the cry, "open razor," which straightaway put us on guard and made us proceed with caution.

It is forty years now since the walking cases would gather at the end of No. 2 Ward, St. Mark's Hospital, Chelsea. We proceeded, snake formation, through these long corridors. Help came from all sides. It was a great event for us, this shaving lark. Eventually we found ourselves in the King's Road. All passers-by were ready and willing to put us on our way. The convoy arrived and even finding enough chairs for us was an excitement in itself. The whole business was a novelty. We waited for each other and there was just as much fun on the return journey.

To-day safety razors are taken for granted, electric or otherwise. They were just being born then and had many teething troubles for folks who looked into dull black mirrors. Here may I pay a tribute. My father bought me a "safety" on my nineteenth birthday at St. Mark's. Nearly every day since that razor has really been part of my life. It is still going strong and appears to be good for many years to come. Never has it had the aid of a mirror to do its job. Here's to my one and only safety razor, for forty years' of loyal and devoted service, thank you very much indeed.

Streatham.

W. T. SCOTT.

What is a Classic?

"It has been a classic." The bestowal of this high award, by a B.B.C. compère upon twenty-two men for kicking a ball about, aroused conflicting thoughts in my mind, turning it into a court of inquiry wherein I was complainant, defendant and judge.

Proceedings commenced with complainant protesting against the misuse of that

rare distinction, "classic," asserting that it belonged to the realms of culture and the fine arts, not to spectacles at which balls of various size were thrown, hit, caught or kicked about to the cheers, groans and books of excited partisans.

Defendant: "Will complainant give the court his definition of this auspicious appellation?"

Complainant: "A classic is an outstanding piece of literature, painting or sculpture."

Defendant: "Very good, but not quite good enough. Now sir, please tell the court what are the special qualities inherent in any creation which earns for itself this (*studied pause*) sacred accolade."

Complainant falters but inspiration comes with the realisation that what the compère implied was that they had witnessed an unforgettable game. He turns to the court.

"A classic is a creation which continues to live and function long after its contemporaries have sunk into the abyss of forgetfulness."

Defendant: "How does your classic measure up to this state of prolonged life?"

Complainant: "By its ability to meet and fit into the changing circumstances wrought by time, and by its power to promote thought and action in each succeeding generation."

Defendant: "Will you give an illustration of this protracted life?"

Complainant: "When Pericles defined Democracy as 'Government of the people, for the people, by the people,' he created a classic which is as vital to-day as when he gave it birth two thousand four hundred years ago, but I cannot do better than cite the Bible which, after twenty centuries, remains the media for some of the world's greatest masterpieces in music, painting and the other arts."

Defendant: "M'Lud, that concludes my cross-examination. It only remains for me to state my case shortly and simply. It rests on 'The Olympics.' Need I say more?"

The Judge summing up: "The complainant, being a purist, would limit this distinction to a very restricted field of activity whilst the defendant, holding more liberal views, claims the right to apply it to anything approaching perfection. After due consideration the court finds in favour of the defendant."

Huddersfield.

T. ROGERS.

Talking Book Library

Autumn Leaves

This month I have several titles to which I can put no other story. Here are the ones I can help with and a selection of other titles.

"Laughing Gas," by P. G. Wodehouse, reader Eric Gillett, is the hilarious result of a visit to the dentist in the States by a peer and a child star who swap identities under the gas. A fine antidote to the news bulletins we get nowadays and much more enjoyable. *Cat. No. 405.*

"We Die Alone," by David Howarth, reader Robin Holmes, is almost the least credible of all the war exploit stories. A sabotage party trained in Scotland is betrayed to the Germans on landing in Norway. The epic story of one wounded survivor's journey to neutral Sweden and the loyal bravery of the Norwegians who helped him. Horrible, heart-rending, but mighty gripping for all that. *Cat. No. 422.*

"The Robe" (re-issue), by Lloyd C. Douglas, reader Stephen Jack, is a novel of the time of Christ and more than any book I have read seems to convey realistically the background to the events surrounding the crucifixion. The Roman guard commander who won Christ's robe by dice is the hero, and he is wise enough, or was it foolish enough, to travel to Palestine and become a convinced Christian. The distress of his patrician family and his own plight are depicted most graphically. *Cat. No. 711.*

"Moonraker," by Ian Fleming, reader Robert Gladwell, is a rocket thriller. The Moonraker is designed here in England to take the lead over the rest of the world in the sphere of rockets. Security agents, fending off sabotage and espionage at the construction site, enjoy a hectic time until the day of the launching when everything turns out far from well and there is plenty of excitement. *Cat. No. 793.*

Also released:

"People to be Found," by Joanna Cannan, reader Robin Holmes. *Cat. No. 2.*

"Family Album," by Antonia Ridge, reader Marjorie Anderson. *Cat. No. 93.*

"The Candle and the Light," by Hilda Vaughan, reader Andrew Timothy. *Cat. No. 184.*

"The Stepmother," by R. C. Hutchinson, reader Robert Gladwell. *Cat. No. 189.*

"Doctor at Large," by Richard Gordon, reader Franklin Engelmann. *Cat. No. 451.*

"The Dangerous Years," by Richard Church, reader Robin Holmes. *Cat. No. 469.*

"Those Fragile Years," by Rose Franken, reader Stephen Jack. *Cat. No. 510.*

"NELSON."

How not to accept an invitation to a Red Cross Social

I am often told that I am snooty because I do not accept invitations to various events, so recently I accepted an invitation to attend a social arranged by the Red Cross. The home teacher who invited me is an airy-fairy creature who presumably speaks with hand gestures rather than give explicit directions.

I decided to come home early and through the pouring rain I plodded, got home, changed and stood waiting for a 'bus on the New Brighton route. What I did not know was that with Tranmere Rovers installing lighting for evening matches, there are now two 'bus stops, one for the New Brighton 'bus, one for match enthusiasts. I stood at the wrong one for thirty minutes.

Along came a man who said, "Wrong day for the match, love," so I said, "Oh dear, where is the 'bus stop for the No. 11?" He showed me. I waited another fifty minutes and then the 'bus decided to come along. Just delayed because the four bridges or something were under repair and there was a four-mile queue of vehicles held up by the docks.

Got off at the right stop and wondered how I would know which corner was a black and white building. I asked someone. She said, "Oh, it's at the other end of the street, dear." "Dear" trotted along on the right side and decided, "This seems a big building" and popped in. Heard hymns and thought, "What an odd social." Eventually I found a door that would open (three were locked). I crept in and waited. After a very long wait a lady came up and said, "Oh, you're in the wrong hall. This is the Church of Christ choral class." I arrived next door, five minutes before time for dispersal. Snooty, am I? My goodness, I think I earned that quick cuppa.

MAUREEN LEES.

From All Quarters

At Kenilworth Horticultural Society Show, A. Jarvis was awarded a Diploma for his prowess at marrow cultivation, as well as three firsts, a second and a third prize for other entries.

Ned Larkin of the Archer family, who happened to be in the neighbourhood, was asked by the Society to sign the Diploma and this Ned did, inscribing it, "Congratulations from Ned Larkin." He also presented our St. Dunstaner with an autographed copy of a photograph of every member of the Archer family.

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F. G. Tyrrell, of Banbury, won a prize for the heaviest catch of fish in a local competition.

★ ★ ★

H. Perkins, of Edgeware, won six first prizes, two seconds and one third, together with a Cup, at a recent local Flower and Vegetable Show.

★ ★ ★

At Sussex County Show for the Blind at Lewes, on September 3rd, P. Holmes, of Burgess Hill, took first prize for his dwarf beans.

★ ★ ★

Yet another prizewinner—H. F. Goodley, of Pulham Market. At the Norfolk Blind Gardeners' Show he took four first prizes for his tomatoes, grapes, roses and chrysanthemums.

★ ★ ★

A. Adams, of Doncaster, specialises in the ring culture of tomatoes and a letter from him on the subject was published in *Popular Gardening* on September 27th. Our St. Dunstaner has a greenhouse and a lean-to in which he has a grape vine; this has produced 30 bunches this year.

★ ★ ★

B. Barnes, of Cheltenham, has retired after thirty-eight years in the Inland Revenue Department in a senior capacity, and has received a personal letter of thanks from Mr. Heathcote Amory, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

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A. C. Pointon, of Bexhill-on-Sea, one of our physiotherapists, is a radio "Ham,"—an amateur radio operator—and his "station," one of the most recently licensed, was the subject of "The Other Man's Station," in the *Short Wave Magazine* for September, 1958. Accompanying the article was a splendid picture of Mr. Pointon at his set.

Newspapers on Tape

Aberdare, Glamorgan, has led the way in recording on tape recorders interesting items of news for its blind citizens. Now Maureen Lees writes:

"The idea has now spread to Birkenhead and with the co-operation of Major G. Wrayford-Willmer, the owner of the Wirral series of newspapers coming under the *Birkenhead News and Advertiser* and Mr. Oliver, chairman of the Tape Recorders' Association, a tape recording is now made available at the town's blind social meeting on Tuesday afternoons. A younger group has a dance and merry evening on Thursdays, and the first item is the tape recording of the week's special news."

Golden Weddings

Many congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. P. Sheridan, of Wishaw, who celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary on September 25th, and to Mr. and Mrs. W. Joyce, of Blackpool, who celebrated their fifty golden years on October 10th.

Ruby Weddings

Mr. and Mrs. J. Triggs, of Ashford, Middlesex, celebrated their Ruby Wedding on September 28th, and Mr. and Mrs. P. Johns, of Torquay, on September 22nd. Many congratulations.

Silver Wedding

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Marshall, of Horden, Co. Durham, who celebrated their Silver Wedding on September 20th.

Family News

We send our sincere sympathy to Mrs. L. Thompson, of Gateshead, in the death of her mother on September 6th.

Marriages of Sons and Daughters.

On August 30th, Raymond John Edwards, of Hatch, near Sandy, Beds., to Pauline Angela Rutt, at the Methodist Church, Langford.

On September 13th, Mary Gwendoline Warner, of West Hendford, Yoevil, to Anthony John Coleman.

On October 18th, Philip Matthews, of Bilston, to Margaret Paget, of Sheffield.

On June 27th, Beryl Betty Povey, of Bitterne, Southampton, to Alfred Edward Baker.

"In Memory"

First Class Petty Officer Edward W. Schollar, Royal Navy

It is with deep regret that we record the death of E. W. Schollar, of Bedhampton, only three weeks before his 83rd birthday.

He was discharged from the Royal Navy in February, 1916, but did not come to St. Dunstan's until July, 1930, when he trained in netting and wool rugs. Ill health, however, forced him to give up both these crafts in time. Since the loss of his wife in 1945, he had lived with one or other of his daughters, but he was taken ill while on holiday at Brighton. He was admitted to hospital where he died on September 16th. Our deep sympathy goes out to his family.

Sergeant John Whittingslow, 1/6th Royal Warwickshire Regiment

With deep regret we record the death of J. Whittingslow, of Kidderminster.

Enlisting in September, 1914, he was wounded in Belgium in May, 1915. He came to St. Dunstan's and trained in joinery and poultry-keeping but ill health forced him to give this up in 1933. He had since taken basket-making and he was working at this craft up to the time of his death. He leaves a widow to whom our deep sympathy is sent.

Private Charles Joseph Turley, King's Liverpool Regiment

We record with deep regret the death of C. J. Turley, of Barrow-in-Furness. He was 76.

He served with the regiment from 1915 until 1918, but did not come under St. Dunstan's care until 1950, when his age prevented him undertaking any training.

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

Peter Joseph O'Donoghue, 9th Battalion, Australian Imperial Forces

It is with deep regret that we record the death of P. J. O'Donoghue, of Queensland, Australia. He died on August 17th after an illness lasting some weeks. He was in his 79th year.

He served with his battalion in Egypt and France, being wounded several times. He was accorded a soldier's funeral.

He composed many poems during his lifetime including the one which follows, which he recited at this year's Anzac Day gathering, and which could be his epitaph.

*They are not dead these men whom now we honour,
They rest in places we may never know,
Welcoming each year another revered comrade
From out the thinning ranks below.*

*And as the Anzac Day dawns clear and cloudless
The music swells with reverent awe,
The air is filled with whisperings and unseen faces,
They march beside their comrades as they did before.*

Births

ANDROLIA.—On September 27th, to the wife of L. Androlia, of Great Barr, a son—Karl.

WEEKS.—On September 11th, to the wife of J. Weeks, of St. Leonards on Sea, a daughter—Marie Louise.

Marriages

BUSH—HEFFER.—On August 30th, S. Bush, of Newhaven, to Miss Florence Heffer, of Harrow, Middlesex.

HUMPHRIES—LATHBURY.—On October 18th, E. Humphries, of Bloxwich, Staffs., to Miss Margaret Lathbury.

Deaths

Our deep sympathy goes out this month to the following:

BULMAN.—To C. R. Bulman, of Beckenham, whose wife died in Devon on September 17th.

STRAFFORD.—To H. Strafford, M.M., of Moss, near Wrexham, who lost his wife on October 5th.

RILEY.—To W. B. Riley, of Midgley, Halifax, whose step-father died in September. Only a fortnight before, Mrs. Riley lost her father and our sympathy goes to them both in their double loss.