

# ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Men and Women Blinded on War Service

No. 473—VOLUME XLIII

SEPTEMBER, 1959

PRICE 3d. MONTHLY.  
[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN]

## CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

### Selecting Your Listening

I SUPPOSE the B.B.C. Bulletins are the principal source of news for St. Dunstaners. They certainly are for me, though I supplement them by items from the newspapers. I also read every day a selection of the opinions or comments in many newspapers about current affairs, and they illuminate the news itself.

I am not a very regular listener but the other morning I had the wireless on while I was shaving and heard an item called "From To-day's Papers," which occurs at 7.35 to 7.40 and at 8.35 to 8.40 on the Home Service. This is an admirable summary of the leading articles or opinions or comments of all the leading British newspapers and my only wish is that it was longer, say, ten minutes instead of five.

I have also discovered that a slightly different summary of the opinions of our leading newspapers, with an international flavour, is given at about 7.11 a.m. and 8.11 a.m. on the European Service of the B.B.C. on the medium wave band.

I commend those programmes to any St. Dunstaner who wants to be well-informed about current thought or world affairs, home politics, etc.

I also like the five minutes which occurs at 8.40-8.45 on Wednesday and Friday mornings in the Home Service called "Food News." Though I hope I am not greedy, I am nevertheless extremely interested in food and like to know what's the best thing to eat and what is available at any particular time. This morning, for example, I was told that kippers were good and inexpensive, and that fresh English apples were just beginning to become available, both of which facts made my mouth water.

The more I think about it the more sure I am that there is a good deal of pleasure to be had from selective listening to items that are instructive or amusing, and that this is a much better procedure than merely to listen casually at any old time to whatever happens to be on. Some St. Dunstaners, I know, go to a lot of trouble to select their listening, and even use the Braille "Radio Times," which is freely available and although somewhat difficult to read, is nevertheless a very good guide to the programmes.

### More and Better Braille Tests

The Arthur Pearson Memorial Fund has provided many prizes for Braille reading. I do not apologise for returning to the matter and again encouraging those who read Braille to read it better and those who have let it lapse to revive it. It is about ten years since we reached the peak of an intensive campaign to promote better Braille reading among St. Dunstaners and round about the same time a great many passed their Senior Braille Test

of that day. We now propose to introduce a slightly higher Senior Test with a good prize, further to encourage old and young alike. The present Braille Reading Tests are as follows:—

- Preliminary Test*: 43 lines of interline Braille in 22 minutes. Prize, £2.  
*Advanced Test*: 58 lines of interpoint Braille in 20 minutes. Prize, £5.  
*Senior Test*: 83 lines of interpoint Braille in 21 minutes (only six errors allowed, no correction given in this Test). Prize, £8.

The repeat version of the Senior Test will be 93 lines of interpoint Braille in 21 minutes, because this will give the St. Dunstaner taking it a little more to accomplish, particularly if he has continued to read regularly since his previous Test.

The prize for this new Test will be £8, as for the normal Senior Test.

I have been told that some who read Braille fluently nevertheless show up badly in the Test because they are not accustomed to reading aloud, which is obviously necessary in the examination. I suggest that when practising, one should read aloud to one's wife, if she will listen, but to oneself if she won't.

Personally I have read the *National News Letter* in Braille for very many years, and although I do not always agree with Stephen King Hall, I nevertheless appreciate his fresh and interesting comments on affairs. Now the Scottish Braille Press have suggested that another well-known Digest or News Letter—the *Intelligence Digest*, edited by Kenneth de Courcy—be put into Braille if there is sufficient demand. Unlike King Hall's publication, *Intelligence Digest* is monthly, not weekly, and some may think it somewhat heavier reading. I have, however, read it from time to time and I commend it to those who like this kind of thing. It is a magazine, in fact, for the person who likes to be well informed on the world's most important happenings, and it includes amongst its subscribers statesmen, politicians and diplomats from many lands and of various shades of political opinion. It contains the sort of news and information which is not always obtainable either from the radio or from the national press.

St. Dunstan's will be glad to add the *Intelligence Digest* to our list of publications which St. Dunstaners may have free of cost, but we want to know how many would be interested to receive a copy each month during the year 1960. Names should be sent to Mr. Wills as soon as possible and if we get a favourable response, we shall place a good order with the Scottish Braille Press who should, I think, be encouraged in this enterprise.

### Books On Tape

In February, 1957, I foreshadowed a plan whereby a new subsidiary Tape Talking Book Library, using tape instead of discs for recording, would be brought into existence to run parallel with the older library for a time, as an experiment.

There has been some delay in bringing this project to the point at which a field test was possible, but now we are ready to issue the first batch of experimental models. We will be writing shortly to some of the St. Dunstaners who showed an interest in this matter and at the time asked us to put them on our list, offering them a new tape machine in place of their old disc machine.

I have myself listened to one of the first prototypes of the tape machine and found it extremely satisfactory, easy to handle, and giving a good quality recording. Those St. Dunstaners who take part in this initial test may find that, at first, they do not get such a wide choice of books as they have had for the more well-established disc library, but they will be helping to blaze a trail which may revolutionise the Talking Book service.

FRASER OF LONSDALE.

### St. Dunstaner Honoured

Her Majesty the Queen has approved the award of the Imperial Service Medal to St. Dunstaner A. W. Lincoln, of High-town, near Liverpool, for long and meritorious service, and he has also received a "scroll" from Mr. Ernest Marples, Postmaster General, in appreciation of over

forty-five years' service with the Post Office Engineering Department.

His colleagues of the Department also presented him on his retirement with an electric radiator and electric heater fan, and gave a dinner in his honour to mark the occasion. There was a handsome gift, too, for Mrs. Lincoln.

### London Club Notes

*Bridge.* Will members please note a change of date in our fixture list. The Bridge Drive originally arranged for October 10th will now take place on October 24th.

### St. Dunstaner to Broadcast Again

The Rev. G. L. Treglown, M.B.E., will be speaking in the "Silver Lining" programme of the B.B.C. on the Home Service at 4.45 p.m. on September 29th. His talk will take the form of replies to questions sent to him following his recent "Silver Lining" broadcasts on September 1st and 8th. He will also be heard on all Home Services at 3 p.m. on Monday, September 28th, when he preaches the sermon from Witham Friary, Somerset, at the Harvest Festival Service for the Blind.

### Presentation to Drummer Downs

On July 24th, at 1 South Audley Street, Lord Fraser made the staff presentation to Drummer Downs on his retirement after 35 years with the Appeals Department.

Lieut. Commander R. C. B. Buckley, G.M., the Appeals Organiser, said that two words epitomised Drummer, "lovable" and "unforgettable." He had taken the Appeals Department completely under his wing.

Drummer had chosen a cream jug and sugar bowl to match the silver tea-pot presented to him by Sir Arthur Pearson, and in making the presentation, Lord Fraser said Drummer had imparted cheerfulness to thousands of people. With a tea-pot under his arm, he had been a familiar figure in our various buildings for a hundred years, or so it seemed.

Replying, Drummer said that it was really the other way round. The Appeals Department had kept him under their wing and had helped him to keep to the right road.

### Roman Catholic Missal

We have found on enquiry that the Sunday Missal published in Braille by the R.N.I.B. is at present out of stock. If, however, orders were forthcoming, the work would be reprinted. If any St. Dunstaner, therefore, wishes to have a copy will he send his name to Mr. Christopher and we would then approach the R.N.I.B. again.

### Camp, Lee-on-Solent, 1959

The parting remark, "Oh well—only about fifty weeks to wait," sums up what we all felt. It was a truly magnificent Camp this year. The weather gave us the feeling that we were all righteous, for there was not a moment without sunshine.

As usual, the Field Gun Crew looked after us in their own crackingly efficient way and they had to work very hard to do so. In fact, I heard one husky young matelot say, "I'm going on to the track for a bit of rest."

There were two quite priceless cruises on the Solent in a T.R.V.—Torpedo Recovery Vessel to the inexperienced. Ryde on the first trip and Sandown on the second. The hospitality of the C.P.O.'s Mess was generous to say the very least. It seemed to be our second camping site for the week and they did us proud.

Chief Wren Riley was presented with a silver bracelet as a token of our gratitude and esteem for her long and willing service to us. There are a few who say that two bracelets, joined by a chain and firmly locked, should have been used!

Our annual date with the British Legion, Lee-on-Solent, for a jolly social evening, and a wonderful dance in the C.P.O.'s Mess rounded off a very memorable week.

Our gratitude to the Commander and his Staff and the Field Gun Crew, for their understanding and generosity is very great indeed. Thank you, R.N.A.S., Lee-on-Solent!

STEWART SPENCE

### Great Grandfather

H. Mortimer, Hull.

### Grandfathers

A. W. Gadd, of Hastings; H. Roberts, of Dukinfield; H. Wallis, of Whitchurch Hill, near Reading; R. Giffin, of Crawley; H. Mortimer, of Hull (Philip Dean; born two days before the great-grandson); R. Horner, of Holmfirth; G. Nuttall, of Flixton, Manchester; T. S. Cooper, of Bridlington (for the 13th time); W. H. Wainman (for the 21st time); G. J. Maskell, of Hunmanby (twin grandsons); J. G. Howes, of Thornaby-on-Tees; T. Callaghan, of Woodbridge, Suffolk (a second child, a son, for his daughter in the U.S.A.); D. C. R. Cole, of Lower Tuffley, Glos. (a third grandchild).

### From All Quarters

T. Morton, of Peterborough, has recently completed an order for four wastepaper baskets for the Royal Lodge, Windsor, made at the express request of Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother. The order came to our St. Dunstaner through Mrs. Morton's uncle, who has been a steward at the Royal Lodge for many years. Our St. Dunstaner is a member of the R.A.O.B. and last year become one of the few blind men to be made a Primo.

★ ★ ★

Esmond Knight's next film will be "Sink the Bismarck." This is a film of the action in which he was blinded. In the war he was a Lieutenant, R.N.V.R. In the film he plays the captain. Mr. Knight said to a *Daily Sketch* reporter: "Making the film was an incredible sensation. The reconstruction was so perfect that it took me right back to that day. It was uncanny to live again the last few moments of when I had sight—for the film covers the actual entry of the shell that blinded me."

★ ★ ★

Tommy McKay, of Brighton, one of our handless St. Dunstaners, has been awarded a second prize—a bronze plaque—for his entry of a combined coffee-bed-table in the 7th International Handicrafts Exhibition. He has thus won an award in this Exhibition three years running.

★ ★ ★

Two first prizes, two seconds, three thirds and one highly commended was the score of H. M. Symes, of North Harrow, at the annual show of the North West Middlesex Horticultural Society for the Blind.

★ ★ ★

Mr. and Mrs. J. Greenwood, of Worthing, have returned home from Australia after visiting Mrs. Greenwood's brother there. They have been away eight months.

★ ★ ★

The Ilford Magical Society are presenting their Grand International Magic Gala at the Town Hall, Ilford, on Friday, October 9th (a donation from the proceeds is made to St. Dunstan's). The Hon. Secretary, Mr. Ron MacMillan, extends an invitation to friends of St. Dunstan's living in the district to attend and those who would like a seat are asked to get in touch with him direct at 29 St. John's Road, London, E.16.

At Stithians Agricultural Show, E. J. Burley showed five hens and received two firsts and special prizes, two seconds and one third. Mrs. Burley had two second prizes for beetroot and broad beans.

★ ★ ★

Miss Bridget Beckwith was married on August 26th at Instow, North Devon, to Major Chiverton Robert Peel.

★ ★ ★

At Bournemouth Musical Festival, A. E. Alexander, of Parkstone Poole, received a First Class Certificate in the Quartet section, and was second in the Open Baritone Class, missing top marks by one point out of an entry of nineteen.

★ ★ ★

From Christchurch, New Zealand, telling of a change of address, comes a letter from Ernest L. Tozer. He writes: "There are ten St. Dunstaners in Christchurch and we keep in touch with one another—we are all on the telephone. We are in the midst of winter so have not been out so much, but have enjoyed the broadcasts of football matches of the Lions' tour of New Zealand. With talkie books and some leather work I have managed to pass the time and we are now looking forward to Spring, that is just around the corner."

### Manchester Club Notes

For several years past members of the Club, and their wives, have been very pleased to regard Mr. E. Hindle, of the Railway Hotel, Pleasington, near Blackburn, as a close friend, and readers of the REVIEW will recall the very happy times that he provided for St. Dunstaners and their wives and escorts in the Manchester area.

It was with deep regret that we learned of Mr. Hindle's death, which occurred on September 6th, and his passing brings a feeling of loss to all St. Dunstaners who had the pleasure of knowing him, for they will remember his unassuming nature, his modesty, his great-hearted hospitality, and the obvious sense of pleasure that he displayed when he witnessed his St. Dunstan's visitors enjoying themselves.

A letter of sympathy was sent to Mrs. Hindle, and a wreath sent from the Club members, through the kind co-operation of Mr. Bob Britton, of Blackburn.

J. SHAW,  
Club Secretary.

### Letter to the Editor

DEAR EDITOR,

Recently I was introduced to what is commonly called a "Ham," I mean, of course, one of the fellows who play around with amateur radio, and after a long chat I found myself eager to know more.

After persuading my wife that this was the sort of thing I would like to take up, I eventually bought a short wave set and have spent many happy hours listening to the arguments and general discussions which go on all day and most of the night.

I have since been introduced to more Hams, and now they speak to me over the air and sometimes say "hallo" to my wife. Needless to say, she is the one who wants me to go in for the Radio Amateur's Exam., so that I, too, can speak to them and have a chin wag and be kept up to date with all the gossip.

I have wondered why more St. Dunstaners do not take an interest in this, for it is fairly simple and there are plenty of Hams who would like to help in fixing the rig. Hours of good fun can be had, so come on, lads, and join the ranks of many blind chaps who operate and enjoy it to the full.

Yours sincerely,

Grays, Essex.

CHARLES BARGERY

### Alan Nichols

Mrs. Nichols has received from the Limbless Soldiers' Association of Australia a copy of the June issue of their magazine, *The Limbless Soldier*, containing the following tribute to her husband:

"Members may remember the report on Mr. Alan Nichols, a member of the British Forces who lost both hands and both eyes as a result of service in the 1914-18 war, who visited Australia travelling alone and was the guest of Mrs. Brockhoff, of Rose Bay.

"This Limbless Soldier was more than an inspiration to members of this organisation by his carefree manner, his most pleasant conversation and his cheery smile. He has written quite a number of booklets. His experience in Australia is beautifully depicted in "Calling All Chums" and is a great credit to this wonderful man.

"Advice by cable this morning informs me of the answer to the 'Last Call,' which I was very sorry indeed to receive, as I know he had such a lot in mind for the future."

### Told Amongst Ourselves

It was a lovely warm afternoon at Church Stretton and there were about four of us in the hut having a Braille lesson—a special reading lesson in which those of us whose progress had reached a certain degree of proficiency used to read together, each man reading a short passage. I was possibly the most advanced of the group, not very fast anyway, but by reading a little faster than my colleagues, could more or less guess the part I should be called upon to read aloud. I would read this several times ere my turn came, then, hey presto, I could fly over the dots, most of it from memory.

On this warm afternoon I had done nicely, got my part well guessed and almost memorised; it came nearer and nearer my turn, and then the blow fell. Miss Maitland said: "Now, if you'll all turn over two pages, John can carry on and read something he has not practised on."

I had been tumbled, I was cut down to size, and I learned something, too. Even if I could not see Miss Maitland, she could see me.

JOHN A. MUDGE

We had paused to take stock of one of the shop windows in the village High Street when a small boy sidled up, a five-year-old or so. "Hallo," he hailed us. We echoed his greeting and then there was a long silence, during which he was evidently weighing up the situation. His next remark was something of a shock to me, especially as I am the junior partner. "Is that your dad?" he asked my wife.

P. S. SUMNER

A couple of years ago, while on holiday at Ovingdean, one of the outings arranged by Mrs. "Mac" to Cuckfield was so popular that the ambulance had to be pressed into service to carry the overflow. The ambulance went on well in front of the other two coaches. Speeding merrily on around the Sussex countryside, strains of singing, merriment and mirth could be heard from the ambulance, which greatly perplexed the pedestrians, who may have thought that the noise was to drown the cries of a pain-suffering patient. In fact, a policeman on traffic control was seen to take off his helmet, scratch his head and make a move as if to investigate, but thought better of it. That was funny enough to be sure, but a funnier thing happened later when

passers-by shouted to the driver that he was taking the wrong turning—the home for weary minds, they said, was to the right and not to the left!

F. H. WAREHAM

Whilst lying in a hospital bed some time ago, I heard a lot of whispering going on about my plastic eyes. It's surprising how many people you come across who think you can see when you put them in. I could tell that the fellow in the next bed was dying to ask if the plastics made any difference. One afternoon my wife, visiting me, said in a whisper, "The fellow next to you is as yellow as a guinea. He must have yellow jaundice." "Hold tight and don't laugh," says I, "and tell me when he's looking at me." "That's easy," says she, "he never takes his eyes off you." Unwrapping my plastic eyes from the cotton wool, I inserted them and turning to him, said, "Strewth, mate, I never realised you were a Chinaman; you speak our language very well." "I'm not a chink," says he, "I'm in here with yellow jaundice."

E. H. NORTH

My little daughter is three and the following conversation recently took place between us:

*Ann*: Will you read my book to me, Dad?

*Dad*: "But I can't see to read, love."

*Ann*: "Then open your blind eyes, Dad."

REX ROBINSON

### Braille Test

*Senior Braille Reading Test*: J. MacFarlane, of Ilford.

### Multum in Parvo

*It is not that we had not climbed before,  
Each to his dazzling summit of desire,  
Or watched high whiteness from some valley's floor  
Touched by the dawn's lean fingers tipped with fire;  
For you, my friend, harsh vaporous breath hard-  
won,*

*The snows of god-like Kilimanjaro knew  
And I blue-framed Columbia in the sun,  
There, where the ice-axed glittering splinters flew.  
But it is not the eagle sweetest sings;  
One touch of beauty fully understood  
Is worth a cosmos of remoter things;  
And we would perfect keep, if keep we could,  
The drifts, the wood-smoke and the frosty air,  
The hush of Bachmagairn that evening there.*

W. S. SCROGGIE

## Talking Book Library

### Holiday Aftermath

The books below are proffered for the enjoyment of an unusually sun-soaked circle of readers.

"Dance of the Trees," by R. St. Barbe Baker, reader John Webster, tells of a life-long devotion to trees and brings into its proper perspective the importance of the tree in the world to-day. The author crusaded to help save the belt of mighty Californian redwoods and he is a great champion of re-afforestation, particularly in Africa and Israel. The title is explained and immediately becomes a good and imaginative one. After this you will have to admit that trees are wonderful and far more important than you ever realised. *Cat. No. 14.*

"The Third Eye," by T. Lobsang Rampa, reader Alvar Lidell, is now admitted to be a most successful hoax. Hoax or no, it is well worth the reading. The author purports to be a high ranking lama close to the Dalai Lama himself. This is an autobiography from the age of five to admission as an abbot years later. A convincing yarn and it is very difficult to distinguish between the genuine and the hoax, unless one knows a few lamaseries in Tibet. *Cat. No. 47.*

"Sir Christopher Wren," by John Summerson, reader Peter Fettes, is a pleasant biography of our greatest church architect. *Cat. No. 40.*

"The Castle on the Hill," by Elizabeth Goudge, reader Adrian Waller, is a wartime story of a middle-aged woman who becomes housekeeper in the castle to a historian with two great nephews. Evacuee children and a down and out violinist bring romance into a very satisfying story. *Cat. No. 596.*

"The Old Curiosity Shop," by Charles Dickens, reader Andrew Timothy, is the pathetic story of little Nell and her grandfather. The supporting cast of rollicking rogues, Quilp, Swiveller, Mr. Brass and his sister help prevent the pathos from miring the story down. A must for Johnny Ray! *Cat. No. 67.*

"The Horse's Mouth," by Joyce Cary, reader Arthur Bush, marks the last chapter in the saga of Gully Jimson, the larger than life artist, who fades out while engaged in painting about an acre of wall. hilariously funny attempts to collect some

capital after emerging from gaol occupy most of the book. A wee bit broad, but most amusing. *Cat. No. 24.*

"The Turn of the Tide," by Arthur Bryant, reader Eric Gillett, is based entirely on the war diaries of Field Marshal Lord Alanbrooke, thus the historian, Bryant, finds himself for a change able to muster a first-hand account of stirring events, and a fine job he makes of it, too. *Cat. No. 84.*

Also released:—

"The Fall of the Sparrow," by Nigel Balchin, reader John de Manio. *Cat. No. 54.*

"The Wind Cannot Read," by Richard Mason, reader Derek McCulloch. *Cat. No. 56.*

"The Green Bay Tree," by Louis Bromfield, reader Derek McCulloch. *Cat. No. 55.*

"Summerhills," by D. E. Stevenson, reader Andrew Timothy. *Cat. No. 16.*

"The Sword in the Stone," by T. H. White, reader Andrew Timothy. *Cat. No. 71.*

"NELSON"

### Golden Wedding

Many congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Robinson, of Grimsby, who celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary on July 29th.

### Ruby Weddings

Many congratulations also to the following, who are celebrating Ruby Wedding anniversaries:

Mr. and Mrs. J. Broadley, of Felixstowe, July 14th; Mr. and Mrs. W. R. MacKay, of Castletown, Caithness, July 25th; Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Prince, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, August 2nd; Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Squires, of Ringwood, Hampshire, August 2nd; Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Kirk, of Lancing, August 3rd; Mr. and Mrs. A. Drew, of Moston, Manchester, August 23rd; Mr. and Mrs. H. Roberts, of Dukinfield, September 9th; Mr. and Mrs. H. Pople, of Cardiff, September 11th; Mr. and Mrs. T. Cheshire, of Studham, near Dunstable, September 16th.

### Silver Wedding

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs R. Britton, of Blackburn, whose Silver Wedding anniversary was on May 28th last, and to Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Waters, of Sevenoaks, September 15th.

## Family News

Our sincere sympathy is extended to Mrs. T. Niccol, of Harrogate, whose mother died at the end of July.

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Marion Champriss, Hove, whose father died in 1953, has gained a First Class Diploma at the Catering Department of the Brighton Technical College.

★ ★ ★

When H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh visited the R.A.F. Officers' Mess in Singapore last February, the daughter and son-in-law of George Jolly, of Northampton, were among those to whom His Royal Highness chatted. Mr. and Mrs. Jolly have a photograph taken during the conversation.

★ ★ ★

Neil Richmond, son of our late St. Dunstaner, Edwin Richmond, of Harrogate has passed his Final Teacher's examination and takes up a teaching post in Harrogate this month. He is a keen musician and is Assistant Organist at Pateley Bridge Parish Church.

★ ★ ★

Squadron Leader T. G. V. Roden, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., R.A.F., has been successful in obtaining his London University Post-Graduate Diploma in Public Health and St. Dunstaners will share the pleasure and delight of his father, Terry Roden, that his thesis on his chosen subject—St. Dunstan's—won the University prize for the best dissertation of the year.

★ ★ ★

David Hughes, son of our old friend, Joe Hughes, of Selsdon, who died in 1944, has obtained his Science Degree at Southampton University. Mrs. Hughes re-married and is now Mrs. Medland.

★ ★ ★

Bobby Cashmore, Birmingham, has passed with merit Grade II of the L.R.A.M. examination, obtaining 125 marks out of a possible 150. Denise Craddock, Warrington, has passed her London College of Music Examination, Step I Preparatory. She was awarded a First Class Certificate, and eleven year old Maureen Newall, Manchester, has passed her Primary Examination for piano playing at the Royal College of Music.

★ ★ ★

Norma Withington, Wigan, came second

in her age group for painting in an exhibition arranged by Wigan and District Schools.

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Susan Coupland, Hessle, is an excellent swimmer and was in the final swimming group for Hull All-Schools Events.

★ ★ ★

David Hutchings, Sutton, Surrey, has passed with credits his final City and Guilds of London examination.

#### Marriages of Sons and Daughters

Anne Ollington, Earlsfield, S.W.18, on August 29th, to Mr. Gordon G. Burke.

Bernard William Christian, Douglas, Isle of Man, was married in New Zealand on August 6th, to Miss Patricia Natalie Revell.

Alison Boyd, Brighton, on September 5th, to Dr. Alastair B. Milne, of Reading. Dr. Milne is joining a practice in Harrow and for the time being Alison will continue as Registrar at Barnet General Hospital.

Margaret Green, Whittlesey, on July 25th, to Mr. B. Clark.

Christine Todd, Oxhey, Watford, on May 23rd, to Mr. W. Batley.

Frederick Duxbury, Liverpool, on August 8th, to Miss Pauline Roberts.

Neil Stewart MacFarlane, Ilford, on August 8th, to Miss Elizabeth Doreen Herries.

#### Reunions—1959

St. Dunstaners in East Anglia assembled at the Great White Horse Hotel, Ipswich, on July 2nd, for their annual Reunion, presided over by Mr. D. G. Hopewell. It was a perfect day and some forty-seven St. Dunstaners, including coachloads from Clacton and Southend, made it a most successful get-together. Besides meeting senior members of the Welfare and Technical staff, they were able to greet old friends like Miss Hensley, Miss Hester Pease and Mr. Sherratt during the afternoon.

Two days later at the Queen's Hotel, Birmingham, Sir Brian Horrocks, accompanied by Lady Horrocks, greeted fifty-seven St. Dunstaners from the industrial Midlands and again they were able to meet old friends in the persons of Miss Gough and Mr. George White. It was another perfect day and in spite of the heat, our St. Dunstaners enjoyed dancing in the splendid ballroom all the afternoon.

Lord and Lady Fraser very much enjoyed meeting nearly one hundred and fifty St. Dunstaners at what they afterwards des-

cribed as most successful Reunions at Blackpool, at the Casino on September 9th, Chester, at the Grosvenor Hotel on September 11th, and Manchester, at the Grand Hotel on September 12th. Again retired members of the staff were present in the persons of Matron Vaughan Davies and Miss E. G. Doel, at Blackpool and Manchester.

#### Our Large Family

In his speech at these Reunions, Lord Fraser said: "I estimate that 20,000 men, women and children have been cared for by St. Dunstan's during the past forty-four years. All down the pages of history there have been outstanding individuals who have done well in spite of blindness, but the early part of this century is the first time that thousands of ordinary men and a few women, have been enabled to conquer blindness. That is the miracle of St. Dunstan's. . . . By comparison with earlier decades, the last forty years have seen a remarkable improvement in the welfare of the blind and of the disabled, and St. Dunstan's has been the most notable agency for re-creating shattered lives and spreading the gospel of hope."

#### Deaths

Our deep sympathy is sent this month to the following:—

CRADDOCK.—To R. Craddock, of Sankey, Warrington, whose father died on August 30th.

COOK.—To A. R. Cook, of Gloucester, whose sister, Mrs. Hackett, who looked after him for many years, died on August 15th.

SIMPSON.—To H. Simpson, of Aylesbury, whose brother has died in Newcastle.

TODD.—To J. H. TODD, of Oxhey, Watford, whose mother died in May last.

TASKER.—To T. Tasker, of Tollerton, York, who lost his sister very suddenly in June.

PAPPS.—To J. Papps, of Dunstable, whose wife died in hospital on September 5th, after an illness of many years.

#### Correction

Our late St. Dunstaner, W. F. Butt, of Worthing, died within a fortnight of his 78th birthday and not his 88th as reported last month. We regret this error.

★ ★ ★

We have heard with regret of the death on September 7th, of Mrs. A. J. Burtenshaw, widow of our late St. Dunstaner, A. J. Burtenshaw, of Portslade.

#### Tales of Ind The Eternal Snows

During the last war I was, for five years, on the staff of the Central Internment Camp, Dehra Dun, which is situated at the foothills of the mighty Himalayas.

A young friend who was in the Services came to spend a few days' leave with my wife and I, and it was suggested that I should take him for a walk across the mountains from Mussoorie to Chakrata, a distance of some forty miles. Now I had done this walk some thirty years earlier, and I was a very young man then. However, rather foolishly, I agreed. I had not prepared for the walk although I was pretty fit.

We started off from Mussoorie one afternoon, taking with us bedding, provisions and a coolie to carry them. The first afternoon we walked down the old road to Simla, which passed through a forest of pines and brought us to the first stage of our journey, the bridge which crosses the source of the river Jumna, one of the mightiest rivers of India. We had now covered about seven miles and descended from over seven thousand feet to two thousand feet. We stopped and rested before crossing the bridge: I knew that the rest house where we would stay the night was just over the bridge and there was no hurry. It was dark now and I said to my young friend, "The rest house is just a short distance over the other side of the bridge." When we had crossed the bridge my companion called out, "I can't see any rest house." I was so certain that the rest house had been there when I last passed that way, that the only conclusion I could come to was that in the intervening years the position of the bridge had been moved further down the river and the rest house was, of course, at the point where the old bridge had been. What a trick of memory that had caused me to forget that the rest house was actually some quarter of a mile further up the road! Unfortunately, that trick of memory nearly caused disaster and did cause us much discomfort. We carried on looking for the lost rest house and had by then walked over another mountain about 8,000 feet and down into another valley. As it was now 10 p.m. and we had walked sixteen miles, I called a halt and we rolled ourselves in our blankets and slept on the

mountain path, the coolie beside us. I was not worried about wild animals such as tigers, panthers or leopards, as these creatures do not attack humans unless it happens to be a man-eating tiger. No, the gentleman I was secretly worried about was a much more dangerous customer than the big cats . . . it was the Himalayan black bear. However, the night passed quietly, but the ground was very hard indeed and I got no sleep.

We now had five miles to go before we reached our next rest house at Chourani, that beautiful valley where the traveller gains the most perfect view of the Eternal Snows. It was a steady uphill climb, but it was not long before I began to feel the effects of the previous day's effort and *Anno Domini*. My feet had swollen and this added to my difficulties. As we climbed higher so matters became worse, as the air became more rarified. Every so often we would reach an abrupt bend in the narrow mountain path and we would find a great sweep in the road which would follow the pattern of the mountain like the sea follows a coastal indentation. I became very distressed as the day wore on and once I stumbled and nearly went over the edge of the path to fall a sheer drop of several thousand feet, but for the timely help of my companion. Our progress now was painfully slow as I was compelled to take frequent rests. At last, when I had almost given up and considered asking my companion to go ahead and seek help, we turned one of those abrupt corners and there before us was Chourani, my secret Shangri-la. We entered the rest house, which was quite close to where we were standing, and I immediately threw myself on to a bed, thoroughly exhausted, leaving my young friend to chop up some wood to make a fire so that we could have some tea. Presently a very agitated Chowkidar, or caretaker, appeared at my door. "Sahib," he cried, "the sahib is chopping up the gate." I am not a great tea drinker but when my friend brought the tea I drank cup after cup, and after each cup I could feel my strength returning. I must have swallowed fully fifteen cups of tea, and I expect it was pretty poor tea, the water probably smoked, but it was to me the nectar of the gods.

The next morning I stood on the road outside and gazed in awe at the sight before

me. Looking eastwards across the valley there was spread before my eyes the most beautiful sight, I think, on earth. There, like a gigantic carpet of white, reached as far as the eye could see . . . the Eternal Snows. I wish I possessed the gift to describe what I beheld, indeed, I consider such beauty and grandeur baffles description. There this great carpet of snow lay, as far as the eye could see, and that is a long way in the clear rarified air. On the gigantic carpet raised lumps could be seen, these were peaks, but north of this mass of snow stood mighty peaks like giant fingers pointing upwards. I counted about eight of these over 20,000 ft. giants. As I watched the enthralling scene the rising sun tipped the summits of these great peaks a rosy pink, like some invisible hand pouring slowly over great blobs of ice cream, strawberry syrup. I have had the good fortune to visit places of great natural beauty, but none of them appeared to me so much as the scene that was spread out before me in all its beauty and awe-inspiring grandeur, leaving a feeling of deep humility.

Except that my feet were sore and swollen I was feeling quite fit after a night's rest, but I wore a pair of sandals in place of boots. We started off on the last leg of our journey to Chackrata, but had not gone far when we found that long sections of the road had disappeared, due, no doubt, to the monsoon and neglect during the war years. The road from Chourani to Chackrata was fairly level, but we now had to climb above the old road along a rough path strewn with rocks and boulders. We arrived at our destination in the early evening.

Chackrata, known affectionately as "Chack" by generations of British soldiers, was one of the favourite military hill stations for troops in northern India. Thousands of troops were accommodated, and at nearby Kailana, during the hot months of the year. Situated in beautiful surroundings there were facilities for football, tennis, cricket, etc., and there was a brewery where most excellent beer and stout was brewed by a brewer who had learned his art at a famous Burton brewery. Chackrata was also famed for its Marriage Market, which took place annually. The young people would arrive in their best clothes from the surrounding mountain

villages. The girls clad in gaily coloured loose skirts down to their ankles and wearing abbreviated bodices. On their persons they carried their dowries in the shape of silver jewellery. It was a case of rings on her fingers and rings on her toes, rings in her ears and rings in her nose, and innumerable bangles on her arms and her legs. The bride, in this community, had the privilege of choosing her husbands. Did I say husbands? Yes, dear reader, because these people practised polyandry, and the bride would usually select several brothers for husbands and she would reign queen in her home, the husbands working for her and living in amity, for there is no divorce among these people.

If, dear reader, you have soldiered in India, and have been to Chackrata, drop me a line and we can talk about happy days in Chack.

I do hope you have enjoyed our walk. Cheerio.

DUNCAN McALPIN

[It has not been possible to include this article in the *Braille Review* but it will appear next month.]

### Births

BAKER.—On August 18th, to Cynthia and Paul Baker, of St. Austell, a daughter—Janet—a sister for John.

BOOTH.—On July 28th, to Peter and Peggy Booth, of Chilthorne Damer, Yeovil, Somerset, a son—Philip.

CROYMAN.—On August 4th, to the wife of R. H. Croyman, of Clacton, a son—Phillip Stanley.

DUFFEE.—On May 19th, to the wife of P. R. Duffee, of Kingston, Surrey, a son—David Phillip.

LOSKA.—On August 17th, to the wife of J. Loska, of Brighton, twin sons—John Francis and Stephen Paul.

MCCARTNEY.—On August 24th, to the wife of H. McCartney, of Belfast, a son, their ninth surviving child.

### Marriages

OVERILL—CARTER.—On August 21st, A. J. Overill, at present of Ovingdean, to Mrs. Edith Laura Carter.

SERGEANT—YOUNGER.—On September 12th, W. Sergeant, recently of Ovingdean, to Miss Younger. They will live at Patcham.

### "In Memory" (continued from page 12)

Private William Rushen, 13th Essex Regiment

We record with deep regret the death of W. Rushen, of Witham, Essex. He was 78. He enlisted at the outbreak of the 1914-1918 war, was wounded in France in 1917, and was discharged in April, 1918, entering St. Dunstan's immediately. He trained in netting, mat-making and boot-repairing and carried on the last occupation until 1929 when ill-health forced him to give this up. He continued to make a few mats until 1950, when he went to stay with his sister in Colchester. Two years later he returned to Witham and his sister kept house for him. On June 9th he was admitted to hospital and died there on July 25th.

He had never married and our sincere sympathy is sent to his sister in her loss.

Private Robert Robinson, Royal Air Force and Somerset Light Infantry

We have to record with deep regret the death of R. Robinson, of Cookstown, Northern Ireland, at the age of 63.

He served with the Royal Air Force in the 1914-1918 war and enlisted as a private in the Somerset Light Infantry in January, 1940. He received his discharge four years later and entered St. Dunstan's in July, 1945, where he trained as a mat-maker, and he worked at his craft until quite recently.

He had been in indifferent health for some time but his death on August 26th was sudden and unexpected.

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

Private George James Smith, 2nd Grenadier Guards

With deep regret we record the death of G. J. Smith, formerly of Leicester. He died at the age of 75 at Pearson House, where he had been for only two weeks.

He was an old soldier—he had enlisted in 1904—and he was wounded in France in 1914 and came to St. Dunstan's on his discharge in 1916. He trained as a basket-maker, keeping also a little poultry for a time, but in 1949 his age and ill-health forced him to give up his craft. He had not been in good health recently but his death was sudden and unexpected.

To his daughter, Mrs. Eld, and to the rest of his family our deep sympathy is extended.

J. Dalrymple, New Zealand Forces

We have heard with deep regret that our New Zealand St. Dunstaner, J. Dalrymple, of Gisborne, died suddenly in the first week of June.

He enlisted in January, 1941, served overseas and was wounded in action in December of the same year. He was posted as a prisoner of war in July, 1942, and was repatriated in 1943, and he returned to his home in New Zealand the following February. He was admitted to St. Dunstan's benefits in August, 1947.

He leaves a widow and grown up family to whom we send our deep sympathy.

H. Mitchell, 3rd Battalion Rifle Brigade

We have also heard with deep regret of the death of H. Mitchell, of Birkenhead, New Zealand, who served during the First World War. His death occurred during the first week in June, just before his 63rd birthday.

Our deep sympathy is extended to Mrs. Mitchell and her daughter.

J. R. Smith, Australian Forces

The news of the death of J. H. Smith, of Melbourne, on April 17th, has only just reached us and we learn of his death with deep regret.

He was 66 years of age and had been blind for the past ten years.

He leaves a widow and two daughters, to whom we send our deep sympathy.

Wessel Marais, 13th Field Coy., South African Expeditionary Corps

We have heard with deep regret of the death on July 21st of Wessel (Pop) Marais, of Krugersdorp, Transvaal. He was 61.

He had served with the South African Forces from December, 1940, until July, 1944, being wounded at Tripoli in December, 1942. He trained in braille, typewriting and hobby carpentry in South Africa and spent a year in England in 1945-46, when he returned home to his farming concern in South Africa, where he was a well-known and popular figure.

Our deep sympathy goes out to Mrs. Marais and her son and daughter.

Lieutenant D. B. Chapple, Royal Horse Guards

We announce with deep regret Douglas Chapple's sudden death on August 16th, which came as a great shock to his physiotherapy colleagues and many other friends in St. Dunstan's.

He came to us when his sight failed in 1929 and trained as a masseur. He and his wife moved to Sussex last year for his retirement after he had completed a hospital appointment in Norfolk. Mrs. Chapple broke her leg some weeks ago and it was after visiting her that Sunday at Cuckfield that Douglas suddenly collapsed at home and died a few hours later after being admitted to the same hospital.

Our deep sympathy goes out to Mrs. Chapple and their grown up son.

Lieutenant J. A. Whittle, O.B.E., 42nd Battery, A.F.A.

We regret to announce the death in South Australia on August 24th of J. A. Whittle, who was known to St. Dunstaners in this country, as he came here in 1935 and trained as a physiotherapist. He returned home to practise and also to play a leading part in Australian blind welfare organisation. He was for the past ten years Vice-President of the Australian Blinded Soldiers' Association and was also President of the Blinded Soldiers' Association of South Australia, of which he had been Hon. Secretary for some twenty years. Warm tributes to his fine work have appeared in the newspapers of Adelaide.

We extend our deep sympathy to his widow and married daughter.

## "In Memory"

### Private Ernest Edward Barrett, *12th Royal Fusiliers*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of E. E. Barrett, of Lower Edmonton, N.9. He was nearly 80.

Enlisting in September, 1916, he came to St. Dunstan's only a year later, where he trained in joinery, and he continued with this work almost up to the time of his death. He had a serious operation in the spring and had seemed to make a fairly good recovery, but he died suddenly on July 7th.

Our deep sympathy goes out to Mrs. Barrett and to the small grandson whom they were bringing up.

### Private Bernard Joseph Butler, *Royal Army Service Corps*

With deep regret we record the death of B. J. Butler, of Redhill, in his fifty-second year.

He had enlisted in September, 1940, and served until December, 1946, but when he came to St. Dunstan's in 1954 he was a chronic invalid, being completely helpless as well as deaf and blind. His death, nevertheless, was not expected. He passed away during the night of July 9th.

We offer our deep sympathy to Mrs. Butler and her two sons.

### Private Percy John Cottrell, *1/5th Gloucestershire Regiment*

We record with deep regret the death of P. J. Cottrell, of Brighton. He was nearly 72.

He had enlisted in March, 1916, was discharged in December, 1919, and came immediately to St. Dunstan's. He became a home craftsman (at first he worked at boot-repairing and mat-making) but concentrated later on baskets, and he was working at this craft right up to the date of his quite sudden death on July 11th.

Since the death of Mrs. Cottrell, in 1949, his young daughter, Margaret, had devotedly cared for him and our deep sympathy goes out to her in her great loss. She was the only child.

### Sergeant Albert Jarvis, *Labour Corps*

We have to record with deep regret the death of Albert Jarvis, of Kenilworth, but for many years of Arborfield, Reading. He was 63.

He served with the Labour Corps from 1916 until 1919 and came to St. Dunstan's in 1923. He trained as a poultry farmer and he became one of our best known and most successful men in this profession, which he followed right up to the end of 1958. He had been ill for the whole of this year and very severely ill for the last few months.

Our deep sympathy is sent to Mrs. Jarvis and to all her husband's relatives on the death of our old comrade.

### Private Frederick Johnson, *9th Battalion, Northumberland Fusiliers*

We record with deep regret the death of F. Johnson, of Derby, at the age of 78.

He enlisted in October, 1915, and was wounded at Mariecourt, and came to St. Dunstan's in October, 1916, where he trained as a mat-maker. He carried on this occupation until 1925 then began trading on his own account until 1951. From that date ill-health prevented him working and he became steadily worse. He died in hospital on August 22nd.

Our sincerest sympathy is sent to Mrs. Johnson and her family.

### Private James May, *1st Glasgow Highlanders*

With deep regret we record the death of J. May, of Glasgow, at the early age of 36.

He served from January, 1942, until May, 1944, and came to St. Dunstan's in September of that year. He trained for industry and worked for thirteen years with Messrs. Hoovers, Ltd., of Glasgow, where he became a most popular member of the staff and highly respected for his extremely conscientious work. He was always of a cheerful disposition and his sudden death will give sorrow to many.

He was a bachelor and our deep sympathy is extended to his married sister, Mrs. McGuigan, with whom he lived, and to his other relatives.

### Sergeant Walter Penter, *King's Shropshire Light Infantry*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of W. Penter, of Hove. He was only 38.

He had enlisted in 1938 and was discharged in April, 1952, coming to St. Dunstan's four years later. He did very well with his preliminary training and went on to industrial training. Unfortunately his splendid progress in assembly work had to cease owing to the probability that for medical reasons he would not be able to work in industry. He transferred to basket work and was making fair progress when he had to be admitted to the Sick Bay. Mrs. Penter and her family came to live in the Brighton area so that he could be admitted to Pearson House when necessary but his ill-health continued and he died in Pearson House on August 1st.

Our deep sympathy goes out to Mrs. Penter and her four young sons, all of whom are under sixteen.

### Private Sidney Rowney, *Highland Light Infantry*

With deep regret we record the death of S. Rowney, of Wickford, Essex, at the age of 73.

He served during the First World War from December, 1915, until March, 1920, but did not come to St. Dunstan's until August of last year when, owing to his age, he could not take training. Although he had been for a period in hospital, his death was not expected.

He leaves a widow and grown-up family to whom our deep sympathy is extended.

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