

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Men and Women Blinded on War Service

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CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

IN the House of Lords on May 30th, we had the Second Reading of the Professions Supplementary to Medicine Bill. This Bill proposes to establish an official Register of persons described as "supplementary workers in the field of medicine," such as radiographers, chiropodists, dieticians, physiotherapists, remedial gymnasts, occupational therapists and medical laboratory technicians.

After this Bill becomes law, no-one may call himself a registered practitioner in one of these professions unless he is on the list and this means that he must be qualified and conform to certain standards.

I was moved to say something about this Bill because I have been interested in the subject for a very long time and also because I thought I could give St. Dunstan's and St. Dunstaners a pat on the back which might do us all a bit of good and no harm.

I thought it might interest St. Dunstan's physiotherapists and some others to see the form such a little speech in the House takes and I therefore have asked the Editor to print it below for what it is worth.

FRASER OF LONSDALE

Extract from Parliamentary Debates

(HANSARD)

House of Lords Official Report

Professions Supplementary to Medicine Bill:
5.55 p.m.

LORD FRASER OF LONSDALE. My Lords, I congratulate Her Majesty's Government upon having brought this Bill forward and secured its friendly passage through another place, and having presented it to your Lordships to-day for Second Reading. I consider that the structure of this Bill is a sound one. The supervisory co-ordinating Council, with a nice balance between

the old and the new professions and the layman, is good, and the Boards or Committees with a majority of the supplementary workers is satisfactory.

I am glad that the supplementary professions stood up against the doctors in this matter and refused to be browbeaten and placed in a minority by them. Doctors are most important people, but they are not the only people who can do us good, and often "a little of what you fancy does you good." I am glad, therefore, that those in these supplementary professions have been given their majority on the Committees, not only because of their dignity and status, but also, as I think, because of their wisdom. This is not to say that I am in any way opposed to

doctors, but I am glad in this instance to see what is put in the Bill. The Register will bring protection to the entrants into this field, as well as prestige, and I welcome it on both those grounds.

I should declare my special interest in this matter which arises out of no financial interest, direct or indirect, but because it has been my duty and pleasure in the last forty years to help a particular group of workers who are to be included on the Register. They are, broadly speaking the physiotherapists generally, and especially among their number blind physiotherapists, and particularly among them, the blinded soldier physiotherapists who have been my protégés. Bodies representing physiotherapists—the Chartered Society of Physiotherapy, the St. Dunstan's organisation and the Civilian Blind organisation—have now worked in harmony for a very long time and have done much to uphold the status of the profession and encourage those who have taken the examinations from year to year to take longer courses and learn more complicated subjects, and to get a very good grounding so that they become very expert, with sometimes three or four years' training. That has been a splendid work upon which, I believe, we ought to congratulate the bodies concerned, and particularly the Chartered Society.

The noble Lord opposite rightly said that most practitioners in most of these professions—and especially is this the case with physiotherapy—will be working for the National Health Service. That is true, but do not let us forget that there are still a good many in private practice. I am glad to say that in spite of the expectation that the National Health Service would put the private physiotherapist out of business, it has not done so—at least, not as far as my St. Dunstan's friends are concerned. There are 110 of them in this country, 28 in other parts of the Commonwealth, and about 200 other blind persons, and more than half of them are in private practice. They include many young men blinded in the Second World War. And very good they are, and very successful. Nevertheless, if we add together all the blind men and the sighted men who work in the physiotherapy professions we shall still find, when the Register comes to be set up, that the women will outnumber the men by 9 to 1. That

cannot be helped. I am not even prepared to say it is a pity. I think it is just one of those things. But I very much hope that the women, though they must outnumber the men, will not swamp the men. And I make a plea that when the Government sets up the first Committee, which they will do by arbitrary methods before the elections come along at a later stage, they will set a good example by trying to make sure that at least one man—and preferably, as I should wish, a St. Dunstan's man—might be a member of the Physiotherapy Committee.

It is a pleasant thought that as a minor aspect of our passing this Bill to help these professions generally we may be doing a good turn to this group of men who have themselves done so well. It is 40 years since the Chartered Society of Physiotherapy started their campaign to get recognition and registration for their members; and these 40 years caused me to look up the words of an old song which will be familiar to some Members of your Lordships' House, one verse of which says:

*"Forty years on growing older and older,
Shorter of wind, as in memory long,
Feeble of foot and rheumatic of shoulder,
How will it help you that once you were strong?"*

My Lords, it will help you when you are suffering from the debility caused by your arduous labours in this House if you will aid these auxiliary or supplementary persons the better to do their job by establishing this register; it will help you, if I may say so without offending the doctors, by advertising my friends the "St. Dunstaners," if you would like to ask me for the name and address of one of them; and it will help you if you give a Second Reading to this Bill.
6.3 p.m.

St. Dunstaner Fifth in Stock Exchange Walk

Congratulations to Bill Miller, who finished fifth in this year's Stock Exchange London to Brighton Walk. His time was 9 hrs. 34 min. 24 sec., compared with the winner's 8 hrs. 29 min. 26 sec., and he regained his title from Les Dennis, who finished in 10 hrs. 28 min. 16 sec.

Derby Sweepstake Result

A record entry for the Sweepstake and a record prize. That sums up the Derby Sweepstake of 1960. No fewer than 3150 tickets were sold. The new rule that a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed brought down the administrative expenses to £6 15s. 0d., leaving £387 to be divided as prize-money.

The final result was as follows:

1st St. Paddy.
T. DICKINSON, Brighton (2999), £193 10s. 0d.
2nd Alcaeus.
J. S. HODGSON, Peterborough (3100)
£77 8s. 0d.
3rd Kythnos.
H. T. CHEAL, Bristol (2743) £38 14s. 0d.
£5 10s. 7d. went to each of the following fourteen ticket holders who drew the rest of the field:—
Auroy, H. H. DOWNS, Blackburn (492).
Angers, C. E. GRIFFIN, Enfield (799).
Chrysler III, G. LOOMIS, N.W.2 (2451).
Die Hard, O. R. STEPHENS, Hove (1941).
Ides of March, G. JENRICK, Wallington (815).
Lustrous Hope, W. J. PARNELL, Blackpool (507).
Marengo, E. J. KIFF, West Norwood (29).
Mr. Higgins, H. WHITE, Stalybridge (1009).
Oak Ridge, J. G. MOELLER, Weybridge (389).
Picture Goer, J. H. SMITH, Birmingham (755).
Port St. Annes, H. PUGH, Bexhill-on-sea (957).
Proud Chieftain, C. H. H. ELLIS, Ovingdean (1658).
Tulyartos, J. W. ABBES, Fakenham (432).
Tudor Period, G. STACEY, Pearson House (2203).
Those drawing non-runners were:—
Exchange Student, J. MCGUIRE, Reading (1621).
Kamok, W. E. DONN, Pearson House (1862).
Marlborough II, S. J. MOORE, S.E.7 (781).
Mozart, A. G. EMERSON, Reigate (1529).
Primon, H. M. STEEL, South Woodford (2599).
Stupor Mundi, A. H. TUPPEN, Denmead (2318).
Torullo, F. H. SIMONDS, Southampton (2623).
Vienna, H. M. STEEL, South Woodford (2600).
The Field, DENNIS FLEISIG, Orpington (2852).

The Draw was made at the London Club on May 26th by St. Dunstaners George Dennis and Sammy Webster, Mr. Bob Willis supervising the proceedings.

Tribute to British Railways

The following letter appeared last month in the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Brighton and Hove Herald*:

"A number of my blind friends have spoken to me recently about the help they continue to receive on their journeys by rail, and especially between Victoria and Brighton, the line most often used by the men of St. Dunstan's.

"I hope you will allow me, through your columns, to pay this tribute to the staff of British Railways, whose kindness and consideration does a great deal to ensure safe and comfortable travelling for the blind."

FRASER OF LONSDALE.

"When St. Dunstaners Meet"

When a totally deaf-blind St. Dunstaner goes to hospital, he has to break down the psychological barrier which dwells between the staff, the patients and himself. When I entered St. Thomas's Hospital recently, I was armed with my "Arcaid" and this, of course, made a power of difference. Nevertheless, I had to sell myself—to gain the confidence of those around me. Two days after my op., I lay in bed. I wasn't altogether sure whether I had promised to marry Princess Margaret or play in the F.A. Cup Final at Wembley. Someone tapped my chest. I dragged my left hand from under the sheets and croaked, "Yeah?" Two wrist stumps found my hand and then wrote, "Hello. I'm Tommy Gaygan." I sat bolt upright in bed. "Why . . . of all the . . . what are you doing here?" He told me that he had just arrived and that he would be sleeping in the next bed to me. I got out of bed, slipped on a dressing gown, we found two chairs and yapped for the rest of the day. We yapped next day until Tommy was taken for a ride on the op. trolley. The rest of the blokes in the ward were grateful for the few hours' silence that followed.

Mr. Gaygan was duly returned to the ward and for an hour or so he looked like an advert for frozen mutton. Time elapsed, then brother Gaygan began to blink his way back to a more possible world. His dry fur-coated tongue hung out of his parched mouth and a nurse decided something must be done. After watering the bloke, the nurse came to my bed and told me that all was well with Mr. Gaygan and his vocal chords were back in action.

The following day, Tommy was slipping on my hand again. Thereafter, doctors and other members of the staff would get the handless wonder to talk on hand to me. It's not surprising that Tommy should have gained the admiration of all the staff and patients. I think it amazing the amount of independence our handless St. Dunstaners can preserve.

For all the favours Tommy did for me I could only show my appreciation in the simplest of simple jobs, such as doing up or undoing his dressing gown.

I am sincerely grateful to you, Tommy, for your every kind gesture. Thanks a lot.

WALLY THOMAS.

Letters to the Editor

DEAR EDITOR,

In last month's Chairman's Notes, Lord Fraser asked for some information about diving. He mentioned he had a slight recollection of Sir Arthur referring to an ex-naval diver and asked if any St. Dunstaner had any information on this subject.

On my first leave home after being admitted to St. Dunstan's in August, 1916, I travelled up to Hull in the company of another St. Dunstaner named Drummond.

In our conversation he told me he was going for an interview with a salvage firm in Hull by the name of Deheer's, Ltd. The purpose of the interview was to see whether he could take up diving with the firm. He said that as a diver had very often to work in darkness and to do the work by sense of touch alone, he thought it could be done equally well by a blind person.

I met Drummond several years later and asked him how he got on with the diving. He told me it wasn't a success as Messrs. Deheer's couldn't put full confidence in him.

After then, I believe he went out to Australia and I believe he has since died.

Yours sincerely,

T. W. CHAMBERLAIN,
Reading.

DEAR EDITOR,

In the last issue of the REVIEW, Lord Fraser was writing about diving and in the course of his remarks mentioned that Sir Arthur had allowed a St. Dunstaner to be trained in deep sea diving, but the name of the man eluded him.

I had the good fortune to be in the same dormitory at Sussex Place when this particular man—an Australian named Drummond—returned for training in massage; he had served for a short time as a professional diver somewhere up on the north-east coast, but only "went down" once in a while; he told me that he had strong grounds to believe that his team-mates were not playing quite fair by him in not letting him take full share of the duties, and in consequence he got bored with the overdose of idleness and resigned.

I suppose it was only the name our Chairman wanted but records will no doubt confirm these recollections of a man

I knew for a very short time in 1920 and have not heard of very much after that brief encounter.

Yours sincerely,

C. J. R. FAWCETT,
Bournemouth.

(We are indebted to our two St. Dunstaners for supplying this information. Our records show that T. P. Drummond, of Australia, had served with the Royal Naval Division and when he came to St. Dunstan's, trained as a masseur. He returned to Australia in 1920 when it seems that he took up diving again there, becoming well-known in that country. He died in 1951. Perhaps our friends in Australia can tell us more of his prowess as a diver. Ed.).

DEAR EDITOR,

Walking the streets alone and travelling about alone are two vastly different things, and the ability to do either or both is not proof of superiority in independence.

I was once talking to a woman who had been blind all her life and who made a daily journey from the suburbs to the City and who was apparently an expert at her job, yet she told me she had never struck a match in her life, lit a gas, put a kettle of water on to boil or made a pot of tea, and said the idea of pouring out a cup of tea and carrying it upstairs to a sick person would have been out of the question!

Much depends on whether one is out for exercise or pleasure. I can get a good brisk walk before breakfast with my stick when at Ovingdean and benefit from the exercise, but when out for pleasure, I prefer somebody to talk to, and to get off the beaten track for a change.

Much also depends upon the neighbourhood in which one resides.

Yours sincerely,

G. FALLOWFIELD,
Southwick.

DEAR EDITOR,

The mention in the REVIEW of Lord Fraser having been fishing in Southern Ireland recalls some fishing I had there myself at the end of the First World War.

After being in hospital in Cambridge for the effects of mustard gas, I was posted to the South of Ireland as M.O. in charge of a London regiment stationed first at Buttevant and then at Bandon, in County Cork.

Mr. H. Crabtree Retires

Herbert Crabtree, telephonist at St. Dunstan's Headquarters, retired on May 27th after twenty-five years' service. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1934, trained as a telephonist, and took over the board the following year. Then it was in Regent's Park. He has since manned it at Brighton, Tyttenhanger Park, Park Crescent and 191 Marylebone Road.

Many of his colleagues on the staff were there to see Mr. A. D. Lloyds, on their behalf, present him with a portable transistor wireless set and a Parker pen as a tribute of their esteem and friendship.

St. Dunstaners everywhere will join with members of the staff in wishing him the very best of luck in his retirement.

A Commonwealth Conference

As we go to press, St. Dunstaners representing our affiliated or associated organisations in the Commonwealth countries are gathering in London for an informal St. Dunstan's Commonwealth Conference. Such a Conference was held between the wars and it was suggested to Lord Fraser by the New Zealanders and the Australians during his recent visit to the Antipodes that another meeting would be of value. The representatives will discuss training, settlement, after-care, war pensions, organisation and other matters of mutual interest.

The party will visit St. Dunstan's Headquarters and our establishments in Brighton, and the Royal National Institute for the Blind, including the Physiotherapy School and the Nuffield Talking Book Library.

Attending from the Commonwealth are:

Australia: P. J. Lynch, C.B.E., A. F. McConnell, M.B.E., E. Snelling.

Canada: W. C. Dies, M.M., W. M. Mayne, F. J. L. Woodcock.

New Zealand: J. E. May, W. T. Woods, M.B.E.

South Africa: M. H. Norman, D. P. Pretorius.

Grandfathers

A. A. Hold, of Yeovil; C. Eighteen, of Reading; A. Horseman, of York (the first grand-daughter after four grandsons); S. Gobourn, of Cheltenham (the second); A. G. Bright, of Blackpool (for the seventh time); E. J. Burley, near Truro.

While at the latter place, I was invited by the old chieftain, the McGillicuddy (pronounced locally "Macllicuddy") of the Reeks, to spend a few days' leave with him in his grand old country place at Beaufort, in County Kerry. The McGillicuddy was a grand old man, who normally lived very much to himself, with a pet monkey as his inseparable companion. However, he could open up to a sympathetic listener, and he was full of ambitious schemes and projects for the regeneration and prosperity of his beloved country. He gave me permission to fish as much as I liked in his trout waters. The river (I believe the Bandon) flowing through his grounds.

Accordingly, one evening, I made my way down to the river, armed with a trout-fly (I forget which one) on, I think, a cast of 3x gut.

I walked for some way along the bank, casting without result, when I was suddenly into a salmon. It turned out to be only a four-and-a-half pounder, but it could certainly fight, and it took me just two hours to land it.

I carried my catch home with a mixture of triumph and trepidation (I had no salmon-fishing licence). My host decided not to report my breach of the law! He said the fish was what they called a Judy—a spent female—and that he did not expect it to be particularly good eating. However, in this surmise he was proved wrong, as he himself admitted when Judy appeared on the table.

The climax of this adventure came when the McGillicuddy asked me to explain exactly where I had hooked the salmon.

When I told him he exclaimed that that was not his water at all, but his neighbour's, and that I had inadvertently been poaching. He at once insisted that we must confess to his neighbour and take the consequences. But second thoughts prevailed, as they have a habit of doing with that charming people, and it was finally decided to say nothing to anyone.

Yours truly,

H. FERGIE WOODS,
London, W.1.

Braille Tests

Correction

Repeat Senior Braille Test: J. Davies, of Saughall Massie.

St. Dunstan's Bowlers Visit Linburn

On June 7th, sixteen members of the St. Dunstan's Brighton Club (Bowls Section), with two sighted bowlers, Messrs. Trotman and Stenning, made an early start to visit the Linburn Settlement, near Edinburgh, which is a community of Scottish blind ex-Servicemen, all of the Second World War, who, if married, live in houses on the Linburn Estate or round about, and if single, in a luxurious hostel.

The main building is in the form of a letter "E" with the administration on the right, the recreation room in the middle, and other departments in the left leg of the "E." Running along the back of the three legs of the "E" and connected by a corridor are the workshops.

We were very impressed with the very high standard of work done, especially in leather work and metal-cum-woodwork.

From the Recreation Room, which has a full-size permanent stage and can seat some 250 people, you step on to a full-size bowling green, forty-one yards square, of Cumberland turf and kept in perfect condition.

We were met at Edinburgh by Mr. A. G. Vallance, Superintendent of Linburn Workshops, who escorted us to the Learmouth Hotel where accommodation had been reserved for us. A little get-together was on the programme when the prospective teams went into a huddle and got acquainted. We started off with a little refreshment. I use the word "little" very cautiously, for "spirits," abstract, vegetable or mineral, were at hand during all hours of the day and most of the night. Before we went down to dinner, Mr. John G. Osborne, Convener of the Executive Committee of the Scottish National Institution for War-Blinded, officially welcomed us.

Wednesday was a very full day. The coach collected our party for transport to the Linburn Settlement ten miles from Edinburgh, where we were again met by Mr. Vallance. We were then taken for a very full tour of the buildings and workshops of which I have previously written.

We had lunch with the Linburn boys, then down to real business—bowls—the object of our visit. Alas, we were not very good weather ambassadors for the rain came and went. However, it cleared up sufficiently for us to get in fifteen ends.

Who won? Well, who cares? Keep it dark—we lost; 84 shots against us and 28 for, but as one of our sighted bowlers had recently won a match by 66 shots, our jowls did not drop quite so much. After the match, "all aboard" was called and a strapping bunch of young and "not so young" bodies got under way en route for the Forth Bridge. We all know what a wonderful feat of construction this bridge was, at a time when modern aids to bridge construction were unknown. Refreshment was laid on at the "Hawes Inn," or is it the "Hawes Hotel," mentioned in Robert Louis Stevenson's "Kidnapped."

Thursday was not a "red letter day," it was a "golden day." We were free in the morning and after lunch we again boarded the coach with Mr. Vallance and the Linburn boys and headed for the Border Country, to visit Earl Haig at his beautiful home, "Bemersyde," comprising 1,500 acres. The Earl and Lady Haig and their small daughter greeted us and then we were personally conducted by the Earl over that part of the house where various items of interest relating to the late Field Marshal Haig, Founder and First President of the British Legion, were on view.

Then we boarded the coach, and Dryburgh was the next port of call, where a delicious salmon tea had to be dealt with. One more halt—at Stow—when hospitality and good fellowship was poured out in more ways than one—and thus we came to the end of our visit to Linburn.

This visit was made possible, in the first instance, on the instigation of Mr. John G. Osborne, and his co-directors; then as a result of the administrative genius of Mr. Vallance and the zest and spirits of the Linburn boys, everything went smoothly and according to plan.

Last, but by no means least, a special word of thanks is due to Mr. Willis, of Headquarters, whom St. Dunstan's so kindly loaned to us for this memorable occasion. As soon as I heard the voice of efficient and tactful Bob at Victoria Station, I knew the St. Dunstan's tail would be kept straight into fair weather.

To our Scottish brothers, wherever you may be—from all St. Dunstaners—greetings for tranquillity and happiness throughout the ensuing years.

FRANK A. RHODES,
Chairman/Secretary.

Birmingham Club Notes Excursion to Stratford-on-Avon

The members of the Birmingham Club had to force themselves to cheerfulness as they made preparations to take part in the outing to Stratford-on-Avon on the morning of June 12th, for it was during a heavy and prolonged shower and the weather forecast had not been good.

Complete with macs, practically every member who had promised turned up at the place convenient for meeting one of the two coaches, and were rewarded by a fine, dry afternoon and evening and by a most enjoyable trip.

Arriving at 2.30, the party took tea, coffee or lemonade in preparation for a "voyage" on the river steamer. The first boatload only managed about twenty yards before the motor broke down. In fact, they had to wait till the second group arrived back some half an hour later and "trans-ship" to their craft.

After a stroll along the river bank, and games and ices in the Recreation Ground, all crossed by the ferry and some fifty adults and a dozen children made their way to the Stratford British Legion Headquarters. Here the customary warm welcome and sumptuous tea awaited. No praise can be too high for the hospitality of our friends at the British Legion.

After tea, the Chairman had many apologies to make on behalf of absent ones who sent greetings.

It was disappointing not to see such stalwarts as Mrs. Spurway, Miss Chadwick, Miss Gough, Mr. Maurice of the Legion, our own Hon. Sec., Miss Maisie Streets, our Hon. Treasurer, W. Shakespeare, and others who could not manage to come, but gratifying to know they wished to be with us in spirit.

After a pleasant hour or so of chatting, music and refreshments at the Legion Club, the coaches were boarded for the return journey, with everyone feeling content with a most enjoyable day.

All members join in gratitude to Miss Streets for her successful planning, to Miss Shakespeare for "standing in" so efficiently for her brother and arranging the little surprise treats for children and others, and to all who helped to make this an outing worthy to remember.

R. T. COOLING,
Chairman.

The Reunions

A most enjoyable Reunion was held at the Queen's Hotel, Birmingham, on Saturday, May 14th. It was presided over by our President, Sir Neville Pearson, Bt., and as in the case of most of our Reunions this year, the weather was glorious. There were fifty-three St. Dunstaners present from many Midland towns and old friends who met them were Miss N. Gough, Mr. J. Sherratt and Mr. George White.

Mr. D. G. Hopewell presided at a well-attended Reunion at Blackpool on May 25th, in the Casino, and during the afternoon our St. Dunstaners were entertained by a small party of artistes from the Queen's Theatre, which included the Beauty Queen of Canada. Miss Vaughan Davies and Miss E. G. Doel were both present to meet their old friends, together with Miss Maddison from Lewis's, who takes such an interest in our work, and Mrs. Waddington.

Mr. Hopewell also presided at the Chester Reunion on the following Friday, May 27th, at the Grosvenor Hotel, when some thirty-six St. Dunstaners attended. Old friends present included Mrs. Doel and Mrs. Eaton and the Reunion was a very enjoyable one.

On Saturday, May 28th, Sir Neville Pearson presided at the Manchester Reunion at the Grand Hotel, which was attended by nearly fifty St. Dunstaners. Miss Vaughan Davies and Miss E. G. Doel were there, too. Everyone enjoyed the wonderful lunch provided by the Grand Hotel and had a most happy social afternoon.

Gift to the Deaf-Blind Watch Fund

W. Robbins, of Bournemouth, has sent to the Deaf-Blind Watch Fund the sum of £137 11s. 6d., this being a donation from the Working Men of the Talbot Rise Club. This splendid contribution was made up of a pile of pennies amounting to £116 15s. 6d., a guessing-the-amount-of-pennies competition, which produced £18 16s. 0d. and odd silver to the value of £2 10s. 0d. It was in December, 1958, that our St. Dunstaner suggested that this unique effort for charity should be devoted to the Deaf-Blind Watch Fund, which as all St. Dunstaners will remember, was begun by Mr. W. H. Ottaway in lieu of a retirement present.

From All Quarters

One of Walter Thornton's Youth Club members at Cadbury's, Birmingham, was a Gold Badge winner in the Duke of Edinburgh's Awards Scheme. Mr. Thornton handles all the organisation for more than fifty boys taking part in this Scheme. His experience as a swimmer and diver has enabled him to coach the lad, David McCann, personally in the life-saving section of the Gold Medal Course.

★ ★ ★

The Rev. Andrew Nugee, who served with the Rifle Brigade in the First World War, recently wrote an article for *The Times* about a march and inspection in 1915. This has brought him contacts with his old unit and has led to his being asked to take the Memorial Service on Armistice Sunday at the Regimental War Memorial in London.

★ ★ ★

Jack E. Rose, for ten years Public Relations Officer at St. Dunstan's, was presented to Her Majesty The Queen at the reception for Commonwealth journalists on May 30th. Mr. Rose was the oldest working journalist present. Fifty-three years ago he was a Court correspondent with a national news agency.

★ ★ ★

H. H. Downs, of Blackburn, recently retired from work at the age of 67, after forty-eight years' service with his employers. We believe that this is the longest industrial employment on our records.

★ ★ ★

Maureen Lees is again organising an Exhibition and Sale of Handicrafts of war and civilian blind and disabled, to be held at Port Sunlight in December. The opening ceremony will be performed by Viscount Leverhulme. St. Dunstaners and their friends will be very welcome to visit the Exhibition.

★ ★ ★

Mrs. Madge Barder has just returned from a long holiday in South Africa and brings good wishes from St. Dunstaners there to all other St. Dunstaners and members of the staff. She also adds her own good wishes.

★ ★ ★

Dennis Ransom, well-known locally for his contemporary tile-top tables, had his own exhibit at Guildford Ideal Homes and Trades Fair in May. It was very well reviewed in the press.

Writing in praise of the V.A.D.s and other staff at St. Dunstan's, J. Todd, of Wembley, said:

"I would say that the pleasure and benefit of a holiday at Ovingdean are largely due to the V.A.D. administration. I wish I had not waited some fifteen years or so before making my first visit there just over a year ago."

South Norwood St. Dunstan's Group

At the 20th Public Meeting of the South Norwood St. Dunstan's Group, organised by a very old friend of St. Dunstan's, Miss M. Jameson, M.B.E., Miss Marjorie Anderson, B.B.C. Women's Hour *commère*, interviewed "a St. Dunstan's family"—Mr. and Mrs. Ted Dudley, with their son, Michael. Miss Anderson also interviewed Miss M. E. Stevens about her work as Welfare Visitor.

On behalf of St. Dunstan's, Ted Dudley presented Miss Anderson with an inscribed copy of "Life in My Hands," by Wally Thomas.

Cardiff Club Outing

On Saturday, May 28th, Cardiff Club members started off by coach in perfect weather for what has now become an annual outing. Visiting Monmouth, for light refreshments, then on to "The Green Dragon Hotel," Hereford, for lunch, where we were met by our Visitor, Miss Blebta, who we were all delighted to see. After lunch, all went their different ways (shopping, etc., mostly by the ladies), after which we were off again to Symonds Yat for tea, walks, boating on the River Wye, etc., then on again to Abergavenny for a short stay before returning to home ground tired, but with many thanks to King Sol for being so kind with the weather.

E. J. LLOYD,
Hon. Secretary.

A Golden Wedding

Mr. George White, who retired from St. Dunstan's service in 1951 after thirty-two years with the Basket Department, celebrated his Golden Wedding on June 25th. His many friends will join us in sending George and Mrs. White our warmest congratulations.

Tales of Ind

Stranger Than Fiction

*From Tarnan in Galicia
To Bow bazgar they came,
To eat the bread of infamy
And drink the wine of shame.*
Rudyard Kipling.

The old man stood on the pavement outside St. Joseph's Home for poor and aged Europeans of which he was a guest. It was a lovely day in late October and a definite tang in the air heralded the approach of the Calcutta cold weather. It was his day out and he wondered how he should spend it. He hadn't much money so he debated as to the merits of sitting in the Eden gardens and watching the ships going up and down the river, or should he go to that marble monstrosity the Victoria Memorial?

Deep in thought the old man did not observe the approach of an extremely pretty and well dressed young woman who, smiling, said to him—"Would you be interested in earning a thousand rupees?" The woman spoke with a strong foreign accent and after the old man had recovered from his surprise, she continued. "I require British nationality in order to remain in the country and follow my profession, and in order to simplify matters it would be quicker to marry an Englishman. If you are prepared to marry me I will give you a thousand rupees and after the ceremony we will have a champagne lunch at Firpo's, after that we shall part for ever." The money seemed a fortune to the old man and he agreed to meet the woman a few days later at the Registrar's office in the Town Hall.

After the couple were married they repaired to Firpo's restaurant on Chowringhee for lunch. When the meal was ended they left the restaurant and parted.

The old man stood on the pavement and maybe the rich food coupled with the wine, caused his blood to run faster, and he felt in a venturesome mood. He suddenly remembered that there were races that afternoon and he decided to spend the afternoon at the races. He was in time for the first race and he placed a modest bet. He won. Again he tried his luck, but with a larger stake: this won also. He continued to place large sums which

brought him large profits. The old man went on winning, in fact he couldn't go wrong, so much so that at the end of the day his winnings had swollen to fifteen thousand rupees . . .

As the old man left the course his thoughts were in a whirl. After all, the sum he had won represented about £1,200 and those were the days when money went a long way. He was free to do what he liked—why shouldn't he. Then he thought of his good bed, his pals at the Home and the kind Sisters. By this time he found he was entering the compound of the Home and as he stepped on to the deep verandah he almost collided with the Sister Superior. Thrusting his hands into his pocket he brought out a bundle of notes which he placed in the hands of the astonished woman.

It is said that truth is stranger than fiction, and this story would appear to support that view, for not only is it true, but it is wholesome, which is more than can be said of some of the fiction produced to-day.

DUNCAN McALPIN.

(This article was too late for the braille issue of the "Review" but will appear there next month).

Ruby Weddings

Many congratulations to the following who are celebrating their 40th wedding anniversary:

Mr. and Mrs. J. Kempster, of Hemel Hempstead, May 1st; Mr. and Mrs. W. Bramson, of South Woodingdean, May 24th; Mr. and Mrs. T. Partington, of Manchester, May 29th; Mr. and Mrs. C. Durkin, of Worcester, June 26th.

★ ★ ★

The Brighton *Evening Argus* on May 5th carried nearly a half-page story—"A Story of Courage," they called it—about Percy Stephens, of Hove, who is a crippled and paralysed St. Dunstaner. Percy, who is still under sixty, joined the Royal Navy in 1917, and served at Scapa Flow and the Dardanelles. He has been chair-bound for more than twenty years, his sight failing in 1957, but he is still an enthusiastic race-goer. A picture of Percy playing dominoes with two admiring youngsters accompanied the story.

Talking Book Library Glorious June

Half a dozen books to while away any rainy days.

"The One That Got Away," by Kendal Burt and James Leasor, reader Robert Gladwell, is a more interesting wartime escape story, in that the hero is a German escaping from one of our prisons. After many abortive attempts, all of which hold the interest, his final break-out is an immense effort and one can't help wishing him "the best of luck." Except for the "escaping foe" angle the atmosphere is the same as all the famous wartime escape books. It is good to realise that initiative was not a prerogative of the Allies alone. *Cat. No. 81.*

"The Golden Sovereign," by Richard Church, reader Robin Holmes, is an autobiographical sequel to "Over the Bridge," which is already in the library. *Cat. No. 467.*

"The Angel in the Corner," by Monica Dickens, reader Eric Gillett, is an all too common tragedy of the awkward relationship of a mother and daughter when the father walks out on them. The psychological stresses are further aggravated for the girl when she marries a penniless drifter inclined towards drink and easy money crime, and her mother marries an American millionaire who whisks her off to New York. Quite a bit of incident and a not too unhappy ending round the book off nicely. *Cat. No. 487.*

"Gideon's Night," by J. J. Marris, reader Arthur Bush, is by no means a biblical romance. It is an up-to-date, minute by minute account of the night duty of a Superintendent of the C.I.D. Authentic or not I cannot say, but that point is hardly relevant and as Johnny Ray might say, "What a Night." *Cat. No. 482.*

"The Enchanted Summer," by Marjorie Warby, reader Roy Williams, is a pleasant little romance. The heroine crews on a canal barge during a cruising season. She is 18 and her two elder sisters have looked after her so far, but both of them are about to be married, hence no home for the 18 year old. She has her magic summer and then all three sisters sprout orange blossom! *Cat. No. 466.*

Also released:—

"Private's Progress," by Alan Hackney, reader Franklin Engelmann. *Cat. No. 484.*
NELSON.

Just Suppose—

My secret wish for someone else would be for my next-door neighbours to come into money. Then perhaps they would be able to afford their own garden tools and would be able to stock up the larder, so that they don't have to borrow my tea, sugar, flour, jam and cigarettes, then forget to pay me back, and in return, I forget to remember what they have borrowed.

MARGARET STANWAY,
Morecambe.

Assuming that I have at last "clicked" for a large pools win, and after getting over the shock and as a change from the usual procedure, it will be my turn to send to St. Dunstan's a generous share of this as a very slight mark of gratitude for all that our late Chief's work has meant to me and mine over the years.

H. A. HAMMETT,
Carterton, Oxford.

If I had sufficient cash I would like to present the Bridge Club with a set of automatic bridge playing machines.

With the aforementioned machines, all you would have to do would be—just deal and suit the cards, slip them in the machine, depress a lever marked final contract, and out would shoot a card showing the final contract.

There would be no more arguments, no more post-mortems, no rushing down to the "Old Grey Mule" for a quick one between sessions; one could sit in the sawdust with the physios, talking biology instead of bridge (or is it a lot of Bull?).

S. H. WEBSTER,
Forest Hill.

My "magic wand" wish for others would cost nothing financially but the results would far exceed any advantages gained by gifts of money.

I consider happiness to be the ultimate goal for which mankind should be striving and, with its achievement, contentment and peace must surely follow. We do occasionally meet people who can smile in the face of adversity and their lesson, I am sure, could be well followed by the rest of us.

My wish would therefore be—"God bless you and keep you happy!"

H. C. OLLINGTON, *London, S.W.18.*

(This competition is now closed. Two guineas goes to Phillip Wood, of Hyde, and the sender of every other entry printed receives 10s. 6d.).

Lord Fraser's Coat of Arms Motto in Braille

From the *Daily Mail*, May 24th, 1960.
Paul Tanfield:

Heraldry experts were surprised last night when they saw for the first time the coat-of-arms chosen by Lord Fraser of Lonsdale.

The life peer has had his motto, "Je suis prest" (I am ready) written in braille.

When his arms go into the reference works, such as *Debrett* and *Burke's Peerage*, the motto will appear as a series of dots which will be understood by few.

Nevertheless, it neatly sums up Lord Fraser's 44-year fight against blindness.

In 1916, at the age of 18, he was blinded on the Western Front. He became famous as Sir Ian Fraser, the blind M.P., the President of the British Legion, the champion of those who cannot see.

Last night, at his house in Regent's Park, London, he said:

"This is not the only reference to blindness in my arms. There is a torch, the torch of St. Dunstan's, symbolising light in the darkness.

"I wrote out the braille translation of my motto for Sir George Bellew, the Garter King of Arms, and then it was copied at the College of Heraldry.

"It was really his idea. He wanted to make the arms fit the aspects of my life, the family connections, and also what they call the achievements.

"The motto is the Fraser family motto which I have always been entitled to use. Putting it into braille indicates for all time the particular circumstances of my life."

The rest of the arms is made up of the Fraser stag (his family connections), the Flanders poppy (his British Legion work) and the Springbok, representing South Africa, where he spent his childhood.

Correspondent Wanted

A German war-blinded man, who is almost totally deaf and has lost his right hand and left forefinger, is anxious to learn English, not only for himself but to help his 13 year old son. He reads braille a little and is very anxious to find a correspondent who might help him to further his braille as well as his English. Can anyone help?

Family News

We said in April that C. Durkin's son was going to Australia in the Comet which was flying the Duke of Edinburgh there. That trip was postponed owing to Princess Margaret's wedding, but Engineer Officer F. T. Durkin was on the Comet flying the Duke from London Airport to Canada and New York and back in June.

★ ★ ★

We have just heard that in the New Year's Honours List, Master Engineer Thomas L. Salter, D.F.M. (Royal Air Force), was awarded the Queen's Commendation for valuable service in the air. Master Engineer Salter is the son of T. W. Salter, of London, S.W.11.

★ ★ ★

Terence Brooks, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Brooks, of Bedford, has obtained a degree with honours at Downing College, Cambridge, in Classics, and takes up a post as Classics Master at King's Public School, Rochester, next September.

★ ★ ★

Stephen Langton, Bottesford, was captain of the school junior team this year and represented his school in the area sports for the high jump. His brother Cedric received his senior football colours this year.

★ ★ ★

Marjorie Fallowfield is a ship's stewardess and was on the *Ivernia* on the St. Lawrence River when the Queen opened this great seaway. She then joined the *Southern Cross*, bound for a round-the-world trip across the Atlantic to the West Indies, then Panama, Fiji, Auckland, New Zealand, and then Australia; and here she realised her great ambition. She met her sister, Joan, who has been out there for fourteen years. The two sisters, with Joan's husband and six children, saw over the *Southern Cross*, then spent the day together in Melbourne. All too soon, the girls had to part again and Marjorie has since docked at Southampton once again.

Marriages of Sons and Daughters

On April 9th, Marjorie Ward, Winchester, to Private Barry Pain, Hampshire Regiment, and on April 29th, Albert Ward to Rosemary Tiller.

On April 2nd, Pamela Jean Hold, Yeovil, to Thomas John Matthews. They were married by Jean's aunt, Brigadier Winifred Hold, of the Salvation Army.

"In Memory"

Private Samuel R. Stevenson, *Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of S. R. Stevenson, of Walthamstow. He was 63.

Enlisting in 1917, he was discharged that same year but did not come under St. Dunstan's care until October, 1952. The state of his health then ruled out any training. His health had deteriorated considerably in recent months and he went to Pearson House, where he died on May 13th.

Our sincere sympathy is extended to Mr. Fowler, his brother-in-law, and to his other relatives.

Private Cornelius H. Van Niekerk, *South African Infantry*

We record with deep regret the death of C. H. Van Niekerk, of Brighton—"Van" to his many friends. He was 63.

Van enlisted in August, 1915, and came to St. Dunstan's in June, 1918. He trained in poultry-keeping and basket-making, but followed the latter craft for a time. He later went back to South Africa but returned again to England where he again took up baskets. His health however had not been good in recent years. Mrs. Van had to enter hospital, and Van was staying at Ovingdean, and it was there suddenly, on May 22nd, that he died. Van had for years been a keen member of the Bridge Club.

Our deep sympathy goes out to Mrs. Van, who at the time of writing is herself still in hospital, and to John, their son.

C. A. Blanks

A. Budden

H. E. Hill

Carl Rasmussen

We also have to record with deep regret the deaths of C. A. Blanks, of Cambridge; A. Budden, of London, S.W.17; H. E. Hill, of Devizes; and Carl Rasmussen, of Victoria, Australia. Full tributes will appear next month.

Births

COPE.—On May 23rd, to the wife of H. Cope, of Stoke-on-Trent, a daughter—Mary Rose.

SIMPSON.—To the wife of J. Simpson, of Hemel Hempstead, on June 7th, a daughter—June Marie.

PLATT.—To A. V. Platt, of Huddersfield, who lost his mother on May 15th.

WELLS.—To W. Wells, of Finedon, in the loss of his wife after a long illness. Mrs. Wells died on June 13th.

Deaths

Our deep sympathy goes to the following:

CULLEY.—To B. Culley of Caterham, in the recent loss of his father. He lived in the north of England.

DUFFEE.—To Mr. and Mrs. P. Duffee, of Kingston-on-Thames, in the loss of a much loved little niece.

GREENACRE.—To R. W. Greenacre, of Dunstable, whose eldest brother died in March of this year after a serious illness.

MOORLEY.—To T. H. Moorley, of Chaddesden, whose mother died on June 9th after a long illness. She was 78.

OWEN.—To D. Owen, of Rhos-on-sea, whose sister died on May 4th.

Mr. C. Van Niekerk

Mrs. Doris M. Toulmin writes:

"Van was a good friend of mine for the last twelve years. He came to my house about once a month to play bridge and always was full of enquiries about our health and our doings. The fact that he was seldom free from pain was only mentioned once. He had pieces of shrapnel all over his body, chronic bronchitis, a stiff right leg, yet he was always full of jokes and no complaints. He played a good game of bridge, did not fuss his partner and entered into all our doings. We shall miss him very much indeed. He was a shining example of great courage."

(Mrs. Muir-Martin asks that her name be associated with Mrs. Toulmin's in this tribute).