

### Letter to the Editor

DEAR EDITOR,

I received a charming letter from a Mrs. Kihn, of South Africa. She made favourable comments upon my book then went on to relate her meeting with Helen Keller. Mr. Kihn had composed a poem in honour of Helen Keller when she visited South Africa which I am enclosing herewith. Perhaps you can find space for it in the REVIEW.

Yours sincerely,  
WALLY THOMAS.

#### Helen Keller

*From out of the darkness  
Of perpetual night,  
Through the vales unseen  
Across the rolling hills  
Your spirit soars in flight  
To peaks that skyward lean  
And fills the world with light.*

*From out of the silence  
That is ever still,  
Your voice gives forth the word,  
That men may heed  
That silent cry unheard,  
The wordless prayer,  
And care for them who solace need.*

*To the blind you are sight,  
To the deaf a story newly told,  
To the sorrowing, light,  
And to all men a challenge  
As old, as man is old.*

PAUL KIHNS,  
*Cape Times, 27/6/60.*

### Our Gardeners

Gardening successes are coming in thick and fast. Among recent winners are H. F. Goodley, of Pulham Market (three firsts, three seconds and a third at Norwich Blind Show); F. C. Fulbrook, of Edgware (First Prize and a Certificate of Merit for the best specimen bloom, and Second and Third Prizes in the Intermediate Section at the Stanmore and District Chrysanthemum and Dahlia Society); E. J. West, of Egham (a first, two seconds and a third for his chrysanthemums, and eleven prizes including three firsts for various exhibits at Egham-Hythe Association Show); F. Madgwick, of Rudgwick, Surrey (four firsts at two local shows); and A. Garbutt, of Stockton-on-Tees (a second and a third).

### What We Owe to Louis Braille

From earliest times man has felt the urge to find a medium in which to record his thoughts and deeds. For this purpose many ancient civilisations created various ingenious formulae including Babylonian cuneiform—wedge-shaped impressions on tablets of clay; Egyptian hieroglyphs, or picture writing; and the current universal alphabet, first used by the Phoenicians to facilitate commercial transactions. No one, during those centuries, thought of or succeeded in inventing a formula which enabled the unsighted to share this asset to intellectual development. Not, that is, until the 19th century, when France produced a saint who, himself blinded while still a child of three, dedicated his adult life to the task of finding a method of helping the physically blind to develop their natural potential.

The story of Louis Braille's success in finding and perfecting his system has been told and retold, but I tender no apology for recalling that while Moses led his own people out of captivity, Louis Braille's deliverance was universal.

Braille being applicable to the written word in any language enables its individual possessor to study for and enter many of the professions, take Holy Orders, assist in civic life and affairs, and help in the industrial output, while the treasure house of literature offers information and relaxation to those wishing to improve the mind or rest the body. Thus, braille has given its students a measure of self-dependence undreamed of before its inception. With the realisation of this in our mind, let us thank God for the life of the man who made it possible, by enabling the unsighted to enjoy the light, companionship and erudition to be found in the world of books.

T. ROGERS.

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The Rt. Hon. the Viscount Leverhulme will open Maureen Lees' Exhibition and Sale of Handicrafts by war and civilian blind and disabled on Tuesday, December 6th. The Exhibition will be held at the Hesketh Hall, Port Sunlight, and will remain open until 7 p.m. each day until Friday and will close at 4 p.m. on the Saturday.

St. Dunstan's will have a stall and refreshments will be available. St. Dunstaners and their friends will be most welcome.

### From All Quarters

St. Dunstaners Jimmy Wright, D.F.C., and "Dickie" Richardson were present at the annual reunion of the "Guinea Pig Club" at East Grinstead in September. Dickie was interviewed by R. Gunnell in the "Town and Country" B.B.C. feature on September 22nd. He came over confident, clear and composed—really a first-class performance.

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Tommy McKay, of Brighton, made a fire-screen-cum-dumb-waiter for this year's Handicraft Exhibition and won a Certificate of Merit, his fourth award in succession. He has the additional disability of an injured hand and leg.

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J. MacFarlane, of Ilford, is not seeking re-election to the Civil Service Telephonists' Section Grade Committee, of which he has been chairman for the last four years. He says he thinks it is time he stood down to give a younger man a chance. He accordingly nominated St. Dunstan John Lewis for the vacancy and John has been unanimously elected.

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G. W. R. Shepherd, of Whitchurch Hill, and Mrs. Shepherd, who are already Nuffield Agricultural Fellows, have now learned from America that they are to become Agricultural Fellows of the Kellogg Foundation. There are only 120 Nuffield Foundation Fellowships in the United Kingdom and only 80 Kellogg Foundation Fellowships.

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Wally Thomas's book, "Life in My Hands," is to be broadcast in serial form in the B.B.C.'s "Woman's Hour." The first reading will be on Monday, November 28th.

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C. Fraser, of Sunderland, recently gave a most successful lecture on Physiotherapy to the local Rotary Club. This has led to requests for more talks.

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Les Dennis and Billy Miller were among those competing, with the Gold Medal Olympics winner, Don Thompson, in the London to Brighton walk on September 17th. Les was later interviewed by Max Robertson on B.B.C.'s "Sports Special" and was also pictured on I.T.V.

### The Last Reunions

The Brighton Reunion was held at the Grand Hotel on Wednesday, September 21st. Naturally, it was one of the best-attended of the series and equally obviously its success was assured. Our President, Sir Neville Pearson, B.T., welcomed the St. Dunstan's guests, who were also honoured with the presence of the Mayor of Brighton, Alderman A. J. M. Johnson, J.P., and the Chief Constable, Mr. A. E. Rowsell.

The London Reunion was on Friday, September 23rd, at Lyons Corner House, Coventry Street. Sir Neville Pearson again presided and he was accompanied, to everyone's pleasure, by Lady Pearson.

One of the happiest events of a very happy evening was the presentation of a bouquet to Miss Frances Lloyd, R.R.C., who has been associated with St. Dunstan's since 1915 and still regularly visits St. Dunstan's in the London hospitals. "Lloydie" received her bouquet from Mrs. Eileen Williams, of Ilford.

### Physiotherapy Annual Conference

St. Dunstan's physiotherapists held their 40th Annual Conference during the week-end of October 7th. Lord Fraser was the principal speaker at the luncheon at Ovingdean on the Saturday.

The programme during the week-end included lectures by eminent specialists and demonstrations of new apparatus.

The Committee was elected as follows: J. B. Purcell (*Chairman*), M. Burns, J. D. Calder, J. Delaney, J. J. Fulling, J. Legge, N. Perry, A. C. Pinton, F. J. Ripley, W. T. Scott, W. Shea, C. J. Stafford.

### From Miss Heap

I should like to thank all those St. Dunstaners, staff and friends, who so kindly contributed towards my lovely retirement present—a lovely bow-fronted mahogany chest of drawers. This will always be one of my most cherished possessions and will remind me of the almost seventeen happy years that I have spent amongst you—at Church Stretton, Ovingdean and Pearson House.

I shall miss you very much. God bless you all.

M. HEAP.

## A Voyager's Tale

### The Mystery of Eilean More

In the Western Hebrides are a small group of islands known as the Flannan Isles. On one of them, Eilean More, stands a lighthouse to which there are three lighthouse keepers and except for these, there are no inhabitants. The lighthouse stands on the highest point of the island and on the landward side there is a stone jetty, on the end of which there is a small hand crane used for landing the necessary stores for the three keepers.

It was a night in December in the year 1909, when lighthouses were lit by oil and there was no wireless. On this night the inhabitants of the nearer islands noticed that the lighthouse was not showing a light; ships also noticed it and it was reported when they reached port, but the weather was so bad that it was some weeks before the Trinity relief ship could get out to see what was the matter. When the party were able to land on the island, they went up to the lighthouse. The outside door was open but there was no sign of any of the three keepers. They searched the lighthouse and the island, but to no avail. The light had been trimmed all ready for lighting, and the slate log was made up to 9 a.m. of the morning of the day that the light did not appear. In a lobby just inside the door they used to hang their oilskins, one set for each keeper. Only one set was hanging there, the set belonging to the duty keeper on the last day. I must explain that should there be any reason for the keepers to go down to the jetty, they would put their oilskins on owing to the spray when the waves struck the jetty. It was evident, therefore, that two of the keepers had reason to go down to the jetty that day. I should also explain that on no occasion, except in an emergency, should the duty keeper leave the lighthouse. Also that the light at this time of the year in the Hebrides is very bad, just twilight in fact.

There it was—a very small island, a lighthouse left in perfect condition, with nothing out of place, but the three lighthouse keepers missing. Where had they gone? What had happened to them? That is a question that will never be answered satisfactorily.

E. B. OXBOROUGH,  
*Great Yarmouth.*

## The Long Arm of Coincidence

Last month we reported how Jack Lomas and Ted Brett, war-time comrades, had met again at St. Dunstan's after forty-six years. E. B. Oxborough, of Great Yarmouth, writes:

"I have a similar meeting in mind, although it does not cover such a long period.

Two P.O.W.s, an Englishman named Macdonald (Don) Wesley, who lived in Peterborough, and an Australian, Wally Jones, worked on the Railway of Death. They parted when the war was over, each going back to his own country.

I was training in 1948 at Ovingdean, as also was Don Wesley. We broke up for the summer holiday and during the time we were away a number of Australians were sent to St. Dunstan's for training, among them Wally Jones. Imagine the astonishment of these two when they met in the entrance hall at Ovingdean. Wally's sight had been affected by malnutrition and Don Wesley's by beri-beri."

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"During the years 1940/41 I was stationed at Moston Hall Military Hospital, Chester. Here, in my duties as Q.M., I had charge of the Linen Laundry, men's kits, etc. These duties took me into contact with the nursing staff in all wards and accommodation.

I well recall a certain V.A.D. nurse working on Medical—with a striking sun-tanned face and very fine teeth, who always appeared to be smiling despite all troubles—even refusal by me to part without a signature. I left Moston Hall in 1942, and after sundry voyages and experiences, I eventually arrived at St. Dunstan's and Church Stretton. After a few months there, I suddenly met again my smiling V.A.D. from Chester. And, by a further strange coincidence, the lady in question figured in the 'Coincidence' story in the REVIEW last month—it was Miss Heap.

JOHN MUDGE.

★ ★ ★

The author of the article on Page 7, "The South Wind," is Ted Bullen, of Western Australia, who in sending it to the REVIEW says, "I thought that perhaps it would be a good way for me to say my good wishes to all my old friends of St. Dunstan's."

## Shark-Fisherman

I have just spent a most enjoyable and exciting holiday in the West of England. The weather was very kind to us and we were able to do quite a bit of fishing, catching lots of whiting and mackerel. The big day, however, came when we decided to go out shark fishing. We boarded the lugger, "Patsy Anne," which is diesel-driven, and was under the care of Mr. Frank Oliver. Apart from myself the party consisted of a Cumbrian, an Irishman, a Lancastrian, a Taffy and a Yorkshireman.

Our outward journey took us about two hours to complete and we found ourselves in the Atlantic Ocean, some miles past the Eddystone Lighthouse. The lines were baited with pilchards and pilchard oil was put into the water. The keenest excitement prevailed, for all were real novices.

After only two minutes, Taffy was the first to bring in a blue shark; he was soon followed by the Lancastrian, then by the Yorkshireman and later by the Cumbrian, who broke the record by catching no less than three blue sharks. Their weights varied between 42 and 90 pounds.

After lunch and some showers of rain, the return journey began. By this time a wind was blowing of force seven and the waves were mounting. Both wind and waves were hitting us head-on, the waves being between thirty and forty feet. However, the good ship "Patsy Anne" struggled on through it all and in spite of the conditions, our homeward journey took us some three and a quarter hours.

C. DURKIN.

## The South Wind

For a week now there had not been a single cool breeze; not the slightest relief from the harsh sun by day and the overheated earth by night. Each morning, weary, sleepy-eyed men left their stifling little houses and made their way to the mine for the day's work. As they met they shook their heads and said, "Another stinker to-day! No sign of the Doctor yet." In the sweltering heat of the evening they parted with, "Tooroo, mate, maybe the Doctor'll come to-night."

All day long the women had endured the tortures of yet another day, hoping for a change, any change that would drive away this dreadful heat. A mother watched over a feverish, fretful baby, desperately

trying to ease the child's sufferings with damp cloths laid against the burning skin. With tear-filled eyes she prayed for the "Doctor" to come.

Now, at last, the great red sun has sunk below the tortured land. Too hot to eat, men and women leave their houses and lie on lawns or under trees—anywhere to try to get real or imagined relief. And in their hearts, always the same prayer, "Please God, let the Doctor come tonight," and now their prayers have been heard and answered. Far down in the frozen wastes of Antarctica, the Doctor is stirring. At first it is but a sighing cold breath. Then with a mighty roar, the blizzard is on its way. Northward over two thousand miles of the Southern Ocean; but it is steady now, no longer a blizzard but still strong and purposeful—a great mass of cool moisture-laden air. Ever northward the Doctor speeds on his mission of mercy. Up over the cliffs and beaches of Southern Australia; on over the sun-smitten land.

Back in the little mining town, a man suddenly sits upright, his ears straining to hear a far-off sound. It comes again—a faint moaning whisper, then quickly the sound changes to a roar. The Doctor has arrived! Everywhere there is excitement. People shout to each other, "the Doctor is here!" And here he is with a vengeance, driving before him a great mass of superheated air laden with every kind of debris; in through doors and windows that have for so long been wide open, scattering tins and leaves and papers. But the people don't mind. Nothing matters now—the Doctor has arrived! The dusty, noisy vanguard has moved on; the cool moist air has laid the dust; and everywhere the folk are taking deep breaths of the gloriously vitalising medicine the Doctor has prescribed. The mercury, which has sullenly hovered around the century for days and nights, is suddenly precipitated downward—90, 80, 70, 60—and lower still; and all because the Doctor has arrived. Now comes the sound and the smell of cooking as jaded appetites revive. What matter if it be midnight or three in the morning? The Doctor has arrived!

The anxious mother bends over her sick child, now tucked up in a blanket and sleeping softly. With tears in her eyes she thanks her God that the Doctor has arrived in time.

TED BULLEN.

## Talking Book Library

## Back End Browsing

This month's yield is a trio of limited range and here they are:—

"To the Polar Sunrise," by K. Westcott Jones, readers Peter J. Reynolds and Duncan Carse, tells of an expedition to a point on the high plateau in North Norway where the first sign of the sun may be seen after the long, depressing Arctic night. By ship northwards to Hammerfest, then by motor vehicle up to the plateau, across it to the required spot, commenting all the way there and back upon the beauty and the beastliness of the surroundings, and occasionally touching upon the ancient legends of localities en route. A chilly bit of narrative but an experience which only one little-used word can express, yes that's it—an awe-inspiring experience, watching the Arctic night gradually, gradually dissipating until finally the frozen surroundings begin a new multi-coloured sparkle in a new-born sunlight. All fires on and a full brandy flask are needed to read this in comfort! *Cat. No. 219.*

"Passionate Search," by Margaret Crompton, reader Eric Gillett, is, or purports to be, a view of the life of Charlotte Brontë from the inside. A very good job the authoress makes of it, too, but, dear readers, make sure your spirits are high before embarking on this sad tale, for I can assure you that other things about Haworth Vicarage than Branwell Brontë lowered spirits considerably. Sad, so sad, and yet uncomfortably convincing. Read this and you are ready to read Charlotte's books all over again with a great deal more understanding and appreciation. *Cat. No. 426.*

Also released:—

"Village School," by "Miss Read," reader June Tobin. *Cat. No. 420.*

NELSON.

## Mrs. Hill Mottley

Many St. Dunstaners will hear with regret of the death of Mrs. Hill Mottley. T. Floyd, of Teignmouth, writes:

"From the early years of its existence, Miss Richardson, as she then was, took a keen interest in St. Dunstan's both in London, where she lived, and at Brighton, where she often acted as escort at West House. It is true to say that her interest in St. Dunstan's never diminished."

## Family News

We have heard with regret of the recent death of Mrs. J. Boyles, widow of our late St. Dunstaner, J. Boyles, of Belfast.

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Mrs. H. Gover is now back at home making slow but steady progress after her recent serious operation. The many messages and flowers she received helped her to get better, she says.

★ ★ ★

Margaret Beard, Hove, who is twenty-one, has been accepted for Library School in London. She has just passed a further examination and has received the congratulations of the Director of Brighton Library.

★ ★ ★

We should have said that Gordon Parker (not Park), of Grantham, is a keen swimmer and has recently passed his Life Saving examination.

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Colin Biggs, Hildenborough, having passed his three subjects at Advanced Level, has been accepted for Leicester University.

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John Daborn, Bexleyheath, has been made Head Boy of the school, Graham Road Secondary Modern; there are 800 boys there.

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A top of the class prize and her second swimming certificate—that was Christine Petty's score last term.

## Marriages of Sons and Daughters

On September 30th, Dorothy Cook Mapperley, Nottingham, to Peter Redman.

On September 17th, Brian Morton, Peterborough, to Miss Christine A. Pettitt.

On October 15th, Avrina Davies (step-daughter to Mr. and Mrs. G. Bilcliff), to David Henry Jones.

On October 22nd, Patrick Hughes, adopted son of G. Pollard, of Kettering.

## Grandfathers

P. Soames, of Spalding (their daughter has given birth to twin boys); W. J. Roberts, of Prittlewell (the eighth grandchild).

★ ★ ★

Maureen Lees would welcome silver paper and old Christmas cards to help raise funds for her forthcoming Handicrafts Exhibition. Her address is 23 Ben Nevis Road, Birkenhead.

## Liverpool Club Notes

Another outing for members of the Liverpool Club was organised for Saturday, September 24th. Our destination was one of our favourite haunts, Llandudno. It was a beautiful morning, full of promise for the coming day, as members gradually assembled at the rendezvous outside the Sefton Hall.

The non-arrival of our coach caused a stir and flutter that only subsided as we sank into our seats twenty minutes later. We set off, therefore, a little late and anxious to make up the time we had lost as we had more members to pick up en route. All went well until we reached the spot where the final members of our party had agreed to wait. No trace was to be seen of our St. Dunstaners and their wives. This spiked our guns considerably as you can imagine. One or two people put on their thinking caps and the rest of us settled down to wait. About half an hour elapsed before our missing members arrived. They had to winkle our worthy Chairman off a bus to which he seemed to have formed a very great attachment. When they were safely settled in our midst, our Chairman told us a likely story about the 'bus driver having lost his way!!

We went very merrily on, stopping at the New Inn for our "elevenses." We arrived at Llandudno a little late, but what of that? The meal was ready and waiting, and so were we! A delightful meal at Paynes and then we had the rest of the afternoon to do as we wished. Blue skies and sunshine set the seal on our undertakings and we gathered at Paynes at five o'clock with renewed appetites for another excellent meal.

A very happy throng gathered together a little later for the return journey which was again broken to sample other forms of liquid refreshments at the New Inn. So on to our final goal. We parted, some with sore feet, one with a beautiful back-scratcher (booby prize in a raffle) but one and all with very happy memories of a most enjoyable day.

E. ALDRED.

## Old Reviews Wanted

The Editor would be very grateful for copies of the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW for November, 1938 and January, 1949. No others are needed, thank you very much.

## Births

HARRY.—On July 19th, to the wife of P. Harry, of Bridgend, a son—Paul Myles.

MANNERS.—On September 21st, to the wife of M. Manners, of Bridgend, a daughter.

MCCARTNEY.—On October 2nd, to the wife of H. McCartney, of Belfast, a son.

## Deaths

Our deep sympathy goes out this month to the following:

BLACKWELL.—To C. G. Blackwell, of New Tredegar, whose brother died on September 13th.

BROGAN.—To W. Brogan, of Cambridge, whose wife died on September 23rd after a long illness.

COOK.—To Mr. and Mrs. L. Cook, of High Wycombe, in the loss of Mrs. Cook's mother who had lived with them.

MCCANN.—To T. McCann, of Kirby Cross whose wife died in a Clacton Nursing Home on October 2nd after a long illness.

ORRELL.—To J. Orrell, of Pearson House, whose brother died very suddenly on September 23rd.

ROYLE.—To W. Royle, of Stockport, in the sudden death of his wife on September 3rd.

TAPLIN.—To W. Taplin, of Redlands, Bristol, whose wife died on October 10th. Mrs. Taplin had been seriously ill for some time.

WEBSTER.—To Mr. and Mrs. Sammy Webster, of Forest Hill, whose only son, Geoffrey, was tragically killed in a motor-cycling accident on October 8th.

WEEKS.—To J. Weeks, of St. Leonards-on-Sea, whose mother died on August 24th after much suffering.

## Golden Wedding

Warmest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. W. Burchell, of Midhurst, who celebrated their Golden Wedding on October 19th.

## Ruby Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. A. Yates, of Southwick, October 2nd. Many congratulations.

## Silver Wedding

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. H. Hocking, of Bacup, who celebrated their Silver Wedding on October 5th.

## “In Memory”

### Gunner Leslie F. Coles, *Royal Field Artillery*

With deep regret we have to record the death on September 25th of Leslie F. Coles, of Chessington, Surrey. He was 65.

He enlisted in March, 1915, and was discharged from the Service in July, 1919, but did not come to St. Dunstan's until March, 1947. After training, he took a shop but gave this up after a year and concentrated on handicrafts. This work he was still doing right up to the time of his death, which, although he had not been well, was sudden and unexpected.

He leaves a widow and two daughters to whom our deep sympathy goes.

### Private Herbert Arthur Davies, *Royal Army Service Corps*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of H. A. Davies, at his home at Sandbach, Cheshire. He was 78.

He had served with his regiment from 1915 until 1919 but did not come to St. Dunstan's until 1944. His age then ruled out any training.

He had been in poor health for some time and he passed away on October 9th.

Our deep sympathy is extended to Mrs. Davies and her family.

### Private Martin Leonard, *Northumberland Fusiliers*

With deep regret we record the death of M. Leonard, of Morpeth. He was 83.

Enlisting in 1914, he was discharged in 1917 and came to St. Dunstan's in 1936. The state of his health prevented him from taking any training and in 1940 he entered hospital at Morpeth where he remained until his death on September 20th.

We send our sincere sympathy to his niece, Miss V. Brannon, and other members of his family.

### Gunner Frank Massey, *Machine Gun Corps*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of F. Massey, of Leeds. He was 72.

He served with the Machine Gun Corps from 1915 until 1919, but in 1918 he had been gassed. His sight, however, was not affected until as recently as 1959. He came to us in June of that year but training was ruled out because of his ill-health. This persisted and he died at his home on September 8th.

Our deep sympathy is offered to Mrs. Massey and her son.

### Sapper Edward Mighell, *Royal Engineers*

With deep regret we record the death of E. Mighell, of Banstead, Surrey, at the age of 78.

He served from 1916 until 1917 but did not come to St. Dunstan's until December, 1953. Owing to his age, he did not undertake training but spent most of his spare time doing wood carving, at which he excelled. He had entered a miniature chest-of-drawers for the Handicraft Exhibition just before his death, for which he received a diploma. He died on September 14th and our deep sympathy is sent to Mrs. Beutell, his sister-in-law. He was a widower when he came to us and had been cared for by Mrs. Beutell, his wife's sister.

### Private Thomas Peach, *Royal Army Service Corps*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of T. Peach, of Houghton Regis, Bedfordshire, at the age of 73.

Enlisting in September, 1916, he left the Army in January, 1920, and entered St. Dunstan's in April, 1925. He trained as a mat-maker and carried on with this work until 1949, when he changed to wool rugs and netting. He lost his wife in June, 1940, and re-married in 1952. Eventually his health began to fail and in recent years he had taken life very quietly.

Our deep sympathy goes to Mrs. Peach, who is herself nearly blind, and to his family.

### Henry Evan Jones, *35th Battalion, Australian Imperial Forces*

We have only just heard with deep regret of the death last January of H. E. Jones, of Bexley North, New South Wales, Australia. He died in Concord Repatriation Hospital after being taken there five weeks previously.

He leaves a widow to whom our deep sympathy is sent.