

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Men and Women Blinded on War Service

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A Writer Meditates on Working in Blindness

(F. Le Gros Clark, who was blinded in the 1914-18 war and has just had his latest sociological study published, has been asked to contribute an article on his experiences and methods as a writer of many years' standing).

A BLINDED man is not advised to think of writing as a profession—only as a pursuit. It may certainly be a pursuit that he follows so assiduously that his working system becomes at last almost that of a professional. But there is always a difference. To write, a man must be prepared also to read. He has to read the journals to which he contributes, so that he may know their style; he has to search for printed sources of information, even if he is mainly an imaginative writer; above all, he must diligently revise what he has written. I know that, when first I tried my hand at writing in 1919, the thing that struck deepest into my mind was the fact that all I had written vanished. It was obvious; but at that moment it was strangely disconcerting.

It was then that I determined I would never look upon writing as a profession. Those who can write so smoothly that they need scarcely change a word are to be envied. By temperament I cannot. I like to be able to write long passages—perhaps several chapters—without looking back, under what sustained heat of inspiration I can summon up. Then I settle down with the product and begin to mould and amend it, until it is a mass of corrections and inserted phrases. I therefore trained myself diligently to carry in memory what I was writing, so that in time my confidence grew that I could compose the draft of a very long story or of a half-hour broadcast without needing to look back. One may say that it is well for a blinded man to practise this aptitude; and it is well, also, when preparing to write and when writing, to think in imagination of precisely the kind of people for whom one is writing. In other words, one should make it like talking to them, though no doubt conversing in a good round style.

But a blinded writer had early to admit that very much would depend on luck, and far more upon the co-operation of others. It was preferable to write primarily for the amusement of a few intimates. That at least would be a reward; and if by any chance some manuscript was also published, it would come as a very pleasant addition. So, to be honest, most of my early stories I wrote primarily to amuse my wife; and a set of children's stories were first told or written for a class of little girls in North London. It happened that they were all subsequently published. But I think I should have had my due share of satisfaction even if they had not.

In a sense, for us writing must always be a matter of collaboration, either with a fellow-worker or with an assistant. Even for sighted persons literary collaboration has to arise out of what Shakespeare calls "a marriage of true minds." If, as in our case, it has to be undertaken, then it is necessary to think out patiently what part each of the collaborators is to play. One of the two must become the final arbiter on style, choice of words, emphasis and so on. The other may contribute plots, suggest turns of phrase, act as a constructive critic. In practice any degeneration into a wrangle about style or punctuation will ruin the partnership.

The ability at last to secure fairly regular assistance made it possible for me to undertake research on social problems. Here once more it seemed desirable to work primarily for only a small audience—people one knew intimately, who were interested in the subject; and it was imperative for a blinded man that the social problems should be those in which he could lose himself. Indeed, the main purpose should be to forget one's petty troubles in a social cause that is illimitably greater than oneself. If the work finds publication, so much the better. As far as research is concerned, there may be many who can use Braille and tape recordings to a limited extent. Personally, if it is of sufficient interest to others, I work like this.

In the early stages I spend a long time in solitude, "talking to myself" on the typewriter, while I try to see precisely what questions I am attempting to answer and what should be the plan of the writing. Thinking is, after all, only talking to oneself; and I find it more effective to make a record of my thoughts. Because I am at the same time disciplining myself in writing, many phrases will occur that may later prove quite good forms of expression. Then I work with an assistant, typing out in my own fashion masses of notes and figures from the materials that have been gradually accumulated. This file of notes is gone through carefully, and appropriately marked at every point to indicate in what order they will all be used in the writing. As for figures, I have tried to train myself to visualise tables when they are read out, to obtain a rapid glimpse of the patterns into which they seem to fall, to make rough calculations in my head, and to explain precisely how my statistics should be laid out on paper. I do not think I am very expert at it; but patient efforts in a matter of this kind do appear to yield a reward.

When it comes to writing, I think I know the experience of those authors who declare that they are "in travail." I beg my assistant to sit quietly with a mass of marked notes, to read any book she likes, and to be prepared to look up the notes as I need them. In a way a blinded man who is so far ambitious in writing has to work in a topsy-turvy manner. Many sighted persons can take out a sheaf of notes in their hands and dictate to a secretary or a typist. Since a blinded man must have the notes read to him, he might as well do his own typing. As for braille in this context, valuable as it has been to me I cannot imagine having the vast medley of my notes brailled out and then readily found when I need them.

One should always aim, I think, at turning what is unavoidable into an asset. Thus the very fact that a manuscript has to be read back to its writer has its uses, because the moment a reader hesitates about the flow of a sentence, one knows that there is probably something wrong with the punctuation or the order of the words. Again, in lecturing I rely on memory; and that means that the material has to be planned with great care so that the facts and any figures quoted fall into a logical sequence. One fondly hopes that this self-discipline will ultimately benefit the audience. The essence of blindness is that a man has more time to think; and the secret is to use that otherwise tedious necessity to good purpose. To compose stories and verses for the pleasure of even a few children or friends is one of the most satisfying ways of solving the problem. For it must be emphasised that, though a story may be written in the first instance for only one person or one child, it should be as complete a work of art as if it were intended for millions. Publication may indeed come later; but in this uncertain world I have never under any circumstances thought of it as an end in itself. That may be the natural caution of one who has to make every move cautiously. Yet I would commend it as elementary wisdom.

Memorial Service to Sir Arthur Pearson

On Sunday, December 11th, the Memorial Service to St. Dunstan's Founder, Sir Arthur Pearson, Bt., held at the Ovingdean Chapel was attended by Sir Neville and Lady Pearson and Mr. Nigel Pearson. The Reverend W. Taylor conducted the Service and Sir Neville read the Lesson, for which he selected Ecclesiastes III, verses 1, 6, 7, 8; Ephesians VI, verse 12; Isaiah II, verses 1, 2, 4, 5, 9; and Ephesians VI, verses 13 and 23. The Address was given by Mr. J. Boyd, St. Dunstan's Southern Area Appeals Organiser, who will be retiring shortly.

* * *

On the morning of Friday, December 9th, the thirty-ninth anniversary of Sir Arthur Pearson's death, a party consisting of First War St. Dunstaners A. Carrick, of London, N.W.8, and J. Murray, of New Southgate, and Second War St. Dunstaner F. Fulbrook, of Edgware, with Mr. A. D. Lloyds, Secretary of St. Dunstan's, and Mr. H. Lean, went to Hampstead Cemetery where a wreath of poppies was placed on Sir Arthur's grave on behalf of war-blinded service men and women all over the world.

Bookings for Holidays at Ovingdean, Northgate House and Port Hall

St. Dunstaners who wish to book accommodation in the above Homes for a particular period during next Summer should apply to their Area Superintendents before January 21st, 1961, as the demand for beds is likely to be very great. Bookings received after that date will be allocated according to the fortnightly periods still available.

Priority for accommodation at Ovingdean will continue to be granted to those St. Dunstaners whose holidays are fixed by their employers and their children will receive priority at Northgate House according to the length of the period which has elapsed since a holiday was last taken there. Other St. Dunstaners are asked to avoid the Industrial Fortnight if possible but remaining vacancies will, in any case be allocated by ballot.

The following Homes will be closed for cleaning and Staff vacations as follows:—

Northgate House.—25th June to 17th July inclusive.

Port Hall.—19th August to 15th September inclusive.

Special Fortnights

St. Dunstaners who wish to spend a holiday at Ovingdean at the same time as other trainees of their year may do so during the following periods:—

1915-1916 }
1940-1943 } 3rd July to 17th July.

1917-1918 }
1944-1945 } 11th September to 25th September.

1919-1920 }
1946-1947 } 1st May to 15th May.

1921-1922 }
1948-1952 } 12th June to 26th June.

C. D. WILLS,
Welfare Superintendent.

* * *

Sound Broadcasting

From *The Times*, November 28th, 1960:—
To the Editor of *The Times*
Sir,

As Chairman of the British Wireless for the Blind Fund, I welcome Mr. Paul Sieghart's letter in your issue of November 24th, supporting sound broadcasting. The wireless is the blind man's newspaper, theatre and magazine and, above all, his friend. At this time when official committees are considering broadcasting generally, I earnestly hope that the value of sound broadcasting to the 100,000 blind persons and a much larger number who do not see very well will not be overlooked.

Yours faithfully,
House of Lords. FRASER OF LONSDALE.

* * *

Make a Note of This for Christmas Day

A number of St. Dunstaners are taking part in the programme, "Take Your Pick," to be broadcast from Radio Luxembourg on Christmas Day, at 8.30 p.m.

London Club Notes

Christmas greetings and good wishes for the New Year from the London Club to St. Dunstaners and their families everywhere.

S. WEBSTER.

Bridge. During the past year the Bridge Club have played their usual Saturday matches against visiting teams, the visitors winning seven games and St. Dunstan's eight.

We held our usual four Bridge Drives and I am glad to say were blessed with a full house each time, with an extra drive being sponsored by a lady who provided the prizes and a very nice tea—thank you very much, Miss Hensley!

The Pairs Competition has been won by Paul Nuyens and Fred Matthewman, the runners-up being G. P. Brown and Roy Armstrong.

On September 10th, eleven men left London to spend a week at Harrogate. It was a wonderful week, although we were not as successful as last year with regard to the Cup competition, but we managed to get second place in the Pairs and third in the Teams of Four event. Of the three matches during the week we won two and lost one. Altogether a very pleasant week—organisation perfect, thanks to Mr. Willis.

To Mrs. Willis, too, and her band of helpers, our thanks for the very fine way we have been looked after when it came to the turn of the inner man, and again our thanks to Mr. Willis, who has been a tower of strength to all of us throughout the year.

St. Dunstan's Bridge Club held its Annual General Meeting at Ovingdean on Friday, November 18th. There was a very good attendance, Commandant was in the chair and everything went like a bell. G. P. Brown was re-elected captain and the remainder of the Committee was elected as follows: S. Webster, Treasurer; J. Fleming, H. Gover, and F. Jackson.

The Club held its Annual Bridge Congress at Ovingdean on November 19th and 20th. The first round of the Sir Arthur Pearson Memorial Cup Pairs competition began on the Saturday morning, followed in the afternoon by the Team of Four competition;

the Sunday saw the finals for the Pairs and a bridge drive in the afternoon. An innovation at this year's Congress was the Drummer Downs Memorial Cup.

Matron graciously presented the prizes to the winners and our warm thanks go to her, and to Commandant and the Staff for all they did to make the week-end such a success. To Mr. A. E. Field and Mr. Cyril Stokes, our very sincere thanks for their great work.

RESULTS:

Pairs: 1st, H. Costigan, A. Caldwell. 2nd, H. Gover, P. Nuyens.

Teams of Four: 1st, G. P. Brown, H. Crabtree, R. Armstrong, J. Fleming. 2nd, H. Gover, P. Nuyens, M. Delaney, G. Andrews. 3rd, Blodwen Simon, Violet Formstone, D. Gray, J. H. (Bubbles) Smith.

Drummer Downs Memorial Cup: W. Bishop, Harry White.

G.P.B.

New Method of Printing Braille

As many St. Dunstaners will have heard or read, the R.N.I.B. has announced that after several years of research and experiment, it has perfected a new method of printing braille which will substantially reduce production costs and increase output. Furthermore, because the dots are uncrushable and can be printed on thinner paper, the bulk of a braille volume will be reduced and, it is hoped, the braille itself will be read with greater ease by the great majority of readers.

Until now, braille has been embossed on special manilla paper by distorting the fibres of the material to form hollow dots. The new method consists, briefly, of the baking on to the surface of a thin but strong paper, a solid dot of plastic ink.

Some of the Institute's periodicals are already being printed in solid dot and in time they will all be. Later the method may be extended to the printing of books.

Up to the time of going to press we have not yet had an opportunity of using the new process and therefore we must reserve judgment until we have done so. In the meantime we congratulate the R.N.I.B. in overcoming the many difficulties it must have encountered in bringing to perfection the "solid dot" form of embossing.

A Christmas Competition

In the following sentences two words are omitted. The two words are an Adjective and a Noun, and they are anagrams of one another. (Thus, "His is not a spurious title; he is a REAL EARL."): The sentences have been constructed to give you a clue as to the appropriate words:

1. Let us have a fresh yarn. What you have related are all.....
2. The waist doesn't seem to fit properly. It does not appear to be the.....
3. On this occasion such gaudy clothes are out of place. More..... should be worn.
4. Instead of a nice airy, well-kept room, the professor prefers his.....
5. "Alas! Things might have been different," was his.....
6. The boy should be encouraged in his bent, for undoubtedly he possesses.....
7. His family are all of a very changeable disposition. In fact, he may be said to possess most.....

There will be three prizes of three guineas for the senders of the first three correct solutions opened after the closing date, which is January 11th, 1961. Entries should be sent to the Editor, ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW, 1 South Audley Street, London, W.1, and marked "Competition."

A happy Christmas to everyone.

Saint Dunstan

In a letter to the Editor, John Martin, of London, W.11, writes: "I am a very happy and grateful St. Dunstaner but I am ashamed to admit that I know absolutely nothing about the original St. Dunstan. I understand that there is a small church in London which bears the name of St. Dunstan but I do not know where it is. The name of St. Dunstan's is internationally known nowadays thanks to Sir Arthur Pearson and I think it would be refreshing for all St. Dunstaners to learn a bit about the original St. Dunstan. When was he born, when did he die, and why do we carry his name? I think that many of my fellow St. Dunstaners would be interested to read a short biography of the old gentleman whose name we so proudly bear."

The Editor says:

The short answer is that we bear the Saint's name only through circumstance—the fact that Sir Arthur Pearson began his work in a house called "St. Dunstan's" on the Outer Circle of Regent's Park. The house in its turn was called "St. Dunstan's" because in its grounds stood the famous clock which had been removed from outside the Church of St. Dunstan-in-the-West in Fleet Street, in 1830, and, incidentally, is now back in its original position there. But although St. Dunstan's was not named after the Saint, interest in him is inevitable and here are some of the facts which are known about him.

★ ★ ★

St. Dunstan was Archbishop of Canterbury for twenty-seven years—until 988. Before that he had been Bishop of Worcester, then Bishop of London. He was born near Glastonbury (it is said in Baltonborough) and in the early days of his ordination lived in a small cell there only 5ft. long and the height of a man. He enjoyed royal favour at court in the years 940-945 and was made Abbot of Glastonbury, but later fell from favour and from 956-958 was in exile in Flanders. Upon his return to England he was appointed to the bishopric of Worcester. Whether in or out of favour, Dunstan was always a power in the land—historians have called him the "Good Angel of England."

To quote from Hook's *Life of St. Dunstan*: "He did not neglect the poets, or the historians whether ancient or modern, and he especially devoted himself to arithmetic, geometry, astronomy and music. His manual skill as an artisan was equal to his intellectual power as a man of science and his taste as an artist. He spent much of his time in writing and illuminating books, and especially in the fabrication of ornaments. He worked in gold and silver and even in copper and iron."

It is not surprising, therefore, to find that the Goldsmiths' Company claim St. Dunstan as their Patron Saint.

St. Dunstan is usually depicted in episcopal robes holding a crosier (archbishop's cross) in his right hand and a pair of tongs or pincers in his left hand, obviously referring to the legend that while working in his cell he was tempted by the devil, whereupon he turned and with his red-hot tongs, twisted the devil's nose.

From All Quarters

H. W. Greatrex, of Peacehaven, has been elected Chairman of the Sussex Branch of the Rural District Councils' Association.

★ ★ ★

R. F. Gray, of Dartford, has passed his final examination and is now a Graduate Associate of the Institute of Musical Instrument Technology. He began his studies for this degree only two years ago. He hopes to start employment very soon.

★ ★ ★

W. E. Lee, of Waterlooville, was awarded First Prize in the General Arts and Crafts Section of the Portsmouth Handicraft Show for a wool rug.

★ ★ ★

F. Fulbrook, of Edgware, won First and Second Prizes for late flowering chrysanthemums at Stanmore and District Chrysanthemum Show.

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J. H. V. Davies, of Braunton, whose great hobby is singing, won two Second Class Certificates at the Devon and Exeter Musical Festival.

★ ★ ★

Tom Daborn, of Bexleyheath, took part in the Dover Three-Day Fishing Festival with this result—the prize for the heaviest (one-day) flat fish, the prize for the heaviest (three-day) flat fish and the prize for the greatest number of fish. Two hundred and thirty fishermen took part. And with a reconditioned rod, fishing recently off Dungeness, Tom hooked a fourteen-pound cod.

★ ★ ★

Our Canadian St. Dunstaners, E. O. Ridler and Mrs. Ridler, have recently arrived in this country from Oakville, Ontario, where their home is, and they intend to stay here for two or more years. They are now living in Paignton and have already made many friends there.

★ ★ ★

W. Christian and Mrs. Christian, of the Isle of Man, left on the *M.V. Rangitata* on November 18th to visit their relatives in New Zealand. They will be away for about a year.

★ ★ ★

Lord and Lady Fraser are visiting South Africa and Basutoland to attend to his family business.

They send a message of good wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

What a Night!

Mr. and Mrs. Les Constable, of Havant, attended the regimental reunion last month of the amalgamated 4th and 8th Hussars at the United Services Club in London, at which the principal guests were the Duke of Edinburgh and Sir Winston Churchill. At the informal get-together afterwards they were presented to His Royal Highness. Now let the *Portsmouth Evening News*, which devoted nearly a page to our St. Dunstaner's story, take up the tale:

"This was something which exceeded even Mrs. Constable's wildest dreams and because it seemed such a natural and informal gathering she could not help saying, as she shook hands with the Royal guest, 'This is something I've always wanted to do.'

'Really,' exclaimed the Duke of Edinburgh, 'then let's do it again,' . . . and they did."

It was a day—and a night—for the Constables to remember. The night before, Mr. Constable senior, had hurt his arm and it was feared that he would not be able to take over the shop, but he insisted, and so they set off for London at about four o'clock. All went well until they missed a turning at a roundabout and found themselves back at Hindhead. They eventually reached Hyde Park Corner but were three times wrongly directed and it was ten minutes to eight when they were eventually ushered into the hall of the Club, only for Mrs. Constable to find something wrong with her dress. However, a seemingly composed lady went in on the arm of her husband to take her place at the dinner, and speaking to the Duke, said Mrs. Constable, "made up for everything."

But their troubles were not quite over. "To cap the lot," says Les, "we had a burst tyre on the way home," and about two in the morning near Petersfield, Mrs. Constable, in evening dress and fur coat, was holding an umbrella over her husband as he changed a wheel.

They are still laughing at the events of that night.

Great Grandfather

A. Collings, of Worthing.

Grandfathers

E. G. Povey, of Southampton; K. Ward, of Winchester (two grandsons).

Day by Day

November

Our house looked like a rest centre for flood victims. The hall was full of small pairs of wellingtons, mackintoshes and various denominations of shoes crammed into shopping baskets. There was another basket full of apples. We had eleven children to tea for the Annual Bonfire Celebrations.

November 5th is celebrated in a big way here. For weeks beforehand a big bonfire begins to take shape on the village green. This is a great opportunity to get rid of garden rubbish. Nowadays, in the age of affluence, it is a little startling to find chairs, beds and even a mahogany sideboard put out to feed the flames. I am happy to report that the mahogany sideboard disappeared during the night.

The celebrations began with a procession which followed a now traditional route. There were about sixty torch-bearers, all wearing fancy dress. A couple of cave men who could hardly have heard of Guy Fawkes looked cold in rather flimsy skins. The procession was led by Guy Fawkes, in a tall black hat and conspiratorial-looking cloak. The more than life-size effigy, wearing a light mackintosh and gumboots, was carried after him. When the torch-bearers reached the bonfire they circled it ceremoniously, while the guy was carried to the top, then threw their torches into the pyre, which burst magnificently into flames.

Once the bonfire was alight it was time for the official fireworks display. Since this was in aid of charity, helpers in fancy dress mingled amongst the crowd with collecting boxes. The church was floodlit, then from different corners of the green, Greek Fire lit up the houses with gold, green, red and blue light.

After the official fireworks display, the celebrations began to get somewhat out of hand. Private stores of fireworks were let off and one lady had her hair singed.

Old people complain that things ain't what they used to be, and perhaps they are right, for as the evening drew on, teddy-boys from the local towns began to take the upper hand. There was a brawl on the green and the police had to be brought in. A good deal of damage was done in

one of the pubs. The celebrations continued well into the night, but gradually the bangs and singing became more sporadic. Next morning the green looked rather like a room that has not been cleared up after a party, but very soon it was back to normal.

I wonder how many people had the faintest idea what they were celebrating? There is a strange mixture of ritual in the way we celebrate the events of the past. One can almost sense, even amongst the motor coaches and teddy boys, some lingering hang-over from prehistoric mysteries, of witchcraft and of superstitions not quite dead.

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This week we had the Village Concert and on Sunday we celebrated once again Remembrance Day. Although I started early for church, the British Legion was already marching briskly down the road. In an attempt to get there first, I raced across the green in my chair, but in spite of that we both arrived at the same moment. I heard them halt smartly. The west door of the church was flung ceremoniously open and with a timely heave from a standard bearer I reached my nook underneath the pulpit.

The service is always moving, but especially so in a small community. The hymns may be unvarying but they seem right, and the sentiments we feel are no less true for being perennial.

Soon it will be Advent. The year enters its quiet twilight period before Christmas. The fallen leaves will soon be laced with frost and crackling underfoot in the woods. For me this is the best time of the year.

JOHN GRIFFIN,
Brockham Green.

Well Done!

The *Model Engineer* magazine, in its issue of December 8th, carried a two-page article by George Fallowfield describing the building and completion of his model paddle steamer, "Pandora," which he began thirty years ago. The length of "Pandora's" hull is forty-eight inches. Three excellent photographs of George with his model accompanied the article. "Pandora" is a beautiful piece of craftsmanship and a tribute to George's immense patience and skill.

What a Coincidence!

Miss Betty Vaughan-Davies writes:—

In the September issue of the REVIEW you mentioned coincidences. I wonder if the following three will be of interest.

Some older St. Dunstaners may remember "Yorkie" Ulyatt who died in 1932—a very loquacious laddie. One day a new man arrived and I introduced him to the rest of the lads in the lounge. The newcomer—Edward Storey—remarked on the unusual name—Ulyatt. I left them to become acquainted and in a few moments "Yorkie" called out, "Hi, Sister. I know this lad. He used to work for my father—and now I will leave you for HIM to tell you all about ME!"

Some little time later F. Martin arrived and, as usual, was introduced all round. In a few moments John Plunkett called out in his cockney voice, "Sister, you've done a nice thing—you've introduced me to an old school pal."

An even more remarkable coincidence was in 1943 when Jean Lasowski came to the Blackpool Home. One Sunday morning he went with Sister MacCarthy to the Roman Catholic Church on Lytham Road. Jean had a thirst and asked to be taken to the Polish Club for a drink. He suggested that Sister Mac placed his hand on the nearest shoulder and he would do the talking. The "nearest shoulder" was that of a huge fellow, a Polish airman, who for a moment thought he was seeing a ghost. He had fought his way through the enemy carrying Jean on his shoulder. His friends were all quite sure that Jean was dead. This meeting brought many Polish airmen to the Blackpool Home to visit Jean.

When the Old Guards Meet

It happened in August, 1959. I was sitting in my wheel chair in the lounge at Ovingdean when a Sister asked me, "did I know Ted Garthwaite?" Did I not! It was thirty-nine years since we had met. Then there was Charlie Dennison whom I met in October, 1920, who first took me in hand and taught me the ropes when I joined the College. That was forty years ago.

I was very pleased to meet them and to swap yarns, Sister doing the writing. They are both good Yorkies, and very good pals.

JOE JORDAN,
Luston, nr. Leominster.

Ovingdean Notes

The Commandant, Matrons and Staff at all the Brighton Homes send warm greetings to St. Dunstaners throughout the country and wish them a very happy Christmas and New Year.

At Ovingdean we shall this week be saying goodbye to the trainees for the Christmas holiday and then get ready to welcome the large number of St. Dunstaners from all parts expected here for Christmas. We hear, too, that there will be a number of the girls at Port Hall and children at Northgate House. We shall look forward to welcoming also a number of local St. Dunstaners for one or other of the entertainments which are being arranged at Ovingdean. Don't forget the Staff Show on Christmas Eve and the Fancy Dress Dance on Boxing Day!

During December, as has been our practice for several years, we have sent donations from our Chapel Collection to several local Charities. This year we have sent £15 each to the Brighton & Hove Girls' Orphanage, The Turner Home and St. Matthew's Church Old People's Comforts Fund.

Helping the Disabled

S. C. Tarry, M.B.E., of Wandsworth, was Chairman of the Committee responsible for organising an admirable exhibition of goods made by severely disabled ex-servicemen which was opened last month by Lord Fraser.

Although now retired after forty years in practice as a physiotherapist, Mr. Tarry is continuing his active voluntary work in the district as Chairman of the Wandsworth War Pensions Committee and President of the Wandsworth (North) Branch of the British Legion.

The opening of the Exhibition, which was held at Messrs. Arding and Hobbs' store at Lavender Hill, was also attended by the Mayor and Mayoress of Battersea, the Mayor and Mayoress of Wandsworth, and three old Parliamentary friends of Lord Fraser—the Rt. Hon. Douglas Jay, P.C., M.P., Mr. E. Partridge, C.B.E., M.P. and Mr. Hughes Young, M.C., M.P.

The Liverpool Club send to all St. Dunstaners and their families a sincere good wish for a Merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

T. MILNER.

Church Stretton Revisited

Arthur Finney, of Southport, who is North-West Appeals Organiser for the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association, recently visited Church Stretton to address a Women's Institute meeting there. We think his report of his visit, and the three prize-winning poems on Church Stretton by members of the W.I. which appear on this page, will bring back many memories to those whose first experience of St. Dunstan's was at Longmynd.

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"Although there has been some building on the outskirts, I found the village virtually unchanged. The Hotel is just the same as it was in 1945, although the management has changed three or four times since Miss Bulley's day. Old Mr. Price, the head waiter, died two or three years ago, and the only original member of the staff who is still there is the old gardener who has been there for some thirty-five years.

The hotel bar which many St. Dunstaners will remember has been extended but the general layout is unchanged. Several St. Dunstaners still spend Christmas and Easter there and all of us who were at any time at Stretton are still remembered by many of the customers—for example, Mr. Black, now Councillor Black, who looked after all the radio sets, and Mr. Hall, who taught engineering and capstan lathe work. Miss Law, too, is still living in the village.

The shops seem to be very much the same and the two Bolton boys who used to take some of us out are now running the local greengrocers.

The two outstanding memories on the part of the people of Stretton seems to be of St. Dunstaners rushing about all over the place on tandem cycles with V.A.D.'s (Lady Buckmaster is particularly remembered in the village in this connection) and the independence of those who lived at the Longmynd in that after leaving the "local" at night, they refused to be taken any farther than the wire hand-rail leading up to it.

There is one big change which I am sure all St. Dunstaners will be sorry to hear about. The wonderful tea-house run by the three elderly sisters at Chelmick is no more. Two of the sisters are dead and the cottage was destroyed by fire

some years ago. However, the brother still has a stall in the Stretton Market."

My Village

*There, where a line of trees still stands, the last
Romans paved Watling Street along the dale.
On that near hill the Saxon huts were ringed—
And down amongst once feudal fields the pale
Outline, bleached in the summer grass, of small
Lost village homes, razed by the casual gale
Of local war, is seen. Now we live here—
Half-timber, brick or stone repeat the tale
Of country life—within each house we play
Our patterned parts mechanical and fail
To feel the comfort of our lot thus cast;
Surrounded and companioned by our past.*

MISS R. WHATELEY,
All Stretton.

*So quiet it lies, so peaceful it appears—
The lichened roofs, the mellowed stones, the walls
That shelter homely joys and grief and fears,
Drowse in the golden light that o'er them falls.*

*There hides the church-tower 'mid the shadowing
trees,
There are the cottage gardens, gay with flowers.
In heavy-scented limes the marmurous bees
Drone through the afternoon's long languid hours.*

*No more I'll tread its ways 'neath leafy shade,
Nor watch the Seasons gently change its face,
Yet from my mind this scene will never fade,
Nor will my heart forget this tranquil place.*

MRS. G. W. HESBROOK,
Church Stretton.

*The speeding train draws near to journey's end,
And leaves the reeking chimneys far behind,
I turn my face towards the western hills;
My heart recalls the welcome it will find.
In city streets the crowds surge to and fro,
The skies are hid, the noise torments the ear,
And there, I walk along, anonymous.
The hills unfold the village I hold dear,
The people there are forthright, wise and kind,
They have a treasure money cannot buy
For they lift their eyes unto the hills,
The lovely line of hills against the sky.*

MRS. B. M. GALLOWAY,
All Stretton.

To Chess Players

A St. Dunstaner, resident in Waterlooville, Hampshire, is anxious to contact other St. Dunstaners in the area who are keen chess players. Anyone prepared to give him an occasional game should write to Mr. Willis at Headquarters.

Family News

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Payne, Cardiff, tell us that their son living in Tasmania has obtained his B.A. Degree after three years at Hobart University.

★ ★ ★

The son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Medway, of London, W.4, has become a Fellow of the Institute of Medical Laboratory Technology.

★ ★ ★

S. Sephton's son is in Canada and our St. Dunstaner has heard from him that he has been promoted to Chief Engineer at the mine where he works. He has been responsible for designing and installing an air-heating machine for the mine. He has been with his firm only three and a half years.

★ ★ ★

Patricia Goding, Weeke, Winchester, has won the Bronze Medal of the Amateur Swimming Association for the 100 yards free style.

★ ★ ★

Four swimming certificates for John Blundell, of Liverpool, who is also goalkeeper for his school's "A" team.

★ ★ ★

Christine Carney, Dunstable, has passed her Red Cross Examination, Parts 1 and 2, in First Aid, Mothercraft and Home Nursing, and has been presented with the Proficiency Grand Medal by the Duchess of Bedford.

Marriages of Sons and Daughters

On June 4th, Clifford Robinson, Aylesbury, to Dilys Jones.

Joan Trevilion, daughter of our late St. Dunstaner and Mrs. Trevilion, of Eastbourne, was married in October.

The Gang Show

A party of St. Dunstaners from the London area, and their wives and escorts, had a most enjoyable evening's entertainment at the Golders Green Hippodrome on Tuesday, November 29th, at a performance of "The Gang Show."

The outing was arranged by Mr. G. D. Cheeseman and his associates in the Gratitude Club and tickets were provided free of charge. All who attended said what a wonderful evening they had and wish to thank the organisers for all they did to make it possible.

Births

HOLLAND.—On November 14th, to the wife of G. Holland, of Newton Abbott, a son—Jeremy.

HULLOCK.—On December 10th, to the wife of W. I. Hullock, of Rhuddlan, a son.

Marriage

TOMPOROWSKI—ROBACZEWSKA.—On December 4th, our Polish St. Dunstaner, Bronislaw Tomporowski, of Wolverhampton, to Miss Elizabeth Robaczewska.

Deaths

Our deep sympathy goes out to the following:

ABRAHAMS.—To S. J. Abrahams, of Liverpool, whose wife died on December 3rd.

DICKINSON.—To T. Dickinson, of North Moulsecombe, Brighton, whose wife died on November 30th.

DICKINSON.—To H. L. Dickinson, of Southport, whose eldest brother died on December 3rd.

LOWINGS.—To W. Lowings, of Chandlers Ford, who lost his wife on November 21st.

MATTHEWMAN.—To F. Matthewman, of Northampton, and Mrs. Matthewman, in a double bereavement. Our St. Dunstaner has lost his uncle and Mrs. Matthewman's mother has also died.

PADDICK.—To C. Paddick, of East Barnet, whose father died on August 27th.

PRICE.—To L. Price, of Upton Park, whose mother died on November 4th, after a long illness. She had lived with Mr. and Mrs. Price.

Golden Wedding

Many congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. H. Cobby, of South Molton, who celebrated their Golden Wedding on November 23rd.

Ruby Weddings

Mr. and Mrs. V. Alderson, of Baildon, September 20th; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Morgan, of Greenford, November 20th. Warm congratulations.

Silver Weddings

Mr. and Mrs. A. ("Mickey") Robinson, of Aylesbury, September 29th, 1959 (we have only just been informed); Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Ridler, lately of Ontario but at present of Paignton, October 24th.

Miss Marjorie Reynolds

Early St. Dunstaners will hear with deep regret of the death on November 29th of Miss Marjorie Reynolds.

Miss Reynolds joined St. Dunstan's as a V.A.D. in 1915 and remained with us for eighteen years, for much of that time as a Braille Teacher. She resigned in January, 1934, on account of ill-health but always

retained the keenest interest in St. Dunstan's and, indeed, was still in touch with a number of St. Dunstaners at the time of her death.

A wreath was sent for the funeral "in affectionate remembrance from her friends at St. Dunstan's." Mr. and Mrs. W. Lacey, of Edmonton, who had visited Miss Reynolds for many years, were among those who attended the funeral.

"In Memory" (continued from page 12)

Corporal Eugene Joseph Kift, *Queen's Royal West Surreys*

With deep regret we have to record the death of E. J. Kift, of West Norwood. He was 67.

He enlisted at the outbreak of the 1914-1918 war and was discharged from the Army in December, 1918, but it was not until May, 1955, that he came to us. His age and health ruled out any serious training but he was given hobby training. Another great source of interest to him was the local Darby and Joan Club where he and Mrs. Kift were most popular members. Although his poor health forced him to take things very quietly, his death on November 23rd was nevertheless sudden and unexpected.

Our deep sympathy is extended to Mrs. Kift and to our St. Dunstaner's son by his first marriage.

Private Robert Patterson, *4th Bn. Black Watch*

It is with deep regret that we have to record the death of R. Patterson, of London, N.W.10. Blinded at Dunkirk, he is believed to have been the first lad blinded on active service in the Second World War and was among the first to come to St. Dunstan's. He was 42.

Enlisting in July, 1939, Bob entered St. Dunstan's in July, 1940, and originally trained as a poultry farmer. However, war-time conditions later ruled this out and he took re-training at Church Stretton, later to become a router operator in a factory. In 1948 he changed to a pen factory where he remained until a few months ago. He was admitted to hospital in October, but was discharged knowing that he was seriously ill. His death came very suddenly on December 4th.

Our deep sympathy goes to Mrs. Patterson in her bereavement.

Private George Thomas Pinner, *7th East Surreys*

With deep regret we record the death of G. T. Pinner, of Widcombe, Bath. He died within a few days of his seventy-seventh birthday.

He enlisted in September, 1915, and was discharged from the Army the following year, coming to St. Dunstan's at once. He trained as a mat-maker and worked at this craft until 1950 when his increasingly poor health compelled him to give up. He had been a semi-invalid for several years. He passed away on November 13th.

Our deep sympathy is offered to his children, all of whom have cared for him constantly. Latterly he had lived at Widcombe with his son, Basil, and his wife.

Gunner Ernest Vivian Saunders, *Royal Garrison Artillery*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of E. V. Saunders, of Pearson House, but later of Southampton. He was 71.

He served from March, 1915, until February, 1919, but it was not until June, 1958, that he entered St. Dunstan's when, owing to his age and the state of his health, he did not undertake any training. His health had gradually deteriorated and he entered Pearson House a few months ago. He died on November 10th and was laid to rest with his wife at Southampton.

He leaves a sister and a nephew (he had been living with the latter), to whom we send our sincere sympathy.

Private William Morton Williamson, *17th Manchester Regiment*

We record with deep regret the death at Pearson House of W. M. Williamson, of Denton, Manchester. He died at the age of 78 on November 28th, only three weeks after the death of his wife. They had celebrated their Golden Wedding this year.

He served from 1916 until 1917 and was wounded at Arras, coming to St. Dunstan's the following year. He was a poultry farmer until 1925 when he went over to basket work. An expert in his craft, he carried this on until 1953 until his age compelled him to give up.

We send our deep sympathy to all relatives.

Sapper Edgar Wilson, *Royal Engineers*

It is with deep regret that we have to record the death of Edgar Wilson, of Keighley. He died in hospital on November 10th, at the age of 69.

After serving from 1914, he was gassed in France. He was not discharged until 1918 and it was only recently that his sight deteriorated. He came to St. Dunstan's as recently as May of this year when owing to his age and ill-health, no training could be contemplated. He was, however, able to spend one happy holiday at Pearson House and was looking forward to becoming a permanent resident there.

He was a bachelor and our sincere sympathy is sent to his relatives.

"In Memory"

Boy Alfred William Back, *Royal Navy*

We record with deep regret the death of A. W. Back, of Shaldon, near Teignmouth, at the age of 61. Enlisting in April, 1915, he was discharged the following year and in August, 1916, came to St. Dunstan's where he trained in netting, mat-making and boot repairing. He carried on working as a mat-maker from that time until within a few months of his death, which occurred on November 27th.

He leaves a widow and grown-up family, to whom our deep sympathy goes.

Private Ernest Beckham, *7th Canadian*

With deep regret we record the death of E. Beckham, a Canadian St. Dunstaner who had recently come to live at Rottingdean. He died on November 21st, within a month of his 80th birthday.

He served from January, 1916, until September, 1919, but he had already been admitted to St. Dunstan's in March, 1918, where he trained in netting and basket-making. In February, 1937, he decided to settle in England but in fact went back to Canada in October, 1947. He lost his wife at the beginning of this year and in April came back to England, leaving his daughter in Canada. It was arranged that he should spend a prolonged holiday at Ovingdean in November, but he died suddenly a few days before.

Our sincere sympathy is sent to his daughter in Canada and other relatives there, to his sister in London, who is herself 93, and his niece and other members of his family.

Private Frederick Thomas Dance, *7th Labour Corps*

We have to record with deep regret the death of F. T. Dance, of Stocking Pelham, near Buntingford. He was 79.

Enlisting in December, 1917, he left the Army the following year and came to St. Dunstan's in September, 1919. He trained in mat-making and boot repairing and did this work for some years; then he carried on with wool rug-making. Since the death of his wife in 1954 he had lived with various members of his family, in the past year or so with his son and daughter-in-law. A few weeks ago he had a fall and he entered Pearson House for a period of convalescence, but unhappily his health gradually deteriorated and he died on December 8th.

Our deep sympathy is extended to his sons and daughters.

Private Michael Doyle, *2nd/5th Manchesters*

We record with deep regret the death of M. Doyle, of Worthing, at the age of 71.

He served from February, 1916, until March, 1918, coming to St. Dunstan's immediately, where he trained as a masseur. He gave this work up in 1937 to re-train as a telephonist and he continued with this work until the early part of 1948 when he retired.

He leaves a widow and son and daughter, to whom our deep sympathy goes. Mrs. Doyle, who was a V.A.D. at St. Dunstan's, is herself almost blind.

Sergeant Patrick Norman Leo Gunter, *Queen's Royal Regiment*

It is with deep regret that we record the death on December 3rd of P. N. L. Gunter, at one time of London, S.E.3, but since 1957 a permanent resident at Ovingdean and Pearson House. He was only forty years old.

Enlisting the week before war was declared in 1939, he served until March, 1946, but did not come to us until May, 1956. His health then was extremely poor and after hospital treatment he became a resident at Ovingdean and later at Pearson House.

Our very sincere sympathy is extended to his mother and brother.

Private Alfred Edward Harrington, *2nd Bn. Royal Scots*

We record with deep regret the death of A. E. Harrington, of Thundersley, Essex. He was 61.

His war service was from November, 1916, until October, 1919, but it was not until September of this year that he entered St. Dunstan's, when he was so ill that even hobby training was out of the question. He died only two months later, on November 28th.

Our deep sympathy goes out to his widow and her son and daughter.

Private Arthur W. Hurrell, *Labour Corps*

It is with deep regret that we record the death on November 22nd of A. W. Hurrell, of Broadstairs. He was 71.

He served with the Army from September, 1916, until January, 1919, and came to St. Dunstan's in February, 1932. He trained in telephony but in 1933 took a job as a shorthand typist until the following year, when he was able to take over a switchboard. This work he continued until his retirement in July, 1954. Since then he had lived quietly and happily at Broadstairs, his health only beginning to deteriorate during the last year.

Our deep sympathy goes out to Mrs. Hurrell and her daughter.

(continued on previous page)