

# ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Men and Women Blinded on War Service

No. 497—VOLUME XLVI

NOVEMBER, 1961

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

## CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

Listen on December 9th

### Memorial Service Broadcast

ON SATURDAY, December 9th, at 9.45 in the morning, all Home Services of the B.B.C. will broadcast the Service which will be taking place in St. Dunstan's Chapel at Ovingdean. Sir Neville Pearson will be reading the Lesson, our Brighton Padre, the Rev. W. J. Taylor, and our Senior St. Dunstan's Chaplain, the Reverend Andrew Nugee, are taking the Service, and I will be delivering a brief Address.

Hitherto, the Service in memory of the late Sir Arthur Pearson, BT., G.B.E., has taken place on the Sunday nearest to December 9th, the anniversary of his death; but this time we rejoice that the B.B.C. has given us the facilities on the anniversary day itself for a nationwide broadcast because thereby St. Dunstaners as a whole can feel they are taking part.

### Forty Years

It is forty years since Sir Arthur Pearson died and the first generation are growing old and an entirely new generation from the Second War has come into our midst. It is fitting that we and listeners as a whole should call to mind all that St. Dunstan's has meant to more than five thousand families.

I think a very large number of ordinary men and women throughout the land will share with St. Dunstaners and their friends our pride in our organisation and our affection for the memory of our Founder.

May I repeat that the broadcast will be on your Home Service at 9.45 on the morning of Saturday, December 9th.

### Welfare Conference

Earlier this month we held a Conference at Headquarters of Welfare Visitors, Technical Visitors, and Estate Visitors, together with appropriate heads of departments, so that we might review all the services we render to St. Dunstaners through our various departments and our outside staff. There were discussions on properties, Homes, jobs, research, and general welfare, and much useful information was exchanged and many valuable suggestions were made. At the conclusion of the Conference I took the Chair at an informal dinner party at which the Right Honourable John Boyd Carpenter, Minister of Pensions and National Insurance, was our guest of honour. I proposed a toast of "The Ministry," with which the closest co-operation has existed and the Minister, replying, praised the work of the Visitors whose services in bringing comfort and help to St. Dunstaners were so valuable.

### Chess Week-end

Ten St. Dunstaners went to Ovingdean for the Chess Week-end where Mr. R. W. Bonham, B.A., an Assistant Mathematics Master and Chess Master at Worcester College, came as usual to adjudicate, instruct and guide. Although blind himself, he is a champion chess player and is said to have played a simultaneous chess match against all the St. Dunstaners at one of our reunions and beaten them all.

I much regret personally that I have never learned to play chess for I think, especially if you can become good enough to play in your mind without a board, that it must be one of the best games for a blind person. I mention this matter to encourage others who may have started playing chess or may like to do so to write and get particulars of next year's Chess Week-end.

FRASER.

### In Memory of Sir Arthur

On the morning of Saturday, December 9th, the 40th anniversary of the death of Sir Arthur Pearson, a party of St. Dunstaners will leave Headquarters for Hampstead Cemetery where a wreath will be placed upon the grave of our Founder.

Subscriptions of not more than one shilling towards the wreath should be sent to Mr. Lloyds at 191 Marylebone Road, London, N.W.1.

### "In Touch"

St. Dunstaners will already know that the B.B.C. are broadcasting a new series of monthly programmes of particular interest to blind people; the first was broadcast on October 8th; the second included interviews with Lord Fraser and Les Dennis and was repeated on Sunday, November 19th. The compère was David Scott Blackhall.

The next programme will be broadcast on Network Three on Sunday, December 3rd, from 2.40—3.10 p.m. and will probably be repeated a fortnight after that date.

St. Dunstaners will doubtless want to look out for further programmes in this series.

### Remembrance Day, 1961

Twenty St. Dunstaners were present at the Cenotaph on Sunday, November 12th. Lord Fraser was on the same parade.

During the Festival of Remembrance at the Royal Albert Hall on Saturday, November 11th, a party of St. Dunstaners were present, as also were Lord and Lady Fraser who sat with the Prime Minister and the President of the British Legion, Maj. Gen. Sir Richard Howard-Vyse.

Millions of listeners to the Light Programme heard Ken Revis give a five-minute "word picture" of the Festival of Remembrance, following Wynford Vaughan-Thomas' eye-witness account. It was an excellent broadcast.

### The Deaf-Blind Pay Their Tribute

The Deaf Reunion took place at Ovingdean during the week-end of November 11th. Lord and Lady Fraser gave lunch to the party on the Saturday, which later went on to the afternoon performance of the Festival of Remembrance at the Royal Albert Hall.

### Double Centurion

Many congratulations to Les Dennis, of Croydon, who on Saturday, October 21st, became the first blind man twice to walk a hundred miles inside twenty-four hours. Les finished fifth out of a field of thirty-nine in 20 hrs. 49 mins. 34 secs. This was more than forty minutes better than his time in 1959 (21 hrs. 30 mins.) when he became a Centurion in the London to Brighton and back race. Nineteen of the walkers retired during the race in which he made his second attempt, the Chigwell 100 Mile Race Walk. He was escorted by a team of five sighted members of the Surrey Walking Club, each covering two laps of the hilly ten mile circuit. Race Walking Association officials described the course as the most severe for this type of race. The winner of the race was F. O'Reilly (Lozelle Harriers), 18 hrs. 3 mins. 45 secs.

### On the Air

Leslie Cadman, of London, N.W.3, was interviewed in the radio feature, "To-day," on November 7th; Robin Holmes questioned him about a small Hovercraft which he has designed for use by farmers in bad weather for sowing and fertilising.

### The Last Reunions of 1961

The London Reunion took place on Thursday, 5th October, at the Coventry Street Corner House as usual, and both Sir Neville Pearson and Lord Fraser spoke after dinner. The vote of thanks was proposed by Mr. G. P. ("Jock") Brown, and seconded by Mr. T. Daborn, and Mrs. Brown presented Lady Fraser with a beautiful bouquet on behalf of the St. Dunstaners present.

Lord Fraser, accompanied by Lady Fraser, presided at the Brighton Reunion on Friday, October 13th, held for the first time at the Hotel Metropole, which provided an excellent dinner.

During his speech Lord Fraser mentioned the publication of his book, "My Story of St. Dunstan's," which was about to take place and he was followed by the Chief Constable, Mr. A. E. Rowsell, who spoke on behalf of the guests. The vote of thanks and toast to Lord and Lady Fraser was proposed by Mr. G. Killingbeck.

### Future Brighton Reunions

After the Brighton Reunion I received a letter from a St. Dunstaner who thinks that many older folk would prefer this get-together to take the form of a luncheon party and social afternoon, as is the case with other provincial Reunions.

If the majority of St. Dunstaners who attend this Reunion are in favour of such a change it can certainly be arranged, and it would help me to decide if anyone who does not think it a good idea would write to me and say so. C. D. WILLS.

### Retirement

L. Johns, of Paignton, who has been a telephonist for thirty years, retired on September 30th last from his post with the Dartington Hall Trustees which he has held for the last seventeen years. A celebration was held to bid "Johnny" goodbye to which well over a hundred people came. A message from Mr. Leonard K. Elmhirst, Founder Trustee, was read to the company.

### Brighton Club Notes

NOTE: The Annual General Meeting will be held on the first Thursday in December (the 7th), commencing at 7 p.m., to be followed by a domino tournament and whist drive. All St. Dunstaners (and their escorts) in the Brighton area are cordially invited. FRANK A. RHODES.

### Chess Week-end

We had a very successful Chess Week-end this month. Everything went smoothly with games played in the usual sporting spirit. Only a few games were unfinished and these were adjudicated by Mr. R. W. Bonham, who had become the World Blind Chess Champion during his visit to Germany earlier in the year. Our congratulations to him on this great achievement.

The result of the Major Cup Competition was: 1st, J. B. Campbell with four points; 2nd, Norman Russell, three points; 3rd, F. Taylor; 4th, Paul Walker. The Minor Cup went to George Fallowfield; 2nd, W. J. Rose; 3rd, J. Culshaw; 4th, Sammy Game.

Our congratulations to the winners and to all who took part on the sporting spirit which they displayed.

On Saturday evening Mr. Bonham held his usual session—analysing various games and great interest was shown by those who attended. Our boys look forward to this yearly contact with our friend from Worcester College.

Before the prizes were presented, we all stood in silence to the memory of two of our friends, Harry Hammett and F. Kirkbright, who died this year.

Our thanks to Miss Carlton for all that she has done to make the week-end a success and to Matron for presenting the prizes; and for her very pleasant speech of welcome to the players. Ten players competed this year and we are confident of an increase in numbers at our next Chess Week-end. CHARLIE KELK.

### Staff Retirement

Mr. Harry Burgess retired on November 10th after more than thirty-one years on the Staff of St. Dunstan's.

A disabled ex-serviceman himself—he lost an arm in the 1914-1918 war—Mr. Burgess joined the Hall Staff in May, 1930, when our Headquarters were in the Inner Circle, Regent's Park. During the Second War he was transferred to clerical duties in the Estate Department, later being responsible for insurance concerning properties.

The many St. Dunstaners who knew him in the old Inner Circle days, and his many friends on the Staff, both past and present, will, with us, wish Harry the very best of everything in his retirement.

## Letters to the Editor

DEAR EDITOR,

I wonder if anyone has the same difficulty as myself with the St. Dunstan's badge. I have only one hand and find it most difficult to transfer the badge from one coat to another, owing to the double pronged fastening. I have often thought how much more convenient would be the pin-type fastening. This would be very suitable during the summer months when not wearing a coat, to fasten to a shirt or pullover.

Has anyone else any views on this subject?

Yours sincerely,

H. WARD,

Leeds.

DEAR EDITOR,

If it has not been done already, could not one or other of the Gospels in the New Version be put into braille? Matthew or Mark would probably be easiest for the average braille reader.

Yours sincerely,

R. J. BUCHANAN,

Woking.

(We understand from the Royal National Institute for the Blind that all the Gospels (New Version) are now available. The Gospels of Matthew, Mark and Luke are in ordinary intermediate braille. That of John is in solid dot but this Gospel will eventually be re-done in intermediate size but not for some time yet. ED.).

DEAR EDITOR,

I have a photograph taken at No. 1 Portland Place, London, in about 1920 of a group of St. Dunstaners.

The names of them are as follows and to any of whom I should be pleased to send it for return in due course, should they be interested. With Sir Arthur Pearson are:

Miss Bell, Miss Cornwallis, Lady Morgan. Messrs. V. R. Crompton, Crouch, Brek, Ogg, F. Clark, Fryer, Butler, Barber, Swales, Tuppen, Marmott, Britten, Ratray, Kerr, Killingback, Whittle, Oldfield, Campbell, Mavrogordato, Peareth, Jones, Clarke, Gibson, Fisher, Millard, Harris, Bissett, Hunt, Channing, and Peter the dog.

Yours sincerely,

R. GORDON-SMITH,

Lingfield.

## "My Story of St. Dunstan's"

Lord Fraser's book was published on October 23rd. It is hoped that copies for St. Dunstaners will be despatched in a few weeks' time. Many press cuttings about the book have reached us. The following are brief extracts from some of them:

*Daily Herald*: Sir Neville Pearson, reviewing the book, writes: "Fortunately for the war-blind, my father, Sir Arthur Pearson, who founded St. Dunstan's, was an extremely active newspaper man up to the time he lost his sight. The tempo of his life was a quick one. His sight failed rapidly and he had only just come to terms with the problem of blindness when the first world war brought the opportunity for him to show hundreds of fit, energetic, war-blinded young men his way of tackling it. His theme was "Try to remember that you are still just ordinary young men; the difference is that you don't happen to be able to see. It is only a matter of adjustment." St. Dunstan's came to life in 1915. For the war-blinded there was a short period of despair followed by a period of high speed activity, training and adjustment. Then, almost before they were aware of it, the miracle of their return to life had happened. It was their own courage, energy, and the driving force of St. Dunstan's that had put them there. . . . There have been virtually no failures. . . . Lord Fraser, its Chairman for the past forty years is, *in excelsis*, the normal man who does not happen to be able to see. For him blindness as a handicap has practically ceased to exist. This tale of adventure, and the manner in which it has affected the author of this book, makes very stimulating reading."

*The Times*: "Sir Arthur Pearson, founder of St. Dunstan's, once asked the Chairman of a school for blind children never to use that 'beastly word affliction,' adding, 'call it a handicap.' It is in that spirit that Lord Fraser of Lonsdale tells the story of St. Dunstan's and his own splendid work there through and beyond two world wars; realistic, unsentimental, packed with good unforced accounts of individual reactions to the handicap."

*South Africa*: "Lord Fraser of Lonsdale is the triumphant embodiment of the St. Dunstan's philosophy that the blind are not people apart but belong to society in

general. . . His memory is so crowded with the people and incidents that the most serious problem about the book was deciding what should be left out. Those who have met Lady Fraser will understand at once why he has dedicated his book to her."

*Books and Bookmen*: "The author concentrates on the human dramas involved rather than on facts and figures, and so makes an inspiring, heroic book of his story of a great institution."

*Sunday Telegraph*: T. E. Utley writes: "As one who has himself been blind since the age of nine, what impresses me most about Lord Fraser's account of himself is the extraordinary realism and the quiet practicality with which he approaches the problems presented by that condition. . . . Those who want to equip themselves for society with the blind have also a great deal to learn from Lord Fraser's book."

*The Sphere*: ". . . what a wonderful tale of courage it is, in which so often we are allowed to glimpse the highlights of human conduct, both among the blind and the sighted."

*Sunday Times*: ". . . a very moving and fascinating story of one of the greatest humanitarian enterprises of our time."

★ ★ ★

Lord Fraser took part in the television programme, "Day by Day," on November 1st, on Channels 10 and 11, seen in South and South-East England, when he was questioned about his book, and he was also interviewed about it on the special programme for the blind, "In Touch," on Sunday, November 5th.

## Our Friends of the Press

The following letter in the writer's own handwriting was recently received by our Appeals Department.

Hove, Sussex.

Dear Sir-Madame,

I am sending you the profits of my newspaper the Weekly News.

I hope everybody is well and also I hope you find good use of my 6s. 6d.

Yours sincerely, D. GILLMAN,

(8 years nearly nine),

News Editor, Owner.

The Appeals Department has gratefully acknowledged this gift and has asked the News Editor and Owner to pass on its thanks to the readers of the "Weekly News."

## Voices

Here is a first selection of letters on this subject in response to our invitation last month. The sender of each letter published will receive half a guinea. The last day for receiving letters is Monday, December 11th. ★ ★ ★

I'm one of those people who read a lot but unfortunately do not possess the flair or the happy knack of passing on to others the material which we so arduously try to absorb, and it so happens that the very topic which Quentin Crewe wrote about recently in the *Daily Mail* has been on my mind a great deal.

Good education and voice production is a rare quality. Few possess it and this applies to men and women in all walks of life.

With regard to broadcasting, I don't think women compare very favourably with men in this art. They have aptitude, I agree, but not that commanding, compelling, or call it what you like sound that a man's deep resonant voice has. When I switch on my radio set and hear such a voice I am immediately interested. There's an air of expectancy buoyed up inside me. I am about to be commanded to sit up and take notice! No! A deep, rich, clear voice cannot be manufactured; it is truly a heavenly gift. You've either got it or you haven't. Yours sincerely,

TOM WOODS,

Redhill.

One of the most lucrative radio voices belongs to a fictitious doctor's wife. For good measure it's on twice a day. It jars my jaded nerves and I would not give tuppence for it.

In the summer of 1919 a concert was arranged in the garden of a house at Ascot. Wounded Tommies in hospital blue and in civilian clothes were the guests. Strawberries and cream for tea. It was a wonderful setting. A grand piano was brought from the house. There were many celebrities there that day. Alas! their names are forgotten. Among them was a baritone. He stood with his back to an angle of the house. His voice reverberated around that lovely garden in the scented air. He sang, "The Windmill." He started, "Behold, I am a giant, a giant am I." He had a glorious, magnificent voice which suited the occasion and which will always be a golden memory to me.

And let us not forget our own golden voices, enjoyed in so many coach choruses—competitions between the back and front seats—that have enlivened many, many miles and left us hoarse for days. Gold. Pure gold. W. T. SCOTT, *Streatham*.

What's in a voice?

I still recall with grateful appreciation the effects of our Chairman's matter-of-fact assessment when he and Lady Fraser visited me in Stoke Mandeville Hospital a few days after I had been blinded.

WALTER THORNTON,  
*Northfield, Birmingham.*

As far as I am concerned, I do not think many voices irritate me. Of course, there are the voices that are too loud and those that are too high-pitched, not to mention the unnatural parsonic voice.

But speaking generally, most of the voices I hear are pleasant enough. I suppose we judge people a good deal by their voices when we cannot see what they look like. No. It is not so much the voice but rather the intonation which sometimes gets my goat. For instance, the B.B.C. employs a number of outside broadcasters, especially in the Midland Region, who seem to have been schooled to hit with a sledge-hammer every third or fourth word in each sentence. It seems to affect both sexes and it infuriates me. I have to switch off quickly or I should smash the set, which would not be economical. Can it be that the B.B.C. have an elocution school where this sort of thing is taught? If so it is time it closed it down and spent the money on something more useful. I want to attend to the matter that is being offered without being put off by the manner of the delivery.

S. A. CHAMBERS, *Birmingham.*

Regardless of what they're saying, I enjoy listening to the Scottish accent, but I cannot agree with Quentin Crewe regarding Lord Boothby, the adiposity of whose voice conjures up for me a picture of the Headmaster of a school of whales lecturing his pupils. M. DELANEY, *Maidenhead.*

I am very sensitive to voice tempos and variations but I cannot get things straight with men who have those very modulated voices or effeminate falsettos. Perhaps my good ear is getting dull and I cannot distinguish so well, but it was very awkward when a year or so ago I had to go to

hospital in Bristol to see a famous nerve specialist. My wife and I sat in the waiting room and a lady receptionist took the name, etc., and then called us into the holy of holies. After a few minutes in perfect silence I heard what I thought was the same lady's voice telling the wife to tell me to take my clothes off. My wife, who is also hard of hearing, asked me what was said and I said that the lady told her to tell me to take my things off. To my horror she replied that it was not the lady but the doctor himself. Was my face red! All through that interview I had the feeling that this clever surgeon with the ladylike voice must have thought that I was either *non compos mentis* or malingering.

I also like Lord Boothby's voice, full of character and independence, but I just cannot stand those B.B.C. toffee-nosed trained voices that conceal the real character.

A. J. RADFORD, *Castle Cary.*

One winter's Saturday afternoon I settled down at my radio for my usual Saturday sports commentary. There were two to choose from. The International Soccer match between England and Scotland and a Rugby County Championship in which my home county was involved. I was more interested in the rugby, but from time to time could not resist switching over to the soccer. My wife was using the mop in the passage at the time and I had just switched back to the rugby when she poked her head around the door and said, "What's he been up to?" "What's who been up to?" says I. "Jimmy Delaney," says she. "That fellow on the wireless just said, 'Jimmy Delaney, of Taunton'." "You've made a mistake," said I. "Of no, I haven't," she said strolling back along the passage. "I heard it distinctly—Jimmy Delaney, of Taunton." I wasn't going to argue—she had the mop in her hand. All the same, I couldn't help thinking that one of us was due for the nuts cannery. I sat pondering, then switched back to the soccer, and then the penny dropped. Raymond Glendenning speaks. "Goal kick to England, to Wright, Wright to Finney, Delaney intercepts to Thornton." She had mistaken "Finney, Delaney, Thornton," as "Jimmy Delaney, of Taunton." Jimmy, of course, is our St. Dunstaner who has a practice close by.

E. H. NORTH, *Taunton.*

### Scottish War-Blinded Bowlers' Successful Year

Mr. A. G. Vallance, Superintendent of the Scottish National Institution for the War-Blinded, has sent us a most interesting article on bowling from which we take the following extracts:

★ ★ ★

The game of bowls is undoubtedly the favourite outdoor recreation among war-blinded ex-servicemen in the care of the Scottish National Institution for the War-Blinded. When Linburn, a small estate ten miles west of Edinburgh, was acquired in 1944 for the training, rehabilitation and employment of servicemen blinded in the second world war, it had a large mansion house with extensive lawns in front of the building. On one part, formerly a tennis court, the Linburn men began to play bowls as a recreation during their lunch-hour break.

In this they were encouraged by one of the sighted instructors in the workshops, who was himself a keen bowler. Several clubs, notably Ardmillan Bowling Club, generously gave assistance both in the acquiring of bowling equipment and in helping the blind players to overcome their initial difficulties on the green.

Patient instruction taught those who came to the game only after they had been blinded; first, how to stand, how to hold and how to deliver the wood. The totally blind bowler is faced in the right direction by a sighted helper who also tells him exactly how the jack is lying in relation to the bowls of his own team and those of his opponent. Then from the immediate vicinity of the jack another helper gives a sharp hand-clap. The blind bowler then plays to the sound; while as a guide to players with partial sight, a large white cardboard sheet is held over the jack.

As Linburn developed into the fine housing estate and workshop settlement it is to-day, a full size bowling green was constructed. This increased the initial enthusiasm for the game, and soon the Linburn Bowling Club had a membership of nearly thirty.

No longer did the Linburn men play merely among themselves. Matches were arranged with sighted clubs and with teams from various disabled men's organisations. This year BLESMA won the Whitton Trophy, which Linburn had won last year.

Among the sighted clubs who figured in the 1961 fixture list were Ardmillan, Goldenacre, Pumpherston, Edinburgh Transport, and that of the Edinburgh Prison Officers. Incidentally, it was due to the Edinburgh Prison Officers that Linburn now has a most handsome carved wooden shield, the work of one of the prisoners at Saughton, which is competed for each year by Linburn *versus* the sighted staff.

At Newington House, Edinburgh, the original centre to which the men of the first world war came, bowls has been played for many years. Newington House often combine with the Linburn men in special matches such as those played against St. Dunstan's, England.

This blind international event arose from an idea of the Chairman of the Scottish National Institution for War-Blinded, Mr. John G. Osborne, who thought it would provide a good opportunity for a friendly meeting between the war-blinded of Scotland and England.

So in 1960, a team of St. Dunstan's bowlers came to Edinburgh as guests of the Institution, where in addition to bowls, they were entertained for a three-day visit. The affair was so successful that this year St. Dunstan's returned the hospitality by inviting a combined team from Linburn and Newington House to Brighton.

This event was certainly the highlight of the 1961 season. A most wonderful welcome was given to the Scottish party by the Commandant and Matron. The three days spent with St. Dunstan's will long be remembered.

The match was a most exciting one and Scotland won by four shots.

Lord Fraser entertained the teams to dinner and presented a cup for annual competition.

Scotland's war-blinded bowlers have reason to be proud of the way they have, despite difficulties, acquired "know-how" in the game. This year out of eighteen fixtures, mostly against sighted clubs, they have won seven and drawn one.

The season is wound up by a Social and Presentation of Prizes at Linburn to which many of their sighted playing friends are invited as guests. This year the war-blinded players will really have something to celebrate with one international win and a national tournament to their credit, plus the winning of the *Edinburgh Evening News* cup for a pairs competition.

## Talking Book Library

### November's Pair

Just two releases, a romance and a tiny segment of, let's say, social history on the "holiday" front.

"Home for the Holidays," by Winifred Peck, reader Celia Johnson, is a look back at school holidays covering the first half of this century. Of course the writer didn't take her 11-plus at 65 or anything like that; she simply became a mother and a grandmother. At the beginning of the century the family of children made its or their own entertainment and enjoyed very much the simple holiday by the sea. It seems that over the years gradually, almost imperceptibly, sophistication and artificiality have crept in. However, everything tastes sweeter and looks more promising when one is young and free from responsibility. *Cat. No. 606.*

"A Wish a Day," by Berta Ruck, reader Eric Gillett, is a romance concerning the eldest girl in a doctor's family who actually acquires what the title states. Really the story is told in a far less fantastic way than the endless possibilities of such a situation lay before any writer. The wishes simply amount to a series of coincidences extremely advantageous to the lucky lady, but falling into place in her everyday life to a remarkable degree. Naturally the start is a trifle Oriental and occult but there is nothing frightening. *Cat. No. 594.*

NELSON.

### From the Chairman's Postbag

B. Sutton, of Hull, writes: I often wonder what would have become of me if I had not met Sir Arthur Pearson, to whom I am extremely grateful. A few weeks before his death I received from him a letter. After congratulating me on having had an article published, he gave me some very sound advice. He said:

"No matter what you do, do it well, for a little bit that's done well is worth any amount done otherwise, and there is more shame attached to anyone who will not try at all than to those who will try and fail. If you fail, you have the satisfaction of knowing that you have tried, and nobody expects you to do more than that. . ." Thanks to his very wise counsel, I have discovered that out of darkness and tribulation has come the real joy of living.

## The Handless Reunion

A feature of the Handless Reunion at Ovingdean in October was a Rifle Range Contest.

Each competitor was allowed practice shots prior to the Competition which consisted of ten shots, the possible score being 100 points. Here are the results:

1. D. Bell	59*
2. J. Majkut	56
3. W. Wrigley	54*
4. E. Miller	52
5. W. Lethbridge	50*
6. Gwen Obern	49
7. R. Vincent	46
8. R. Brett	40
9. E. Higgs	37*
10. S. Southall	} 36
W. Griffiths	
W. Richardson	
13. J. Loska	30
14. C. Kelk	} 24
R. Slade	

\* Actually scored a Bull each.

## Great-Grandfather

W. Thomas, of Wakefield.

## Grandfathers

G. H. Brown, of Burton-on-Trent; A. Clover, of Long Melford.

And new grandchildren for A. E. Snook, of Barnstaple, (the first grand-daughter); W. J. Keen, of Purton, near Swindon; J. Dalton, of Middlesbrough; K. Ward, of Winchester; H. Payne, of Grangetown, Cardiff (two grand-daughters and a grandson have recently arrived, making ten in all); Trueman Gamblin, of New Brunswick, Canada (their thirteenth grandchild—Gwen had a son on August 16th).

★ ★ ★

Joan, one of the daughters of the late L. Trevilion, of Eastbourne, who is now married and living in Cyprus, gave birth to a son on October 12th.

## Sutton Club Notes

A Bring and Buy was held at the Sutton Club on October 14th. Despite the fact that there were not many members present, the sale realised £2 7s. 7d., a grand contribution to our Club funds.

A Committee Meeting, with Ted in the chair, discussed among other things the whereabouts of our next year's outing.

FRANK MADGWICK.

P.S.—Mr. Alf Shaw has kindly made us some cards for Housey-Housey.

## Tales of Ind

Strolling along Park Street one afternoon when the Calcutta cold weather was in its most pleasant period I noticed with some surprise a large crowd of Indians approaching; they seemed to be most interested in two European ladies, one of whom was in early middle age and her companion a girl of about fifteen. When I was almost level with the ladies I noticed the younger one had a heavy chain in her hand which led down to a large leather collar; to this was attached an animal about the size of a fairly large dog, but it was a tiger cub, or I should say a tigress cub. She seemed to be quite indifferent to the interest she was causing, and walked along with her head erect, a sort of purring sound coming from her lips. I had forgotten the incident, although tigers strolling in the streets of Calcutta is not a common sight, until about a year later I read an account in an Indian illustrated weekly of the pet Tigress Diana who belonged to a European family resident at Hazaribagh about a hundred miles West of Calcutta. Now Hazaribagh means in hindustani a thousand tigers, as I know because I spent about two months in the district during the last war on the staff of an Italian POW camp. It seems that the tigress had been brought up with the family and she lived with them as a well behaved cat, sleeping with the children and going drives with the family seated with the children on the back seat of the car as the photographs illustrating the article showed.

Diana was now full grown but her liberty was not curtailed in any manner and everything went well, until one day when the family were having their afternoon siesta and the Mali and the Ayah were discussing the events of the day in the garden, when suddenly a tiger appeared on the lawn; thinking that the animal was Diana the Ayah called "Come here Diana," and made signs for the creature to come to her but the answer was a loud roar. "Run," shouted the Mali, dropping his hoe, "that's not Diana, that's a tiger," and it was. That was the end of Diana's happy life of freedom for she was taken to the Calcutta zoo, and I was told the poor creature reacted very strongly to the curtailment of her freedom.

The fate of Elsa the lioness recently has prompted me to tell the sad story of Diana.

DUNCAN McALPIN.

## Library List

If others have as much trouble as I do in making a list of books to read, merely from a catalogue of more or less meaningless titles and authors they do not know, then perhaps the following two books may help them either to choose or to avoid.

First there is "Seven Years in Tibet," by Harrer. This to me is a fascinating account of the adventures of a civilian who escaped from a P.O.W. camp in India and made his way over the Himalayas into Tibet. It gives a most interesting picture of life in Tibet before it was disrupted by the arrival of the Chinese Communists. Life as one imagines it must have been in the Middle Ages.

The other is "A Pattern of Islands," by Grimble. This is the experiences of a young Cadet of the Colonial Office who was sent to the Gilbert and Ellice Islands in the Pacific and includes many strange and sometimes alarming incidents, which I have found most interesting.

S. A. CHAMBERS, *Birmingham.*

(Other personal recommendations and reasons welcomed. Ed.).

Over forty years ago the Cheshire Regiment with which my husband served fought side by side with the Manchester Regiment in what was probably the bloodiest campaign of the whole war, outside of Flanders and the Somme. One man who was a casualty has for forty four years been searching to trace my husband, with the object of repaying a small sum of money my husband had lent him when his friend was waiting to go "down the line" to hospital. Forty-four years of almost useless search to repay a small sum of money and to contact a much loved former comrade. Useless in the one sense as my husband, like so many of the survivors from Salonika, died twenty-eight years ago in a mental hospital.

But on Thursday a letter arrived at my husband's old home and as a result I telephoned the writer. He had already had a letter from my brother-in-law warning him that my husband had died and so the sad news had been broken.

How many of us would, for forty-four years, try to repay a tiny debt? Just a week ago this man opened a New Testament which he had not opened since 1917, and there he found the elusive address of his old comrade.

MAUREEN V. LEES, *Birkenhead.*

### St. Dunstan's Physiotherapists

Under this heading, our Chairman wrote a letter which appeared in the *British Medical Journal*, on November 11th, as follows:

To the Editor,

DEAR SIR,

During the past few days there has been a most interesting correspondence in *The Times*, indicating that many National Health Service patients who would benefit from physiotherapy treatment cannot get it without considerable delay, owing to the fact that there is a shortage of physiotherapists. Moreover, it appears to be evident that sometimes beds in hospitals are needlessly occupied by those patients waiting for appropriate treatment. Obviously, physiotherapists should be paid much more to attract the required numbers, and in any event their present pay is little better than that of many unskilled boys and girls.

But training and enlisting sufficient physiotherapists to fill the vacancies must take some years, and meantime there is a substantial number of private practitioners of physiotherapy in the country who can give the necessary treatments at moderate fees on the doctor's recommendation. It may be better for some patients to get the treatment privately than not to have it at all, and they will probably find that it actually pays them to get back to work quicker. In particular there are 108 St. Dunstan's physiotherapists who are extremely competent and well equipped.

Sir Robert Jones, who might perhaps be called the Father of Physical Medicine, wrote of these men: "The work that these blind masseurs do is very exceptional in quality. They are in every sense of the term a great success. I find them all intelligent and possessed of a wonderful gift of touch, together with keen enthusiasm for their work. Apart from their qualities as masseurs, I think they have an extraordinarily good psychological effect upon their patients." What he said so long ago is still true as I hear from many medical and lay quarters; though, of course, all these men now practise electrotherapy in addition to massage.

General practitioners may like to know that this service is readily available to help their patients. I am, etc.,

FRASER OF LONSDALE,

Chairman of St. Dunstan's.

### Tribute to "Johnny"

As reported elsewhere, Leonard Johns, of Paignton, has retired after seventeen years as telephonist at Dartington Hall. Mr. L. K. Elmhirst, the Founder Trustee of Dartington Hall, paid his tribute in the following words:

"The telephone has always frightened me. I grew up in a world that had none and where there were elaborate rules governing the introduction of one stranger to another, by correspondence, or in the street. To-day there is no escape from the peremptory ring of the telephone. What can we do?"

"If we are lucky enough we can set up an exchange and staff it with a Mr. Johns. Do we all realise how lucky we have been? So firm, so comforting, so active to get us what we want, to hand on a message, to get through to New York or to Calcutta, and if we are in Timbuctoo and have to ring up Dartington—what a relief and a joy to hear that voice saying, 'Dartington Hall—raining as usual,' or 'A lovely sunny day.'"

"When you think of how many wheels there are turning round at Dartington, or ticking over, how easy it is to drop a little sand in the works, to get impatient, to slam the receiver down, and what a wonderful thing it has been for all of us to have as captain at the telephone exchange a man who saw it as his job to drop oil and not sand in the machinery, to relieve fears and anxieties, to offer services of every kind; to be firm but courteous, to be friendly and yet efficient.

"Mr. Johns has helped me as much as anyone at Dartington to think of Dartington as a friendly place. Let us wish him a long and happy retirement and let us hope he will never stop coming to see us."

### Successes

In the recent Handicraft Competition held by the Southern Regional Association for the Blind, G. Fallowfield, of Southwick, won a bronze medal for his model paddle steamer, *Pandora*, and T. Chamberlain, of Reading, also took a bronze medal for a model vertical steam engine, as well as a Highly Commended for a turned wooden bowl.

Mrs. J. Farrant, of Bridgend, won a cup for singing in the Eisteddfod for the Blind in Port Talbot. Our St. Dunstaner competes every year and this is her first success.

### Family News

Thirteen year old Frank Douglas (Barking) has won the Intermediate Certificate and Bronze Medal for Life Saving. They were presented to him by the Mayor of Barking on October 30th.

Anne Dixon, daughter of our late St. Dunstaner, H. E. Dixon, of Chorlton-cum-Hardy, is this year's Junior Champion of the Manchester Lawn Tennis Club.

Alan Baugh, Stafford, of the Royal Corps of Signals and now posted to Nairobi, has been promoted to Lance Corporal.

Arthur Frost, Manchester, is a very keen scout and recently represented Northern Area in the National Scout Cookery Competition at Gilwell Park.

### Marriages of Sons and Daughters

On September 10th, Beryl Moore, to Terence King.

At end of September, Harry Martin, Boreham Wood.

On October 4th, Norman Stanners, High Wycombe, to Miss Diana Hudson.

On October 21st, Pamela Linacre, Wallasey, to William Rigby.

### Personal

To all St. Dunstaners who so generously contributed to a leaving present for me, I would like to express my thanks and my appreciation, and to tell you how deeply moved I was by your kindness and thoughtfulness. I am going to miss you very much, I know, but will remember you with affection always and hope we may meet again one day.

To all St. Dunstaners everywhere I send my very good wishes for your well-being and happiness both now and in the future.

M. DAGNALL.

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Since her husband's death, Mrs. R. M. Cooley has moved to 57 Thorndike, Britwell Estate, Slough.

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

Robert Craig, 1st Australian Imperial Forces

We have learned with deep regret of the death of Robert Craig, of Brisbane, Australia, after a long illness. He was 67.

A Scotsman—he was born in Glasgow—he emigrated to Australia in 1909, enlisted in the Australian Forces in March, 1916, and served until December, 1918. He had been wounded on the Somme in October, 1918, and he came to St. Dunstan's two months later. After training in netting and boot-repairing (the latter as a hobby) he returned to Australia in September, 1919. He purchased a few acres of land for poultry-keeping and we heard of his progress in this. He married a short while afterwards. It was in 1957 that we heard that he was suffering from a heart complaint.

Our deep sympathy goes out to Mrs. Craig and to her family.

### Births

✓ DURRANT.—On November 8th, to the wife of W. Durrant, of Norwich, a daughter—Nicola Amanda Jane.

✓ GRAY.—On October 28th, to the wife of R. Gray, of Bromley, a son—Andrew Stewart.

✓ JINKS.—On November 7th, to the wife of E. Jinks, of Oldham, a daughter—Jane.

✓ SMITH.—On October 20th, to the wife of D. W. Smith, of Worcester, a daughter.

### Death

FIELD.—Our deep sympathy is sent to R. G. Field, of Potters Bar, in the loss of his sister on September 9th.

### Marriage

✓ TAPLIN—KING.—On November 1st, at St. Saviour's Church, Redland, Bristol, William Taplin to Eva Harriette King.

### Ruby Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. J. Meighen, of Brighton, November 9th. Many congratulations.

### Silver Weddings

Congratulations, too, to the following upon their Silver Wedding: Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Cunningham, of Liverpool, September 24th; Mr. and Mrs. J. Thompson, of Parkstone, November 7th; Mr. and Mrs. B. Parker, of Grantham, November 21st.

### Correction

We learn from Mrs. Arthur Taylor that our reference to her late husband in the September "REVIEW" was not quite correct. He was in fact taken prisoner at the Siege of Kut in 1915 and was not released until November, 1918, thus being a prisoner for two and a half years.

## "In Memory"

### Captain James Henry Hayward, *Royal Naval Reserve*

We record with deep regret the death of "Skipper" J. H. Hayward, of Lowestoft, at the age of 75. He sustained a gunshot wound to the head when he was on duty with the Royal Naval Reserve in the First World War and his sight gradually failed. He became a St. Dunstaner in 1954, after which he stayed at both Ovingdean and Pearson House for holidays and, when necessary, for his health. He was seriously ill some months ago and although he at first recovered remarkably successfully, his health again failed and he died peacefully at home.

Our deep sympathy is sent to Mrs. Hayward in her loss.

### Private Joseph Maxiekurndo, *Pioneer Corps*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of J. Maxiekurndo, formerly of Gateshead, but a Permanent Resident at Pearson House since the end of 1959. He was within a few days of his 68th birthday.

"Maxie" served in the Pioneer Corps from 1940 to 1944 and came to St. Dunstan's in 1949. He took some training in rug-making but owing to his continual poor health, he was not able to pursue this occupation. He entered Pearson House and his death on November 1st occurred after prolonged illness. His passing will be felt with regret by all at St. Dunstan's.

### Private Robert Metcalf, *Durham Light Infantry*

With deep regret we report the sudden death of R. Metcalf, of Spennymoor, Co. Durham. He died at the home of his married niece on October 22nd. He was 69.

He enlisted in 1914 and was wounded in France the following year; he came to St. Dunstan's immediately. He trained as a poultry-farmer and he followed this occupation, together with pig-keeping, for several years. When he eventually gave this up he made string bags for a considerable time.

He was a bachelor and our deepest sympathy is extended to his relatives.

### Private William George Smith, *Royal Dental Corps*

We have to record with much regret the death of W. G. Smith, of Croxley Green. He died on November 7th at the age of 79.

His service was from 1916 to 1918 but he did not come to St. Dunstan's until 1958 when, owing to his very indifferent health he was not able to undertake any training. His great pleasure was listening to the radio. Although he had been confined to bed for some weeks, his death was nevertheless very unexpected.

We send our deep sympathy to Mrs. Smith and his other relatives.

### Deputy Principal Emily L. Wilson, *Women's Royal Naval Service*

We record with deep regret the death of Miss Emily Wilson, of Belfast, who was one of the few women St. Dunstaners of the First World War.

Miss Wilson served with the W.R.N.S. and came to St. Dunstan's in 1921. For some time she did weaving at her home. An enthusiastic St. Dunstaner, Miss Wilson attended Reunions whenever her health permitted and she will be remembered with affection by many friends, both in Ireland and in England.

### Bandsman Daniel McLoughlin, *Labour Corps and Comnaught Rangers*

We have to report with deep regret the death in a Dublin nursing home of D. McLoughlin, of Dublin. He was 68 years of age and he served from 1913 until 1918, coming to St. Dunstan's in 1920.

He was settled first in a small shop and he carried on this occupation for some years, eventually giving it up for basket-making and trays. He was very musical and for many years had his own band. To his great regret, latterly he had had to give this up. Danny was a great personality and was very well known in Dublin. Many times he made broadcasts from there. He was also a skilful conjuror. He had been in poor health for the last eighteen months and his death was not unexpected.

We tender our deep sympathy to Mrs. McLoughlin and her family.

### A.B. Charles Henry Stock, *Royal Naval Division*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of C. H. Stock, of Southampton. He would have been 65 at the end of this month.

Enlisting in July, 1915, he was discharged from the Service in March, 1919, and came to St. Dunstan's in October, 1925. He trained as a mat-maker and he also kept poultry; this latter was a very great interest to him and one which he continued right up to the time of his death.

He had been admitted to hospital for an operation and he died there on November 8th.

Our deep sympathy goes out to Mrs. Stock and her family.

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