

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Men and Women Blinded on War Service

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CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

MY wife and I attended the 41st Anniversary Service to the memory of Sir Arthur Pearson in our Brighton Chapel on Sunday, December 9th.

The Bishop of Chichester's Address, Sir Neville Pearson's reading of the Lesson, and the Special Prayers, were very moving.

I thought how fitting it was that we should remember Sir Arthur who left us such a worthy inheritance in the organisation of St. Dunstan's to cherish. To those of us who knew the old Chief, poignant memories were revived, and even those who did not know him must have caught something of the spirit which he created, and which has inspired the blind world for nearly half a century. We owe much to his memory and to Sir Neville Pearson and his family.

Bridge

From November 23rd to 26th, some thirty St. Dunstaners enjoyed a Bridge Week-end at Ovingdean and there were friendly games, and also competitions for the Sir Arthur Pearson Memorial Cup and the Drummer Downs Memorial Cup. I learn that the week-end was very much enjoyed by all.

Out of the thirty St. Dunstaner bridge players, only two or three belonged to the younger generation of the Second War.

This set Matron Ramshaw thinking and she talked it over with some of the older men and it seemed to be generally agreed that it would be a good idea if we could encourage a number of younger St. Dunstaners to become bridge players.

The older men would like it because they want an active Bridge Club to go on into the future for their own sakes; but they are also extremely keen that the pleasure they derive from playing bridge should be enjoyed by others.

I am a bridge player myself, though nothing like so good at the game as the leading St. Dunstan's players; however, I can write from personal experience. It is really quite difficult to get started. There is first of all your own inhibition; you may say, "I never was much of a chap for cards and don't feel like learning a new game now." I very strongly suggest getting over this state because the number of pastimes blind people can pursue is inevitably limited and therefore we should not let one practical activity go by without considering it and perhaps exploring it.

The next thing is the difficulty of finding three other people to play with and someone

to teach. Very often bridge players will prefer a four in which they are all reasonably well matched rather than a four in which there is a beginner.

However, our philosophy at St. Dunstan's is that difficulties were made to be got over and not to deter us.

I therefore recommend any St. Dunstaner who has not learnt to play bridge to try and do so before he gets too old because I am sure that he will have many hours of pleasure ahead of him. Bridge is not too difficult intellectually and yet is difficult enough to engage your attention, to divert you from your home and business worries, and it is one of the most companionable games I know.

St. Dunstan's has two very good friends in Mr. Alf Field, a retired Civil Servant, and Mr. Cyril Stokes, at present in the Civil Service, who are expert bridge players and have for many years taken a great interest, especially in our London Bridge Club. These two gentlemen have offered to go down to Ovingdean for a week-end if there was a number of St. Dunstaners, including especially the younger ones, who would like to have lessons and get started.

St. Dunstan's will be only too pleased to organise a special week-end for this purpose if there is a sufficient number of men who are interested. Such a week-end would, I think, have to be during the early months of the year because the Home is so full up at other times.

Will any St. Dunstaner who is interested please write direct to Matron at Ovingdean and we will then see what response we get and decide what we can do.

Shortly after you read this, Lady Fraser and I will be on board ship going to South Africa for a business trip. We shall be playing bridge every night as it is one of our greatest enjoyments.

We wish all St. Dunstaners a happy Christmas and good luck in the New Year.

FRASER.

Memorial Service for Sir Arthur Pearson, Bt.

Dedication of Banners

The annual Memorial Service for the Founder of St. Dunstan's, the late Sir Arthur Pearson, Bt., G.B.E., was held in the Chapel of St. Dunstan's at Ovingdean on Sunday, December 9th, the 41st anniversary of Sir Arthur's death.

The service was conducted by the Rev. W. J. Taylor, St. Dunstan's Chaplain, and the Lesson was read by our President, Sir Neville Pearson, Bt.

In the course of the Service, two handsome banners, and tapestry kneelers, presented by American friends of St. Dunstan's, Mr. and Mrs. H. Dunscombe Colt, were dedicated by the Lord Bishop of Chichester, the Rt. Rev. Roger Plumpton Wilson, D.D. In his address the Bishop recalled Bunyan's words in *Pilgrim's Progress*—"My sword I give to him that shall succeed me . . . and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me . . ."

The banners, which will be kept in the Chapel, were embroidered by ladies of the Royal School of Needlework. One bears the badge of St. Dunstan's. The other combines the badges of the Royal Navy,

the Army and the Royal Air Force.

Lady Pearson accompanied Sir Neville Pearson, and also present were Lord and Lady Fraser, Sir Neville's son, Mr. Nigel Pearson and Lady Frances Pearson, Mrs. Sally Hardy (Sir Neville's daughter), and Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Fraser (his cousins).

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On the morning of Saturday, December 8th, a party of St. Dunstaners—Messrs. P. Nuyens and J. Todd representing First War St. Dunstaners, and Mr. F. Sunderland representing the Second War—went with Mr. A. D. Lloyds to Hampstead Cemetery where a wreath was placed upon Sir Arthur's grave on behalf of St. Dunstan's men in all parts of the world.

Down Your (Marylebone Road) Way

The "Down Your Way" programme on the Light Programme on December 30th, at 5 p.m., will feature people and places of interest in Marylebone Road. Commander R. C. B. Buckley, G.M., representing St. Dunstan's, will be interviewed by Franklin Engelmann.

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J. Huk, of Ramsgate, took first prize in the Kent County Association for the Blind Handicrafts Competition for Seagrass Baskets.

London Club Notes

A very happy Christmas to all St. Dunstaners and their families, with good health and prosperity in the coming New Year.

W. BISHOP.

The Annual General Meeting of the Club will be held on Thursday, January 17th, at 7 p.m.

5½-mile Walking Race

East Ewell, November 3rd, 1962

This was held over the usual course and it was disappointing that only five of us turned out. We think that the poor attendance was due to short notice and Guy Fawkes celebrations.

The next race is on Saturday, January 5th, 1963, again at East Ewell, to start at 3 o'clock, but if it is your desire that future races should be divided between East Ewell and on the old course at Regent's Park, please turn up in great numbers at the next race. It will then be possible for us to hold a short meeting after the race with a view to appointing a committee whose duties will be to arrange future events and to put forward your views and suggestions for making our Walking Section as strong and sociable as it has been in the past.

If you have never walked before, still come along and meet your old pals and make new ones. Arrangements for your future training in walking could then be discussed. If I can be of any help, please phone me at *Thornton Heath 7777*.

The result of our race was:

	<i>H'cap</i>	<i>Time</i>	<i>All.</i>	<i>Act.</i>
E. Proffitt	...	48.39	18.15	66.54
L. Dennis	...	50.02	1.30	51.34
R. Young	...	50.44	9.45	60.29
R. Mendham	...	51.08	Scr.	51.08
C. Stafford	...	51.49	4.15	56.04

Our old friends and faithfuls, Mrs. Spurway and Bill Harris, were there as usual and the prizes were presented by Mrs. (Handicapper) Harris.

LES. DENNIS.

Christmas Greetings from Brighton

The Commandant, Matrons and Staff of Ovingdean, Pearson House and Port Hall wish to send their best wishes to all St. Dunstaners for a Happy Christmas and New Year.

Ovingdean Holiday Bookings, 1963

Owing to the staggering of industrial holidays generally in recent years, it no longer seems practical, or indeed necessary, to reserve places at Ovingdean during a special period for St. Dunstaners in full employment. Instead their applications will in future receive priority until the 31st January each year, irrespective of the period for which they wish to reserve accommodation.

The following special fortnights are suggested for St. Dunstaners who wish to meet other members who trained at the same time:

1915-1916	} 12th to 26th August.
1940-1942	
1917-1918	} 24th June to 8th July.
1943-1944	
1919-1920	} 10th to 24th June.
1945-1946	
1921-1925	} 6th to 20th May.
1947-1957	

C. D. WILLS.

Are You Interested?

It may be that we can obtain a specially adapted side-by-side tricycle with motor attachment, a shed for housing it and two polythene capes to go with it.

If any St. Dunstaner is interested in a machine of this type, he should let me know by the 4th January if possible.

C. D. WILLS.

Retirement

Jock Macfarlane, of Ilford, retired on November 29th after forty-two years as a telephonist, the last forty of which have been with the Export Credits Guarantee Department. For his services with this Government Department, he was awarded the B.E.M. in 1953. For four years he was Chairman of the Working Party Committee of the Civil Service Union representing all telephonists, sighted and blind, relinquishing this post at his own request.

Jock has been presented with a cheque from the Head Office and an engraved pewter tankard from the City Office where he had been for six years. He has also received a letter from the Head Office in which Mr. K. C. Harrison writes: "... in your retirement from service with E.C.G.D., we shall lose our most experienced operator."

Silver Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. P. Wood, of Hyde, December 27th. Congratulations.

Letters to the Editor

DEAR EDITOR,

Talking of gardening. Staying with an uncle and aunt in Clerkenwell, London, for the first time, a girl from an old-world Sussex village was surprised to see stalls down Farringdon Road selling plants, bulbs, seeds, etc. She swept the display with the eye of a connoisseur and then picked up a packet of seeds. "These any good?" she asked. "Any good," repeated the stall-holder indignantly, "why Miss, all yer 'ave to do is to make an 'ole an' drop one of them in it an' jump clear"!!

G. FALLOWFIELD,
Southwick.

DEAR EDITOR,

Amber and I were travelling by Tube during the rush-hour under conditions known to us as the "Black Hole of Calcutta." The train stopped at a station and the doors opened. Those inside wanting to get out pushed one way, and those outside wanting to get in pushed the other way. The general mass of people swayed without any appreciable movement of their feet.

Someone outside spotted Amber's light coat in the forest of dark trousers and shouted, "What's a dog doing in this?"

Someone inside shouted back, "It's a guide-dog. The man's got his eyes open but he can't see."

"Yes," I said to myself, "and he's got his ears open too, but he can hear."

Yours sincerely,
R. C. B. BUCKLEY,
Headquarters.

Chairman on War Pensions

"I hope that during the next twelve months—or at any rate during this Parliament—there will be an improvement in War Pensions; I have spoken about this twice in the House and the other day the Chief Secretary to the Treasury said that War Pensions, along with other pensions, were under consideration."

Lord Fraser said this to the 25th Annual Conference of the Sussex County British Legion Women's Section at Brighton on November 26th.

Mrs. Elizabeth Dacre, J.P., President of the County, took the Chair.

After attending the Conference, Lord and Lady Fraser visited Ovingdean and Pearson House.

Past and Present

"Nothing is static"—this truism became doubly apparent whilst viewing what had been preserved from an ancient inn, on to which had been grafted a modern road-house or motel. The modern structure with its flat concrete walls reminded me of a huge grey box with apertures cut out for windows and doors. The construction failed to evoke in me a spark of interest or enthusiasm.

How different were my reactions to the heritage from a bygone age. My imagination dissolved the mist of time and I became an observer of the life and activities of an era when skill and craftsmanship were necessary ingredients of any creative effort.

The light from logs burning on the hearth of the large stone fireplace illumined the panelled decor of the walls and the carved oak beams of the spacious room which, in turn, serves as dining room, court room and ball room. Now I observe members of the Wool Merchants' Guild, having finished the serious business on the agenda, settling down for an evening's revelry. Servitors are bringing in lighted candles and bowls of punch; soon the rafters will resound to the boisterous sound of their favourite chorus, "Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl, until it doth run over. For tonight we'll merry, merry be, and tomorrow we'll be sober."

I leave the merry throng and step out on to the balcony. Looking up the road I see the London coach, having escaped the attentions of a Jonathan Wild or a Dick Turpin, hurtling along at the crazy speed of eight miles an hour and, whilst the clear crisp notes of the post-horn still linger in the breeze, the coach turns under the stone arch into the yard where stable boys are waiting to care for the horses whilst the inside staff are preparing to minister to the wants of the travellers before they continue to join their families and friends for the Yuletide festivities.

Alas! At this point the hypnotic spell is fractured by the voice of my sister telling me to put down my book and come and have my tea.

T. ROGERS.

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S. C. Tarry, who was awarded the O.B.E. in the Birthday Honours, was invested by Her Majesty the Queen at Buckingham Palace on November 27th.

From the Chairman's Post Bag

Following enquiry from Jim Delaney and others as to the position of blind persons in relation to wireless licences, the Chairman has received the following communication from the Headquarters of the General Post Office:

"A blind person may normally be issued with either one broadcast receiving licence for sound only free of charge, or one licence for sound and television for £1 less than the normal charge. If a blind licensee has a radio fitted in his car in addition to the radio or television set in his home, he needs to take out a separate licence at the normal charge of £1 to cover its use. A portable radio operated by a battery wholly contained within the set may, however, be used from time to time in a car under cover of the user's licence for his home address.

I should perhaps explain that a blind person who, on 1st August, 1955, was in possession of free licences in respect of two or more premises and/or vehicles may continue to have the same number of concessionary licences.

Apart from these persons who retain this privilege exceptionally on a personal basis, no blind person may have more than one concessionary licence."

The concession to the blind of a free licence or a semi-free licence is a very valuable one and the Chairman feels that, having regard to the special consideration given to the blind in so many matters by the State and Local Authorities, it would hardly be appropriate to ask for the further concession of a free licence for a car radio.

In effect, the plea would be that, in view of the fact that many blind people have their own cars, can they now have an additional free licence for the radio in the car? This, the Chairman thinks, would hardly be acceptable to Parliament or to public opinion.

"Let us keep our powder and shot for more important claims, such as improvements in war pensions," says the Chairman.

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At Stanmore and District Chrysanthemum Show, F. C. W. Fulbrook, of Edgware, followed up his wonderful record of successes this year with two First Prizes, one Third, the N.C.S. bronze medal for the most points, and a Certificate of Merit, for the best bloom in the Show.

Christmas Competition

The verse below makes a quadruple acrostic. That is, each line is the clue to a seven-letter word; when the correct words are found, the first, third, fifth and seventh letters in them read from top to bottom to give four more words (one of them a name). Can you find them all?

1. On top of a building for fighting decreed.
2. An attribute nasty of covetous greed.
3. The prizes one finds in auriferous ground.
4. The man who does this helps the wheels to go round.

There will be two prizes of five guineas each for the first two correct solutions opened after the closing date, which is Wednesday, January 16th, 1963.

Entries, in envelopes marked "Christmas Competition," should be sent to the Editor, St. Dunstan's REVIEW, 191 Marylebone Road, London, N.W.1.

Alphabet Thriller

A for the agility which the burglar shows,
B for the big safe on which his torch glows,
C for the clever way he gets the combination right,
D for the diamonds that sparkle in the light,
E for the eager way he swoops up the lot,
F for the feeling he's "hit the jackpot,"
G for the gasp of shock as the light goes on,
H for the handy way he whips out his gun,
I for the instant's pause before it spurts death,
J for the jerking heap sprawled on the carpet,
K for the killer speeding from the crime,
L for the longing to hide for a time,
M for the morning's cold, clear light,
N for the newspapers telling the horror of the night,

O for the organised way the police search for clues,
P for the panic the murderer feels at the news,
Q for the queer sensation of noose around his throat,

R for the realisation he will have to bolt,
S for the swift way he sets about his plans,
T for his thoughts as they fly to other lands,
U for the uncanny way the police follow his trail,
V for his violence when he knows he must fail,
W for his weapon as he stands at bay,
X marks the spot where he was captured that day,

Y for the yearning for easy money and sensation,
Z for the zealous way we should fight the temptation.

J. S. HOLDEN.

The Chess Week-end

We have just completed another successful and very pleasant Chess Week-end. The games were played in the usual sporting spirit and at a good pace and very few games had to be adjudicated. There was only one drawn game.

Several of our players could not compete because of sickness or for other reasons, but we were very pleased to welcome four new players; H. N. Symes, E. W. Lee, J. Cruse and R. Newton.

These new players performed very well, three of them being amongst the prize-winners, and we hope that many more will follow their example.

J. B. Campbell again won the Cup, but he had to fight hard in every round and will have to look to his laurels next year. Norman Russell again came second, H. N. Symes third, with F. Taylor taking fourth place. Only one point separated the first four players.

Chess books in braille were presented to G. Fallowfield, J. Cruse, W. E. Lee; to George Fallowfield for very good progress. He won two games and lost very narrowly to the strongest players.

John Cruse and W. E. Lee were awarded their prizes for the great promise they had shown in their play.

Mr. R. W. Bonham, of Worcester College for the Blind, came down as usual to adjudicate unfinished games.

Between the matches, Mr. Bonham gave hints and general advice on the games and his help was very much appreciated by all. The braille prizes were very generously given by him.

Matron Ramshaw kindly presented the prizes and gave her usual warm welcome to the players.

Miss Carlton was as usual very busy working out the many details and the players showed their appreciation by presenting her with some cigarettes. She is leaving for Australia this week-end and we all wish her a very pleasant journey and a happy time among her friends and relatives "down under."

C. KELK.

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Maureen Lees' fifth Annual Exhibition and Sale of Handicrafts was held at Port Sunlight on December 4th. Lord Leverhulme, who was accompanied by Lady Leverhulme, again performed the opening ceremony.

Seasonable Signs

Christmas and wayside inns have always been inseparable ever since that first Christmas nearly 2,000 years ago when Mary and Joseph "found no room at the inn." Nowadays there are few better places in which to capture and share the Yuletide spirit of goodwill than one of the friendly old inns that are found in town and countryside throughout the land; many of them carry a reminder of Christmas in their names and in their painted signboards.

Consider, for example, that fairly widespread inn title, the *Salutation*. This name can be traced back to the early hospices of monasteries dedicated to the Annunciation of the Virgin Mary, and the salutation in the title is that of the Angel Gabriel to Our Lady. It is the Angel of the Annunciation also who is recalled in the title of the numerous *Angel* inns.

Another common inn name, the *Star*, has a dual link with the Nativity of Our Lord. It was a star which led the shepherds to Bethlehem and a star is also regarded as the particular emblem of the Virgin Mary.

Another seasonable sign is that of *The Three Kings*—Melchior, Gaspar and Balthazar who brought their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh to the Bethlehem manger. Mention of Kings reminds us that there is an intriguing signboard with a Christmas flavour outside a tavern in Hampstead which is called the *King of Bohemia*. On one side of the board is a representation of St. Wenceslas, ruler of Bohemia, looking out upon a snowy scene.

Christmas decorations also find a place in the list of inn names—the *Holly and Laurel*, at Holmwood, Surrey, being an appropriate title in a district long noted for its holly trees. Holly branches were first used for decoration at Christmas time because the prickly leaves and the blood-red berries were a reminder of the crown of thorns which Jesus Christ was born to wear—while the laurel, the token of triumph, symbolises His final victory.

To Charles Dickens, there was no better place in which to spend Christmas than a country inn, where the festivities began with the arrival of the guests in a stage coach, and the mere sight of the numerous *Coach and Horses* signboards brings immediately to mind all the seasonable good cheer of a traditional "Dickensian" Christmas.

COMING EVENTS IN BRITAIN.

The Royal Hospital, Chelsea

An article on The Royal Hospital, Chelsea, appeared in the Summer, 1962, number of the *Bowring Magazine*. This is a record of the activities of C. T. Bowring and Co., Ltd. and Associated Companies, by whose kind permission we are able to reprint the article, which is here slightly condensed. Our thanks are also due to George Fallowfield whose idea it was.

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Over the years historians have gathered a reputation for destroying popularly-held beliefs and, in part at least, this is due to their refusal to accept local legends unless indisputable evidence is forthcoming. Unhappily another well-known story has been disproved—that of Mistress Nell Gwynne appealing to King Charles II to found a hospital for the old and disabled soldiers—for competent historians, including Lewis Melville, Nell Gwynne's own biographer, can find no connection whatever between the King's favourite and Chelsea Hospital.

The Royal Hospital, Chelsea, was founded by King Charles II in 1682 and in some respects at least was modelled on the Hotel des Invalides, Paris, which had been founded by King Louis XIV.

Shortly after the Restoration in 1660 the standing army had been re-established and for more than twenty years it had operated as an effective fighting force but provision had to be made for the veterans and for the wounded. The King's ambitious scheme for a hospital found little support amongst the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, but Sir Stephen Fox, a former Paymaster General, undertook the entire responsibility of management even to the extent of surrendering his own commission deducted from army pay. King Charles' finances were often at low ebb, but with a personal donation of £2,000—later increased to nearly £7,000—the way was reasonably clear for the project to go ahead.

In 1609 James I had been instrumental in founding a theological college at Chelsea, but for a number of reasons it was not a success and the buildings, standing in thirty acres of land, had been left to decay. Sir Christopher Wren, as the King's Surveyor-General of Works, was called in to design and erect the necessary buildings for the hospital and it was he who selected the site of the old theological college.

The buildings as they stand to-day are substantially those of Wren and include the Chapel, and Great Hall, the East and West Wings facing onto Figure Court, those to the north and south of College Court and the building to the south of Light Horse Court. The north side of Light Horse Court was destroyed by enemy bombing in 1918 and again during World War II.

As originally planned by Wren, the Royal Hospital was to consist of a single quadrangle enclosed on three sides. The work, started in 1682, was sufficiently advanced to be habitable by the end of 1687 but was not occupied until more than four years later.

Visitors to the Royal Hospital will, probably find that the Chapel and the Great Hall are the main attractions although the Long Wards, where each in-pensioner has a small cubicle, are of great interest.

The Chapel building was completed in 1684, but the interior was not decorated until three years later, such money as became available being diverted to other work on the Hospital. The interior is plain by comparison with some of Wren's other churches, but because of its clear windows and fine proportions, the Chapel is a light and handsome chamber panelled in oak with black and white marble paving.

The Great Hall has been the scene of many gatherings and has at various times been the scene of concerts, courts martial and army entrance examinations, but the event which drew crowds from all parts of London was when in 1852 the body of the Duke of Wellington lay in state on one of the Great Hall tables for a week of public mourning. Queen Victoria with Prince Albert were among the first to attend and later in the week so many people tried to gain admittance that there were several fatal accidents.

As befits an institution for retired soldiers, the Hospital is run on military lines, but the only discipline enforced is that demanded by necessity for the maintenance of good relations and smooth administration. In-pensioners are free to spend as much time as they wish outside the Hospital and they can have visitors at any time. There are two compulsory parades—Church Parade at 11 a.m. on alternate Sundays and Pay Parade every Friday—but a colourful ceremony is held every year on 29th May, birthday of King Charles II.

Variouly called Oak Apple Day—in memory of Charles' vigil in an oak tree—or Founder's Day, the parade is formed up in Figure Court and in recent years the inspection has been carried out by a member of the Royal Family or a distinguished soldier. The Founder's Statue, which gives the name to Figure Court, is decorated with oak leaves and the pensioners wear sprigs of oak in their coats. After a march past the saluting base, the Governor calls for three cheers for the Founder and for the reigning Sovereign. Dry throats are then refreshed with the traditional extra pint of beer. Founder's Day has been observed as a festival without a break since 1692, although not always in the same form.

The pensioners' quarters are in the Long Wards (each of the sixteen long wards is divided into two messes accommodating a sergeant and twelve other pensioners) and each man has his own cubicle—in Wren's day only 6ft. square, but the berths have been enlarged by moving the outer panelling 3 ft. out and now each is 9 ft. in depth. Here, surrounded by his own possessions and in complete privacy if he wishes, the pensioner can read or relax or listen-in on wireless headphones. The wards are centrally heated and each one has its own washrooms with constant hot running water. Electric water heaters have now been installed so that a pensioner can make himself a hot drink at any time during the day or night. Within the precincts of the Hospital there is a well-equipped library and, to complete the modern touch, a large-screen television room.

For nearly three hundred years, Royal Hospital, Chelsea, has cared for the old regular soldiers, and the pensioners in their scarlet coats and tricorne hats are as much a part of the London scene as Tower Bridge or a red omnibus—long may their uniforms relieve the drabness of the metropolitan streets and long may they enjoy the tranquillity of Chelsea Hospital.

Family News

Brenda Hodgman, Sutton, Surrey, who passed her State Registered Nursing examination some time ago, has been appointed to the post of Departmental Sister in the Polio Research Unit at West Hendon Hospital. This is the unit which also deals with "thalidomide babies" from all over the world.

On Keeping Warm

Some people such as Test cricketers, keep warm by chasing the sunshine to wherever it happens to be. Some, like myself, put up the temperature of the greenhouse a notch or two and spend the winter there. My old grandmother used to battle through by carrying what looked like a small hot-water bottle in her muff. It has only been in recent years, as I have grown older, that the problem has presented itself to me in all its grim reality.

Every year, but only once in the year, I find that I have to read the Lessons in church on Armistice Day Sunday. The conditions are no doubt somewhat unusual for reading braille in that as a preliminary, I have to stand for a quarter of an hour in a bitter cold wind of November around the War Memorial and, although I remember rejoicing on the 11th November in 1918, I now wish that we celebrated it on V.E. Day of 1945. Further, this period of being in the deep freeze reading the lessons in braille is, to say the least of it, something of a trial; recently the problem had become quite acute and I felt something had to be done.

To appear on the British Legion parade with my hands in Granny's muff might not be quite appropriate so I decided to investigate other means of keeping my hands warm. Fortunately, I discovered that among sportsmen, golfers were just about as sissy as I am and had for some time provided themselves with a neat little hand-warmer. This little gadget, of a convenient size to hold in the hand in one's pocket, could from one filling of lighter fluid, keep a metal coil at a nice glowing warmth for about twenty-four hours, and with the aid of this little gadget I was able to read the lessons this year without fear of total collapse.

With the onset of a General Election, which the "opposition" papers tell me will take place next autumn, many St. Dunstaners will find themselves making open air speeches from notes that become quite unintelligible if their hands are already frozen. I therefore decided not to keep my discovery a secret, as the golfers have done so for many years, but inform my friends that these gadgets are to be bought, I understand, at almost any sports shop or from any golf professional for the quite reasonable price of about eight shillings, complete with velvet covering. J. A. ORIEL.

"Flame in the Dark"

Anthony Naumann's first book of poems, *Flame in the Dark*, was published last month. Reviewing it in the *Guardian* on December 7th, Valentin Iremonger wrote:

"... Mr. Naumann has something real to say. Blinded in the desert in 1942, one might have expected a conceptual poetry such as some of our younger poets indulge in. But no, this is a poetry of everyday life, of experience not recollected in all that much tranquillity; but with an astonishing accuracy of remembrance:

*The ploughing is oxen and man slow,
And the women go bent in their blankets,
And the buzzard flies low
Looping those long horizontal loops
Before, quietly, he stoops.*

This is the poetry of a mind masculine and hard, joyously and vigorously living in to-day."

Collins. 10s. 6d.

★ ★ ★

By kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. Collins, the REVIEW has pleasure in reprinting Mr. Naumann's poem, *The Ringing Road*, which had previously appeared in the magazine *Fiddlehead*.

*The Ringing Road
Knowing them like the back of my hand
I walk the ringing roads by night
And listen to a world that's frozen stiff,
For frost and full moon often keep company,
This month when all the hedges are laid low,
When puddles are skinned with ice or scabbed
with snow
And every twig is brittle as birds' legs.
Only the felled shadows bar my way
And the wind, like a tramp walks unwanted
before me,
Finding no shelter in winter's lean woods.
Time of rime frost and reckoning and of the
year's turning,
So, knowing them like the back of my hand
I walk these ringing roads by night,
Beneath a sky widespread with stars,
A sky midwinter bright.*

Great Grandfathers

H. Chadwick, of St. Helens, (for the eighth time and not the fourth as reported) and J. Lovell, of Gloucester, the first great-grandchild—a boy.

Grandfathers

S. Moseley, of Halesowen. And another grandchild for F. S. Nunn, of Ilkeston (Kathleen has had a daughter).

Birth

FILBY.—On November 7th, to the wife of W. Filby, of Streatham, a daughter.

Marriage

FRASER—SEAGER.—On November 15th, Danny Fraser, of Kimberley, South Africa, and now a trainee at Ovingdean, to Jill Seager, of Canterbury.

Deaths

Our deep sympathy is sent to the following:

DICKEY.—To J. Dickey, of Moreton, Wirral, who has recently lost his father.

FLETCHER.—To S. Fletcher, of Tooting, whose mother died last month at the age of 78.

RODGERS.—To A. H. Rodgers, of Barrow-in-Furness, in the recent death of his brother.

SHERIDAN.—To L. Sheridan, of Stourbridge, whose only sister died on November 4th.

STERNO.—To A. Sterno, of Southampton, whose wife died on November 24th after a serious illness.

The Hon. Mrs. Ruth Scott

Early St. Dunstan's campers will learn with deep regret of the tragic death of the Hon. Mrs. Ruth Scott in a road accident on November 28th.

Between the wars, Miss Dawnay, as she was then, was a joyful helper at the Camps at Little Gaddesden. The late Drummer Downs and others attended her wedding to Major Archie Scott in 1937. As soon as the war was over it was her wish to invite the old brigade to Norfolk. In spite of rationing, camps were arranged at Marsham at the home of Lady Buxton, and also at her own home at Runcton Hall. The generous hospitality extended to us by Major and Mrs. Scott and their friends included seats in the judges' enclosures at Newmarket. Here Mrs. Scott's persuasive manner achieved for us interviews with leading trainers, owners and jockeys. We who knew her were fortunate indeed. No effort was spared to make our Camps in Norfolk some of the most enjoyable and memorable days of our lives.

Our campers extend their heartfelt sympathy to Major Scott and his family in their tragic bereavement.

W. T. SCOTT,
Streatham.

“In Memory”

Private Peter Joseph Crombet-Beolens, *Royal Army Service Corps*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of P. J. Crombet-Beolens, of Lewes. He was 72.

He served in the First World War from February, 1915, until December, 1917, but did not come to St. Dunstan's until June, 1953, when his age ruled out serious training. He had a small-holding but although he was unable to run it personally, he retained an interest in it and carried on a business for the sale of flowers. Ever since he came to us his health had been poor and for the past year he had become much more seriously ill and he died on December 3rd.

Our deep sympathy goes out to Mrs. Crombet-Beolens, who had nursed him for so long, and to his grown-up family.

Private Arthur Thomas Iddiols, *8th City of London Regiment*

With deep regret we record the death of A. T. Iddiols, of Willesden, London, N.W.10, at the age of 74. He enlisted in September, 1914, and was discharged from the Army in August, 1916, coming at once to St. Dunstan's. He left us after a time but returned in September, 1920. He first took mat-making and basket-making, and later, telephone operating. He worked as a telephonist from 1930 until 1934 when he returned to basket work. Later he made nursery furniture at our Raglan Street Stores. This he did until the Second World War when his health began to fail. He had been in very poor health over the past few years and he died on December 6th in St. Andrew's Hospital, Dollis Hill Lane.

Our deep sympathy is sent to Mrs. Iddiols and her two married daughters in their loss.

Private Daniel Horace Jacobs, *11th Suffolk Regiment*

We record with deep regret the death on November 24th, of D. H. Jacobs, of Foxton, Cambridgeshire. He was 69.

His Army service was from the outbreak of the 1914 war until 1916 but was only admitted to St. Dunstan's benefits as recently as October 9th of this year. He was then an extremely ill man.

Our very sincere sympathy goes out to Mrs. Jacobs and her family.

Fusilier Horace Frederick Porter, *Royal Fusiliers*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of H. F. Porter, of Kingston, Surrey. He was 73. He served from September, 1914, until June, 1916, and came to St. Dunstan's the following year when he trained as a boot-repairer, continuing with this work until the outbreak of the Second War. He then took up handicrafts. Ever since his discharge from the Army he had been a semi-invalid but despite his disabilities, he had carried on a most useful and active life, helped by his brother-in-law. Over the past months his condition had deteriorated, Mrs. Porter continuing to nurse him, but he died on November 30th.

We send our deep sympathy to his widow and her family.

Private Alfred John Wiltshire, *Royal Engineers and Labour Corps*

It is with deep regret that we have to record the death of A. J. Wiltshire, of Norbury, London, S.W.16. He was 65.

He was 21 when he enlisted in January, 1918, and he was discharged from the Army in July, 1920. He came to St. Dunstan's in June, 1927, where he trained as a telephonist and he continued with his work until 1954 when ill-health caused him to retire. He became seriously ill in the spring of this year and was admitted to Brighton General Hospital. Later he spent a period at Pearson House, returning home in September, but his condition continued to deteriorate and he died in Norwood Cottage Hospital on December 4th. Before his illness, Alf Wiltshire had a number of interests. He was one of St. Dunstan's most successful "magicians," giving many public performances. He was also an enthusiastic member of the Bridge Club and five of his fellow players—Messrs. G. P. Brown, L. Douglas, W. Bishop (with Mrs. Bishop), P. Nuyens and F. Winter, with Mr. J. Armstrong, attended his funeral on December 10th at Purley Way, Mitcham, Cemetery.

Our deep sympathy goes out to Mrs. Wiltshire.

Eric Drew, *Australian Imperial Forces*

We have heard with deep regret of the death on August 2nd, of Eric Drew, of Victoria, Australia. He was 68.

He served in the Second World War from June, 1940, until January, 1946, being a prisoner-of-war at Changi.

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

Private Lawrence Joseph Dwyer, *Australian Imperial Forces*

We have also heard with deep regret of the death of another Australian, L. J. Dwyer, of Leichhardt, New South Wales. He was only 48.

He served with the 8th A.I.F. from June, 1940, until January, 1947; after losing his sight, he was taught basket-making by the Red Cross in Australia and this later became his part-time occupation.

Our deep sympathy goes to Mrs. Dwyer and her child.