

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Men and Women Blinded on War Service

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The New Prince

The following telegram was sent on March 11th by our President, Sir Neville Pearson, Bt., to Her Majesty the Queen on the occasion of the birth of her third son:

All members of St. Dunstan's send to their gracious Patron their heartfelt loyal and loving congratulations on the splendid news.

NEVILLE PEARSON, *President.*

The following reply was received from Her Majesty:

Buckingham Palace

I and my husband thank you and all members of St. Dunstan's most sincerely for your kind congratulations on the birth of our son.

ELIZABETH R.

How I Do My Job

By GRAEME EDWARDS

(The writer of this article is a young Australian, now living in London, who has been blind almost from birth.)

I am a journalist and broadcaster. Nothing strange about the job itself, but it is still considered a little unusual for a person blind from birth to earn his living in this field. I find it an occupation full of variety and very rewarding. And while the range of my work is necessarily restricted, I am, through press and radio work, able to maintain quite a reasonable standard of living.

This career started for me in Melbourne, Australia, some fourteen years ago. Two years earlier I had finished a University Arts Course. At graduation I had no clear idea of what satisfying job I could find. I could easily have taken the normal jobs available to the blind (professional opportunities are far fewer in Australia than in Britain) but I felt that if I was to move into interesting work I should go after it right from the start.

I tried advertising but could not land even a junior job. I thought of physiotherapy, but found that in Victoria at that time I could not have been registered even if I had managed to pass the exams.

In the meantime I improved my typing and learnt braille shorthand. With these qualifications I got a job as a stenographer with the Red Cross Society. From there I went as a copy

typist to a Melbourne newspaper, *The Herald*. Using telephone earphones, I received copy from reporters out on assignment. My job was to type the material ready for the sub-editors. From that time my interest in news reporting grew considerably. I was working with reporters and I wanted to be one of them.

While this routine job was too dull, it gave me a chance to learn something about collecting news and realise there would be some sort of reporting work which would be quite suitable for a blind person. Rushing through a crowded airport lounge to interview an unwilling celebrity between the time he left his plane and got into his taxi was obviously impossible. So was any sort of story which required a lot of description.

The answer was telephone reporting. A vast amount of reporting today is carried out by telephone because of pressure of time. Using earphones would leave both my hands free to take notes and quotes on my braille shorthand machine. If I could once get on to the reporting staff, I knew I would have a chance to gradually develop more varied work.

After fourteen months' copytaking, during which I constantly badgered news executives, I was given a trial as a reporter. My main difficulty—and it will always be with me—was that I couldn't read the newspapers every day. I had to rely on the radio for my background to the news, and what little I could get from a paid reader during the short time she was working with me. Often, before an interview, it is a great help to glance quickly at the files on the subject. This was not possible for me, but by telephone I could get from our newspaper library the basic facts I needed.

I worked on *The Herald* for ten years. During that time I covered some major stories, although generally I found the work repetitive compared with the range of stories other reporters covered, and I was always looking for more outlets. For three seasons I "ghosted" a football player for his weekly column. I did some feature stories and personal interviews, but my basic job kept me at my desk in the office, with the inevitable earphone telephone.

In my spare time I was developing an increasing interest in sound recording. I bought one of the early commercial tape recorders which I used for storing notes, general reading and radio newscasts. As the years went by, I steadily learnt the main features of sound editing.

Encouraged by my own use of the radio and this interest in tape recording, I became increasingly interested in the chance of switching to radio journalism, particularly talks and interviews. Here, I felt, was a medium I could judge and understand much better than newspapers.

Then in 1959 I got my first regular series with *The Herald's* radio station, 3DB Melbourne. It was a series of weekly talks on current controversies, called "Talking Points."

Although I enjoyed this combined newspaper and radio work, I could still see no major advancement in my job if I stayed in Australia. So when a chance of visiting Britain came in the same year, I decided I had nothing to lose. I arranged with 3DB to continue my weekly series, now from Britain.

In London I widened the scope of my radio work and transformed "Talking Points" into a twice weekly programme of interviews. This has given me the opportunity, with my tape recorder as my press card, of meeting celebrities like the late James Thurber, Bob Hope, Jack Brabham, Sophie Tucker and Peggy Lee. As a freelance, I sold some interviews and talks to the B.B.C. local and overseas services.

One of these, a half-hour talk on a blind man's first impressions of London, caught a publisher's ear and he suggested I use the broadcast for the basis of a book, "Keep in Touch," which was published in 1962.

I must emphasise the big part tape recorders play in my general work. I have a battery portable for outside interviews, two mains models for editing and general recording, and a tape dictating machine. My typical day begins with the early morning news, comment and interview programmes. Often I record them. They are a "must"—partly to keep me aware of what is going on in the world and partly to give me ideas for my own work.

Living alone in a bachelor flat, I have to make my own bed and do my own cooking. My secretary comes in three days a week, and I rarely go on an interview without her as an escort. If I have to, I go by taxi or public transport according to whether I know the area.

Incidentally, because I regard it as irrelevant, I do not mention I am blind when I telephone to request an interview.

When a morning interview is likely to keep me out over lunch time, I leave the radio and recorder operating to take down the 1 p.m. news in my absence, and then I play it back later.

When we are not out and about, or arranging new interviews, my secretary takes dictation to answer my personal and business letters, helps me with my shopping and other chores where often a few words of information can save me a lot of trouble.

Sometimes when she is busy typing, I edit recordings ready for her to post to Australia. When we have nothing more pressing to do, she reads the papers aloud and cuts out items I think may be useful later in my radio work.

Now away from the office earphone telephone, I use the tape recorder to take down addresses and other information I get from telephone conversations. With the aid of a telephone adaptor, I can record a whole conversation while it is actually in progress.

While I find working in London—with its opportunities for travel and meeting interesting people every day—considerably more appealing and exciting than my straight newspaper work, I still do not feel I have found my true metier.

Since October, in collaboration with a friend, I have been trying my hand at writing plays for television—so far without success but with great hopes.

Royal Tournament and Trooping the Colour Ceremony

We have been fortunate enough to receive once again an allocation of tickets for the Private View of the Royal Tournament, which will be held on the afternoon of Wednesday, July 8th, at Earls Court, and for the Trooping the Colour Ceremony, which will take place on Saturday morning, June 13th.

Any St. Dunstaner wishing to attend may apply to me for tickets by April 30th.

C. D. WILLS,

St. Dunstan's Camp, H.M.S. Ariel—Lee-on-Solent, Hampshire

An invitation has been received from the Royal Navy asking fifty St. Dunstaners to spend a week at H.M.S. *Ariel* from Friday, August 21st, to Saturday, August 28th.

This will be the 20th St. Dunstan's visit. Thank you H.M.S. *Ariel!*

Please write as soon as possible and let's have some new campers as well as old.

Fares over £1 repaid in Camp. Camp fee, £2 payable on arrival.

Mrs. SPURWAY,
The Vicarage,
Holmwood,
Dorking.

Tel. Dorking 73191.

Bridge Instruction

The recent week-end arranged at Ovingdean for Bridge Instruction was so successful that it has been decided to hold another session during the week-end, April 10th to 12th inclusive.

St. Dunstaners wishing to learn to play bridge may attend, partnered by their wives, and all expenses will be paid. No previous experience of bridge is necessary since the classes are organised according to experience and there will be one for complete beginners.

Applications should reach Matron Blackford at Ovingdean as soon as possible and in any case not later than April 2nd.

C. D. WILLS.

Ewell Walk

Twelve St. Dunstaners competed in a 5-mile Walk at Ewell on Saturday, March 29th. Handicap winners were:—

1st. Jimmy Wright
2nd Billy Claydon
3rd Charles Stafford

Stan Tutton would have been in third place but by mistake stopped before the finishing post.

The fastest loser was John Simpson.

Miss Ramshaw presented the prizes. Everyone was delighted to have her with us.

After the Walk a very happy social evening was spent with Ewell British Legion.

Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor,

I have just learned through the usual medium—the Brighton "grapevine"—of a very commendable and worthy act of comradeship. The action takes place at Ovingdean. The date: February 26th. The time: 2.45 a.m. The occasion: the B.B.C. broadcast of the World Heavyweight Boxing Championship, contenders Cassius Clay and Sonny Liston.

The characters of this ninety minute act are ex-fighters too. Not, of course, of the square ring and for fortune. But for the fight for freedom and peace during the 1939-45 war.

On the right, Wally Thomas, deaf-blind author, broadcaster, ex-R.A.F., wearing a blue dressing gown. On his left, George Brooks, the fighting bishop of Bedford, expert tray-maker, ex-R.E.

The bell sounds. *Round 1.* George turns slightly to face Wally and at the same time takes his hand and with the celerity and accuracy of a "champ," he commences translating a blow by blow, round by round description of the fight.

What great pleasure this unselfish gesture must have given Wally! Though I have related the little episode in a rather light vein, I feel sure that fellow St. Dunstaners will appreciate the efforts of George Brooks, to give pleasure to a less fortunate comrade.

Well done, George! I feel sure that Wally will suffer no embarrassment as a result of my expressed sentiment.

Yours sincerely,

R. G. SHERIFF,
Gloucester.

Diamond Wedding

Our warmest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Gard, of Plymouth, who celebrated their Diamond Wedding on February 29th. There was a champagne celebration of this very special occasion, their two sons from London and their daughter from Billericay being present.

Forty-Six Years Married

Mr. and Mrs. E. Marsden, of Blackpool, celebrated forty six years of married life on January 8th.

Silver Weddings

Mr. and Mrs. R. Fearnley, of Brighton, February 26th; Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Home-wood, of Minehead, March 2nd.

Midland Club Notes

At our monthly meeting, held on Sunday, March 8th, at the British Legion Headquarters, Thorp Street, Birmingham, it was decided that the idea of a day trip to Llandudno was too ambitious and that we should go to somewhere much nearer home. New ideas were asked for and it was finally decided that a visit to the Duke of Bedford's home at Woburn Abbey would be a shorter trip.

It was very nice to have Mr. Cooling once more with us; we had not seen anything of him since our move to the British Legion. He was given a very hearty ovation as he entered the room.

A number of games of dominoes were played, which included a marathon game between H. Cook and J. Kibler, which Mr. Cook just managed to win.

Thanks to our ladies for another very fine tea, with special thanks to Mrs. F. Jones and Mrs. L. Androlia for the most excellent home made cakes. They were really grand.

Our next meeting will be on Sunday April 12th.

D. E. CASHMORE,
Secretary.

National Library for the Blind E. W. Austin Memorial Reading Competition

The thirty-fifth E. W. Austin Memorial Reading Competition will be held on Saturday, June 13th. Classes of interest to St. Dunstaners are:—

Class A Advanced readers in competition for the Blanesburgh Cup.

Class B Other readers in competition for the Stuart Memorial Cup.

Class C Readers who have lost their sight since 1939 and who have learnt to read braille since the age of 16 (and who do not feel competent to enter the more advanced classes) in competition for the Lady Buckmaster Cup.

Open Competition Open to all readers eligible to enter Classes A and B and to all previous winners of Classes A, B and C, for reading from the prefaces to the plays of Bernard Shaw.

Class D Open to readers of Moon type.

Class E Open to blind readers of braille who are also deaf.

Fuller details of the Competition can be obtained from the Editor of the "REVIEW".

Derby Sweepstake, 1964

Applications are once again invited from St. Dunstaners and St. Dunstan's trainees for tickets in ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW Derby Sweepstake. The attention of everyone is drawn to the rule **that every application for tickets made in the British Isles must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.**

Tickets are 2s. 6d. each and application for them should be made as soon as possible and will be received up to the first post on **Wednesday, May 20th.** Each application must bear the name and full address of the sender, together with the number of tickets required, and, with a stamped addressed envelope enclosed, must be sent to the Editor, ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW, 191 Marylebone Road, London, N.W.1.

Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to St. Dunstan's and crossed. Loose money should not be sent unless it is registered.

Tickets will be issued consecutively and are limited to twenty four.

The total money subscribed, less the cost of printing and sundry postage expenses, will be distributed as follows:

50% to the holder of the ticket drawing the winning horse;

20% to the holder of the ticket drawing the second horse;

10% to the holder of the ticket drawing the third horse;

20% to be divided equally among those drawing a horse which actually starts in the race.

No prize won in the Sweepstake will be paid to any person other than the person to whom the winning ticket was sold.

The Draw will take place in the London Club on the evening of Thursday, May 28th.

Great-Grandfather

R. Chandler, of Richmond, Yorkshire—a great-grandson.

Grandfathers

F. P. Peacock, of Middlesbrough; W. S. Castle, of Birmingham; P. Stubbs, of Norwich; S. E. Hutchinson, of Stockton-on-Tees; F. Whyte, of Gainsborough; H. T. Bice, of Southbourne, Bournemouth; J. Halsall, of Southport—a third grandchild, by adoption; Mrs. E. McClarnan, of Blackpool—a granddaughter; T. Brougham, of Liverpool for the eighth time; J. G. Rose, of North Berwick, on Christmas Day—another granddaughter.

Chess

Some years ago Lord Brabazon, who was the first man in Britain to be granted an Air Pilot's Certificate, opened the Annual Chess Congress at Hastings.

In his address he expressed the opinion that too many chess players played most of the opening part of their games from memory.

Too many players, he said, studied the various books on the openings and the games of former years instead of thinking things out for themselves. He suggested that the positions of the Kings and Queens should be reversed and so render all the present books useless.

I agree with much of what Lord Brabazon said and ventured to write the following verses which may be of interest to the chess players of St. Dunstan's.

A Royal Exchange

Lord Brabazon of Tara, by the nine Gods he swore

That all those old-time chess books

Should be read no more.

Why play the games that Reti played in 1889?

Why memorise old Morphy, Loper or Alekhine?

"Clear the board and start anew,"

Said Pilot Number One,

"Blaze out new trails," His Lordship said,

"And with the old have done."

"Reverse the Kings and Queens" said he,

"And all the rest let be,

And we shall then have new ideas, new schemes and strategy.

Let the good old tree remain, but away with that dead wood

Let the strong new shoots bring forth green leaf and virile bud,

The sunlight of new thought will then

Replace those worn-out themes,"

Thus spake the man of action—or is he a dreamer of dreams?

But if his Lordship has his way,

We will not courage lack,

Instead of Alekhine's Defence, we'll play the Brabazon Attack.

That this revision will take place is by no means certain,

You see, they're so conservative, behind the Iron Curtain.

CHARLES KELK.

NUFFIELD TALKING BOOK LIBRARY

Additional Tape Titles—FICTION

Cat. No.		Playing time Hours approx.
598	BALZAC, Honoré de—EUGENIE GRANDET (1934) Read by Robin Holmes. The story of a young French girl, sacrificed to her father's avarice and the indifference of the man she loves.	9½
600	BENNETT, Arnold—CLAYHANGER (1910) Read by Eric Gillett. Of the conflict between Darius Clayhanger, harsh Victorian father, and Edwin, his artistic son.	23
605	CHAPPELL, Mollie—CAROLINE (1962) Read by Robert Gladwell. Grant was determined to marry Delia, though he knew that they were temperamentally unsuited to each other. Then he met Caroline	8½
609	DEEPING, Warwick—LAUGHING HOUSE (1946) Read by George Hagan. The story of a country house, requisitioned in wartime and turned into an hotel in peacetime, and the people who lived through these changes.	6
595	DE POLNAY, Peter—THE FLAMES OF ART (1962) Read by Anthony Parker. To Alberta Wheeler painting was the only thing that really mattered: all was subordinated to her art, including the men in her life. The background is Paris.	16
602	KIPLING, Rudyard—KIM (1901) Read by Anthony Parker. Kim is an alert and precocious street arab. His adventures provide a rich panorama of Indian life.	15
608	KNOX, Ronald A.—THE FOOTSTEPS AT THE LOCK (1928) Read by Anthony Parker. Two cousins take a canoeing trip down the Thames. If either dies, the other stands to inherit a large sum of money. One disappears, but then, so does the other	8
607	VERNE, Jules—ROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS (1873) Read by Corbett Woodhall. Phileas Fogg, with his man-servant Passepartout, sets out to win a bet. Great delays and extraordinary adventures beset them—will they get back in time?	8
Additional Tape Titles—NON-FICTION		
601	BARKER, Dudley—THE MAN OF PRINCIPLE (1963) Read by David Broomfield. This life of John Galsworthy shows how he developed the social conscience seen in his books and plays, and the inspiration he drew from his personal love story.	8
604	DYMENT Clifford—THE RAILWAY GAME (1962) Read by Michael Aspel. Coming from a working class background the author gives us, through the eyes of a growing child, a picture of family life (much of it in Wales) that is imaginative and often amusing.	8
603	FRANK, Anne—DIARY OF ANNE FRANK (1962) Read by Gretel Davis. The record of a young girl's thoughts written during two years in hiding from the Gestapo—to whom she was finally betrayed.	9½
599	LEWIS, C. S.—SURPRISED BY JOY (1955) Read by Alvar Lidell. Describes the unhappy boyhood and materialistic influence of a public school which led the author to joyful recognition of God and spiritual conversion.	8½
596	LLOYD, Canon Roger—LETTERS FROM THE EARLY CHURCH (1960) Read by Alvar Lidell. A series of imaginary letters tells of the first Christian converts under Nero's tyranny, and the martyrdoms of St. Peter and St. James.	6
597	MELVILLE, Herman—MOBY DICK (2 reels) Read by Duncan Carse. Telling of Captain Ahab's relentless pursuit of Moby Dick, the mysterious and elusive white whale, and symbolising man's struggle against defeat.	24½
606	SHAW, A. G. L.—THE STORY OF AUSTRALIA (1955) Read by Timothy Gudgin. The first settlements, convict transportation, the squatters' movement and the gold rush—all of which led to the Australia of today.	10½

Watch Your Step

Apropos of the recent correspondence in the "REVIEW" regarding pavement obstructions, Jock Macfarlane tells us that the Ilford Blind Welfare Association regularly advises its members of road construction and other work in the district. The details are supplied by the Borough Engineer and published in the Association's "News Letter" under the heading, "Watch Your Step."

Award

Tom O'Connor, who is employed by Messrs. H. C. Webb, Ltd., of Witton, Birmingham, was recently awarded £3 for a suggestion he submitted in connection with his employment, which led to the simplifying of a work phase.

Success

R. Finch, of Birmingham, won first prize for a mat in the Midland War Disabled Handicrafts Competition.

Las Palmas Friends

I went, for the month of February, with my wife to Las Palmas. We stayed at our usual hotel, about six miles into the mountains. We met many good friends from previous years and made some new ones, including three brigadiers, several colonels, a surgeon, a doctor, and one of the most helpful was a tea-planter and previous owner of a rubber plantation with whom I have had several long-distance walks and most pleasant and interesting talks.

All the above mentioned were, of course, retired, and of all people we had a retired judge who, in Gilbert and Sullivan style, was most entertaining and amusing, particularly when playing bridge.

We had a game of bridge most afternoons between tea and dinner, and much of the standard of play was very high.

On February 16th we met Ernie and Elsie Carpenter on the *Southern Cross* on the last lap of their trip round the world.

We had a wonderful day with them, doing some shopping and afterwards going to the Canary Village in the grounds of the Catalina Hotel to see and hear the Spanish dancing and singing.

We were then entertained by the Carpenters to a lovely lunch on board ship and afterwards Mrs. Carpenter, despite having a bad leg, showed us all over the ship which was most interesting.

After tea, while walking back from the dock, we saw their ship leave harbour and sail majestically round the corner.

H. GOVER.

"The Fraser Cup"

From the "Evening Standard," March 10th, 1964

Cartmel, one of the smallest of the national hunt race meetings, held on the edge of the Lake District, will have their Whitsun meeting prize money this year boosted from £2,900, to £6,600.

Seven races will be sponsored and the most valuable event will be a hunters' race worth £1,000, and named the Fraser Cup after Lord Fraser, who was M.P. for the district.

It is hoped that this sponsorship will enable Cartmel to build a permanent stand in the near future.

New Records for Old

Memory is nature's recording machine. The truth of this quotation becomes obvious when one is asked to repeat something from the past.

Thus my recording machine was brought into action by the "REVIEW's" request for "Brevities", which stimulated my memory into recalling several amusing anecdotes. Finally it came to one in which a friend was complaining bitterly about his financial poverty when the following verbal exchange was recalled. "Never mind, Danny, money isn't everything; you can't take it with you when you die". "Ah, don't be talking, man, who the hell wants money when they're dead, but it's b.....useful to have some of it while you're alive."

This remark from the past seized my attention and started a new record as I dwelt on its implications and the power for good and ill this commodity—inanimate in itself—exercises under human manipulation. It is an essential prerequisite for satisfying life's material demands; for cultural and social development; for combat against the forces of nature; and for evolutionary progress. Paradoxically, a superabundance of it has been known to destroy civilisations, while individuals have met with the same fate by reckless abuse of it.

But whether its processes be healthy or otherwise, the cult of money remains a dominant feature of the modern world.

Who was responsible for the creation of this votive object which affects the daily life of people on the five continents? Alas, I was completely ignorant of its origins so the recording halted, uncompleted.

Happily, it was resumed and completed a few days later when reading the story of "Greek Civilisation", I came across the following passage: "About the sixth century, B.C., coinage was invented by the Lydians, and was quickly adopted by the rest of the Greek cities, whose seafaring adventurers spread it to the rest of the known world in which the Greeks were establishing colonies."

The answer to the obvious question—they had a system of barterage. The archaic Greeks' chief products were wine from the vine, oil from the olive and fruit from the fig-tree. These they exchanged with their neighbours for agreed amounts of comparable value in corn, cloth and metals.

In a good year the large landowners, after satisfying their requirements, distributed the surplus among the peasant citizens. But with the advent of money, this ceased. The rich landowner found money easy to store, and soon he was lending it on a good rate of interest.

So the rich became richer, and the poor became poorer, until the rise to power of Pisistratus, but that is for another recording.

T. ROGERS, *Huddersfield*.

Brevities

Whilst out walking one morning some time ago, I paused for a moment before crossing a quiet road. I heard from a distance a woman's voice calling, "Come on, dear. What are you doing?" A small child quite near me replied, "I'm looking at this funny man, Mummy."

S. A. CHAMBERS, *Birmingham*.

* * *

My father kept an inn in Hertfordshire and the chimney sweep in the small town used to bring along all the scandal gossip since he came daily in contact with housewives and domestic servants. One night he came in the public bar and began—"Arry, I'ears. . . ." "Peter", cut in Harry, "don't say nothing about nobody wot won't do nobody no good."

G. FALLOWFIELD, *Southwick*.

* * *

After celebrating her fifth birthday on January 28th, my small grand-daughter, with her father, took some of her young guests home by car. On the way back her daddy said, "Look at the moon. It's following us." "Yes", says little Julie. "Would you like to go on the moon?" says Daddy. "Not on the moon, on a honeymoon!" says little Julie.

G. S. BROOKS, *Bedford*.

* * *

We were due to play an exhibition game of darts as guests of the Haslemere British Legion. As we went up to the board, Jack Jarrold, our friend and guide, appreciating the humour of the idea, explained to us, "They've got an electric light with a shade round it above the board." Hardly had we begun to throw when one of the team hit the shade with a resounding crash.

Quick as jet-propelled thought, Dickie Brett exclaimed, "Missed by a shade!"

T. ROGERS, *Huddersfield*.

* * *

Extolling the therapeutic values of the Twist and the Twitch, my wife's sister groped for a word. "Supple?" we suggested. "That's what was in my mind but I thought it might be rude," she confessed. Another time journeying through deepest Freud, we heard of her "guilty complexion".

ROY HYETT,

Wilson, near Melbourne.

* * *

Philip, aged six, knocked on our door. "What do you want?" I asked him. "I've brought some toys for Neil's baby" he said, handing me a bag of little trinkets. "Thank you very much, Philip," I said. "That's all right, Mr. Mac. Mummy's clearing out all the old rubbish!"

Also from Mac.:

My daughter, Peggy, and six year old Gillian were having an argument about dogs. "I think I'll get an Alsatian," said Peggy. "You can't," protested Gillian. "They're only for policemen and poor blind people who can't afford a white stick!"

J. MACFARLANE, *Ilford*.

P.S. Grand-pa has a white stick.

* * *

Voice to blind man: "Can blind people see ghosts?"

Blind Man (entering into the spirit): "Yes, of course."

Voice: "Then close your eyes. It's not you I wish to frighten."

D. PARTED.

Marriages of Sons and Daughters

Brenda Appleton, Maidenhead, on March 14th, to Colin Palin.

Wanted

A St. Dunstan's daughter and young child require unfurnished accommodation, one room and kitchen, in N.W. London/Harrow area. Please reply to the Editor stating rent.

Hindsight

I've come to the conclusion that one of the worst frustrations for a blind person is found in an activity that has real meaning for other people. I mean sight-seeing.

Now that may sound like a stupid statement. Naturally, a blind person can't see the sights, and if he's at all intelligent, just doesn't try. But a blind person cannot be a hermit. He or she, hopefully, has some friends—or family—with whom he socializes. Sooner or later, that group is going to go sight-seeing, and if the blind person goes along, it can be a real problem.

The most ordinary and generally satisfying form of sight-seeing is an American institution—the Sunday afternoon joy ride in the family car. There's undoubtedly a counterpart in all other countries; and, even of significance in this one, is the hike in the woods, the stroll in the park, or the bicycle trip. There are, of course, values and pleasures other than seeing the sights. There's a destination, perhaps, like dropping in at uncle's to see the new baby, or stopping at that little spot that has the extra-special ice cream, or taking someone to the airport, or just getting out of the house for a while and giving mother a break from boredom. In my experience, however, sight-seeing becomes the major preoccupation.

The problem for the blind person, it strikes me, is not the obvious one. Sure, if you aren't darned well adjusted to your blindness, the inability to observe the landscape, or other attractions, can be painful, but most of us learn to live with it and not get the blues. It's the conversation that kills me.

"Say, look at that!" somebody says, ecstatically.

"Golly!" somebody else says. "Isn't that something!"

"What?" you ask. You're told that it's sort of hard to describe.

"Slow down pop," somebody urges the driver. "I want to get a good look at the way they've changed the lake front. You can see it real good just a little ways up here." Pop slows, then pulls off the road and lets the motor idle. It's the only sound. No one says anything for a long, studious moment.

"What's it like?" you ask. You're told that it's sort of hard to describe. Somebody

says it looks better without the old fishing pier.

"Old fishing pier?" you ask. You're advised that there used to be an old fishing pier there.

"What's there now?" you ask. You're told that there's a new fishing pier.

"What's the new fishing pier look like?" you ask. You're told that it's sort of hard to describe.

Then there's the category of object that just everybody must take a look at, or you'll be left out of most conversations in the future. Take that tower in Seattle, the one that has a revolving restaurant at the top. It's evidently sort of hard to describe, too; and if you haven't seen it, I'm not going to try. Besides, I haven't seen it. A blind colleague of mine thinks he has—a candlestick on the restaurant table turned out to be a miniature replica of it, small enough to hold in his hand.

This seems to be the fundamental motive for sight-seeing—talking about it. When one takes a good look at the new fishing pier, he really isn't noting detail; he's drinking in the total scene through a pair of good eyes transmitting to a relatively disinterested brain. Some days later an acquaintance will ask whether he has seen it. The reply will be a brief admission that he has.

"What's it like?" the friend asks. He's told that it's sort of hard to describe.

There are some types, however, who not only do not find things hard to describe, but are real demons for description. These are the ones that a blind person must learn to identify quickly, and thereafter not ask questions. These people will answer. You get an exhaustive report of line and form and architectural period, and a verbal backdrop of hues and shadows and glimmering light. You really didn't want to know that much—even about that particular object—and once this type begins to describe you get filled in on everything.

Then there's the type of blind person who really wants to know. This can be something! Especially when he gets hooked up with the describing type. The rest of the party usually manages to wander off while he satisfies his intense interest in the shape of leaves, the horticultural mystery of why a palm tree would grow *here*, and what can you see from the top of the ridge?

Memory tells me that among the grandest things to see is a boat—especially one under full sail—and a kite—or perhaps, even better, several sailboats and a skyful of kites. If you've never seen these things, then nobody can describe them to you.

The best you can do is to try to emulate what others do with them, and derive satisfaction from your own accomplishment.

Oh yes, a blind person can fly a kite and sail a boat. At least, he can perform the movements that cause the kite to rise and the boat to move into the wind or run before it. The ultimate goal is unattainable, though. You cannot watch the bobbing or the graceful grandness of the kite on high. You cannot thrill to the plunging of the bow into the foaming wave, the taut billowing of the topmost sail, and the delight of leaving a friendly stranger's boat behind.

Even the technique of flying a kite or sailing a boat seems akin to the problem of ability to comprehend without distant vision. With several hundred yards of kite string paid out from the reel, one has lost all but visual contact with this paper-and-wood contraption that seems now to have a life and a mind of its own. A sailboat, too, (especially a large one), comes alive when properly trimmed, and while a lot of sailing can be done by the seat of the pants, vision must detect the warning sign of a beginning flutter in the sail or the scudding ripples that tell of the approach of a squall across the face of the water. Unanticipated, action at the wheel comes too long delayed, and the steersman unwittingly puts the wheel over a bit too hard for what the situation warrants.

"She didn't need that much," the captain says. "You have to learn that she's slow to respond. Put the wheel over the other way fast, but watch out you don't over-compensate."

And so, the blind sight-seer has to compensate. You refrain from too many questions that others cannot answer; you wait till later to ask specific details; you offer information from other sources; you deeply appreciate the friend who knows how to describe—and when, like me, you leave kites to the small fry for whom they were invented, like me, you collect ship models.

M. ROBERT BARNETT,
in
The New Outlook

Z Cars An' All

My face must have worn a sheepish expression as I walked into the local police station because the sergeant said: "Hello, luv. What have you done? Locked yourself out?" I admitted I had, so he assured me someone did it every day and not to worry. The police would help.

Had I a window open? Did a neighbour have a key? (Usually one does, but I had had it back from her a few days before and had not returned it.) Hadn't Pat (my daughter) a key?

I breathed a sigh of relief. Of course! If the sergeant phoned her it would only take her a few minutes to get to the police station with the key. But alas! She had left it at home.

"Well," said the sergeant, "I'm afraid it means breaking a window. Our Z car is outside so we'll run you home."

Arriving at my bungalow he and the constable made sure no windows were open, then decided to smash a pane of glass in the conservatory door. "Oh, but wait a minute," said the sergeant. "Perhaps we can get the key without doing any damage. Have you some paper on you, constable?" From a pocket the constable took out an envelope and extracted a letter which he opened, pushed under the door, then, with the aid of a pencil handed to him by the sergeant, wriggled it in the keyhole until, with a small tinkle, the key dropped out. "There you are," said the sergeant. "You're in."

Now I know what to do if I lock myself out again. Providing I can find a piece of paper, and a pencil!

MARGARET STANWAY,
Morecambe.

Family News

Mrs. J. Strutton, of London, S.E.16, has five generations of her family living.

* * *
Dancing Awards for Heather and Keith Richardson, Peacchaven, (Heather now has her Gold Medal for Old Time Dancing, and both passed with commendation their Modern Tests); Hilary Forster, Leeds, who has gained her Bronze Medal for Ballet and a similar medal for tap-dancing; Linda Atack, Blackpool, who has won a second gold bar for Junior Old Time Dancing; and Patricia Freer, Gravesend, B. A. T. D. Elementary Standard, with Honours.

Major A. W. Ormond

The death of Major A. W. Ormond, C.B.E., F.R.C.S., occurred on February 14th, 1964, at the age of 92. He, with Sir Arnold Lawson, was responsible for the ophthalmic care of St. Dunstaners during the First World War. He was, until his retirement in 1931, Ophthalmic Surgeon at Guy's Hospital. He acted, during the Second World War, as adviser to St. Dunstan's on the many problems of ophthalmic care and administration which arose during those years, and his advice, based upon his long experience, was always wise and shrewd.

Lord Fraser, who is visiting South Africa, writes:

The late Major A. W. Ormond, serving with the R.A.M.C. during the first World War was principal Ophthalmic Surgeon at the 2nd London General Hospital (St. Mark's, Chelsea), where several eye casualties were aggregated.

In August, 1916, Ormond told me that I would be blind for the rest of my life. He, more than anyone else, had the painful duty of telling hundreds of young men this news. He did it with practical good sense, great kindness and grace.

Curiously enough it relieved tension, promoted peace of mind and encouraged spiritual recovery for most of us, who suspected the inevitable already and were in the mood to exchange certainty for doubt. We then set about the task of learning to be blind.

Hundreds of survivors of the First World War amongst St. Dunstaners will remember Major Ormond with affection and admiration and will sympathise with his widow, who sustained and helped him throughout his long and arduous life.

* * *

Mr. A. D. Lloyds represented St. Dunstan's at the funeral at Tunbridge Wells.

The Rev. J. E. Williams

First War St. Dunstaners will learn with deep regret of the death early this year of the Rev. J. E. Williams who was Chaplain to St. Dunstan's from 1919 until 1924 when he was preferred to the living of Rippingdale, Lincoln. He continued, however, as Sports Captain, travelling to London regularly for our various sporting activities, until June, 1937, when Mr. Swain took over

these duties. From 1946 until 1949, Mr. Williams was Prebendary and Canon of Lincoln Cathedral. At the time of his death he was Rector of Walton-on-the-Hill, Surrey.

Birth

FENSOME.—On January 20th, to the wife of L. Fensome, of Smethwick, a son—Geoffrey.

Marriage

WRIGHT—CROUCH.—On March 5th, very quietly in Exeter, R. G. Wright, temporarily of Ovingdean, to Mrs. Dorothy Crouch. The bride was formerly employed as a part-time V.A.D. at St. Dunstan's, Ovingdean.

Deaths

Our deepest sympathy is sent to the following:—

PAGE.—To Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Page, of Cross-in-Hand, Sussex, whose only child, Ian, died in hospital on February 22nd, after a very serious illness. He was seven.

SCOTT.—To A. C. Scott, of Belfast, who lost his mother two months ago.

SPENCE.—To Mr. and Mrs. J. Spence, of Ballycastle, N. Ireland, whose infant daughter died on February 24th.

Lost at Sea

We have heard with deepest regret from Mrs. Brooks, the widow of our late St. Dunstaner, A. T. S. Brooks, of Littlehampton, that her eldest son, Eddy, lost his life in the Australian sea disaster last month when the destroyer, *Voyager*, was in collision with the aircraft carrier, *Melbourne*, during flying operations.

Lieutenant Eddy Brooks, a gunnery officer, was one of four British officers and two ratings from the Royal Navy who were serving in *Voyager* under an exchange arrangement with the Royal Australian Navy. He and one of his fellow officers, and the two ratings, were among the eighty-two men who lost their lives.

Mrs. Brooks has had letters from high ranking officers in the Royal Navy paying tribute to her son's excellence as an officer. A special plaque will commemorate him at Dartmouth College.

Our deepest sympathy goes out to Mrs. Brooks in this further tragic bereavement. Her husband died only last May.

“In Memory”

Driver David James Griffiths, *Royal Army Service Corps*

With deep regret we record the death on February 17th of D. J. Griffiths, of Cardigan, South Wales. He was 48.

He served in the Second World War from June, 1940, until September, 1945, but it was not until last year that he came to St. Dunstan's. He was passed direct to After-Care as the state of his health did not permit him to undertake remunerative employment.

He leaves a widow, and a little daughter, Linda, from a previous marriage. For school reasons, Linda had lived with our St. Dunstan's mother during the week but spent her week-ends with her father and step-mother. Our deep sympathy is sent to Mrs. Griffiths and Linda, and to Mr. Griffiths' mother, in their loss.

Pioneer John Robert King, *Royal Engineers*

We have to record with deep regret the death at Pearson House on February 25th of J. R. King after only two days' illness. He was 73.

He served with the Royal Engineers from 1915 until 1917, being wounded on the Somme in 1916. He did not, however, come to St. Dunstan's until 1950 when on account of his age, he did not undertake any training. He enjoyed his visits to Brighton before the death of his wife in 1961 and he became a Permanent Resident at Brighton the following year.

To his family we send an expression of very sincere sympathy.

Private Walter Murray, *8th Black Watch*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Walter Murray, of Enfield, Middlesex, at the age of 75.

He enlisted in September, 1914, and served until October, 1916, and he came immediately to St. Dunstan's. He was trained as a netter and a basket-maker and he carried on these crafts until 1947. He then gave up basket-making, concentrating instead on wool rugs and string bags and this work he did until 1961. His health remained reasonably good until January of this year when he was taken ill and admitted to Chase Farm Hospital where he passed away on February 21st.

Our deep sympathy is extended to his widow and married daughter.

Lance Sergeant Harry White, *8th Btn. South Lancashire Regiment.*

We have to record with deep regret the death in hospital on March 1st of Harry White, of Stalybridge, at the age of 49.

He served in the Second World War from 1940 until 1942, coming to St. Dunstan's in July of that year. He was trained as a telephonist and he continued this occupation up to his death.

He was very active in Local Government for many years, becoming a Councillor in 1946, an Alderman in 1958 and Mayor of Stalybridge in 1963. At the time of his death he was Deputy Mayor.

Mrs. L. E. Brown, Telephony Superintendent, represented St. Dunstan's at the funeral at Dukinfield Crematorium on March 4th and also present were St. Dunstan's E. Russell, with Mrs. Russell, G. H. Richards, and Mrs. Richards and J. McNicholls and Mrs. McNicholls. Three Mayors were among the large gathering which attended to pay a last tribute. A memorial service was held in the local Parish Church a few days later.

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

Private George William Hyde Wright, *2nd Bedfordshire Regiment*

We have to record with deep regret the death at Pearson House where he had been a Permanent Resident since 1956 of G. W. Hyde Wright, late of Norwich. He was 82 years old and he served in the First War from 1916 to 1919; he came to St. Dunstan's that same year. He trained as a basket-maker and he carried on his craft for several years.

He was a widower and to his sister and other members of the family we send an expression of our very sincere sympathy.

Private Allan Yates, *12th West Yorkshire Regiment*

With deep regret we record the death of Allan Yates, of Southwick, at the age of 66.

He enlisted at the outbreak of the First War in August, 1914, and was discharged in March, 1916. He came to St. Dunstan's immediately. He trained as a basket-maker and he had a shop in which he sold his products. After giving up the shop in the 1930's he carried on with his baskets until 1962 when ill health forced him to retire. He became seriously ill in February and was admitted to Southlands Hospital where he died on February 27th.

Our deep sympathy is sent to Mrs. Yates, and to her daughter and grand-daughter who live with her.