



REVIEW

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Free to St. Dunstan's Men

FOR MEN AND WOMEN BLINDED ON WAR SERVICE



PRESERVING A THOUSAND YEARS' HERITAGE

Rev. G. L. Treglown's Parish

Appeals on behalf of Church restoration may fairly be described as commonplace to the listening public, but there was something rather different about a broadcast made on Whit Sunday. This five-minute appeal was made by our St. Dunstan, Rev. Geoffrey Treglown, M.B.E., Vicar of Cricklade with Latton since September, 1963.

The churches on behalf of which the appeal was made are, St. Sampson's and the little church of St. Mary's—now used as a chapel of ease for weekday worship. Repairs required to both Churches include work on the masonry and roofs, buttresses, restoration of St. Sampson's famous tower and the churchyard cross at St. Mary's.

For a thousand years there has been a church where St. Sampson's stands. Within its fabric are parts of the old Anglo-Saxon Church, Norman additions and the Tudor Tower which dominates Cricklade and the countryside around. St. Mary's is almost as old—800 years. Mr. Treglown wants to add a contribution from the twentieth century to the buildings of his historic churches.

COVER PICTURE: The Rev. Treglown before the Altar of St. Sampson's; above him the beautiful stained glass window with its illustration of the Crucifixion. Mr. Treglown uses small mats to mark the positions he must take up during the service.



With his builder, Mr. Treglown scales stepladder and board to examine by touch the damage to a window of St. Mary's Church.



Mr. and Mrs. Treglown chat with some young parishioners on a new estate. They are among his scripture pupils at the local school. Mr. Treglown is interested in youth work and started the Robert Jenner Youth Club in Cricklade.

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

PORT HALL TO CLOSE

St. Dunstan's big Home at Ovingdean is not quite so full now as it has been, except on very special occasions and Bank Holidays.

Port Hall, which the blinded girls have been using, now needs considerable repair work and modernisation. Our splendid Matron, Mrs. Babonau, who has looked after them, is due to retire on superannuation, and although we have asked her if she could stay on for a year or two, she has asked to be excused as she really wants to retire for her own private reasons.

These facts have made it seem to us that it would be sensible, economic and efficient to move the girls into the big Home. Accordingly, we are proposing to do this as from 1st August next. They will go into the section which for many years has been regarded as the Sick Bay, temporarily, while one of the big wards is being altered to suit them. This will not deprive us of a Sick Bay because we can use some of the rooms in one of the big wards for this purpose.

I think it has been rumoured that this change was to take place and I gather from my recent visit to Brighton that the girls on the whole look forward to it, and that the men will do their best to make them feel at home.

Both men and girls have, ever since the Church Stretton days, shared in the entertainments and amenities. There is, therefore, no change in principle here; on the contrary we may all rejoice that the St. Dunstan's girls will be able to feel that they are even more at the centre of things than before.

RACING

We all have our hobbies and interests, and I am sure a great many St. Dunstaners are keen about racing and have a bet from time to time. This is not one of my interests, though it ought to be, because as a boy I used to stay with an uncle at Tickford Park in Buckinghamshire—a well-known stud where some famous stallions have stood. They included DARK RONALD and his offspring, SON-IN-LAW, a first class stayer. When I was about sixteen years of age—before the First War—I remember a number of Germans coming to visit the stud and they bought DARK RONALD and took him to Germany where he was responsible for producing a number of chargers for the Uhlans. The Germans paid in £1,000 Bank of England notes, and I remember handling them. I have never since heard of a £1,000 note, and do not know if they exist. I used to ride a great many of my uncle's famous horses, particularly those that were not considered good enough for racing and were turned into light hunters or chasers.

I now happen to be Chairman of a wine and spirit company which operates all over the country, and we sponsor a number of races at Cartmel, North Lancashire, which happens to be in my old constituency. This is a most attractive, small, rural racecourse in a beautiful setting and now that it is being sponsored by a big firm, good horses and large crowds go there. I am moved to write this note by the fact that in the second race on Saturday a horse called CHURCH STRETTON was running. Knowing nothing about racing nor racehorses, I only back them for some quite irrelevant reason, and it seemed to me that I must obviously put ten bob to win on CHURCH STRETTON, which I did, and he won at 4-1. Needless to say I lost my winnings on the next race. I know nothing about CHURCH STRETTON as a horse except that the race card says he is by Dumbarne out of Noble Belle and is owned by Mr. T. A. Metcalfe whose colours are red and white hoops; D. Smith was the jockey in this particular race.

DANGER

Without any heroics, it is an interesting observation as to how a blind man behaves when in danger. St. Dunstaners amongst other mottoes adopted the words "What the eye does not see the heart does not grieve about" and I suppose this conditions one's behaviour.

I was standing in a pen made of wooden rails preparing to give the Fraser Cup for the North Lonsdale Open Hunters' Steeplechase, when one of the horses ran amok, jumped into my little pen in which Lady Fraser and I and one of the stewards were standing, and started lashing out, and I was surrounded by shouts and advice and the noise of cracking timber and wondered what the devil was going to happen to me. My friend the steward was knocked down by the horse and I was kicked in the leg—fortunately only a light bruise in a muscle—and the unfortunate horse who was obviously in his death throes fell down dead at my feet, and did not fall on any of us. The interesting thing to me was that I was not aware of any fear or anxiety though Lady Fraser certainly was, and I suppose the reason was that I did not know the danger we were in.

Here is no matter for tears because nobody was hurt, and I only record the incident because CHURCH STRETTON is obviously a horse to follow and the incident was one to remember at any rate for me.

Fraser of Lonsdale

MARQUIS OF NORMANBY

The Queen has approved the appointment of the Marquis of Normanby, M.B.E., as Lord Lieutenant of the North Riding of Yorkshire. He succeeds Sir William Worsley, who has retired on reaching the age of 75. Lord Normanby is a member of the Council of St. Dunstan's, and is also Chairman of the National Library for the Blind.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY

St. Dunstan's Telegram

On the occasion of the Official Birthday of Her Majesty The Queen, on June 12th, the following telegram was sent to Buckingham Palace by Lord Fraser of Lonsdale, our Chairman:—

"It is my privilege to wish Your Majesty many happy returns of the day on behalf of St. Dunstan's men and women throughout the Commonwealth.

FRASER OF LONSDALE."

The following reply was received from Her Majesty:—

"I send you and St. Dunstan's men and women throughout the Commonwealth my sincere thanks for your kind message on the celebration of my Birthday.

ELIZABETH R."

Reunions

The third and fourth of the special Golden Jubilee Reunions were held at the Grand Hotel, Birmingham, on 15th May, and the Grand Hotel, Bristol, on 29th May.

Sir Neville Pearson, Bart., and Lord Fraser attended both of these Reunions, and at Bristol, Sir Edwin Arrowsmith, a member of the Council of St. Dunstan's, was also present. The total numbers, including wives and members of the staff, present on these two occasions were approximately 350 and 260. Our St. Dunstaners who proposed the vote of thanks at the after luncheon speeches were Mr. S. H. Chambers at Birmingham, and Mr. A. V. Law at Bristol.

Richard Murdoch was again with us as compère on both occasions, and the other artists were The Kestrels—a vocal group—at Birmingham, and Melville Manders and Tony Morton, two of our St. Dunstaners, also sang. Doreen Hume, the well-known Canadian singer, and Bert Weedon, with his guitar, entertained us at Bristol.

"THEY" COME SOUTH "IT" GOES NORTH

Scottish Visit 25th/27th May, 1965

This being the year for the Scottish bowling fraternity of Linburn and Newington House to visit Ovingdean on Tuesday, 25th May, members of the committee of the St. Dunstan's Brighton Club, acted as receptionists on their arrival at London Airport, when Mr. R. Willis, of Headquarters, joined us for a most excellent lunch.

We were invited to a most enjoyable evening as the guests of the R.A.F. Association, Eastbourne. We are greatly indebted to our President, Mrs. Dacre, for organising this event on our behalf. During the evening Mrs. Dacre presented a table to be raffled in aid of Association funds.

On Wednesday, another very full day, leaving Ovingdean at 9.30 a.m. we made our way to the Tower to polish up our own history and that of our friends from across the border. Judging by the crowds present it was akin to Derby Day, or the final at Wembley, for though we had an excellent guide it was not always easy to hear what he was saying. In the evening a most enjoyable social was provided for us at the "Arlington".

Thursday was "B.D." Bowls day. I regret to say we, St. Dunstan's, were not successful this year, losing by 14 to 6 shots. Hence the heading as above, "They" the Scots come South and "it" the cup goes North. This is as good a reason as any for visiting Linburn in 1966 to redeem our loss.

The Bowls Dinner this year was held at "The Old Ship", where Lord Fraser of Lonsdale presided. In the course of the evening Lord Fraser made one of his now famous speeches and presented the cup to Mr. W. Kay, Skipper of the Scottish Bowling Team.

Mr. C. Gillespie, Assistant Secretary and Treasurer of the Scottish National Institution for the War Blinded, replied on behalf of all Linburnians.

On behalf of all St. Dunstan's bowlers I would like to pay tribute to all who made this annual event so happy and successful. It is quite impossible to mention names individually, so will close with a very big THANK YOU to the Commandant and the Matron.

FRANK A. RHODES,
Chairman/Secretary.

IN THE MONEY

SEABIRD II came home to roost on Derby Day for I. Ostle, of Cockermonth, who had drawn the horse with ticket number 1739 in the 1965 Review Derby Sweepstake. Our St. Dunstaner's prize amounted to £178 7s. 9d. Second was MEADOW COURT—J. Davidson, Hopedman, Ticket No. 1198: £71 7s. 1d. Third I SAY—L. Ollier, St. Annes, Ticket No. 1797: £35 13s. 6d.

The number of tickets sold was down on last year—2,895 compared with 3,249. After printing expenses had been deducted £356 15s. 6d. was left to be divided in accordance with the published rules.

After the three placed horses, there were 19 other runners, and the holders of these tickets each received £3 15s. 1d. Here is the list:—

G. Jenrick, Wallington, **Alcade** (962); A. Page, Cross in Hand, **As Before** (2531); J. Gimber, Kettering, **Ballymarais** (2692); W. Abbott, Saltdean, **Bam Royal** (1518); C. Bowen, Chalfont St. Giles, **Billionaire** (2744); W. Chapman, Ovingdean, **Bucen-taur** (2110); W. Chesters, Maidstone, **Cambridge** (1227); H. Pollitt, Farnworth, **Convamore** (1302); F. Warin, East Rainton, **Creosote** (1034); P. Stubbs, Norwich, **Foot-hill** (1937); A. Toop, Bere Regis, **Gulf Pearl** (2355); B. Ingrey, Rottingdean, **King Log** (1124); J. Scott, Belborough, **Look Sharp** (803); F. Jeanmonod, London, S.E.9, **Niksar** (701); M. Halls, Colchester, **Silly Season** (995); E. Tatton, Twigworth, **Solstice** (1036); M. Gimber, Whitton, **Sovereign Edition** (1115); C. Nichols, Weybridge, **Sunacelli** (1577); A. Chappel, Rickmansworth, **Vleuten** (1928).

WE VISIT TASMANIA

by George Fallowfield

(Our deaf/blind St. Dunstaner is visiting Australia, and has sent us this account of his experiences.)

During our voyage we made friends with a retired sheep and cattle farmer who invited us to visit him in Tasmania, so one brilliant afternoon at 3 p.m. we took off from the Melbourne Airport, and Miss Wilson had a splendid view of the city which she speedily described to me. We had had tea before Miss Wilson saw the mountains and forests of Tasmania, and we were soon down in the Launceston Airport.

Our host was there to meet us with his car, and after an 80 mile drive we reached the old farmhouse three miles from St. Mary's.

We visited the farm, now being run by the son of our host, and saw the shearing being done. A fleece is about 5lb. and the wool is put on to a lathed table so that the small pieces can drop through, but the other is put into a press and made into huge bales weighing 300 to 400 pounds. Nearly every country has buyers except U.S.S.R., who buy through agents, and the wool is sold by auction; there's keen competition, too.

The shearing is done with shears much like the barber uses round your ears when you have a haircut, but much larger and also worked by electricity. We were shown examples of the old hand shears, which were like those used by a basket-maker but much larger. The shearer can do up to 120 sheep in a day, and is paid £8 a hundred. He supplies his own tools—pays his own travelling expenses, and wanders about covering many miles.

Pacific Island Atmosphere

Our host, an "old digger" of the First World War, took us out in his car and we journeyed over mountain passes, down zig-zag narrow rough roads to the sea at St. Helen's which had a very Pacific Island atmosphere with white powder-like sand, palm trees and many birds strange to Miss Wilson. There were thousands of seagulls, green parrots and pelicans.

Falmouth was another place we visited after a mountain journey, there is a small fishing fleet there. We had many long and interesting walks and saw all kinds of Gum trees; Pepper, White, Blue, etc., all had their different bark and leaf. The Gum tree is very inflammable. The leaves and bark will blaze like petrol.

All too soon we felt we had better move on so one day we boarded a 14-seater single-deck bus, a splendid vehicle, well sprung, with a fine smooth running engine, but we were the only passengers, the other seats being occupied by bread, milk, parcels of all kinds, mailbags and newspapers! We were to go 58 miles in this and as our driver told Miss Wilson about our journey, he tossed out parcels of newspapers into the gardens of houses without a pause, he tossed parcels into what looked like dog-kennels on stilts, he delivered bread and milk, he delivered and collected mailbags and other parcels and the last of his bread he delivered about 45 miles from where we started—a long bread round! Meanwhile, Miss Wilson enjoyed the sea on one side of us and mountains on the other, which she described to me.

We started from St. Mary's at 9.30 a.m. and, after changing coaches at Swansea, reached Hobart about 6 p.m.

Oldest Bridge

Next day we set out to find and walk over the high new bridge which is 4,658 feet long without approaches. There was the blue River Darwent below us with rocky banks and in the near distance the city of Hobart, mountains all round and above us the deep blue sky and brilliant sunshine! That afternoon we went by hired car to Richmond to see the oldest bridge built in all Australia in 1823, an old stone structure with, as I estimated, a wall three feet thick. Close by is the oldest Roman Catholic Church in all Australia, built in 1835. This expedition also took us over Mount Rumney from the summit of which Miss Wilson described a wonderful scene looking over land and the airport and then to the sea.

The next day we explored the city of Hobart, which is very hilly but has many fine buildings in it. There is a "Cat and Fiddle" Square where a clock chimes the

(continued on page 7)

NELSON'S COLUMN

Ribbons for June

Six ribbons of varied colour and texture, none of which should get in your hair!

"Murder is Not Enough," by Bryan Edgar Wallace, reader Arthur Bush, is a thriller. John, a farmer near Newbury, runs into an old school acquaintance in a London club. In a short conversation this chap plants a seed of suspicion in John's mind concerning his farming neighbour, Gerald Mant. Back home things begin to happen to John, including attempted blackmail leading to murder, attempted murder and a general flurry of unpleasantness all leading back to Mant. The working out of the plot is gripping and the element of suspense entirely compensates for the lack of surprise.

"Passport to Oblivion," by James Leasor, reader Anthony Parker, is a spy story of the James Bond type. Dr. Jason Love, a Somerset G.P., is roped in by M.I.5 to go on a mission to Teheran to investigate the disappearance of an agent. London, Rome and Teheran see most of the action, but there is a startling denouement in Northern Canada.

"The Springs of Adventure," by Wilfred Noyce, reader Duncan Carse, is an ambitious attempt to discover the common factor in all fields of adventure. Mountaineering and flying are mainly emphasised as

WE VISIT TASMANIA—continued

hour and a cat plays a fiddle. You can hear it, too; it wags its tail, a cow comes and jumps over the moon, a dog stands and laughs, whilst from behind the clock a dish runs away with a spoon!

But again, all too soon, we had to move on, and [once more climbed above the clouds, we were over land for over 30 minutes before we came to the blue sea again. We made the journey in 90 minutes—398 miles. A glorious stay in Tasmania.

Editor's Note

This is George's second account of his Australian visit. We published the first in January.

might be expected of an author who, himself, was on the 1953 Everest expedition. After starting in a very crisp manner, the book then slides inevitably into a mass of anecdotes of varying kinds of adventure which are all very interesting. In the last chapter I had an impression the author was close to something important.

"The Song of Bernadette," by Franz Werfel, reader Michael de Morgan, is a book of two volumes, 18 and 16 tracks respectively. This story of the Lourdes miracle is the most moving one I have met on tape so far. The life of Bernadette as a nun after she suffered persecution for daring to substantiate the fact that she had seen a vision, was a life of service and pain. If this story fails to convince you there is nothing for it but to take a trip to Lourdes.

"Saturday Night and Sunday Morning," by Alan Sillitoe, reader John Dunn, is a racy, bawdy account of a young factory hand. Boozing and adultery were his only two weapons against respectability which he despised and feared and, alas, finally became. Entirely unsuitable for animals, children and the fair sex—I loved it!

"The Court at Windsor," by Christopher Hibbert, reader Duncan Carse, traces the additions and changes to the Castle since the days of Henry III with an emphasis on the Order of the Garter. Most interesting and informative.

TOMMY MCKAY'S HOMEWORK!

Congratulations to Tommy McKay, of Brighton, on being awarded a first class certificate for his exhibit in the Ministry of Pensions Exhibition for Disabled Men and Women. The Exhibition was held in London recently and our St. Dunstaner's prize winning entry was a miniature chest-of-drawers.

Tommy McKay has also made a special case for the movement of the Braille presentation clock for Lord Fraser. A photograph of the presentation is to be found elsewhere in this issue.

THE SIGHT OF SOUND

by

Bernard Leete

(Part Two)

AT THE BALLET

First thoughts would hardly steer one to recommend the ballet as a prime source of entertainment for the blind. The writer, however, having been a balletomane (as such fans are called) before the loss of his sight, has found a means of satisfying his appetite for the fruits of this tree. The secret is to become your own choreographer. This is how to do it.

For preference choose a ballet whose setting and music you have frequently seen and heard. Such caution, however, is not an essential to your enjoyment. After all, the story or outline of the ballet is told in the programme notes which a sighted companion may read before the rise of the curtain. Anyway, the impact of the music may soon cause you to change the story and its list of characters for better ones, with its swirl of strings, the plaintive whistles of woodwind, the high pitch bugling of trumpets calling for action against the lower and more throaty pitch of trombones whose tremendous and powerful blows defend a whole fortress of percussion, whence the crackle of side drum rifle fire and the deep boom of big drum artillery bang their way across the trench of orchestra pit, and pitching their salvos into the high hung corners of the gallery, all combine to kindle your imagination and thus surpass all the choreography of any existing or even past choreographer.

Having made your blind date with a ballet hitherto unknown to you, the things you can do to your ballerina!

"Ring up the curtain" and illustrate? With pleasure! I will do just that.

Pas de deux

Observe her now across the fountains of cadence spilling over the rail of the orchestra bowl. Poised on the very tip of one pirouetting shoe she spins as with the speed and gay colour of a mechanical top. Once in every circle or spin, her other leg in continuous mid-air, waves coquettishly just missing the male nostrils of her dancing partner. This inheritor of the skill and strength of Nijinsky and Massine, at a signal from the conductor's baton as it plucks a pizzicato from the attendant strings, lifts the human top by her waist, thus checking her spin, and with the ease of a giant carrying a feather, raises her high above his head. Neatly, lightly, he replaces her on the floor, but this time to the other side of him. He sets her spinning once more. Poised now on the tip of the other shoe is our ballerina; she pirouettes faster. The high kick shoe, defiance now added to its coquetry, is still scoring numerous near misses on her dancing partner's nose. Still faster the top spins. Faster also the orchestral spray. Faster! Even faster!! Is the music trying to catch up with the revolving top or vice versa? At present they are neck and neck. One is given no glimpse of the result, for at this very moment the orchestra, like an automatic conditioning plant, changes its air. This is the cue for our ballerina to cease her pirouettes to a pattern of entrechats and leaps.

Up to this instant of pas de deux our mind's eye has probably seen no more than the audience has. We must do better than that. So long as we fit the tap of dancing shoes snugly into the rhythm created by the crotchets, the quavers and the minims lacing the musical score; so long as we remember that all successions of pirouettes, entrechats, strides; all leaps and bounds must owe some conformity to the number of beats in a bar there is no limit to the antics we may ask our troupe to perform. They are the puppets dangling on our eye strings, and perforce must dance to our own whim and fancy. Where do we go from here?

The Sight of Sound (continued)

Employing imagination as our "maitre de ballet" we focus our attention on our prima ballerina. We had left her posed and poised—sur les points—every line of her a poem—centre stage. We give a stage direction to an electrician perched high in the wings to bathe her in moonbeams of limelight. The music which we have allowed to fall to a mere whisper of muted strings now gathers momentum. A crescendo commences to assail us from the orchestra pit. At first this attack is little more than a probe. It gathers speed and vehemence. The torrent of music and the flood of limelight combine to galvanise prima ballerina Stillifeski into action. Unwinding herself from her poise she becomes a whirlwind of unpredictable direction.

Impelled by the growing tumult of the music, the skirted whirlwind becomes a living tornado. Ignoring the Beaufort scale of wind forces to catch up as they may, this human hurricane is out to create destruction and desolation in her wake. The corps de ballet wisely hies itself to the shelter of the wings. The male half of the now broken pas de deux, acutely aware of the greater risk to his nose from the increased vigour and frequency of the eddies of high kicks, does likewise.

Hurricane

A second hurricane joins the onslaught. Piercing shrieks of wind from the orchestra pit, flute their way into the auditorium. Colossal blasts blown from trumpets and trombones threaten to raise the roof. Back centre stage the human hurricane decides to merge with that from the orchestra. Despite the play of the rotating pirouettes, the tiny figure on the stage, as though sucked by a giant vacuum, moves with incredible swiftness towards that apronfold along the stage where the footlights lie in ambush. The climax of the crescendo is at hand. The coda is coming up fast on the lift of sound. We are reaching the point where the St. Dunstaner, or other person with like advantage, can use their mind's eye to visualise what really happens now. The hapless and deluded audience is unaware of the deceits of eye lag. All that they can see and hear in this climax is the rising and high pitched tattoo from the drummer, rattling away like anything on his side drum,

whilst his mate of the big head drumsticks beats a deeper toned thunderous roll upon the trembling skins of his two upturned kettle drums.

For us, however, the lucky ones, no quickness of foot can deceive our eye. At once we are able to discern that the dancer is unwilling and unable to be held up by this footlight ambush. As fleet and graceful as a deer escaping the hunter's arrow, she leaps the footlights diagonally. Her flight, beautifully directed, heads deadly straight for percussion corner. Despite the brass barricades of trumpets and trombones the kettle drums are, to all intent, unprotected from this lone unit of flying ballet. Only we know that that last thud was not the work of percussionist Percy, but the signal that ballerina Stillifeski has arrived flat footed upon the face of the upturned drum, and that the simultaneous clash of cymbal is her splendidly placed high kick. A repeat treble fortissimo from the orchestra, a second thud and the dancer is safely back on the stage. She is no longer alone. Her dancing boy-friend has himself leapt on to the stage from his funk hole in the wings—the second thud has been the announcement of his arrival—for he had trapped the twisting typhoon by the waist in mid air. Triumphant he carries her off stage. She lies limp, prone and exhausted between his cupped hands outstretched to full extent above his head, to the rapturous plaudits of the balletomanes in the auditorium.

Imagination

All this is, of course, only an example of how to keep within earshot of eyesight. The same can be done in many other ways and places. One can design the scenery as it passes our railway carriage window. As one trudges past the local shops on the coldest, snowiest and iciest day of the year, one may imagine a polar adventure. Surely the smell as we pass the fishmongers is none other than that of the arctic seals perched on some rocky ledge of our ice floe, and the distant noise of the fishmonger's chopper nothing else but the beat of the seals' flippers thumping the ice covered rock as they show their appreciation of one's daring to venture outside one's igloo on such a day.

(continued overleaf)

The Sight of Sound (continued)

Ears as binoculars, mind's eye as telescope!
Is it really worth the trouble?
Yeah, yeah, yeah, for then one can cope.
Always to be sober, yet for ever seeing
double.

At any rate, thus equipped one may
drive one's coach load of dreams to the
very borders of reality!

LETTER TO EDITOR

From Barbara Bell of Ilkley

In the April *Review* you ask for any information about Guide Dogs which may point to their possessing powers of reasoning. I am convinced that, in their own small way, these dogs do "think" things out and I offer two illustrations concerning two of my own Guide Dogs.

The first concerns Anna, my present yellow Labrador Guide Dog, and follows very well on what Mr. Mills wrote about his dog. This occurred during the last few days of the excessively cold winter two years ago, when the thaw had just set in. It left a most treacherous condition on the pavements between here and the hospital, in that areas of very slippery ice alternated with areas of clear, dry surface. One had no idea when one was leaving one type of surface and embarking on the other, and when the transition was from clear, dry to icy, the result could be disastrous.

When we walked at our usual brisk pace from a clear area on the first icy one I slipped and nearly fell, after which I proceeded at a much slower pace until onto the clear surface again when we put on a spurt to our usual speed. After this one incident, each time we reached an icy patch Anna slowed down until we were over it then speeded up again as soon as we were on the dry pavement once more. She kept this up, entirely without instruction from me, all the way to the hospital and back later that day. Thus she warned me of approaching ice and the slower pace allowed me to negotiate it without further mishap.

On Anna's part observation had led her to the decision that because I walked slowly over the first patch of ice, I wished to walk slowly over them all.

The second incident concerns Tam, a collie who worked for me for nine years before finishing his days in happy retirement as a pet.

I had only been home with him from the training centre for ten days when this occurred. We were still very new to each other and he had not had time to get used to the district. I arrived home one day to find the house locked and, as I had no key and did not want to wait twiddling my thumbs, I decided to go and meet Mother and come home with her. I knew she was attending a meeting in the local Parish Room attached to the Church garden, and thus reached the Parish Room without much trouble. Accordingly, I directed Tam to the vicinity of the Church then set about finding the gate. As I was it was on my left, beyond Tam who was walking on my left as Guide Dogs do. Three times I stopped him and felt over him and found we were still alongside the wall with the railing along the top. I decided, therefore, to go on quite a distance then turn round and walk back. I should then have the wall on my right hand and, as we walked, would feel the gate as we came to it. So I told Tam to go forward with this manoeuvre in mind.

He advanced about four paces and stopped. I wondered why and bent down to feel him. Believe it or not, he was standing with his nose through the bars of the gate I was looking for. As I touched him he looked up at me then put his nose through the bars again. He "knew" somehow that this was what I was looking for. He could not have followed Mother's scent as she had entered the Church garden from the opposite direction and had not come anywhere near this gate.

I submit that neither of these incidents can be put down to "instinct" or "habit" which are the favourite arguments of non-dog lovers against the dog possessing any powers of thought.

Joy, daughter of F. Palfrey of Osterley, has now passed her Gold Medal for Ballet—Grade 5.

LINES TO A PLASTIC POT PLANT IN JUBILEE YEAR

Dedicated to Mr. D. F. Robinson

At Abbotsbury and Leonardslee they bloom without deceit,
And yet is seen at Ovingdean, a plastic counterfeit,
It stands, a lie, to cheat the eye, exposed by touch—a cheat.

For fifty years, men's tears and fears, St. Dunstan's has allayed,
There, taught anew to hope, men grew and loved what God has made,
And knew the truth—if nature's mocked, then beauty is betrayed.

Though fingers feel, the truth reveal of things that hands have grown,
If beauty's truth and truth has gone, then where has beauty flown?

Mr. and Mrs. Roberts.
Saltdean.

Reading

by T. Rogers

"Well"—This abrupt greeting from Danny, warned me that he was suffering from a little fluff on the liver, and if the afternoon was to be amicable and fruitful, it was essential to administer an antidote. Past experience has taught me that the most effective way of helping Danny to snap out of his antagonistic moods, is to channel his thoughts into the world of books and reading; this I proceeded to do by recounting the following true experience.

Some time ago I asked young Christopher why he was so fond of reading. His reply was, "Well, Uncle, I am the people I read about." Coming from a mere eight-year-old this startled me. A moment's silence, then, in a quiet thoughtful voice Danny delivered himself thus:—

"That boy certainly said a mouthful. Implicit in that short sentence is the complete answer to all the controversy about the kind of books and reading material which should be made available to our young people, and for that matter to adults. Because I believe our individual development is influenced by the people we meet, and that goes for the characters we meet in books, whether they are historical, biographical or fictional: whether we read for information, guidance or just pleasure. I believe we give something and take something from all our contacts."

Danny is no university product, but he has the capacity for seeing through things into things. Finally, his cheerful "See you next week," testified to the psychological value of his great interest in reading.

Twins' Dancing Medals

Our St. Dunstaner Dickie Richardson has given us news of the latest dancing successes of his twin son and daughter, Heather and Keith, both now ten years old.

The twins have been dancing since they were five, and Heather is now the proud owner of twelve medals and a statuette and Keith has three medals. Heather also has won a brooch for jive and Keith a lapel pin. Dickie Richardson says that dancing has improved Keith's football!

Their teacher at the Motley School of Dancing, Mrs. K. Taylor, has kindly given the twins a cabinet to keep all these trophies safely.

Quite by accident it was discovered that Mrs. Taylor had her first dancing lesson from a Mr. George Heather, a great-uncle of the twins.

The School often gives shows for charity, and both Heather and Keith are booked to appear in at least a couple this summer.

★ ★ ★

Three St. Dunstan's walkers finished in the Stock Exchange London to Brighton Walk on May 22nd. Roy Mendham was our first man home with a time of 10 hours 22 minutes 57 seconds, which placed him eighteenth in a field of 65 sighted walkers!

St. Dunstan's other representatives were John Simpson whose time was 11 hours 3 minutes and 59 seconds and Ray Benson who clocked in at 11 hours 42 minutes 44 seconds.

ST. DUNSTANERS

IN THE BRITISH LEGION

There are very many St. Dunstaners occupying executive posts in the British Legion, who are doing a wonderful job for their ex-service comrades or dependents and in connection with this great work the "REVIEW" would like to congratulate them all on their splendid efforts.

Our attention has been drawn especially to St. Dunstaner, Freddy Jackson of New Malden, who has for the past twelve years or more occupied the Presidential chair of the Malden and Coombe branch of the British Legion. He has given about 44 years of service and during that time he has also worked hard for the civilian blind, old people's clubs, charity concerts and other causes, especially those connected with sick children.

He has, we understand, raised £6,000 for the Kingston Red Cross and it would be difficult to guess the amount he has collected by his own efforts, for the Poppy Day Fund.

It was Freddy Jackson's wonderful example that inspired Harry Wheeler of Merton Park, another of our St. Dunstaners, to take up social work in the British Legion and his local branch has won the cup for the most progressive Branch in the Metropolitan Area. Considering the Branch has only been running for four years, it shows how hard the members have worked. Apparently part of the award is given on the efforts made to contact and look after old people, who are also ex-service men and women.

Harry Wheeler is chairman of the local Branch of the British Legion and in this capacity was invited to attend a civic dinner on the 22nd January, which was given by the new London Borough of Morton.

St. Dunstaner E. M. Groundrill of Kevingham is another of our men who believes in helping others and is very proud of the fact that although he is 78 years of age, he is still President of his local British Legion.

THE ANNIVERSARY CLOCK

Tick tock, tick tock,
Here's a tale about a clock,
Ticking early, ticking late
St. Dunstan's to commemorate.
On the mantel breast it stands,
Making time fly with a move of its hands.
Time has flown since St. Dunstan's was
founded,
Thro' fifty years has its fame far sounded.
Back fifty years in days of old,
We had our knights, they too were bold.
Sir Arthur Pearson—just and kind,
Spent his life among the blind.
Many a man of every nation
Reaped benefit from his administration.
Blinded, distressed by turmoil of war,
Men found welcome at St. Dunstan's door.
Helped with patience and good training
Health and self-respect regaining.
The clock ticks on, 'tis sad to say
Sir Arthur Pearson passed away,
And St. Dunstan's and all its lands,
Fell into Lord Fraser's capable hands.
A man of tact and understanding,
Into one family St. Dunstan's banding.
St. Dunstan's stands upon a hill,
Where winds blow hot and winds blow
chill.
It's easily found on a local map,
One leaves the bus at Ovingdean Gap.
Within its walls is comfort and cheer,
Especially when our wives are there,
They with other ladies kind,
Work cheerfully among the blind.
All inmates here warmly extend,
Their thanks to these kind lady friends.
And may our hearts be thankful too
For those skilled and patient few
Who made the ticks and then the tocks
Of our anniversary clocks.

S. C. T.

* * *

Peter, the son of D. Baker of Rhyl, has won an educational award of a month's holiday in Czechoslovakia in July. He will be travelling by air. Two children from each county in the British Isles are going, and Peter is one of the two selected from Flintshire.

FAMILY NEWS

Births

LOWERY.—On the 22nd May, 1965, to the wife of P. Lowery of Saltdean, Sussex, a daughter—Fiona Jane, a sister for Ruth and Stephen.

Marriages

CROYMAN—TATTERSALL.—On 15th May, 1965, R. H. Croyman to Miss D. M. Tattersall, of Birmingham.

READ—PEARSON.—On 27th May, 1965, W. Read to Mrs. F. M. Pearson, of Brighton.

Silver Wedding

Our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. T. Evans of Flint who celebrated their Silver Wedding on 18th May, 1965.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. L. Clarke, of St. Helen's, who celebrated their 44th Wedding Anniversary on the 14th June, 1965.

Ruby Wedding

We offer our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. A. Clarke of Blackpool who celebrated their Ruby Wedding on 30th May, 1965.

Golden Wedding

Many congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. A. Grogan of Leeds who celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary on 5th June, 1965.

Grandfathers

S. J. Fowler of Beeston, for the second time, when his daughter gave birth to a son on 15th May, 1965.

J. H. Martin of Boreham Wood, when his daughter gave birth to a son in January, 1965. The baby has been christened John.

Engagement

Congratulations to H. King's son, Alan Leslie King of Luton on the announcement of his engagement to Jane Morley on 12th February, 1965.

Death

We offer our sincere sympathy to C. Chadwick of Kirkham, on the death of his mother on 21st May, 1965.

Julie, daughter of R. Vowles of Portsmouth, recently danced at the Portsmouth Festival and won an aggregate medal thus winning her way through to the All England Championships held this month.

BRIDGE NOTES

The Annual Bridge Congress will be held at Ovingdean from Friday evening, 12th November, 1965, until Monday evening, 15th November.

Primarily the Congress is for championship bridge, but in latter years it has been run in two sections—Section A for seasoned players and Section B for those who remain modestly as beginners. Thus, all those St. Dunstaners who are interested in bridge will be welcome and catered for.

If you intend taking part, please write to me at St. Dunstan's Headquarters, 191 Marylebone Road, London, N.W.1. Those who have attended in the past will notice that the Congress has been extended, as requested, at the last Annual General Meeting, by one day, and the Committee trust that this early announcement will enable those interested to make suitable arrangements.

Regarding those concerned in Section A, it will greatly facilitate the task of the organiser if, when writing to me, competitors give, if possible, the name of the partner with whom they wish to play. This will enable the Committee to make the draw for the teams of four. Should there be anyone unable to find a partner, we will do our utmost to assist.

The fifth match of the Individual Competition for the London Section was held on Saturday, 12th June. The results are as follows:—

P. Noyce and H. Kerr, 52;
W. Scott and H. Meleson, 50;
W. Bishop and R. Stanners, 46;
G. Bickley and G. Andrew, 46;
R. Fullard and E. Carpenter, 43;
F. Jackson and F. Mathewman, 22.

P. Nuyens

In Memory

W. W. Burden, 1st Battalion Bucks.

We have to record with deep regret the death on 22nd May, 1965 at Pearson House, where he was staying temporarily, of William Burden of Saltdean. He was aged 72.

He served in the 1st Battalion Bucks. Owing to the fact that Mr. Burden was admitted to St. Dunstan's benefits rather late in life, he did not undertake occupational training but did some hobby training on string bag work. In recent years his health gave rise for concern and a few days before his death his condition deteriorated.

Our sincere sympathy is extended to his widow and to his son Michael and his wife, who will continue to help Mrs. Burden in every way.

G. H. Thomas, King's Shropshire Light Infantry

With very deep regret we record the death of George Henry Thomas at Pearson House on 24th May, 1965, where he was a permanent resident. He was 79 years old.

He served in the 1st King's Shropshire Light Infantry from 1915 to 1917, and was then wounded in Lens, France. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1917, where he trained both in boot repairing and mat-making. He carried on these occupations for some years.

His wife pre-deceased him in 1959 and to his family we send an expression of deepest sympathy.

Elmer Glew, M.B.E., Australian Forces

It is with deep regret we have to record the death of Elmer Glew, M.B.E., of Frankston, Victoria, Australia. He was wounded at the landing at the Dardanelles in April, 1915, and came to St. Dunstan's that year. He trained as a masseur and returned to Australia where he continued this work for 37 years at the Anzac Hostel for Incapacitated Soldiers, Brighton, Victoria.

Elmer Glew was the pioneer and originator of the "After-Care Committee" for blinded soldiers in Australia. He co-ordinated this work in Victoria with that in the other States for twelve years and was a trustee of the Victorian Blinded Soldiers Welfare Trust for 32 years.

His wife, daughter and son-in-law and three grand-children survive him, and to them we send our sympathy on their sad loss.

Nuffield Talking Book Library for the Blind

Additional Tape Titles—FICTION

Cat. No.		Playing Time Hours approx.
828	CONRAD, JOSEPH—THE SECRET AGENT (1907) Read by Robin Holmes. Secret service with an Edwardian background, in which an anarchist bomb plot fails through a woman's protective love for her simple-minded brother.	12
821	CRONIN, A. J.—THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM (1942) Read by Clive Champney. A Scottish priest spends many years as a missionary in China, where his goodness and sincerity bring him into conflict with more worldly-minded superiors.	14½
820	DOYLE, A. CONAN—THE MEMOIRS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES (1894) Read by Stephen Jack. Eleven further adventures of Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson.	8½
823	"ELIZABETH"—THE CARAVANNERS (1910) Read by Peter J. Reynolds. A caravan holiday in Kent includes a pompous Prussian officer. Sympathy shown for his submissive wife by the English guests causes her to rebel against her husband.	12½
824	MANTLE, WINIFRED—THE RIVER RUNS (1964) Read by Arthur Bush. On her doctor's advice Ruth goes to stay in a country town where she becomes involved in local affairs and eventually falls in love.	5½
NON-FICTION		
822	BENNETT, GEOFFREY—CORONEL AND THE FALKLANDS (1962) Read by David Broomfield. How the "Scharnhorst" and "Gneisenau" defeated Admiral Cradock's cruisers off Coronel but were themselves destroyed at the Falklands by Admiral Sturdee's "Invincible" and "Inflexible".	7½
833	CAMERON, RODERICK—THE GOLDEN HAZE (1964) Read by David Broomfield. Retracing Captain Cook's famous South Pacific voyages with extracts from his journals enabling the armchair traveller to see these romantic islands both now and 200 years ago.	14

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Tommy McKay presents his clock to Lord Fraser. The movement is the same as the one used in the anniversary clocks presented to all St. Dunstaners. Tommy built the oak case, which incorporates sliding book-ends, to his own design—one which was awarded first prize in the Ministry of Pensions Handicrafts and Arts Competition two years ago. Tommy has provided for the braille face in his design so, like all St. Dunstaners, Lord Fraser has a clock specially his own.



Just to show that the men don't have all the fun after our cover last month, here are Barbara Bell and Eileen Williams with David Whitfield, who sang for St. Dunstaners at the Newcastle Reunion.



A determined Charles Kelk sends down a wood. He played an important part in St. Dunstan's win by 15 shots to 13 on rink No. 2.



James Abel, of Aberdeen, bowls for Linburn on the totally blind rink.

BOWLS: ST. DUNSTAN'S v LINBURN

Skipper Frank Rhodes' report of the visit of the Scottish bowlers appears on another page. Two of our photos show rival team members in action on the totally blind rink on which the Linburn team won the Lord Fraser Cup by 14 shots to 6. The St. Dunstan's four made a good recovery from 12-0 to 12-6, but Linburn were winning back their lead when rain brought an early end to the match.

St. Dunstaner Bob Fearnley on the totally blind rink. In the background are his team mates Frank Rhodes, capt., Bill Chitty and Bill Megson.

