

# REVIEW

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Free to St. Dunstan's Men

FOR MEN AND WOMEN BLINDED ON WAR SERVICE





## REUNIONS 1966

Mr. C. D. Wills, Welfare Superintendent, has given us the programme of the St. Dunstan's Reunions for 1966, which we print below. All Reunions will be held at 12.30 p.m. for 1 p.m. lunch.

DATE	REUNION	MEMBER OF COUNCIL PRESIDING	HOTEL
Sat., 26th March	<b>WINDSOR</b> (Miss de Burlet)	Lord Fraser	White Hart
Thurs., 21st April	<b>MANCHESTER</b> (Miss Everett)	Colonel M. P. Ansell	Grand
Sat., 23rd April	<b>LIVERPOOL</b> (Miss Everett)	Lord Fraser	Adelphi
Sat., 7th May	<b>BRISTOL</b> (Miss Meyer)	Colonel M. P. Ansell	Grand
Wed., 18th May	<b>SOUTHAMPTON</b> (Miss Meyer)	Sir Neville Pearson	Polygon
Thurs., 9th June	<b>NEWCASTLE</b> (Mrs. King)	Sir Neville Pearson	Royal Station
Sat., 11th June	<b>LEEDS</b> (Mrs. King)	Lord Fraser	Metropole
Sat., 18th June	<b>BRIGHTON</b> (Miss Blebta)	The Rev. F. D. Bunt	Metropole
Wed., 22nd June	<b>IPSWICH</b> (Miss Broughton)	Sir Edwin Arrowsmith	Great White Horse
Fri., 24th June	<b>NOTTINGHAM</b> (Miss Broughton)	Mr. D. G. Hopewell	Victoria
Sat., 25th June	<b>BIRMINGHAM</b> (Miss Newbold)	Gen. Sir Richard Goodbody	Grand
Sat., 9th July	<b>LONDON</b> (Miss Collins)	Sir Neville Pearson and/or Lord Fraser	Russell

### NOTE

St. Dunstaners normally attending Edinburgh will be invited to Newcastle.

St. Dunstaners normally attending Dublin will be invited to London or Liverpool.

St. Dunstaners normally attending Canterbury will be invited to London or Brighton.

St. Dunstaners normally attending Exeter will be invited to Bristol.

Accommodation for one or two nights will be offered when considered necessary, and coach parties will be organised when practicable.



Reunions begin again soon. Our photograph shows Matron Blackford with Dickie Brett, George Durrant and their wives at the 1965 Brighton Reunion.

## COVER STORY

Our "cover-girl" is Elsie Aldred, who, last month, was among long serving employees of Peter Stubs Limited, Warrington, receiving awards at a special presentation. She was presented with a gold bracelet marking her twenty-five years with the company.

In November, 1942, Elsie had been two and a half years with her firm when she was called up for national service to work in a munitions factory. Less than three months later some powder she had been using to fill detonators exploded, blinding her and seriously damaging her right hand.

After hospital treatment, Elsie came to Church Stretton. "It was the most wonderful time of my life," she said, "I'd been rather quiet and had never mixed with people much before then. You couldn't help being happy there."

She trained as a telephonist and, when her course was finished, she went back

to her old firm. "It was quite a small board then, but now I am very busy on a board with ten outside lines and thirty extensions. I do feel the loss of my hand now that I have a bigger board," Elsie commented.

Elsie Aldred lives with her parents outside Warrington. In her leisure time she leads a very busy life. She is interested in the theatre and has taken part in concerts organised by the Woolston Women's Institute, of which she is a member, on one occasion dancing the can-can! She is interested in the more orthodox forms of dancing, too, and attends classes in modern ballroom, Latin American, modern sequence and Old Tyme dancing. She won a bronze medal—"But don't mention that, I don't regard it as an achievement."

Until this year, when she gave it up because the evening chosen was not convenient, Elsie was a member of a Keep Fit class—"I felt much better for it, but it is a fallacy to think you lose weight!"



## DOWN UNDER

by

George Fallowfield

*A friend has written asking me to send you a few words about Australia and it is quite true that when moving about and relying on Air-Mail one cannot say a great deal.*

My daughter lives 58 miles north of Melbourne, 2,225 feet above sea level on the slopes of Mount Macedon and there can be very cold winds there after the sun has gone down. There is no pavement except where the few shops are and that is not up to much. The roads are very wide with much sand in the gutters and overloaded trucks hurtle along at over 70 miles per hour, so a blind man does not go far alone out there, but my little folding stick did a fine job of work both there and on the boats.

We climbed to the top of Mount Macedon one day after going as far as we could by car, it was hot and then we had to go through 1,500 acres of pine wood which was very cold!

We climbed many other mountains in Victoria and Marjorie went much higher than I got, for my son-in-law felt the descent would be too risky for me.

Australia can boast of great achievements, one has to go and see the great dams and reservoirs to realise the gigantic difficulties that confronted their engineers. When up in these mountains one comes upon huge tables and benches, miles from anywhere and a brazier where one might cook a meal and sit in comfort to eat it. In some parts are huts with two rooms each with two bunks, an axe and firewood where one could spend the night. The only request is that one leaves as much chopped wood as one burnt from the pile.

Ballarat and Castlemaine are old established gold mining towns and the former has a lake so large they have a steamer paddleboat on it. Needless to say, there is much swimming, sculling and rowing here. There are the old stockades used by the gold miners against the Government troops in 1854 when they protested against the taxes. They have beautiful parks, too, and it was while returning from Ballarat we were caught up in a bush fire. People complain the authorities do not cope with floods and icy roads in Britain, but they do as well as Australia

does with bush fires. Traffic is diverted, thousands of men are rushed to the scene of the fire in coaches, trucks and cars, but they burn for days and this one wiped out 1,600 acres. Animals and birds rush from the peril and when we turned into one road we found ourselves confronted by hundreds of parrots!

Most of the dwellings are made of wood and occupiers have at least two water pipes projecting from the ground at both back and front with hoses fixed all the time to the taps, for the wind blows lighted dry grass a long way. Also there are lookout posts. These are a spiral ladder round a great tree at the top of which is a cabin! No, I did not go up to one.

Castlemaine has a fine museum showing examples of old wooden tools and equipment used by the earliest settlers and arms and hunting instruments used by the Aborigines.

We stayed ten days at Mildura which is the centre of one of Victoria's fruit growing districts hard on the banks of the river Murray on which we enjoyed several lovely day trips up and down the river and in motor coaches went round the huge plantations where there are miles of oranges, huge packing houses with their own sawmills for making the boxes, great bottling and canning houses and large pickers' camps. Many people work part of the year in the cities and towns, then go fruit-picking. Yes, and go a long way, too.

### DOWN UNDER (continued)

In most parts of Australia people grow oranges, lemons, pineapple, bananas and grapefruit in their garden, yes, and keep sheep instead of poultry! There is often a "traffic jam" by a few thousand sheep being driven to a saleyard by six or so men on horseback in red shirts, khaki breeches, a wide-brimmed hat and a net to prevent flies getting on the face (I have one), and six or so sheep dogs. The sheep pass through a narrow gulley and through a gate which counts them, ticking off each hundred. Another obstacle on the road is when a whole bungalow is moved. At first I thought they were pulling my leg, but I was taken to see it done. The electrical wires and water pipes, etc., are disconnected. Then the bungalow is jacked up about 3 feet high and a trailer about 50 feet long is pushed under it and then a tractor pulls the whole lot to the new site, wires and pipes are connected and they go on as usual! Three bungalows were shifted and a garage brought to the site all in about three days, at one time while I was there!

### Melbourne

Melbourne is a very draughty place and nothing to be compared with Sydney. The trains are long and heavy, five years ago it was not possible to go from Melbourne to Sydney and on to Brisbane in the same train, as the different States had their own gauge, but now the main line expresses are on a 7ft. 3in. gauge, much wider than ours and the trains are splendidly turned out, the wood panelling, etc., inside fine, and there is no "click-click" as the wheels run from one length of metal to another. I had a word with a platelayer who told me the rails were laid the same as ours but the heat expanded the rails so they joined up.

A restaurant car is not one of tables as in Britain, but has a counter the length of a coach with pivoting seats. You can enjoy your full dinner starting with sherry and ending up with port, but you are sitting at a counter, that is all. When the conductor found out I was blind on our return journey from Brisbane to Sydney and ten coaches from the restaurant car he had our dinner and breakfast sent to

us! The trains, however, are terribly infrequent. On 27th May we asked what time the next train to Sydney was from Brisbane, and were told at 4.40 on 6th June! We could have made our return to Sydney by 'plane or coach, but we had return tickets, and the cost of 'plane or coach paid for our hotel till the 6th June (or part of the cost).

### Queensland

Queensland is very warm so the windows in the rooms of most of the hotels are louvres, and if one is on the ground floor (and many hotels are like a huge bungalow in Australia), and open these wide for more air, people can see one getting in or out of bed or having a bath! There are louvres high up in the walls between each room to enable a good breeze to blow through the building and there is a notice on the wall of your room that says "Radios may be used till 10.30 p.m., after which unnecessary noise will not be tolerated". Marjorie read this to me after hearing me leave my room one night and return and shut the door so it echoed throughout the building!





**DOWN UNDER** (continued)

Most hotels have a kitchen with 'fridge, gas cooker and utensils for the use of guests only, a washing house with electric washing machine, a drying room with electric iron—one has to change one's underwear at least twice a day so there is much washing. These facilities, however, are thrown in! When we asked for our bill in Brisbane the proprietor not only brushed away our reference to the use of the kitchen, etc., but insisted on us having a drink with him!

Brisbane, which is 482 miles from Sydney, is a beautiful city with lovely botanic gardens and other parks, a trifle hilly and there are fine monumental buildings, museums and art galleries. The factories are delightfully spread about with park-like land round them so there is no industrial centre despite large factories. We spent some time on the river there going on day trips and under the awning with my pipe drawing well, did I enjoy it? The Queenslander is a fine chap, and I got all the little bits of aid I wanted where Marjorie could not take me.

**Sydney**

Sydney is far and away the finest city in Australia we visited. It is built on both sides of the river like London, if it is a river for it seemed very wide and all wharves. The residential area is on the north side and we had an hotel on that side with lovely gardens reaching down to the wharf from where we used to get the ferry across, this part is called Cremorne and we could sit and see the white hulled liners of the P. & O. line gliding along, little sailing boats with their white sails going out to, I should say, deep fishing. The cargo boats and ferries were constantly crossing. After dark it was a blaze of colour with the illuminations. We had many trips during our month in Sydney. One was to Manley, a lovely pleasure beach, and many all-day trips out to sea and back. Sydney has its buildings and botanic gardens and a fine zoo and many fine restaurants and night clubs, for in New South Wales and Queensland pubs are open till 10 p.m. This makes a lot of difference because one cannot really enjoy entertaining a friend to dinner if a

drink is not allowed, which is the case in dreary Melbourne.

We also stayed a few days with our English St. Dunstaner, Bill Cook, who has a fine bungalow he built himself.

There are places served by a rail-car and this goes over 100 miles along a single track. These rail-cars are wide and are got up fine with toilets, etc. We went to Echuca in one of these. This is a small town on the banks of the Murray River where cars are stopped and searched before crossing from Victoria to New South Wales. The borders of these States are nearly as bad as the frontiers on the Continent. We stopped at a station once, Marjorie jumped out to get a newspaper, and when she returned asked if I still had the orange in my pocket. I told her I had, she said "That was the stop where people had to give up their fruit before crossing the border." I had not heard the demand!

Many families consist of 12 and upwards, and no matter what kind of bungalow they have, it may have sprouted out to all shapes. They have what they need—a shower, a washing machine, electric kettles, a toaster and a very good hot water system. Those in the smaller towns do not decorate as we do. All is kept clean but the furniture is not obtained for ornament, most of them have the very modern metal furniture.

I have forgotten to mention our visit to Katoomba up in the Blue Mountains from Sydney, where we went and spent the day by car. These Blue Mountains are very wooded and Katoomba is a holiday resort—all hotels and guest houses and all very expensive, too. When driving from the mountains through the bush one sees many animals strange to English eyes and hears the birds, too.

Sydney is 500 miles from Melbourne, so that our journey from Brisbane to Kyneton, Victoria, was 1,042 miles.

**DIARY NOTE**

The Multi-Disabled Sports Meeting at Stoke Mandeville will be held on Saturday, 3rd September, and Sunday, 4th September. Please make a note of these dates.

**CLUB NEWS****Cardiff Club Notes**

Our Annual Christmas Dinner was held on Saturday, 15th January, 1966, at the Grand Hotel, Cardiff, and the guests of honour were Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Norris, of the Cardiff Welfare for the Blind. The Chairman, Mr. A. E. Evans, gave Mr. and Mrs. Norris, in his speech, a very warm welcome and said how delighted we all were to have them as guests, and Mr. Norris responded accordingly after Mr. Evans had presented Mrs. Norris with a bouquet of flowers.

We were very sorry to hear that Miss Newbold has been ill, and from all of us we send sincere wishes for a speedy recovery.

The February meeting was very poorly attended, but it was such dreadful weather that several members were unable to attend, but we do hope all members will make a special effort to attend on Saturday, March 5th.

D. STOTT,  
Secretary.

★ ★ ★

**Midland Club Notes**

The Club Secretary wishes members to know the next meeting will be on Sunday, 13th March.

D. E. CASHMORE,  
Secretary.

★ ★ ★

**THE LEE ON SOLENT  
NAVAL CAMP, 1966**

A very welcome invitation has come from H.M.S. Daedalus. Dates—Friday, 19th August, to Saturday, 27th August. Entries—as soon as you like!

To: Mrs. A. Spurway,  
The Vicarage,  
Holmwood,  
Dorking, Surrey.

**Sutton Club Notes**

One of the great pleasures of the *Review* is to read from time to time the name of a fellow St. Dunstaner, with whom one has had associations, regimental, social, or maybe with whom one trained, it is with this in mind that the Sutton Committee have decided to put more detail into our Club Notes, and hope that other Clubs will do likewise.

For those of our Club Members who were not at the Christmas Party, the prize in our Free Draw was won by R. Newton. Thank you kindly. The result of the chess, after adjudication, was a draw between John Taylor and myself, though I feel the results would have been different had not Fred Taylor withdrawn because of his marriage. We wish him and his wife, all happiness.

Bingo has become very popular during the pre-tea session, this being ably run by Alf Shaw. This we find a very useful form of entertainment for, as Members arrive, they can take up a card and join in.

In our correspondence was a letter from Miss de Burlet, to whom we send our best wishes and hope that she may soon be settled down again. We also had a letter from Miss Leslie of the *Review* thanking us for her invitation to the party. It was a pleasure to have you there, and it is we who should be saying thanks.

The Sir Arthur Pearson games for this season have started, with Ted Dudley beating Bill Lucraft and George Jenrick beating John Taylor in the Fives and Three at Dominoes.

For any St. Dunstaner living in reach of Sutton or Cheam, we hold fortnightly meetings alternating at the Red Cross Hall at Cheam, and the Adults School at Sutton, where a welcome is always extended.

Our next meeting is on 5th March at Sutton.

REG NEWTON.



## BRIDGE NOTES

The first Bridge Drive in the New Year was held on Saturday, 29th January, at Headquarters. Seventeen St. Dunstaners with their partners took part, and provided a most enjoyable afternoon.

1st: R. Freer and Miss Kirby.  
2nd, J. L. Douglas and J. Armstrong.  
3rd, M. Tynbinski and Mrs. Horstead.

The consolation prize, i.e. the nearest minus score to a number drawn by Mike Delaney, went to F. Jackson and Mr. R. Byrne.

**Lord Fraser of Lonsdale Cup**

The second individual competition was held both in Brighton and in London on Saturday, February 5th.

*Results: Brighton Section*

H. Boorman and A. Smith, 43;  
C. Kelk and W. Burnett, 40;  
D. Giffard and J. Whitcombe, 38;  
S. Webster and J. Chell, 36;  
F. Rhodes and B. Ingrey, 32;  
M. Clements and R. Goding, 27.

*Results: London Section*

W. Scott and R. Stanners, 84;  
G. Brown and Partner, 72;  
E. Carpenter and R. Bickley, 69;  
H. Meleson and P. Nuyens, 55;  
R. Fullard and M. Tybinski, 54;  
F. Mathewman and J. Simmons, 54;  
G. Andrew and F. Jackson, 45.

P. NUYENS.

## JOHN WALLER

Those of our bridge players who used to live in London during and after the last war, will no doubt, remember Mr. John Waller, of whose passing away we have only just heard. John, apart from playing against us in many friendly matches, also escorted on several occasions, those who went to Harrogate, in the early days.

Living in Croydon, he was one of the promoters of the Croydon Bridge Congress, and although he left for Lancing on his retirement from the Stationery Office, he still remained closely connected with its organisation, and was the treasurer for the last twelve years.

To his wife, who was his faithful and successful bridge partner, we tender our sincerest sympathy.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

**From Dennis Pettit, of Spratton, Northampton.**

I would like to thank Alan J. Milne for his "On Being a University Teacher" in the January *Review*, and I would congratulate you on printing it.

To me it was a joy to read this "little heaven" for once.

## WALKING

**Ewell East Results, January 22th**

Six Miles Walk—Nine Competitors.  
1st Handicap: F. Barratt.  
2nd: R. Mendham.  
3rd, M. Tetley.  
Fastest Loser: J. Simpson.

A match between St. Dunstan's and the Police Cadets resulted in a tie.

**Coming Events**

**March 5th.** Seven Miles.  
Rivermead School, Richmond Road, Kingston.  
**April 16th.** Seven Miles.  
**April 30th.** Championship Seven Miles.  
Ewell East L.C.C. Ground—behind Station—Banstead Road entrance.  
AVIS SPURWAY.

## More Ovingdean Bookings

The following are a few more dates of Special Week-ends, etc., at Ovingdean this year.

**Manipulative Therapy Course,** 19th/20th March.

**Beginners' Sports Weekend,** 6th/9th May.

**Sports Weekend,** 3rd/5th June.

**Physiotherapy Conference,** 21st/23rd October.

**New Vicar**

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Woollen, of Saltdean, Sussex, have just visited Huddersfield to attend the Induction of their Son-in-law, the Rev. Reginald John Legg, L.R.A.M., as Vicar of the Parish of St. Luke's, Milnsbridge. The service was held on 27th January, 1966.

**Mr. W. G. T. Pemberton**

Sixty-three years as a Chartered Accountant in the City, that is the span of Geoffrey Pemberton's working life, but it had its serious interruption. He joined the Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment attached to the 1st Tank Battalion, and was blinded on the Somme in 1918, as a Tank Commander, at the age of 33.

Sir Arthur Pearson suggested that Mr. Pemberton might return to his work in the City, and this was arranged although

there was, at the time, no precedent for a blind man undertaking such work. Mr. Pemberton is also a successful apple grower at his Surrey home.

In a modest reference to his work in the City, Mr. Pemberton said:

"If there is any credit it is entirely on St. Dunstan's part. Without them my return to the City would never have been contemplated.

"My six months there were probably the happiest of my life, and my St. Dunstan's training was the foundation of many further years of happy and useful work."

## BRAILLE READING COMPETITION

The National Library for the Blind announces that the thirty-seventh E. W. Austin Memorial Reading Competition will be held on Saturday, 14th May, 1966.

Unseen passages will be read, and prizes awarded for fluency, ease of diction and general expression. (Should the entries in any class be very limited, prizes will be awarded only if merited.)

**Sturmev-Wyman Challenge and Medal Competition**

This class is in competition for the Sturmev-Wyman Cup and is open only to previous winners of the Open and Medal classes. The winner will also receive a silver medal. *Readers entering for this class may not enter other classes.*

*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. (Entrants for this class will not read in the afternoon, but the winners will receive their prizes in the afternoon.)

*Open Competition:*

A special 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 selected works of Somerset Maugham, excluding his plays.

*Class D: MOON*

Open to readers of Moon type. (Entrants for this class will not read in the afternoon, but the winners will receive their prizes in the afternoon.)

*Class E: DEAF-BLIND READERS*

Open to blind readers of Braille who are also deaf. (Entrants for this class will not read in the afternoon, but the winners will receive their prizes in the afternoon.)

*Intending competitors should send their names to the Secretary, National Library for the Blind, 35 Great Smith Street, Westminster, S.W.1, not later than 6th May, 1966.*



## NELSON'S COLUMN

This month there is a pleasant mixed bag of books, but nothing over which I can rhapsodise.

"The Footballers' Companion", edited by Brian Glanville, reader *Michael de Morgan*, comprises two volumes of 18 then 15 tracks. The Editor states that there is a great paucity of writing on football, sets off with several tracks of fiction concerning the game, then French, Italian and English sports writers build his book up to 33 tracks! Most famous teams and many famous individual players between 1882 and 1958 figure in this collection. Reading the book from title to final whistle stop, I found it monotonous, but had I been able to keep it by me to dip into occasionally, then the intention of the editor would have been fulfilled and I should have known the report of the Cup Final off by heart. Essentially a browser, this one.

"The Goose and I" and "Goose up the Creek", by John Colson, reader *Michael Aspel*, occupy only 16 tracks. Both books concern a whole physiotherapy department, two girls and two chaps, caught up in canal sailing, by engine only, and completely mesmerised by it. Haphazard and highly dangerous, nevertheless an hilarious account of the folk encountered a-voyaging. Kaleidoscopic as a film set of the twenties.

"Police at the Funeral", by Margery Allingham, reader *Arthur Bush*, is simply a "who dun it" featuring an old Cambridge family who suffer and Albert Campion, who enjoys himself. An old lady of 84 rules her family, two male and two female, with a rod of iron. After the first murder she employs Campion to live in and act as buffer between police and Press and herself. Thereafter Campion with minor police assistance sorts everything out with only one more death.

"The Time of Roses", by Vera Wheatley, reader *Judith Whale*, is what I call a ladies' only, but because of the time of its setting, 1900 to 1914, it possesses nostalgia and some poignancy. A group of middle class girls and boys growing up without a cloud in the sky except the petty flaws in human character. A gentle piece with an apt title.

## Mr. Reginald Furness, M.B.E., M.Sc., F.C.S.

Rex Furness was an outstanding St. Dunstaner in many ways.

After a very distinguished career as a science student at Manchester University and a research assistant at Oxford, he was working on wartime research, including the invention and development of a new process for the manufacture of acetone, when he was blinded in an industrial accident in 1917. At St. Dunstan's he learnt with great rapidity the special skills he needed as a blind man. He then returned to his firm, Joseph Crosfield and Sons Ltd., and progressed to the post of chief research chemist, where he remained until his retirement in 1952.

Rex Furness played a leading part in blind welfare in his area, where he was for 35 years chairman of the society he founded, the Warrington, Widnes and District Society for the Blind. He was awarded the M.B.E. in 1953 for these services.

Music was another great interest in his life, as he studied it seriously at Manchester School of Music and achieved considerable success as a baritone, winning several main awards and making a series of broadcasts.

Rex Furness was modest, humorous, kind and generous, a very happy family man whom his friends will remember with deep affection.

### Long Cane Technique?

In order to save time over a rush hour shopping expedition a lady and her husband went separate ways, planning to meet up again at a certain time on a busy corner. She arrived at the corner just in time to see an athletic young woman seize her startled husband firmly by the arm and propel him across the road with a brisk "Come along with me, Sir."

His share of the shopping had been a short length of white curtain rod. As he stood at the cross roads, idly brandishing the "white stick" the brisk young lady startled him so much that he meekly obeyed her!

## FAMILY NEWS

### Silver Wedding

Many congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. H. Bramley, of Blackley, Manchester, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 15th February, 1966.

★ ★ ★

### Grandfathers

Congratulations to:—

W. Carr, of High Wycombe, Bucks, on the birth of a grandson on 22nd January, 1966. He is to be called Paul Darren. This is Mr. Carr's third grandchild.

R. G. Shed, of Burgess Hill, on the birth of a grandson on 17th January, 1966. The baby's name is Robert Peter.

★ ★ ★

### Great-Grandfathers

Many congratulations to:—

F. Ashcroft, of Liverpool, on becoming a great-grandfather for the first time.

J. Murray, of Wood Green, on the birth of a great grand-daughter on 12th January, 1966. The baby is to be called Siobhan. This is his second great grandchild.

★ ★ ★

Lynda Waring, grand-daughter of our St. Dunstaner, John Dixon, of Watford, became engaged to be married to Michael Shanahan on Christmas Eve, 1965.

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Mrs. A. Lincoln, wife of our St. Dunstaner, Alfred Lincoln, of Hightown, Liverpool, has had seven oil paintings hung in a recent exhibition by local artists.

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Our St. Dunstaner, G. Waterworth, of Coventry, is now President of his works branch of the British Legion.

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Our St. Dunstaner, R. G. Shed, of Burgess Hill, won First and Second Prize for the best birds in the Pigeon Show at the Mid-Sussex Flying Club, Ardingly, shortly before Christmas.

In the July, 1965, *Review* we recorded that our St. Dunstaner, H. Petty, of Leeds, received the award of the British Empire Medal. We now learn that this was presented to him by Mr. F. Lee, Minister of Power, at a luncheon given by Shell Mex and B.P. Ltd., at Lancaster House.

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### Birthday Greetings

Owing to the *Review* being published towards the end of the month, we are sorry to be a little late with birthday greetings to our St. Dunstaner, D. Livingstone, of Mauchline, Ayr, Scotland, who celebrated his ninetieth birthday on Saturday, 5th February, 1966.

### FOR SALE

B flat, silver plated trumpet, pearl tipped keys, together with three mutes, in excellent condition, complete with case. Price £15 0s. 0d. Please apply to: J. Martin, Littlewood, Colenso Cross, Goldsithney, Penzance, Cornwall.

### Laughs at Fred's Cafe

*First of a new series*

A little boy of about ten was constantly coming into my shop and trying to pinch such things as a cake or gum or similar small items. My wife, having caught him several times, suggested that I treat him lightly and speak to his mum instead of being more severe.

I told the boy's mother when she called next day, and she was very apologetic, and told her son in my presence very severely that she would tell his father when he came home.

This was quite satisfactory to me, UNTIL . . . I learned that the boy's dad had just started a three year jail sentence!

F.B.



## Of interest to Freemasons and British Legion Members

Squadron Leader Norton Christal was recently accorded the honour by the Worshipful Master of the King William Lodge in the Isle of Man, of initiating Mr. Howard Simcocks, Norton says:

"Howard asked me to give him a visual description of the Lodge during the ceremony and later I had the honour of proposing his toast. I doubt whether any other blind man has ever been accorded

these honours and it was this that made it a unique occasion. Incidentally, Howard and I are respectively County Secretary and County Chairman of the British Legion."

★ ★ ★

St. Dunstaners will be sorry to hear that Les White, retired Braille Instructor at Ovingdean, lost his brother, who died in hospital, on 21st January, 1966. He had been in poor health for some time, but had only been in hospital for a week.

We send our deepest sympathy to the following:—

A. C. Cook, of North Hykeham, Lincoln, whose wife died on 2nd February, 1966.

H. Pollitt, of Farnworth, Nr. Bolton, Lancs., whose wife died on 4th February, 1966.

I. Cook, of Thornton Heath, Surrey, whose mother-in-law died on 1st February, 1966. She lived with Mr. and Mrs. Cook for many years, and is known to many of their St. Dunstaner friends.

E. E. Stokes, of Whangarei, North Island, New Zealand, on the death of his wife on the 6th June, 1965. Mrs. Stokes had been an invalid for some time.

## In Memory

### Percy Ashton, 67th Army Ordnance Corps

With deep regret we have to record the death on 8th February of Percy Ashton, of Balcombe, Sussex. He was 69 years of age.

He enlisted in the 67th Army Ordnance Corps in November, 1915, and served with them until his discharge in March, 1917, and he came to St. Dunstan's during that month. He trained as a telephonist and worked in this capacity in several well-known firms including Phillips Patent Ltd., R.A.F. Equipment and the Temple Press. He later went as telephonist to the Ministry of Labour, where he remained until his retirement in June, 1961. Percy Ashton was a well-known London Club member, and since his retirement has been a frequent visitor to Ovingdean where he took part in bridge drives and other social events.

To his widow we offer our sincere sympathy in her sad loss.

### George Herbert Austwick, M.M., Royal Engineers

We have to record with deep regret the death, at the home of his daughter, on 2nd February, 1966, of George Herbert Austwick, M.M., of Eastern Green, Nr. Coventry, Warwickshire. He was aged 77 years.

He served in the Royal Engineers from 1914 to 1919, and was a victim of a mustard gas attack but his sight did not deteriorate until 1957, when he came to St. Dunstan's.

To his daughter, Mrs. Harris, and other members of his family we send an expression of very sincere sympathy.

### Edward Butler, D.C.M., 1st North Staffs

It is with deep regret we have to record the death of Edward Butler at Pearson House on the 8th February, 1966. He was 83 years of age.

He joined the 1st North Staffshires in 1899 and served with them until his discharge in 1917. Edward Butler then became a miner and even after his admission to St. Dunstan's in 1928 he was able to find a job which he could do at the pithead. He was a widower when he first came to St. Dunstan's, but married again in 1930 and moved to Hayes, Middlesex, where his chief occupation was gardening. Unfortunately Mrs. Butler's health deteriorated but he nursed her devotedly until her death in 1962. After this he went to live with relations in Yorkshire, but in 1963 he came to Pearson House where he lived in quiet retirement until his quite sudden death.

We offer our sincere sympathy to all his family.

## In Memory—continued

### Gordon George Desborough, 18th Australian Employment Company

It is with deep regret that we have to record the recent death of Gordon George Desborough, of St. Mary's, New South Wales, Australia. He was 44 years of age.

He enlisted in 1942 in the 18th Australian Employment Company and served with them until his discharge in October, 1943. His health prevented him from undertaking any training and he was a single man who lived at home with his parents. His father died last May.

To his mother we send our deepest sympathy on her sad loss.

### John Godfrey Healy, Royal Army Service Corps

We have to record with deep regret the death at his home on 28th January, 1966, of John Godfrey Healy, of Blackpool. He was 90 years of age.

He served in the Royal Army Service Corps from 1914 to 1916 and came to St. Dunstan's in 1923. He joined St. Dunstan's staff as a shorthand typist in August, 1926, and remained with us for many years. He was a tireless worker for the civilian blind of Blackpool.

He very much enjoyed writing, and wrote his first novel "While Apples Grew" at the age of eighty.

To his widow and family we offer our deepest sympathy.

### Harold J. Irvine, Royal Rifles of Canada

It is with deep regret we have to record the death of Harold J. Irvine, of Cobocok, Ontario, Canada, on 3rd December, 1965. He was 53 years of age.

He served with the Royal Rifles of Canada during the Second World War from 1940 until 1946. He was trained by the Canadian National Institute for the Blind but ill-health prevented him from working.

To his widow and family we send our very sincere sympathy.

### Thomas Kinder, Second Royal Fusiliers

We have to record with deep regret the death in hospital on 22nd January, 1966, of Thomas Kinder, of Liverpool. He was 70 years of age.

He served with the Second Royal Fusiliers from 1914 to 1917 and was wounded in France. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1917 and trained in the making and repairing of clogs. He carried on this occupation for some time and then in 1942 he entered industry, where he continued to work until 1960 when he was compelled to give up for health reasons. He was interested in gardening and latterly derived much pleasure from his greenhouse. He was also Vice-Chairman of St. Dunstan's Liverpool Club.

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

### Archie Meeks, 4th Canadian Mounted Rifles

With deep regret we have to record the death of Archie Meeks, of Kaladar Station, Ontario, Canada, on 11th November, 1965. He was 68 years of age.

Mr. Meeks served with the 4th Canadian Mounted Rifles from 1916 until 1917. He was wounded at Vimy Ridge in April, 1917, but did not come to St. Dunstan's for training.

To his widow and family we send our deepest sympathy.

### James C. Owen, Royal Army Medical Corps

We have to record with deep regret the sudden death at his home on 15th January, 1966, of James C. Owen, of Liverpool. He was 80 years of age.

He served in the Royal Army Medical Corps from 1914 to 1919. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1932 and trained in basket work and carried on this work making goods for local sales. During the Second World War he went into munitions to aid the war effort. He was a founder member and on the Committee of the St. Dunstan's Liverpool Club.

His wife pre-deceased him in 1965 and to his family we send our deepest sympathy.

### Robert Ernest Sampson, Home Guard

It is with deep regret we have to record the death of Robert Ernest Sampson, on 21st January, 1966, at Pearson House. He was 73 years of age.

He joined the Home Guard in 1940 and was discharged towards the end of 1942. He was admitted to St. Dunstan's in 1943 and went to Church Stretton where he took a course in joinery. He carried on with this occupation when he returned home and also kept quite a lot of poultry. His wife died in 1949 and his health caused him to give up work and he went to stay with relatives in Wales. On medical advice he gave up joinery but did some work on string bags. In 1954 he moved back to Sussex and stayed in lodgings until his health made it necessary for him to be moved to Pearson House.

We send our sympathy to his daughter and family on their sad loss.



## In Memory—continued

**John Shonfield, Royal Air Force**

We have to record with deep regret the death on 9th January, 1966, of John Shonfield, known to his friends as Joe. He was 45 years of age.

Joe Shonfield joined the Royal Air Force in February, 1939, and was seriously injured in the Middle East as a result of an explosion in September, 1944. He was blinded and lost his left hand. St. Dunstan's trained Joe as a telephonist and found him employment with the C.W.S. Printing Works in Reading in June, 1946, which was also the date of his discharge from the Service. He was married in May, 1946.

We offer our sincere sympathy to his widow and to his young son and daughter on their sad loss.

**Joseph Smith, Royal Welch Fusiliers**

We have to record with deep regret the sudden death on 2nd February 1966, of Joseph Smith, of St. Helens, Lancs. He was 71 years of age.

He served in the Royal Welch Fusiliers from 1917 to 1918 and was wounded in France. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1918 and trained in mat making and netting and carried on these two occupations until only a few years ago, when poor health compelled him to give up.

To his sister, Miss E. A. Smith, with whom he lived, and to all members of the family, we send an expression of very sincere sympathy.

**Frederick Stratton, Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire Regiment**

It is with deep regret we have to record the sudden death at his home on Saturday, 29th January, 1966, of Frederick Stratton, of Shirebrook, Nr. Mansfield, Notts. He was 79 years of age.

He served in the Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire Regiment from 1916 to 1917 and was wounded on the Somme. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1917 and was trained in the making of mats and baskets and he carried on these occupations for some considerable time.

To his daughter, Mrs. Thorne, with whom he lived, and to other members of the family, we send an expression of sincere sympathy in their sad loss.

**Thomas Tasker, Hallamshire Battalion, Yorks and Lancs Regiment.**

We have to record with deep regret the death in hospital, on 1st February, 1966, of Thomas Tasker, of Tollerton, Yorks. He was 60 years of age.

He served in the Hallamshire Battalion of the Yorks and Lancs from 1942 to 1944 and was injured in action in France. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1944 and trained for Industry, and carried out this occupation until ill-health compelled him to give up in 1952.

To his widow we send our deepest sympathy on her husband's sudden death.

**John Robert Frederick Treby, Royal Army Medical Corps**

We have to record with deep regret the death on 24th January, 1966, of John Robert Frederick Treby, of Epping. He was 66 years of age.

He served in the Royal Army Medical Corps from 1917 until 1919 and was admitted to St. Dunstan's in that year. He trained in poultry keeping and mat making. He carried on these occupations for a number of years but gave up poultry in 1939. He continued making mats until his move to Epping in 1956. He lost a number of his family in an air raid in 1941 and in 1944 his only son was killed on Active Service. He suffered a great deal of ill-health and due to a street accident his right leg was amputated.

To his widow we send our deepest sympathy on her sad loss.

**Samuel W. Wain, Royal Army Service Corps**

We have to record with deep regret the death at Pearson House of Samuel Wain, late of Derby, on 5th February, 1966. He was aged 97 years.

He served as a Private in the Royal Army Service Corps from 1914 to 1919 and came to St. Dunstan's in 1925. He trained as a basketmaker and carried on this occupation for several years. His wife predeceased him in 1957.

To his daughter, Miss Mabel Wain, who cared for him for many years, and to the other members of his large family, we offer our very sincere sympathy.

**Horace Woodfield, 78th Battalion, Winnipeg Grenadiers**

It is with deep regret we have to record the death of Horace Woodfield, of Victoria, British Columbia, on 29th December, 1965. He was 80 years old.

He enlisted in 1915 and served with the 78th Battalion, Winnipeg Grenadiers. He was wounded at Passchendaele Ridge in October, 1917, and was admitted to St. Dunstan's in July, 1918. After training in poultry keeping, netting and typing, Mr. Woodfield returned to Canada in April, 1919. He gave up poultry keeping in 1929 and came to England with his wife, and stayed for two years.

To his widow and three grown-up children we send our deepest sympathy.

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## FRED'S CAFE

"Rosie Lee and Holy Ghost coming up"—Cockney rhyming slang for tea and toast, spoken with a trace of a Welsh accent, these few words sum up how well St. Dunstaner Fred Barratt has made himself part of the world of East London's dockland.

The *Review* went along to see him in West Ham after he had sent the first of a series of "Laughs at Fred's Café" which appears on another page in this issue. It was 7 a.m. on a typically grey London morning, but there was nothing grey about Fred's welcome for his breakfast customers—this was real personal service, for he knows them all well enough to share a joke with each one.

"I was born in Tiger Bay in Cardiff, so I am used to this kind of area," he said. He had his difficulties at first: "When I came to East London and took over the café, I tried to be conventional—Yes, sir; No, sir; three bags full—and after the novelty of a new shop wore off, business went down. So I tried a new approach—a more East End approach—and that has turned a scraping business to one where I can be behind the counter serving for four hours at a stretch."

Fred paid a warm tribute to the co-operation and patience of Mr. Owens and Mr. Zipfel of the Industrial Department in helping him over his difficult time.

Forty-two years old, Fred Barratt was wounded during the Algerian landings in 1942 serving with the Royal Navy on Combined Operations. At first he was totally blind, but later recovered guiding vision in one eye, which still fluctuates

"Holy Ghost"—round of toast for a regular customer.

Fred is busy with breakfasts before the postman calls.





## FRED'S CAFE—continued

from time to time. Fred and his wife, Jean, were married in 1947. They have four daughters, Carole, Lorraine, Vivienne and Olwen, and one son, Peter, only three months old.

They have been at the café now for fourteen years, and Fred is very much a member of the community, someone to whom people turn for advice or help.

It all began when two children were killed on the busy road outside his café: "We formed a road safety committee, and I organised a petition for guard rails to be put up," explained Fred, "the local Press carried a story about our campaign, and I visited factories in the area asking for letters giving us the support of the workers. This way I got 5,000 names. The two West Ham M.P.s raised the issue in Parliament with the support of Lord Fraser (then Sir Ian) and the Ministry of Transport sent a representative who instructed that the guard rails should be put up."

But a month went by and nothing happened, so Fred threatened to organise a traffic jam by



Above—A Cup of Tea for Ernie. Below—"Corner shop" trade



keeping a stream of pedestrians crossing the road while friendly lorry drivers held up the traffic. Within a fortnight the guard rails were up and Fred had a reputation as a local government expert. He is in regular demand for advice on all sorts of problems: "If they are very personal I just nod my head and smile," he says.

As well as the café trade, Fred has a busy "corner shop" business too, and he serves all kinds of groceries, milk—sterilised or "Cow's"—bread, in fact everything from a tin of soup to a packet of "Man from U.N.C.L.E." bubble gum. "I have everything placed so I know where it is, and I can serve something like a hundred things without moving from behind the counter," and for what he can't reach Fred has a way with him that gets customers to serve themselves from the packed shelves which line the walls of the café.

"You have to be versatile with the tongue here—in the mornings it is Cockney or Irish, 'top o' the morning' and that stuff. At lunchtime it's Indians and Pakistanis—I've picked up quite a bit of their languages—I can say 'good morning—it's raining'—and it usually is!" Fred recognises his customers by their voices, his vision isn't good enough for that. "There is Ernie, Sabu, Albert, Murphy—there's a lot of Murphys, but I can tell them apart—there's Ding-dong, Jacko and dozens more."

There is plenty of material among his customers and friends to keep "Laughs from Fred's Café" going for quite a while, but Fred can also laugh at himself. He wears glasses with a built-in hearing aid: "When I'm in the kitchen they steam up—if I keep them on I can't see, if I take them off I can't hear."