

REVIEW





Cotton wool "snow", and tinsel decorate the model of Ovingdean.

Helen and Roy Hyett admire the Christmas tree in the lounge.



CHRISTMAS AT OIVINGDEAN

Preparations are now well in hand for the traditional Christmas celebrations at Ovingdean.

Spread over a fortnight beginning with the Trainees' and Instructors' Christmas Dinner, considerable variety is included in the junketings. Afternoon tea, coach drives, bingo and dominos with our local St. Dunstaners, theatre and pantomime parties are only part of the fun. Staff play-readings, always popular, are again included. The highlights of the programme will undoubtedly be, as in other years, Christmas Day, beginning with Holy Communion followed by Morning Service and then the distribution of presents and a drink with friends of the Grocers' Association. The Staff, as usual, will be "offering" something on Christmas Eve—this is, as always, a surprise—even to those taking part!

The jollifications end with the New Year's Eve Dance and Cabaret—Auld Lang Syne is rendered with fervour after circulation of the renowned Ovingdean Rum Punch.

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St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

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CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

Matron Avison

Mrs. Avison retires at the end of this month and Miss Hallett takes her place as Matron of Pearson House. We all wish Miss Hallett, whom we have known for so many years as Sister Hallett, the very best of good luck in this important post.

Mrs. Avison came to us as a Sister for a short time in 1946 and 1949, and then in August, 1950, was appointed Matron of Pearson House.

A gentle person with a gentle voice, she nevertheless has a reserve of strength which stood up not only to the extremely arduous work involved in the matronship but also to the many troubles which must arise in such a Home, and I have always admired her firmness and kindness in dealing with these. To all St. Dunstaners who have been at Pearson House, Matron has always brought a real human sympathy and understanding to their several problems. She also attracted and kept a splendid staff, and this in itself was no easy task.

Mrs. Avison has a warm personality and is held in deep affection by St. Dunstaners, staff, Good Companions and visitors.

She will be much missed, and all will join in wishing her happiness in her retirement.

Bar at Ovingdean

From time to time representations have been made to me to open a bar in the Home at Ovingdean. The case for this is twofold; first, although transport is available at set times, it is quite a long way to walk to the nearest pub. Secondly, on special occasions when a dance is arranged in the Home, some men are perhaps torn between the desire to go to the dance and the desire to go to the pub.

I do not want to introduce a permanent bar at Ovingdean, because I think that, on balance, this would be a bad thing to have and, as I have said, there is usually transport available between the Home and the various pubs, and a bit of a walk and a change is not a bad thing for those who can manage it.

On the other hand I think there is a case for having a bar on special occasions, and I have authorised the Commandant to arrange for the setting-up of a bar in an appropriate place inside the building for say half-a-dozen occasions in the year. I hope this may be arranged in time for the end of the year celebrations. The regular beer will still be available free, but other drinks will be paid for at bar prices.

Swimming Bath

We have also been asked on a number of occasions to establish a swimming bath at Ovingdean. To be of sufficient use to justify the project it would, I think, have to be covered in and warmed and this might mean a special building. I think it would cost between £30,000 and £50,000, and maintenance, taking heating and attendance into account, would be substantial. Whether on average throughout the year this could be justified by sufficient use, I do not know.

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES—(continued)

However, there is an even more important consideration, namely, what is to be the future of Ovingdean and Pearson House? It is obvious that both buildings are now somewhat old-fashioned and need renovating, and we have to determine whether to do minor renovation or major reconstruction work; we have to bear in mind that our numbers are reducing, and have to try and assess what our needs will be at the Homes in five, ten or more years' time.

We shall have to make up our minds fairly soon as to what the future policy for our Homes is going to be, and until we are able to determine this, I naturally hesitate to recommend such a big expenditure. However, those who have been advocating a swimming bath in the *Review* and elsewhere, may all rest assured that the matter is very much on our minds.

Eating Too Much

There was a time when many people in this country were hungry, and there are still millions of people in the world who do not get enough to eat; happily, however, in the United Kingdom now there are many who do get enough to eat and, indeed, probably almost all of us eat too much and some drink moderately well—I certainly do both. This is a problem for all men and women, especially as they get older, but it is a peculiar problem for the blind, because we do not get so much exercise as other people so easily.

I hope readers will forgive one or two personal observations, but it is often easier to write in terms of one's own experience than to deal with averages.

I am 6ft. 2½in. in height and I weigh, or I like to weigh, 14st. 4lb. To use the American or Canadian denomination, this represents 200lb. weight. If I eat too much bread and porridge and rice pudding—and I often do this—I quickly put on, say, 4lb. I am always astonished to reflect that this is only 2 per cent additional weight, and yet it is enough to make my clothes feel too small for me and to make me feel slightly uncomfortable, so I reduce my breakfast to a cup of coffee and a grapefruit for a few days and I lose the 4lb. quite easily; but not without missing my breakfast grievously.

One feels so much better when at one's normal weight that I strongly recommend to every St. Dunstaner who gets fat easily to ponder these experiences, which I am sure must be his also.

Christmas

However Christmas is coming, and I am quite sure I shall eat and drink too much on that occasion, and I hope all my readers will also enjoy the same experience.

Lady Fraser and I wish all members of the St. Dunstan's family all over the world a Happy Christmas and good luck in the New Year.

Fraser of Lonsdale**THE LATE SIR ARTHUR PEARSON, Bt.**

The 45th Anniversary of the death of Sir Arthur Pearson, Bt., G.B.E., Founder of St. Dunstan's, falls on Friday, 9th December, and a Service of Commemoration will be held in the Chapel at Ovingdean on Sunday, 18th December, at 11.30 a.m. The Rev. F. Darrell Bunt, C.B., O.B.E., M.A., Member of the Council of St. Dunstan's and a former Chaplain of the Fleet, will conduct the Service and give the Address.

The Lesson will be read by Sir Neville Pearson, Bt.

On the morning of Friday, 9th December, a party of St. Dunstaners will leave Headquarters for Hampstead Cemetery where a wreath will be laid on Sir Arthur's grave.

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

**SIX DIAMONDS, MARIE ANTOINETTE
AND UNCLE FRED**

by
Bernard Leete

CHAPTER ONE

A.D. 1928

MEET UNCLE FRED

Did you know that you once had a ghost at Ovingdean? As far as I'm aware he only honoured us with one visit, but some of you other Bridge enthusiasts may have met him and decided to keep quiet about it, as I have done until now. After all you don't want the scoffers at such things to think that you're "crackers", nor do you wish to scare any other card players, or would-be ones, away from the Winter Garden. There are those who are dead frightened of ghosts and one has to be considerate. I have had to obtain release from the sworn promise given to the other two St. Dunstaners who had made up the Bridge four that night with our ghostly visitor and only on condition that I do not disclose their real names. If I do, both of them have threatened to deny the whole incident emphatically and make me out a liar. Incidentally, although it would seem unlikely, judging from the ending to this tale, should you perchance meet the Marquis D'Orny or Major Dorny who are the one and same person, I think, do try and "cut" him as your partner. He's a rattling good Bridge player, except that, unlike so many ghosts of fiction, this one doesn't rattle.

As for me, I've no qualms about disclosing my own name. That given under the title of this tale is no "nom de plume". Having survived two world wars, and a few frontier skirmishes in between before joining St. Dunstan's, the ghastly apparatus of war holds more terror for me than any ghostly apparitions.

I speak from experience, of course.

There was, for instance, that extraordinary cat in India, which after suffering a dastardly death, re-materialised to become the darling of all the old ladies in the residents' lounge in the hill station hotel, where Pussy originally had lived. Then there was that visit to my old school in Sussex some thirty years after I had left, where once more I came up with one of my old school mates, young Peter Venning, who had been killed during a cricket match through being struck on the temple by a ball seeking the boundary. I was in my last term there and remember the incident well.

Since then he had haunted the place occasionally but tactfully during the school holidays. I was having tea with the headmaster on the occasion of one of Peter's reappearances. Never have I met any boy or ghost for that matter so mad keen on chocolate cake. In fact, before he disembodied himself later that evening, it being a strict rule of the spirit world that frequent disembodiments are essential to any ghost or spirit wishing to keep physically fit, I beseeched him to wipe from his mouth and chin all the large smears of chocolate cream substance with which they were covered. Although I admit to some sang froid concerning the metaphysical, even my nerves might become a little strained on seeing an indeterminate quota of chocolate coloured substance floating around the place unaccompanied by any visible means of support.

I must quote one snatch of conversation I had with Peter.

SIX DIAMONDS—(continued)

"You're looking very well, Peter, and not a day older than when we last met during my last term here with you, and that's a long time ago now. Instead of being called Peter Venning we ought to rename you 'Peter Pan, the boy who wouldn't grow up'."

Peter blushed. Apparitions look rather attractive with a flush to their cheeks. Although he seemed to be a pretty solid affair of flesh and bone, there was nevertheless the merest transparency which gave the flush an indefinable glow, well matched to the faint glimmer from behind his eyes.

"Oh no, Sir, I can't agree with that." His "Sir" queerly marked the gap between our two ages. When we had last met they had been the same. Now he was still a youth and I, middle aged. Peter continued. "After all, Barrie's Peter Pan is always a girl dressed up as a boy. Really ought to be called 'Peter Pansy'." Rather neat for a ghost, don't you think?

Uncle Fred

Then there was my late Uncle Fred. He joined up for World War One in 1915. Being a Yorkshire tyke he was dead set on joining the K.O.Y.L.I.s, but just because he was a Yorkshire tyke the Army drafted him to the Welch Fusiliers. I was only a lad then and couldn't join up for another year, and even then had to wangle my age, so I didn't meet with Uncle Fred again for thirteen years.

It was one day in 1928. I was walking down the Strand on the right hand pavement towards Trafalgar Square. I had just passed Charing Cross Station and there, coming up from the opposite direction, was Uncle Fred. It was a bit disconcerting, to say the least, as Uncle had been killed on the Somme in 1918, ten years before. Soon after the armistice of that year I had been over to France and seen for myself that little plot of earth surmounted by its simple wooden cross bearing the terse inscription of his name and regiment and date "killed in action" and lying alongside hundreds of his comrades of like memorial in one of those beautifully tended garden cemeteries of the Imperial War Graves Commission.

That's where my Uncle Fred should have been, but here he was, burly, blonde and beaming just as I had always remembered him right in front of me.

"Hullo, Uncle," I called out to him. "Where on earth have you sprung up from, the Underworld?" After all, one had to say something.

"No, boy," he boomed cheerily. He had always called me "boy". "Not the underworld, but the Underground, Bakerloo Line. I'm on forty-eight hours leave."

"Leave," I gasped. "From What?"

"Well, I've volunteered for 'St. Michael's Own Horse and Foot'. However, I've been transferred to the 'Angels Armoured Corps' as a chariot driver."

"But you're not an angel, are you?" I asked in some surprise.

"Good heavens, no boy. They're the captains and commanders. But we've got a mighty lot of training to do before the final battle of all battles."

"How do you like it, uncle?"

"I didn't at all at first. I was given a simply lousy chariot. A secondhand contraption. Last used, I understand, by Elijah as a fiery rocket when that prophet left this planet for his journey into space. It would seem that some silly gink had forgotten to grease the wheel hubs since then. Golly, how they squeaked."

He then made some excuse about having "to get along" and with a "So long, boy. See you sometime," he passed on. I was very relieved. I felt terribly scared lest some pal should come along and I would have to introduce them. "Do meet my late Uncle Fred". I mean, it would sound so stupid, wouldn't it?

END OF CHAPTER ONE

HANDICRAFT PRIZES

Our St. Dunstaner, W. Harding, of London, N.3, was awarded Second Prize for a knitted scarf in the Finchley Old People's Welfare Committee show on 30th September. Mrs. Harding also entered a hand-made and embroidered pinafore for which she, too, gained Second Prize. Both Mr. and Mrs. Harding received certificates for their work.

SIX DIAMONDS—(continued)

CHAPTER TWO

A.D. 1953

WAITING FOR A FOURTH

Anyway, I trust what I've told you is ample evidence that I knew a good ghost when I saw one. This brings us to Ovingdean on an October night in 1953. As this is the Christmas issue of the *Review* I'm sorry that the strange occurrence of that night cannot be transferred to Christmas Eve. I'm a stickler for the truth, as already you must have guessed, and the correct date is essential to our story.

Another difficulty arises now that one had since become a St. Dunstaner. No longer can one see one's ghosts, and as the reader may know ghosts belong to two distinct varieties, the visible and the invisible, although it may be inaccurate to class the latter as being "distinct". Thus I have no proof whether the Marquis D'Orny or Major Dorny, whichever one may call him, was visible or no. Neither the hall porter nor the liftman appeared to have seen him either enter or leave. The lounge sisters on duty that evening were emphatic that no stranger had enquired at "the desk" the whereabouts of the "Winter Garden".

One may record, for what it is worth, that his voice possessed nothing of the sepulchral tones associated with so many ghosts in fiction, and that his handshake on arrival was icy cold, not surprising, for it was a bitter night outside, but his handclasp was physically firm for all that.

The evening had had a disappointing and boring beginning. Except for the whine and whistle of the winter wind the night was quiet at St. D's. Most of the lads had gone out, despite the weather, either on the St. D's six o'clock bus or later to spend the evening in Rottingdean or Brighton at one of the two "Horses" or the Arlington, or wherever, or had gone to the "flicks" and to the theatre with the usual bevy of charming escorts. Even Mac, generally our faithful fourth, had had an appointment to keep, so he had said, with some Scotch at a local hostelry but without soda, so he said. We, the remaining three, believed him on both counts. "We three" consisted of Diana, George and myself. Those are not their real names, of course. You remember my promise.

We had left a message with "the desk", the lift and the hall to pounce on any Bridge player who had not gone out, or who happened to come in, that we would welcome him with open arms, but without any promise of good "hands". We sat and waited hopefully and with ears cocked, like eager spaniels waiting for the "guns" to being down the grouse,

each time we heard the lift ascending, hoping to hear the clash of its doors level with us on the sixth and Winter Garden floor. Every time the blasted lift finished its whining journey no higher than the third or fourth floor, and so the constant duet of whine from lift shaft and the outside gale continued.

"Good evening, I understand that you're looking for a fourth to play the game of 'Bridge'. That is so, eh?"

Pleasant and light as the voice was, its unexpected presence, dead close to the card table startled us so much that had the night been warmer we might have jumped out of our skins. None of us three had heard its owner enter.

Whoever this character might be, he immediately sensed the position.

"I am so sorry if I give you the fright. I should have knocked. Permit me to introduce myself. My name is Major Dorny, I regret that I did not knock on the door." You have doubtless guessed from the Major's manner of speech that there was a tinge of foreign accent in it.

"Not at all, not at all," we lied automatically. "Do sit down." We introduced ourselves.

Said George, "We didn't hear the lift come up so you must have walked up those hundred and some stairs. I suppose the hall porter or the lounge sister told you we wanted a fourth, and directed you to the top here?"

SIX DIAMONDS—(continued)

"Indeed, no, I come here quite another way."

This was a bit dumbfounding, to say the least. As anyone who knows Ovingdean will know, there is no other route beyond the lifts and the staircase. Not even any chimneys, as far as I know.

Said Di, "How did you know we were waiting for a fourth, and what caused you to drop in?" Even the usually brave Diana did not dare to add the obvious and most important question—"Well, by what strange route did you find your way up here?"

André

"Ah, Mademoiselle Diana. Please you must excuse for using your Christian name, but your charming self has given me no other. Mine, by the way, is André, Andrew in your English. First, you are wishing to know why it is I come here. You see, every year near to this date I have to sail my bateau to France for it is *nécessaire* that I go to Versailles on so important for the Royalty," the Major pronounced the word with a very long "ar" syllable. "Always when I come this way I promise to myself that must make the call on the heroes and heroines of St. Dunstan's so brave"—here I sensed the speaker bowing towards heroine Diana—"Always I never seem to have the time, so this year I commence my journey one whole day before I go. Then so *extraordinaire* somehow, I forget. So I start off in my sailing bateau. But the great wind come flappity-flap and the big waves make bumpity bump and I hear them saying in one loud voice—'André Dorny, you have once more forgot the St. Dunstan's.' So I do the whole turn round, leave the bateau high dry as you say in the English, and with motor car come here quick so. How I know about the Bridge is that a little bird tell me so. You have the bees in your bonnets I have the little birds who sing their secret songs in my head. I think you understand, eh?"

Politeness dictated untruthfully that we did and we "cut for partners, choice of cards and seats". How lucky I was to

draw the Major as my partner for he proved to be a really good Bridge player. Between "hands" we learnt that our visitor had been a Major of the Free French Army attached to British Intelligence.

(To be continued)

A Warning

A space scientist sat in his easy chair
And the smoke from his pipe curled in
the air.

On his bench were test tubes and numerous
phials,

On the walls were switches and electric
dials.

A large map hung at the end of the room
The stars and the planets, the space and
the moon.

As he watched, the map seemed to change
to three spectral forms

On the head of one, was a crown of
thorns.

Said he: I gave the laws on Sinai slope
So simple to keep that of man I had
hope,

But you broke them in your foolhardy way
And now you are living to rue the day.
I gave my life that you might live

And in return oh man, what did you
give

Nothing but hatred and lust and war,
And the slaying of thousands from
shore to shore.

You have murdered and burned and you
stole other's land

And now their blood is upon your hands.
But remember the heavens alone are mine
So stars, planets, moon, shall never be
thine.

They found him there in the twilight
gloom,

Collapsed in his chair in the science
room.

The test tubes were broken, the dials were
smashed

And the map on the wall was torn and
slashed.

There was one thing though, no one could
understand,

The crown of thorns that lay in his hand.

CLAIRE A. WHITE

PHYSIOTHERAPY CONFERENCE 1966

by

Leslie Webber

On Friday, 21st October, more than eighty Physiotherapists began to assemble for their Annual Conference at Ovingdean. They heard tapes from earlier Conferences and exchanged news and stories of varying quality. On Saturday morning, proceedings opened with the Annual General Meeting, discussion being both formal and vigorous. After coffee, the assembly listened to a talk by Mr. Jack Rose, Secretary of the Chartered Society of Physiotherapy, who ably demonstrated his grasp of the Society's affairs.

Lord Fraser presided over the Conference Lunch, an occasion for good fare and pearls of wisdom. Those who overcame satisfied drowsiness were later regaled by a masterly outline of the Mechanism of the Nervous System, by Dr. Gautier-Smith. The afternoon concluded with a fascinating description of the pediatric work at Great Ormond Street, charmingly presented by Miss Gilbertson, the Superintendent Physiotherapist.

In a lighter vein, the evening was spent in social mood, dancing in the lounge or adjourning to local hostels. The devout attended Divine Service on Sunday morning while others browsed among apparatus, mechanical or electrical—all ingenious. Later came Charles Stafford's final well-performed duty in chairing a panel consisting of "Scotty", Lew Davies, Jock McGinnis, Bob Lloyd and Norman Perry. They dealt with the Assessment of Diagnosis in a lively manner.

After lunch many scurried off to far destinations, whilst those more leisurely or opulent stayed over until Monday. The presentation to Ron Priestley and his wife, on the occasion of their Silver Wedding anniversary, was very heart-warming, and the usual debt of gratitude was owed to Commandant Fawcett and to Matron and her staff for the creature comforts so efficiently supplied. It was good to see special provision, too, for "Past Service Members" in the form of a coach tour.

Now for bright ideas for the 1967 programme and some of the old style weather.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Thank you, Leslie. We would like to add a story told by Dr. Gautier-Smith at the start of his address to the Conference. He sympathised with those who had to introduce him at meetings and were in difficulty over the pronunciation of the name "Gautier". He was in some predicament, himself, on one occasion when he had to introduce an Asiatic gentleman at an International Conference. The gentleman's name was printed on the programme as Mr. 'H. In order to get the pronunciation right, Dr. Gautier-Smith rang up the Embassy of the Asiatic gentleman's mother country. Said the Embassy official, "In our country, capital H preceded by an apostrophe is silent!"

NOW HAS MY SUMMER

Our St. Dunstaner, Anthony Naumann's book of verse "Now Has My Summer" was published by Collins on 14th November. Tony was trained at Church Stretton in 1943 after he lost his sight and suffered severe injury to one arm during the fighting in North Africa. The book which retails at 13/6d. is available to St. Dunstaners at 9/6d. on application to the Publicity Department at Headquarters.

St. Dunstaner, Eric Bradburn, has been appointed Branch Secretary of the Blackpool Branch, British Legion.

FOR SALE

Knitmaster knitting machine for sale. Cost £30 when new six years ago—little used. What offers? Please contact Mr. C. Cooke, 3 Cowden Road, Saltdean, Sussex.

WANTED

Has anyone for sale a sidecar for a tandem cycle? If so, please get in touch with A. C. Pointon, Esq., White Lodge, Holmesdale Road, Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex.

Ambition

by

F. Sunderland

Ambition fulfilled. Two words which suggest a sense of something being achieved.

When I was about 12 years old I read a book; today, many years later, I do not even remember the title of that book, nor what it was about. On the last page, however, the hero aboard an ocean liner was sailing into New York harbour and there followed a description of the world-famous New York skyline. It was the first time I had heard of it, but from that time on an ambition that some day I would see that famous skyline was born. Now I have achieved my ambition.

We started our long journey from Gatwick on the 1st September. The plane was a Boeing 707C. A huge machine, yet smooth and gentle as a giant bird. We took off at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon and seven hours later (although it was only 5.15 p.m. local time) we were over New York. There was a fair amount of turbulence and because of this we were informed from the pilot's cabin that there were a number of planes waiting to get down. After about 30 minutes of what I believe are known as "circuits and bumps" we touched down in the land of my ambition.

We had planned to spend the first week in New York. I have very little vision, and it was with no small trepidation that I ventured on to the streets. Everything here is giant sized and fortunately this includes the roads. I was delighted, therefore, to find that with the aid of a powerful magnifying glass I was able to obtain a very fair idea of the sizes of the huge buildings, supplemented by most helpful descriptions from my wife. There are far too many notable buildings to go into detail; they must be seen to be believed. The Empire State Building, Time and Life Building, Rockefeller Centre, R.C.A. or Radio City, Woolworth Building, and many others. The fantastic U.N. Building with over 5,000 windows in one block, taking nine men working full time 40 days to clean them. Surprisingly enough our first weekend in New York was a quiet one, except for the fact that we received a Cablegram telling us that we had become grandparents for the second time! It was a holiday weekend and the city was comparatively empty. Monday was Labour

Day and we had booked a boat trip around Manhattan Island. This presents a wonderful opportunity of seeing the famous skyline. I was not disappointed.

No. 11 Bus

Most New Yorkers seem to eat out, and we too adopted this practice. We had found a small restaurant called the Market Diner, and soon became regular customers. One morning we became aware that a friendly argument going on between the other occupants of the restaurant. The word "charabanc" was mentioned a number of times, and then somebody called "Ask the Limeys". Hey, called the Proprietor, is that what you people call a charabanc? Our gaze followed the direction of his finger pointing through the window. Shades of London; a real touch of home. Now where would you expect to see a No. 11 London Transport bus. Yes, there it stood right across the street. Public transport here is quite different from ours. Single decker buses with wooden seats and no conductors. All fares (taken by the driver, who also controls the electrically operated bus doors) are the same; 20 cents for one stage or for the whole route. The subways we found are very dirty; again the wooden seats, no smoking and a system that is most complicated. They could learn a lot from our Underground.

We visited Long Island: the homes of two English doctor friends who had emigrated to America and started a joint practice there. They are both married to former nurses, and there are three children to each family. They gave us a wonderful day—a whirlwind tour of the surrounding district which included two of the local beaches and the first

Ambition—(continued)

barbecue we had ever attended. So much food prepared and served in the open with the greatest of ease!

The first week gone, we boarded the Greyhound bus for Washington. This is very different from New York. The buildings are much smaller, but big wide streets and so very much cleaner than the busy thoroughfares of New York.

Washington—the official home of the President. The Capitol. A town holding so many of its country's monuments and tributes to its men of greatness in the past—drawn there as if by a magnet yet forming a vast storehouse of historical value. A comparatively short history; almost as if they were trying to catch up with countries with longer histories.

Unlike Buckingham Palace, a small section of the White House is open to the public, and we took advantage of this to pay a visit there. The home of George Washington is preserved in its entirety and we found this well worth seeing.

President Kennedy's Grave

However, no visit to Washington would be complete without a trip to the Arlington National Cemetery. Here we were to witness the Changing of the Guard at the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior. Oh, how sadly lacking was the grandeur of a guard change at our own Buckingham Palace. Just a short distance away is the real attraction of this particular part of the visit and the reason for the long arduous climb up to this place which brought back many poignant memories. The grave of the late President Kennedy. In spite of the typical commercialisation it is possible to feel the strongest atmosphere just standing there. Perhaps I am a little sentimental, but although it is now some three years ago since this cruel crime took place, I was aware of a very real reverence standing at the graveside of a man whom I regarded as being one of the world's greatest contemporary politicians.

Our programme had allowed for a stay of two days in Washington, and at midday on Saturday we once again

boarded the huge Greyhound bus. Now was to come the long part of our journey down to Miami, Florida. It was scheduled for 27½ hours, and we learned with some surprise that long distance buses in the U.S.A. are far better time-keepers than trains, and also they are quicker. These buses are fitted with adjustable foot rests reclining seats and carry their own "rest rooms". Thus, armed with packed lunch boxes and a pillow rented for 50 cents, we began the long journey. There are ample meal stops en route, also "comfort stops", the latter being, we thought, a rather nice term.

The distance from New York to Miami is in the region of 1,500 miles, and it is interesting to note that the buses are not fitted with speedometers. The travelling speed is calculated by the use of a series of white markings along the roadside interspersed at each mile with a blue mark. Thus, on passing a blue mark the driver checks his watch and re-checks at the next blue mark. The time elapsing between the blue marks will, therefore, give him his speed in miles per hour. A system which could be far more accurate than a speedometer. This country is so large that an idea of its size can be gauged when I say that there is a time difference of one hour between Washington and Miami.

We arrived at Miami Beach, on time, the next day, which was a Sunday. This last fact seems to make little difference in America, for almost all the stores, supermarkets, bars and cafeterias are open until a very late hour (in New York some are open for a full 24 hours every day).

Florida, with the temperature around 90 degrees, humidity very high, and thousands of mosquitoes, is sub-tropic. All buildings, cars and public transport are air-conditioned, and it is novel to say the least to go inside a building and off the street in order to cool down. At the time that we were there, of course, it was the off season. In the season when Florida becomes a "millionaires' playground", temperatures drop to about 75 to 80 degrees and it becomes a delightful holiday resort. We had planned to spend four days in Florida; two of these

Ambition—(continued)

were spent in a very grand hotel, but also very cheap. This was because of the time of the year; hotels here do not close throughout the year in order to retain staff and to save the cost of closing and re-opening. The third day and night we spent with my wife's sister who lives in Miami. On the fourth day we flew to Orlando where we stayed with a relative of mine. She and her family live in beautiful country among orange and grapefruit groves.

The Florida coast is a wonderful place where the sea really is blue and it does true justice to all that is said of it and the pictures one sees of it.

From Orlando we returned to New York, travelling overnight on the bus. Two weeks of our holiday of a lifetime had now passed by.

Niagara Falls

By this time we were becoming seasoned travellers and the next morning we once again boarded the now familiar Greyhound bus, this time going in the opposite direction, bound for Niagara Falls. This trip takes a mere eight hours. Many and varied are the stories I have heard about Niagara Falls, but no picture or story can compare with actually being on the spot. The whole area is lit up at night and the very considerable expanse of the Falls themselves is floodlit with innumerable changes of colour. There are two main views of these mighty Falls; the first being seen from the American side, and the second from the Canadian side. Of the two, the Canadian view is generally voted to be the better. During that evening we saw all there was to be seen of the Falls by night in a fairyland of lights, and lastly from the Observation Tower; there even I with my tiny amount of vision could discern what can only be described as the sheer wonder of these massive waters in the glow of the huge floodlights.

At about 12.30 a.m. we passed through the Customs Control en route for the home of our relatives, 180 miles into Canada.

We were particularly impressed by the much more friendly nature of Canadians towards us, no doubt, because we are British and have Commonwealth ties with them. Our stay here was to last two days and during that time we visited several homes and were made extremely welcome. On the last morning we drove into Toronto and there boarded a bus once again for Niagara Falls, this time to see them by daylight. It is hard to say which is the most impressive. Day or night. By day I found them to be perhaps even more awe-inspiring. The thundering roar of so much water pouring down, and then to realise that this has been happening for generations of time. A truly wonderful experience. We took our pictures and, for the last time, made tracks for our base in New York.

Statue of Liberty

Now we were in the last week of our holiday. There were still things to see: Times Square by night, Central Park and, last but by no means least, the famous Statue of Liberty. One small fact—a finger nail six inches long and four inches wide—indicates why this is known as the largest statue in the world.

We also found time to visit the "Light-house" during these last few days. This is a blind training centre, working in co-operation with the American Foundation for the Blind. We were warmly welcomed and given a short tour of the building. It was very interesting to see their method of Braille transcription, done on aluminium plates and with the use of a very stiff type of paper which it is claimed holds the impressions for a much longer period than the ordinary Manila paper. They have many voluntary readers, and it is possible by this method for a blind student to have his own individual reader who will read to him books on whatever subject he may be studying, Law, Medicine, etc., whilst he can take Braille notes of his particular subject. It is in fact a kind of personalised coaching system.

Friday, 23rd September, at 11.05 p.m. (local time) we left J. F. Kennedy Airfield. Almost at once we were told that we must alter all watches by five hours. Dinner

Ambition—(continued)

was served and we settled down for the shortest night I have ever known. I did not sleep for I was anxious not to miss the wonderful description given to me by my wife of the sunrise seen as we left the dark night of the New World and approached the new day in England.

It was the most memorable holiday I have ever known. I do not regret one minute, nor one penny, of all that has been spent. In fact, after all these years it is a case of—AMBITION FULFILLED.

WILFRED SAXBY

On Saturday, 5th November, our St. Dunstan, Wilfred Saxby, was admitted at a Service of Admission in Chelmsford Cathedral as a licensed Lay Reader in the Diocese.

He was formerly Vicar's Warden at Matching, and after losing his sight he undertook a course of training at St. Dunstan's. While there, he successfully completed, in May of this year, the four papers in the examination set by the Central Readers' Board.

There are various duties he will be performing in the Parish after he has been licensed, such as visiting the sick, undertaking pastoral and educational work, reading, Morning and Evening Prayer and catechising the children.

Laughs at Fred's Cafe**THE CHRISTMAS PRESENT**

At last the Café was making a profit and there were a few extra pounds to buy presents which had been out of my range. The timing was right as well, as I could buy my wife those pigskin shoes with the matching handbag for her Christmas present.

The pleasure of giving was brought crashing to the ground when I overheard her speaking to a neighbour of her gift.

"It's hard to believe that such nice things could come from such a foul-smelling, ill-mannered beast."

REMEMBRANCE DAY

The Remembrance Day ceremony at the Cenotaph in London took place on Sunday, 13th November. Lord Fraser was amongst the St. Dunstaners present when Her Majesty The Queen laid a wreath of poppies in memory of those fallen in the two World Wars. A number of St. Dunstaners also took part in services with their local British Legion in various parts of the country.

Forty-three St. Dunstaners and ex-Service escorts, with Mr. Wills and Mr. Smith, Steward of our London Club, went by coach to Horse Guards Parade. A wreath of poppies was placed on the Cenotaph on their behalf during the march-past after the Service.

The party then went on to the Great Western Royal Hotel, where they were joined by several wives who had watched the Service on television at Headquarters, and were received by Lord and Lady Fraser, who entertained them to lunch.

In a short speech afterwards, Lord Fraser expressed his pleasure that 27 St. Dunstaners had taken part in the Service, of whom nine were from the First War and 18 were from the Second War, and he hoped we should continue to be as well represented for many years to come.

Mickey Burns expressed appreciation of the work done by the staff in organising the occasion and commented on the recent B.B.C. survey which had shown that only five per cent of people interviewed were against continuing the Cenotaph Service.

A small party of St. Dunstaners also attended the Festival of Remembrance at the Albert Hall on the evening of Saturday, 12th November.

We are pleased to announce two more St. Dunstaners who have won prizes for their gardens. F. G. Trendell, of High Wycombe, has been awarded First Prize for his garden in the yearly competition organised by the High Wycombe District Council.

T. H. Wilson, of Grimethorpe, near Barnsley, has received a First Prize for his Dahlias at the Grimethorpe Show.

Christmas Quiz—

For all the Family

1. "The kettle is boiling," said the boy. "I can see the steam coming out of the spout." What is wrong in the boy's statement?
2. What is cornflour obtained from?
3. For what can you obtain a Black Belt?
4. Shakespeare was the first commoner to be awarded a very great honour in 1964. What was it?
5. Can you give the names the Greeks or the Romans had for the messengers of the gods?
6. Four Presidents of the United States have been assassinated. Can you name them?
7. A famous dictionary was compiled by a great eighteenth century writer. Can you name him?
8. In one of his songs Shakespeare wrote "When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl." What sort of crabs was he referring to? What was in the bowl besides the crabs?
9. Can you arrange these mountains in the order of their heights? Ben Nevis; Everest; Kilimanjaro; Mont Blanc; Snowdon.
10. A boy had two pieces of string, one of which was twice as long as the other. He cut six inches off each piece and then found that one was just three times as long as the other. How long were the pieces of string at first?
11. What is it, often talked of, never seen, ever coming, never been; Daily looked for, never here, still approaching, coming near; Thousands for its visit wait but alas for their fate they never find it here.
12. Two brothers we are,
Great burdens we bear,
On which we are bitterly pressed.
The truth is to say,
We are empty all day,
And full when we go to rest.
13. What is the name of the Saint, the hero of the Leslie Charteris' books.
14. What famous events in the history of this country happened in 55 B.C., 1415, 1485 and 1945?
15. A ship sails from port A to port B which is on the opposite side of the world. Which part of the ship travels the greater distance.
16. How many towns in Great Britain can you think of that end in -sea?
17. What is a trident? Who is usually represented as holding one?
18. Are sponges animal, vegetable or mineral?
19. What is an ostrich supposed to do when it thinks it is in danger?
20. Pick out the item that does not fit in each of the following groups:
(a) Cricket, football, hockey, golf.
(b) Two, three, four, five.
(c) Dickens, H. G. Wells, Keats, Thackeray.
21. For which counties did these cricketers play? W. Hammond, H. Larwood, M. Tate, W. Rhodes, H. Sutcliffe.
22. If you knew there was a Portuguese Man-of-War about, what action would you take?
23. A twenty-five yards long pipe is just wide enough for one person to crawl through it. In the pipe lies a cable, two workmen checking on the cable crawl into the pipe from opposite ends and each leaves the pipe at the other end. Is this possible?
24. Two bottoms I have,
But only one top,
Two knees and two legs,
They can't run and can't hop.
What am I?
25. A little boy said to a little girl, "Your father is my father and your mother is my mother—but you are not my sister." What was he?

The Answers for this Quiz will be found on page 19. There are no prizes, but you can gain points with each question correctly answered. Maximum points: 85.



By permission of the City of Birmingham Art Gallery we reproduce "May Morning on Magdalen Tower" by William Holman Hunt (1827-1910). The painting, which took three years to complete, shows distinguished fellows and members of the staff of the College Choir School. The lilies are the emblem of St. Mary the Virgin and St. Mary Magdalen to whom the college is dedicated. The May Morning ceremony described by Mr. Millard in his article was first referred to in the 17th century. It was revised in its present form in 1844.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A CHORISTER IN THE EARLY PART OF THE CENTURY

by
W. M. Millard

Now that the days are shorter and the radio and newspapers are constantly reminding us of the approach of Christmas, one tends to recall past Christmases, particularly those of one's youthful days. In my own case I have happy and nostalgic memories of Christmases spent as a chorister of Magdalen College, Oxford. As a result of keen competition I found myself, in 1908, a member of Magdalen College choir, having taken the place of Ivor Novello. The choir was considered one of the best in the country, and by its partisans, rivals of King's College, Cambridge, whose magnificent chapel with its wonderful acoustic qualities provided a great advantage. There were sixteen of us boys and we were incorporated in a school whose roots go back to the fifteenth century, and at which, for a short time, Cardinal Wolsey was a master. There were various obligations to be carried out by the choir in addition to two services and an hour's practice a day, and one of these entailed the performing of a concert in the College Hall on Christmas Eve.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A CHORISTER—*continued*

At 9 o'clock on Christmas Eve we used to assemble round a concert grand piano in the College Hall to sing the first part of Handel's "Messiah" to an audience consisting of the President and Fellows of the College, with some of their male friends. This was followed by an interval during which we repaired to one of the common rooms where refreshments were served, among which were mince pies on which were embossed the figure of the babe in the manger. After the interval we returned to the hall where, by the light of innumerable candles burning on a huge Christmas tree, we sang the College's own collection of Christmas carols. Shortly before midnight all stood to await the chiming of the hour by the clock in the tower; as the sound of the last stroke died away, the choir would commence the singing of Pergolesi's "Gloria in Excelsis". In the middle of this is a bass solo which commences "Pax in terra", at which point the President of the College would pull a cord which communicated with the belfry, thus signalling the ringers of the eight bells that the moment had arrived to ring in Christmas morning. There followed the arrival of two scouts, that is, college servants, who bore in a chalice containing a mulled drink. This was held up to the President who wished everyone a happy Christmas and passed the cup on for all to reciprocate.

This was certainly an evening to remember . . . the panelled hall lit by the light of the candles on the tree, the faintly illuminated portraits of past Presidents of the College gazing down on us, the audience in evening dress, the huge log fire in the Tudor fireplace, and, above all, the atmosphere of good will. Our pleasure was enhanced by the fact that a generous benefactor had left the sum of £10 (in those days a considerable amount) to be divided amongst the boys for presents of their own choosing. These were placed under the tree in the hall and ultimately borne off by each recipient with much pleasure.

Christmas Day itself was a busy one for us, for we had to be in chapel for Communion Service at 8 a.m. and again

for Morning Service at 10 a.m. In my mind's eye I can still see the ancient chapel with its dim religious light provided by many candles which shed a soft glow over the choir stalls and dimly illuminated a picture of the carrying of the cross which graced the altar, a picture which rumour had it, came from the Spanish Armada.

Antique Cabs

Boxing Day found us all climbing into Hansom cabs of an antique design, our luggage safely stowed, to make for the station in order to catch a train for home. The Christmas holiday, however, passed all too quickly, and we soon found ourselves back in Oxford for the Hilary term harbouring such thoughts as "I hope it will rain a good deal, flood the school field (an island in the River Cherwell), and then freeze, so that we can have some skating and ice hockey."

Our choir work, however, had to go on, but if Easter fell late, we had to break into our holiday and return to Oxford for a long weekend to sing the services held over the festival. We were always back again for the Summer term before St. Mark's Day—25th April. On this day we benefitted once again by a legacy instituted many years earlier by some kind benefactor. This took the form of a newly minted half crown and four shining new pennies which were handed to each boy by the Bursar of the College.

I have already described the heralding of Christmas; Spring and Summer were not neglected, for on the morning of the first day of May the choir would ascend the 235 foot high tower of the College, there to sing in the company of members of the College and their friends, a seventeenth century Latin hymn, the music of which was written by Benjamin Rogers, a former organist of the College. The singing commenced as the last stroke of 5 o'clock died away and the silence on all sides, especially on the crowded bridge beneath is still in my memory, particularly as a contrast was most evident at the end of the singing of the four verse hymn by the pealing of the bells. The pealing of the bells, I recall, made the tower shake and vibrate, a *sine qua non* of a good building,

RECOLLECTIONS OF A CHORISTER—*continued*

I am told. The ringing continued until 6 a.m., but in the meantime we had wound our way down to terra firma and were given breakfast in the College Hall. This was always followed by a walk through Addison's Walk and Magdalen Grove in the company of the Dean of Divinity in whose rooms we rested until morning service, after which we enjoyed the concession of being let off practice and being free to do what we liked until the evening service at 6 p.m.

There were other special duties for the choir to carry out during the summer term,

such as the Commemoration Concert and the singing of a lengthy Latin grace after dinner in the College Hall on Gaudy Day. Our dress was always Eton suits with starched collars and black ties. When going to the College for choir duties or returning therefrom, we superimposed a long academic gown and mortarboard cap, the cap having no tassel for some unknown reason.

With the noise and bustle of this material age I fear that some of the old customs and usages in which the choir took part, are being dropped. For this reason I cling all the more to my memories of my chorister days, echoing those well known lines of Horace, "*Eheu fugaces, Postume Postume, labuntur anni*".

CLUB NEWS

Midland Club Notes

A rather quiet club meeting was held on Sunday, 6th November. Only ten members attended, this small number was probably due to the weather.

For a change we decided to have a few games of Bingo to give our wives something to do other than chat. These games were enjoyed by all who took part and someone suggested that we should not leave it so long again before we did the same again.

Tea for this meeting was provided by Mrs. M. Hordyniec, and we all enjoyed it thoroughly. We all thanked Mrs. Hordyniec for a lovely tea.

We all sent our congratulations to Christopher Androlia, son of our member, Lew Androlia, who has recently won the Silver Medal in the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme.

Our next gathering is for our Christmas dinner, which is to be held on Saturday, 3rd December, at the British Legion, Northfield. All seats have now been booked for this occasion.

The next Club Meeting is on Sunday 11th December, and will take the form of a Children's Party, with a follow-up

party for the adults. All the wives have been making arrangements for the tea at the Christmas meeting, and from one or two things that I have overheard, it should be jolly good. So please come along in strength and have an enjoyable afternoon and evening.

D. E. CASHMORE,
Hon. Secretary.

Cardiff Club Notes

Our Club meeting was held on Saturday, 5th November, and we were all delighted to have Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Jones with us again and to know that Mrs. Jones had recovered from her illness. We were also sorry to hear that Mr. Charles Durkin, Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Caple were all unwell, and wish them a speedy recovery and hope they will all be with us at the next Club meeting.

Our Chairman and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Evans, celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 28th October. To Olive and Bert we send our congratulations and best wishes for many more happy years together from all members and friends of the Club, and to thank you for your kindness in remembering

CLUB NEWS *(continued)*

all of us at the Club with wine and cake in which to toast the happy occasion.

It has been decided to hold the Annual Christmas Dinner some time in January, the exact date has not yet been fixed, but all members will be notified accordingly.

D. STOTT,
Secretary.

Brighton Club Notes

The Annual General Meeting will be held on Thursday, 8th December, 1966. All St. Dunstaners in Brighton and district are cordially invited, with an escort. Please come along and bring any ideas you have, for remember it is YOUR Club.

Best wishes for Christmas and the New Year to all St. Dunstaners and families from the Brighton Club.

FRANK A. RHODES,
Chairman/Secretary.

London Club Notes

In our Cribbage Knockout Competition, Bob Woods defeated Bob Bickley in the semi-final. In conclusion Bob Woods will now play W. Bishop. At this juncture we only hope that the best man wins!

It may be of interest to our members that there have been some two hundred and thirty-four attendances of St. Dunstaners with their wives and escorts playing Dominos on a Thursday evening since our last Annual General Meeting. We shall look forward to increasing this figure to three hundred before our next annual meeting, and to welcoming more St. Dunstaners too, from World War Two. As well as playing Crib and Dominos, they could well find many friends of mutual interests within the London Club.

I think the wives and escorts of our St. Dunstaners who find their way to H.Q. through rain, hail or shine deserve a little mention on their own, as no doubt any success at the London Club is partly due to them. Perhaps the last two verses of a poem by Gavin Maxwell could

illustrate the thought more graphically by substituting our "THEM" for his "YOU":

"Thank them for the times of contact, for the glamour

Of pleasure sold by the clock and under the hammer,

Thank them for bidding for me, for breaking the cordon

Of spies and sentries round the unravished garden;

And thank them for the abandon of their giving,

For seeing in the dark, for making life worth living."

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

W. BISHOP,
Chairman.

BRIDGE NOTES

The Ninth "Individual" competition of the London Section took place on Saturday, 5th November. The results were as follows:

G. P. Brown and H. Meleson, 77;
R. Stanners and R. Bickley, 74;
F. Jackson and P. Nuyens, 69;
H. Kerr and M. Tybinski, 59;
F. Mathewman and P. Pescott-Jones, 57;
R. Fullard and W. T. Scott, 52.

As a result of the five best scores the top six are:

R. Stanners, 391;
P. Nuyens, 379;
W. T. Scott, 363;
G. P. Brown, 361;
R. Bickley, 352;
F. Mathewman, 338.

Of which the first four will compete for the London Section in the Final on Monday, 21st November, at Ovingdean.

BRIDGE NOTES—*continued*

The 9th "Individual" competition of the Brighton Section took place on Saturday, 12th November. The results were as follows:

A. Smith and F. Rhodes, 40;
S. Webster and B. Ingrey, 38;
M. Clements and J. Chell, 38;
H. Boorman and C. Kelk, 30;
J. Whitcombe and W. Burnett, 26.

Final positions:

C. Kelk, 234;
F. Rhodes, 222;
B. Ingrey, 219;
J. Chell, 212.

The Autumn Bridge Drive was held on Saturday, the 15th of October, at Headquarters, when seventeen St. Dunstaners and their partners took part and thoroughly enjoyed a most pleasant afternoon.

A wide variety of useful prizes, tastefully chosen by Harry and Mrs Meleson, were presented by Mrs. Meleson to the following winners:

1. R. Fullard and Mr. A. Fields.
2. W. Bishop and Mr. Waldeck.
3. H. Kerr and Mrs. Stokes.

Consolation: R. Armstrong and Miss Vera Kemmish.

P. NUYENS.

Christmas Quiz Answers

1. Steam is invisible. What he saw was a cloud of condensed water that had formed as the steam cooled. If you look at a boiling kettle, you will see a space next to the spout before the cloud of water vapour—the steam is in this space. *Score 5.*
2. From maize or Indian corn. *Score 2.*
3. For excellence at Judo. *Score 2.*
4. He was the first person other than the sovereign to have his head portrayed on British stamps. *Score 2.*
5. Hermes, Iris and Mercury. *Score 1 for each name.*
6. Abraham Lincoln, 1865; J. A. Garfield, 1881; W. McKinley, 1901; J. F. Kennedy, 1963. *Score 1 for each name.*
7. Dr. Samuel Johnson. *Score 2.*
8. Crab-apples; ale. *Score 2 for each answer.*
9. Everest (22,141 ft.); Kilimanjaro (19,321 ft.); Mont Blanc (15,782 ft.); Ben Nevis (4,406 ft.); and Snowdon (3,560 ft.). *Score 1 for each name correctly placed.*
10. One piece of string was twelve inches long and the other piece twenty-four inches long, after having cut six inches off each, the shorter piece was six inches and the other piece eighteen inches long. *Score 2 for each answer.*
11. Tomorrow. *Score 2.*
12. A pair of sheets. *Score 2.*
13. Simon Templar. *Score 2.*
14. 55 B.C.: Landing of Julius Caesar. 1415: Battle of Agincourt. 1485: Battle of Bosworth. Henry VII became King. 1945: End of Second World War. *Score 1 for each answer.*
15. As the world is round the top of the mast travels on the greater circumference. *Score 5.*
16. Six: Brightlingsea, Hornsea, Southsea, Swansea, Winchelsea and Withernsea. *Score 1 for each answer.*
17. The trident is a three-pronged spear. It is also the name of an aeroplane. Neptune and Britannia are represented holding one. *Score 1 for each answer.*
18. Sponges are animals. The ones we wash with are the skeletons of sea creatures. *Score 3.*
19. Buries its head in the sand. *Score 2.*
20. (a) Golf is not a team game or, if you prefer—football, because the other games are played with a bat, a stick or a club.

Quiz Answers

—(continued)

(b) Four is not a prime number.

(c) Keats was a poet.

Score 2 for each answer.

21. Gloucestershire, Hammond; Nottinghamshire, Larwood; Sussex, Tate; Yorkshire, Rhodes and Sutcliffe. Score 1 for each answer.
22. Come ashore. The Portuguese Man-of-War is a kind of jelly-fish with a particularly sharp sting. Score 3.
23. Yes, because they crawl through at different times. Score 2.
24. A pair of trousers. Score 2.
25. A liar! Score 5.

Score

85. Impossible (or you looked up the answers!)

Between 75 and 80. Excellent

Between 50 and 75. Good.

Between 40 and 50. Fair.

Between 30 and 40. Poor.

Under 30. Try Woodwork!

RIFLE HAT-TRICK

David Bell, of Edinburgh, won his third rifle championship at the Handless Reunion at Ovingdean (October 13th-18th). His score of 66 out of 100 made him a clear winner over Bill Griffiths (55) and Ted Miller (49). David's other victories were in 1961 and 1962. Nine St. Dunstaners competed in the event, which went on over the weekend among the other activities arranged for the Reunion.

These included discussions with members of St. Dunstan's staff on domestic and technical matters, and, on the social side, cocktails at Wellington House, Ringmer, at the invitation of Mr. Ian Askew, M.C., and Dinner with Sir Neville Pearson, Bt. Guests at the Reunion Dinner included Mrs. G. B. Dacre, J.P., Dr. J. O'Hara, M.B., Dr. I. H. Fletcher, of the Ministry of Health, Roehampton, Mr. H. J. Houlgate (B.B.C.), Chairman of St. Dunstan's Development Workshop Committee, and Mr. F. J. Stewart.

EWELL WALKERS

Goalkicking

The walkers and their supporters met at Ewell on 8th October, but before the walk held a goalkicking contest. The competition was very keen, and Police Sergeant MacLennan did a great job as goalkeeper. Fred Barratt was the winner.

The 1½ miles walk was a great success for the handicapper, for he took a risk in changing the starting positions of the faster men, he proved to be right by the result. With the exception of Ray Benson, who was a little out of training, all walked as anticipated, with only seconds between them at the finish.

To Mrs. M. Burns, Miss D. Hoare and our escorts and helpers we say "Thank You for a very pleasant afternoon."

Dates to Remember

December 17th. 4½ miles at Ewell.

January 7th. 6 miles at Ewell.

Order of finish	Actual time	Allow- ance	Handi- cap time	Pts.
C. Stafford ..	16.18	3.30	12.48	10
M. Burns ..	16.12	3.20	12.52	9
M. Tetley ..	14.57	2.00	12.57	8
*Mr. Levitt ..	12.57	—	12.57	
*Mr. MacLennan ..	12.58	—	12.58	
*Mr. Stevenson ..	12.58	—	12.58	
F. Barratt ..	15.25	2.05	13.20	7
S. Tutton ..	15.42	2.10	13.32	6
J. Simpson ..	14.40	1.05	13.35	5
R. Mendham ..	13.56	0.20	13.36	4
W. Miller ..	13.39	Ser.	13.39	3
R. Benson ..	16.25	2.35	14.17	2

* Policeman

Three-a-side Match

St. Dunstan's, 6 points. Police, 15 points.

Ancient & Modern

An imperious knock brought the owner of the house to the front door where he found two small boys with a tape recorder playing carols. "Aren't you rather early?" he asked, glossing over the fact that in the bad old days carollers used to do their own singing.

"We're only rehearsing," said one boy coolly, as he held out his hand for the expected coin.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From Jimmy Wright, of Shepperton, Middlesex

Many letters have appeared in the *Review* in support of the idea of having a swimming pool at Ovingdean, and I write whole-heartedly in support, for the following reasons:

When I first stayed at Ovingdean, the nearby open air swimming pools were not too crowded. Now, however, the picture is quite different, and during the holiday season only at a very early hour in the day would it be possible for a St. Dunstaner to swim in safety.

I enjoy most going into the sea at the foot of the cliff, but one has to have the weather conditions and the tide just right, to make bathing possible and to avoid the hazards of the rocks. In any case the security afforded by a pool might attract many who would perhaps otherwise not swim.

It would have been much more opportune to have had a pool built at Ovingdean when we were all a lot younger. However, there are still young arrivals at Ovingdean, and if one is to judge from Bob Young's and a few of his contemporaries' enthusiasm, it is fair to suppose that many of we chaps belonging to the '39-'45 contingent will still be keen to bathe in twenty years time!

With modern methods of swimming pool construction and heating, we could all enjoy the pleasure of outdoor salt water bathing during the "summer", even from the earliest time in the season, with the use of Solar heating, which increases the normal temperature of an outdoor pool by about eight degrees, or better still, a form of underfloor electric heating. With a pool of moderate size it should not be too difficult to cover it in completely during the winter, for all the year round swimming.

And what about the staff? They too, I am sure, would like to have a quick dip when off duty. Let's have some action, please!

From Billy Bell, of Whitley Bay

A number of St. Dunstaners are wanting a swimming pool, but I think it is only a few of them. If anything is fixed up like that it should be to the benefit of all and not the few.

A Finnish Sauna Bath has been started in my town, and it is very popular, mostly amongst the plump people. I am told most of the English Jockeys have their own to keep down their weight.

From Mrs. E. Fullard, London, S.W.16

I wonder if being the wife of a St. Dunstaner is as fraught with danger as with other wives. At home, having been kicked, pushed, bumped and even sat on—all unintentionally, of course—whilst in the garden, many times I have nearly been mowed down by the lawn mower (husband pushing it), projected head first into a thorny rose bush by advancing husband.

Short of carrying an audible warning bleeper, I can think of nothing to ward off these constant menaces from my St. Dunstan's husband. No, danger money wouldn't be the answer! Perhaps jingling ear-rings or bells on my shoes? Any ideas from other fellow sufferers?

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Why not try a turn at the mower yourself?

From D. B. Elrod, of Dronfield, near Sheffield

A Weekend to Remember

On Saturday afternoon, with several other St. Dunstaners and their wives, we attended the Albert Hall Festival of Remembrance. We found we had the honour of being in the Royal Box. The thrill of this and the wonderful display by members of H.M. Forces was something you have to experience to appreciate. The sincere display of comradeship was something we could do with always.

Sunday morning taking part with other St. Dunstaners at the Cenotaph joining

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR—*continued*

From D. B. Elrod—(*continued*)

with other comrades and the Royal Family paying homage to our fallen comrades and the Nation makes one feel that all was not in vain.

The lunch which followed with Lord and Lady Fraser was further evidence of the St. Dunstan's family spirit.

My wife and I had the honour of sitting with Lord Fraser, and the kind remarks he made about my late Guide Dog, Dianna, and myself were very moving for my wife and myself.

One must express appreciation for the services to us that Mr. Wills must have put into making a visit to London such a joy.

We need much more of the St. Dunstan's spirit of Fellowship if the World is to be fit for us to live in.

From T. Woods, White Rock, Paignton, Devon

By some remote chance, should any St. Dunstaners and their escorts be planning to visit Naples, would they please stop and reflect, because, after staying at the Ocean Hotel, Roundham Head, Cliffe Road, Goodrington, Paignton, which is situated almost in the centre of Torbay, there is nothing that Naples can offer that Torbay cannot duplicate and this, mark you, includes the climate in October.

But the point I am really trying to make is the beautiful natural surroundings and scenery which one has in the immediate vicinity of the Ocean Hotel, where my wife and I stayed during her convalescence.

Many of my St. Dunstan's friends who may read this article may, and I do not really blame them, remark sceptically, "Oh yes! That's all fine and dandy for sighted people, but what about us poor blokes?" Well, wait for it you chaps. Let me explain about this place, apart from the kindness and consideration shown by the proprietors, Mr. and Mrs.

L. Atwell, this place is a natural for chaps like us. There are no such things as hazards in the way of obstacles in the house or grounds, and the gardens and surrounding parklands are very similar to Ovingdean in accessibility. There is a variety of quiet little walks all within the space of 100 yards, and for the more adventurous there are the beautiful Cliff Gardens, which catch the sun right through the day up to early evening. In addition to all this there are only a few yards away, three minute gardens, each separated by a high hedge which occurred to me, might make an "open air quiet room", where one, if so disposed, can bring a friend for a quiet *tête-à-tête* or alternatively read a braille book in absolute peace and quietness. These three small gardens are the property of the Paignton Corporation, and overlook a famous beauty spot known as Fairy Cove.

My wife and I thoroughly enjoyed our visit here and we can recommend it to any of our fellow St. Dunstaners who are thinking of coming to this part of the country for their holidays.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

I feel Mr. Callaghan would approve!

Mathematical Signs to be used in Standard English Braille

At a joint meeting of the British Uniform Type Committee and the Mathematics Sub-Committee some time ago, it was decided that certain signs and methods of coding should, in future, be regarded as an integral part of the Braille system in Great Britain.

St. Dunstaners who wish to keep their Braille Theory up to date can apply for copies of the leaflet bearing the above heading, from the Commandant's secretary at Ovingdean. It is available in ink print and Braille copies could be obtained if there is sufficient demand.

Mainly for Women

MINK FOR CHRISTMAS

Do you fancy yourself in mink which you have never been able to afford? Well, here's your chance to satisfy that yearning. The Manchester Fur Company have some real bargains at the moment . . . genuine mink cravats for only 4½ guineas! And you can choose from Ranch (dark), Honey Blond (medium) or Palomino (light). Would you please give first and second choice of colour when you order. The cravats can also be worn as fur collars. Ocelot cravats are priced at 6½ guineas, and there are beautiful mink ties at only 12½ guineas. Orders are sent by return, post free, with a money-back if not satisfied guarantee. Personal callers are welcome, so look in if you live in Manchester. The address for personal and postal shoppers is: Man-

chester Fur Company (Dept. W.W.), 107 Market Street, Manchester 1.

If you would like a suit or skirt that fits you perfectly and doesn't look mass produced, you should write to Moffat Handloom Weavers for details of their postal, made-to-measure service. They are famous for it. They have a large new range of tweeds in magnificent colours and their tartans include almost all of the clans that exist. Fair Isle lumber jackets and shrink resistant lambswool knitwear are new this year, in sizes 34in. to 44in. For further details of tailoring, samples of tweeds or tartans (say which you want), together with prices and knitwear designs, write to: W.W.11, Moffat Handloom Weavers, Ladyknowe, Moffat, Scotland.

SOME CHRISTMAS RECIPES

Christmas Cake

½ lb. Flour—small teaspoon Baking Powder
Good pinch of Salt—½ teaspoon Cinnamon
½ lb. Butter
½ Demerara Sugar
½ lb. Raisins
½ lb. Currants
6 oz. Sultanas
¼ lb. Mixed Peel
2 oz. Ground Almonds
5 Eggs
1 tablespoon Brandy or Rum

Time:

Five Hours.

Temperature:

Gas, Regulo Mark 2. Electricity, 325.F

Method:

Stone the raisins and cut them in quarters. Slice the peel. Mix baking powder, salt and cinnamon with the flour and sift them.

Beat the butter and sugar to a soft cream. Beat the eggs for five minutes. Add them to the butter mixture by degrees, beating all the time—when the mixture is quite smooth, continue beating whilst you add the flour gradually, then the fruit and almonds. Stir in the brandy or rum and turn into a tin that has been lined with two thicknesses of greaseproof paper. Bake in a slow oven; cover with greaseproof paper as soon as it is sufficiently brown.

This cake will keep for six months or more in an airtight tin and should always be made about a month before it is required; it is then mellow and delicious in flavour and it also darkens with time. Bake it on a solid shelf and also be sure to put two thicknesses of greaseproof paper at the bottom of the tin.

CHRISTMAS RECIPES (continued)

Almond Icing (uncooked)

- 1 lb. Ground Almonds
 1 lb. best Icing Sugar
 1 tablespoon Lemon Juice
 1 dessertspoon Orange Flower Water or
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon flavouring Essence of
 any kind preferred.
 2 or 3 Eggs

The success of the almond icing depends upon good kneading. Rub the icing sugar through a very fine sieve and mix the flavouring and lemon juice with it. Then gradually add enough whipped egg to form a soft dough. Knead well with the hand, as you would bread, dipping the fingers in icing sugar occasionally. Whole eggs or whites only may be used, whichever is most convenient.

To use this icing spread it evenly on the cake, dipping the knife in hot water from time to time as necessary. If there is any difficulty in making the almond icing stick, brush the cake over with white of egg or give it a very thin coating of warm apricot jam.

Royal Icing

- 1 lb. Icing Sugar
 1 dessertspoon Lemon Juice
 White of Eggs
 Drop of liquid blue colouring if a very
 white icing is required.

This is a firm icing suitable for rich cakes. It is also used for piping and all kinds of decorations.

It is important that the sugar should be rubbed through a very fine sieve until it is as fine as flour. The eggs must be perfectly fresh. As they vary so much in size, the exact number needed cannot be given, but the icing should be a thick firm cream for coating and for piping it must be thin enough to flow easily through the icing syringe or bag. At the same time it must be stiff enough to form and keep the patterns required.

To make the icing, rub the sugar through a very fine sieve. If at all hard or lumpy, roll it at first with a rolling

pin, crushing out the lumps. Put it into a bowl, add the lemon juice and blue colouring and mix well. Whip the white of egg and add it gradually, working it well all the time with a wooden spoon, then beat briskly, until it is perfectly smooth paste of the consistency you require.

If you are not using your icing immediately, cover it with a damp cloth to prevent it hardening on the top. The cloth should be stretched tightly across, as the object is to prevent air entering.

Hot Punch!

- $\frac{1}{2}$ pint Rum
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pint Brandy
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Sugar
 A large Lemon
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful Nutmeg
 1 pint of Boiling Water

Rub sugar over the lemon until it has absorbed all the yellow from the skin. Then put the sugar into the punch bowl and add the lemon juice and mix the two well. Pour over them the boiling water—stir well. Add Rum, Brandy and Nutmeg. Be sure to mix all ingredients well.

TO ST. DUNSTANERS

—EVERYWHERE

Darkness steals
 O'er valley and hill,
 Glowing fires
 Keep out the chill;

Our thoughts turn
 To men of the night,
 Our hearts yearn
 To men of no sight:

May a greeting
 From we who see,
 May a wish
 To you—from me,
 Light your way
 To Happiness,
 On Christmas Day.
 F.S.

FAMILY NEWS

Marriage

DEAN—MCDONALD.—On 6th April, 1966, Alan J. Dean, of Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, who trained at Ovingdean in 1953/54, married Miss Pat McDonald.

Silver Weddings

Sincere congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Evans, of Newport, Mon., who celebrated their Silver Wedding anniversary on 28th October, 1966.

Warmest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. H. Foster, of Farnham, Surrey, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 8th November, 1966.

Many congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Nicol, of Hull, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 15th November, 1966.

Many congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Nichols, of Weybridge, who celebrated their Silver Wedding anniversary on 1st November, 1966.

Golden Wedding

Very many congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Bocking, of Morecambe, who celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary on 25th November, 1966.

Grandfathers**Congratulations to:—**

D. Bingham, of Dorking, on the birth of his third grandchild—Sarah Anne Woodward, who was born on 30th September, 1966.

L. Scales, of Wallington, on the birth of their fourth grandchild—Paul Lynch, who was born on 6th September, 1966.

F. Sunderland on the birth of his second grandchild on 3rd September 1966—who is to be called Deborah Jean.

A. Trill, of Ringwood, Hants, on the arrival of a grand-daughter, Maxine Ellen, on 1st October, 1966.

Michael Dudley, son of our St. Dunstaner, E. Dudley, of Croydon, was married on 24th September, 1966, to Miss Carol A. Schoffield.

Rosemary Storr, step-daughter of our St. Dunstaner, A. L. Fleet, of Purley, Surrey, was married to Ronald Pexton on 25th August, 1966.

Glenda, only daughter of our St. Dunstaner, J. Harris, of Stoneleigh, was married to Barry Dando on 17th September, 1966.

Deaths

We offer our sincere sympathy to:—

J. A. Bocking, on the death of his sister-in-law on 11th May, 1966, at the age of 80, and of her husband who died shortly afterwards, on 25th June, at the same age.

H. Colville, of Berkhamstead, Herts, on the death of his wife on 20th October, 1966.

B. Derges, of Exeter, on the death of his wife on 17th October, 1966, in hospital. Our sincere sympathy is extended to him and his daughter, Mrs. Lowe.

S. C. Hopkins, of Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, on the death of his wife, Florence, who was killed tragically in a car accident on 13th April, 1966.

J. Newton, of Southport, who mourns the death of his brother on 26th October, 1966, after a long illness.

Mrs. G. Obern, of Aberdare, Glamorgan, who mourns the death of her mother on 1st November, 1966.

T. Partington, of Radcliffe, who mourns the death of his sister in October, 1966.

R. Scrimgour of Middlesbrough, who mourns the death of his youngest brother on 9th October, 1966.

In Memory

It is with deep regret we have to record the death of the following St. Dunstaners, and we offer our deepest sympathy to their widows, families and friends.

Albert Frederick (Bert) Aldersley, 31st Battalion, A.I.F.

Albert Aldersley died in Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, on 2nd May, 1966, at the age of 68. He enlisted in July, 1915, and served with the 31st Battalion A.I.F. He was wounded in October, 1917, and spent some time in hospital in Orpington, Kent, from where he was discharged from the Army in June, 1918.

During his lifetime he was an active member of the Victorian Blind Soldiers' Bowling Club.

Eric Lionel Billingham, 3rd Light Horse

Eric Billingham, of Stepney, South Australia, died on 22nd June, 1966, aged 71. He enlisted in December, 1914, and served with the 3rd Light Horse until his discharge in August, 1919. He then trained in wicker work.

He was Secretary of the Blinded Section of the Burnside R.S.L. Bowling Club, Stepney.

Edward Cahill, 2/9th Field Ambulance, A.I.F.

Edward Cahill, of Ivanhoe, Victoria, Australia, died on 28th May, 1966, age the age of 64. He enlisted in May, 1940, and served with the 2/9th Field Ambulance, A.I.F., and was later taken prisoner in Malaya. He was discharged from the Army in June, 1946.

John Davies, Royal Garrison Artillery

John Davies, of Hoylake, Cheshire, died in hospital on 16th October, 1966, at the age of 73. He served from 1915 to 1919 in the R.G.A. and came to St. Dunstan's in 1924. Initially he trained in mats and basket making and carried on these occupations for a little while. During the Second World War, he went into industry to help the War Effort, and carried on until 1952. He was a frequent visitor to Ovingdean, enjoying many holidays there, and he will be much missed by his Brighton friends.

William Doody, 13th Reserve Cavalry Regiment

William Doody, of Portlaoighise, Eire, died in hospital on 31st October, 1966. He was 71 years of age.

He served in the 13th Reserve Cavalry Regiment from 1904 to 1916. His eyesight did not deteriorate until later in life and he was admitted to St. Dunstan's in 1961. He had been in failing health recently, but when first admitted to St. Dunstan's he kept a few poultry and derived great enjoyment both from these and his small garden.

Frederick Duxbury, Air Raid Precautions

Frederick Duxbury, of Wavertree, Liverpool, 15, died in hospital on 1st November, 1966, where he had only been admitted the day before. He was 75 years of age.

He served in the A.R.P. from 1939 to 1941, but his eyesight did not deteriorate until 1951, when he became a St. Dunstaner. He had been in failing health for some time but when he was first admitted to St. Dunstan's he used to enjoy his annual visits to Ovingdean.

Robert Montgomery Hamilton, 10th Battalion, A.I.F.

Robert Hamilton, of Padstow, New South Wales, Australia, died on 4th May, 1966. He was 72 years of age.

He enlisted in August, 1914, and served with the 10th Battalion, A.I.F. Wounded in September, 1916, he was discharged in July, 1917.

James S. Hodgson, Royal Engineers

J. S. ("Jimmy") Hodgson died on 8th November, near Ludlow, Shropshire. He was 76 years of age.

He came to St. Dunstan's in 1948 when his sight failed as a result of mustard gas in the First War, and went to Ovingdean for basic training. He then returned to his home at Fotheringhay, near Peterborough, where he and his wife were very active with Church work.

His wife died in December last year and he later went to live in Shropshire, leading a very quiet life as he had become increasingly immobile through the loss of a leg many years ago after an accident. His death followed a short illness.

In Memory—continued

Francis James Hughes, 4th Battalion, A.I.F.

Francis Hughes, of Merewether, New South Wales, Australia, died in September, 1966. He was 74 years of age.

He enlisted in August, 1916, and served with the 4th Battalion of the A.I.F. until his discharge in 1919. His sight failed as a result of mustard gas poisoning.

Theodore Robert Majewski, 4th Australian Reserve M.T. Coy.

Theodore Majewski, of Caloundra, Queensland, Australia, died on 21st July, 1966, at the age of 67.

He enlisted in February, 1941, and served as a driver with the 4th Australian Reserve M.T. Coy. He was a Prisoner of War for three and a half years at Changi, and was discharged from the Army in December, 1945.

James Riley, 12th Light Horse

James Riley, of Arncliffe, New South Wales, Australia, died on 19th May, 1966, at the age of 80. He enlisted in March, 1917, and served with the 12th Light Horse until his discharge in 1919.

Robert Law Stewart Roberts, 59th Battalion, 1st A.I.F.

Robert Roberts, of Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, died on 5th June, 1966, at the age of 85. He enlisted in October, 1914, and served with the 59th Battalion, 1st A.I.F. He was wounded in France in 1917, and discharged from the Army in January, 1919.

Arthur Charles Robinson, 6th A.A.O.D.

Arthur Robinson, of South Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, died on 23rd September last, aged 73 years.

He enlisted in July, 1940, and served as a Captain with the 6th A.A.O.D. until his discharge in November, 1944.

Henry Smy, Suffolk Regiment

Henry Smy, of Middleton, Saxmundham, Suffolk, died on 23rd October, 1966, at the age of 74 years. He served with the Suffolk Regiment from 1914 to 1921 and he was wounded at Albert in 1918. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1922. He trained in netting and basket making, but his real enjoyment was his land and his poultry holding, and he was able to carry on this occupation until quite recently. He had a serious illness a couple of years ago from which he seemed to have made a good recovery. His death was sudden and unexpected.

Alfred Edward Snook, Royal Artillery

Alfred Edward Snook, of Barnstaple, died on 15th October, 1966. He was 68 years of age.

He was a regular soldier and served with the Royal Artillery from 1912 until 1937. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1946 and trained as a shopkeeper and settled in business until 1950 when he retired to live in Barnstaple. Although his health had been poorly from time to time, his death came quite suddenly. His son was granted special leave from Hong Kong to attend his father's funeral.

Frederick Stew, 8th Gloucester Regiment

Frederick Stew, of Shuthonger, near Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire, died suddenly at Pearson House on 8th November, 1966. He was 74 years of age.

He served in the 8th Gloucester Regiment from 1914 to 1916, and was wounded at La Bassee in 1915. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1916 and trained as a basket maker and carried on this occupation for a considerable number of years, doing first class work. He also took pleasure in having some poultry and pigs and maintaining his smallholding.

He enjoyed annual holidays at Brighton and was at Pearson House convalescing after a severe illness when he died.

Edwin James Tamplin, 3rd Battalion, A.I.F.

Edwin Tamplin, of Abbotsford, New South Wales, died on 17th June, 1966. He was 80 years of age.

He enlisted in December, 1915, and served with the 3rd Battalion, A.I.F. He was wounded in October, 1917, and discharged from the Army in November, 1918.

John Twomey, Worcester Regiment

John Twomey, of Cork, died on 3rd November, 1966. He was 74 years of age.

He served with the Worcester Regiment from 1910 to 1917. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1932. He had been living at Pearson House, but returned to his native Ireland at the beginning of September.



PHYSIOTHERAPY CONFERENCE 1966

(Above) John Fawcett, a St. Dunstan's Physiotherapist from Bournemouth, gave an interview to visiting B.B.C. correspondent, Frank Hennig. He talked about the Conference and the changes he had seen over the thirty years he had been attending St. Dunstan's Conferences. The recorded interview was broadcast in the programme "Today in the South and West".

(Right) There is no better way of finding out than trying it for yourself. St. Dunstaner, Mike Tetley, from St. Albans, puts this precept into practice in his examination of a new type of stationary bicycle exerciser. This machine, one of many items in a display of the latest equipment specially arranged for the conference, has a handlebar control which permits easy variation of the resistance the machine gives to the patient's effort.

