



**JANUARY  
REVIEW**



## Ovingdean Chess



Photographs taken at the Chess Congress at Ovingdean appear here and in later pages in the *Review*. Above: Reg Goding makes a move in his match against Alec Cook who won all his games in Section B.

Below: A feature of the Congress is the match played by Mr. Bonham against all the St. Dunstaners simultaneously.



# St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

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3d. MONTHLY  
Free to St. Dunstaners

## CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

### *Air Commodore Patrick Huskinson, C.B.E., M.C.*

It is unusual for very senior officers in the Armed Forces of the Crown to come to St. Dunstan's. Some lose their lives in battles on land, at sea or in the air. Others incur severe wounds, but very few have been totally blinded. An exception was Air Commodore Patrick Huskinson, who died in London on 24th November, at the age of 69.

Pat Huskinson was educated at Harrow School from which he entered the Army through Sandhurst. He joined the newly formed Royal Flying Corps and although only 21 years of age when the Armistice was signed in 1918, he had shot down 12 enemy aircraft during the war, and had been awarded the M.C. and Bar. For subsequent services he was awarded the C.B.E. and American Legion of Merit.

The Second World War saw Pat Huskinson at the Ministry of Aircraft Production, where he served as Director of Armament Development from 1940 to 1946. He was an acknowledged genius in the design of bombs of all shapes and sizes, including the famous block-busters which the Royal Air Force dropped on enemy territory, and it does seem a tragic irony that he was, himself, blinded by a German bomb during an Air Raid on London in 1941. Nevertheless, Pat Huskinson continued his work with the Ministry despite his handicap, which is again a most unusual, though not a unique, distinction for a St. Dunstaner.

After the War Pat Huskinson entered civilian life and became Chairman of a London printing works. His autobiography, "Vision Ahead" was published in 1949. Our sympathy is extended to his daughter, Miss Patricia Huskinson, and to other members of his family.

## *Talking Books*

Whenever I meet a St. Dunstaner or, indeed, any other blind person, I ask them if they use the Talking Book and if it serves them well. Generally, I find praise and pleasure, and many tell me that it is a splendid service. However, every now and then, I learn that a book is faulty and that it does not work properly. Sometimes I meet an unlucky person who has had a considerable number of faulty cassettes and, of course, he is very disappointed and justifiably irritated.

As Chairman of the Sound Recording Board of Directors of the British Talking Book Service for the Blind, I have enquired carefully into this matter and think it worth reporting in the *Review*.

A percentage of all cassettes are faulty; sometimes they have mechanical deficiencies; sometimes they are damaged in transit. These faults can never be wholly eliminated and the best we can do is to minimise them, which we try to do.

It would be a great help if every listener who meets with a faulty cassette would take the trouble to write a note, saying what is wrong with it, and put this note in the box before posting the book back to the Library.



## CHAIRMAN'S NOTES—(continued)

The number of Talking Book cassettes dealt with in a year by the two libraries, London and Bolton, exceeds 600,000, and it is quite impossible for the Staff to listen to every one right through or even to listen to a sample of each book. All they can do is to inspect it superficially and see if it looks all right. It is obvious, therefore, that a letter from the listener, saying what was wrong, would be of the greatest possible help to the Staff and, consequently, to other listeners.

*New Talking Book*

There is a new Tape Talking Book in process of development. At this moment, a few dozen prototypes have been made and are being sent to representative listeners for comment and tests. The procedure is that the machines are thoroughly tested in the laboratory by the makers and our own staff, but until a substantial number have been out in the field we cannot be sure that they will stand up to day-to-day use and the rough handling they sometimes get in the post. It will be at least a year before the new type is approved and in production but, when it comes, I think it will turn out to be a great improvement, the machine being about half the present size and the cassette or book being so small that it can be posted in an ordinary pillar box. I mention this new machine with reservation, not to raise hopes too high, but to indicate that we are always on the lookout for improvements and are hoping that we are on to something good this time.

As there are over 22,000 listeners, it is an enormous financial and technical task to change over, but we hope this will be done in the next few years, if all goes well.

*Freemasons*

At lunch the other day I sat next to a St. Dunstaner who is a Freemason and holds office in his Lodge. I am not a Freemason myself. I will not mention my friend's name because I am told that members of this worldwide brotherhood prefer anonymity and avoid publicity.

However, I have learned over the years that a few St. Dunstaners are Freemasons, and enjoy very much the companionship of the brotherhood and the service which it enables them to render to their fellows.

There may be some St. Dunstaners who are, or who wish to become Freemasons, but have not found an opportunity of joining a Lodge. Should they be interested in doing so, I would suggest that they write to the Grand Secretary at Freemasons' Hall, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.2, giving their details.

*Christmas Cards*

I received hundreds, perhaps even thousands, of Christmas Cards from all over the world and they gave great pleasure to me and reminded me of friends. I picked out an extract from one of them which amused me. It was "the first and only issue of the Baffinland-Polar Star. Published in Victoria, Christmas, 1966." Our St. Dunstaner, Harris Turner, from whom I received the card, included some directions for Christmas messengers to find members of his family.

"So I told Mr. Claus to tell our little world, as usual, that Peck and Marian still live in Toronto whenever they are not sitting on the bank of the Pleasant River near Collingwood, or sailing on Lake Huron or fishing in Quebec, or hunting in Northern Ontario, or eating seal-flippers in Newfoundland, or buying junk in Nova Scotia, or trying to get someone to look after their dog so that they can have a brief escape from selling paper-making machinery in Manitoba. It may be difficult to find a spot where they stay long enough to be found."

Fraser of Lonsdale

## SIX DIAMONDS, MARIE ANTOINETTE AND UNCLE FRED

by  
Bernard Leete

CHAPTER THREE

## BRIDGE AT OIVINGDEAN

The two sides and the opposing cards were well matched and at the end of two "rubbers" we were one each with almost equal score. It was decided to have a "conqueror". It was this final "rubber" which was to provide both the mystery and the drama which never will be forgotten by those of us who took part in it, although in all fairness it must be admitted that Di, George and myself were spectators rather than participants.

I'm sorry if what now follows seems to you mere impossible nonsense, and reads more like the metaphysical mysteries culled from the pages of such breed of tales from the pen of the late Algernon Blackwood, and most certainly to hold no place within the prosaic shell of a place like Ovingdean. I can do no more than put down the events exactly as they happened.

The third "rubber" had reached the score of "game all". My partner had dealt. We had sorted our cards and were waiting for him to open the calling.

Up to this moment what I had most admired in my partner's play had been the quick valuation of his "hand" and the firm decision of his bidding. Although he had been ready from the start to suit his bidding conventions to those favoured by his partner, he did not allow too rigid slavery to these to overawe his innate "card sense". In fact, when I had asked before play had begun that usual question of a new partner—"any conventions you particularly prefer, partner?", he had replied and I spell his pronunciation of the word.

"Konvonsecon? Ah oui! Loyalty to the Crown—and toujours la politesse to the ladies.

After this last deal of his, however, he had made no opening bid, or "pass", almost simultaneously with the arranging of his hand. Instead, as with some other players there came that long pause during which it seems possible to hear those indecisions chasing one another around the ponderer's mind.

My partner's pondering on this occasion

hardly could be called silent. Again I will try to imitate the Major's accent in an attempt to convey to you, if possible, the atmosphere round that card table in Ovingdean's Winter Garden.

"Ancroyarbler!" — "Amposseebler". Imprecations followed. "Nom de Dieu". "Sacre blue", chased strangely in English by a sad tone repetitive of—"Marie, Marie, my so beautiful and unfortunate Queen".

None of us at the table had a clue as to which of the four ladies in the pack of cards he was referring.

As his partner I felt it was my job to intervene.

"Your call, partner", I reminded him.

"Pardon, pardon, un mille pardons". Major Dorny answered in a tone so contrite that I felt I had interrupted his soliloquy. After the briefest pause, he "called" clearly and deliberately.

"Six diamonds."

To the non-bridge player let me explain that a bid of "six" is in itself something which may occur only once or twice during an evening's play, and that one arrives at it from an original lower bid and works up to this apex gradually, after



## SIX DIAMONDS—(continued)

listening to an assessment of the value of one's partner's "supporting bids". To make so high a call "off the cuff" indeed is very rare.

George, seated on the Major's left, said "No bid", which was only to be expected. It was obvious that my partner held too strong a "hand" to invite competition. I did a quick re-appraisal of my own hand. Could I raise the bid of "little slam" called by my partner to "big" or "grand slam" by bidding seven diamonds, the utmost which may be called whatever the suit, and is a contract to win every trick. If successful, either "slam" earns a large number of extra points to be added to one's score.

## Yarborough

Save for one bright spot my own collection of cards was a pretty miserable lot, almost a "Yarborough". "Yarborough" denotes a hand devoid of any aces or picture cards, so called after a nobleman of that name expressed his inability ever to hold cards of any such high values. The one bright spot in my hand was the dull drab of the Ace of Spades.

I reckoned that my partner held anything up to eight diamonds, including all the tops, the two other aces, one of these at least being supported by its king, and the remaining ace maybe only by its queen. He might justifiably have taken a calculated risk that the missing king might, if not held by me, be in Di's hand for overtaking by his ace. Of course, the absence of the Ace of Spades from his own hand would not worry him for he could be devoid of that suit, and thus be able to "trump" all the Spades. However, I had the means of telling him that I possessed the ace missing from his hand, so I used it.

"Seven diamonds", I called, but we never made that "grand slam". In fact, the "hand" never was played at all.

Interrupting Di's response to George's "No bid" in like negative, Andre Dorny cried "Please to stop, only twelve cards I have."

"A misdeal?" I asked. "I have already counted my cards, and I've thirteen all right. What about you other two?"

Neither of them had fourteen cards, and Andre was positive that the last card in the deal had come to him, so that he must also have dealt himself thirteen.

"In picking your cards off the table, Andre, you may have shovelled one on to the floor accidentally", suggested George—"Most certainly there will I look, replied Andre. Meanwhile, George counted quickly the cards in the other pack to check that the missing one somehow had not got mixed up therein.

"O.K." he announced. "Only fifty two here".

Andre's head and shoulders re-emerged from below the baize top of the table to report an equally fruitless expedition on the floor.

Said Di, "Let's see which card it is".

We did. It turned out to be the six of diamonds.

What might be called a cycle of operation was completed by Andre Dorny.

He reverted to those muttered imprecations which had preceded his bid of "small slam". Now, however, the mournful repeat—"Marie, Marie, my beautiful and unfortunate Queen", there was added, "Your six diamonds! Your six diamonds!"

Not sure whether we were harbouring an escaped lunatic we were at a momentary loss what to do next. Di was the first to recover her wits.

"Andre, please tell us about Queen Marie and the six diamonds". Eagerly George and I backed up Di's invitation, "Please do", we both urged.

Not only were we treated to an astonishing tale but also to a remarkable manner in the telling of it; not, so it seemed, to cover the short distance in space between him and ourselves, but as if to make his voice bridge a gap in time which now had separated us. For myself I got the impression of a speaker determined that his voice had to penetrate curtains, thick with centuries draped across the proscenium of time now forgotten.

## SIX DIAMONDS—(continued)

## CHAPTER FOUR

A.D. 1793

## LET THEM EAT CAKE

"Always I feel sad in October, 1793. It is now nine months since poor King Louis of France was guillotined by those wine sodden wretches of saboteurs. Queen Marie Antoinette is in the Bastille. The Paris Communes has brought her to trial. No matter what the evidence, guilty she will be pronounced. After her stand in the dock of the prisoners she will have to take her stand in the tumbril cart, filled with other aristocrats thronged close beside her. She behaves as if holding her last Court, accepting the addresses of "Your Majesty" from the courtiers enforcibly pressed so close to her, with a smile of such charm and the bearing of so great a dignity, that the jeers of the crowd of thousands of common sluts and rogues, might well have been cheers. The horses pulling the tumbril are more sensitive to the courage being borne behind them on their loaded open wagons. I can see those gallant steeds now as proudly they throw up their usually drooping heads and lift their ungroomed legs in high stepping prance. To them this one journey is a special occasion. Just for once they are not hauling a load of live meat to the abattoir. This time they must behave as if drawing a royal coach in procession for their monarch to receive an accolade.

"Every October always I behold this thing. In January always I see poor Louis do this same journey. Always it is 1793. Never does arrive 1794. What happens in between I cannot remember. All I, the Marquee of D'Orny"—(I give this once the Speaker's pronunciation of "Marquis" for the benefit of those who do not speak French) "know only how much I love poor Louis and the beautiful Marie. Marie and I are first cousins. The Chateau D'Orny lies on the river Loire close by another grand chateau which belong to some cousins of both of us. In these two chateaux we little cousins, when children, play many games together with tiny Marie. I watch her grow into a Queen. Always I love her like a brother loves a sister. After she marry she invite me to join the Court of Versailles. Here I get to love Louis too. He become like King David to me, I like Jonathan to him.

"There will be many who will tell the story of our Revolution and say that Marie and Louis do not care how poor the workers in our cities, and the peasants in our fields. This is one big lie. Maybe they do not love all 'les Ducs, the Marquises and Vicomptes'. Many rich nobles

are cruel, and so are not noblemen. But more than history will say have been and are kindly men who have hid their candle under the bushes, as the Bible say in your English. So the peasants and poor paint all the name of the hound with the same tar brush, as also you say in your English".

I doubt if our English quite will bear the strain of that one, but the three of us at the card table took the point. The Marquis continued.

"It is difficult, maybe impossible for Louis, or any king to earn the love of his poor people and keep at the same time the friendship of nobles. The latter he must have if they are to give the king enough money to fill the coffers of State, which money the aristocrats have obtained from the produce of the lands which their king has given them in return for the loan of their armies to defend his kingdom".

The Marquis sighed, "such arrangement is all very circular".

Silently we agreed that perhaps it was a roundabout way of putting it. The wind of the October night had lessened its howl giving the impression that it had half exhausted itself in sucking 1953



**SIX DIAMONDS**—(continued)

from out of the Winter Garden. As Nature abhors a vacuum, the voice of the Marquis easily was able to usher in again the Year A.D. 1793, when he resumed.

"Often I think that it is the bad men amongst our French aristocrats who really guillotine poor Louis and my beautiful Marie.

"Perhaps somehow you hear that one one day Louis and Marie when told the poor people of Paris are starving and even have no bread, it was learned of both of them that they laugh and make a joke to say, "Well, let them eat cake instead".

**No Joke**

"My friends, it is true that they say this; but they make no laugh or joke. Louis, he look very sad, he frown. Marie, she makes the tears to fall. However, though I just say what Marie and Louis not say and Marie just say it is not just quite what they say. Some wicked men who have the rank and title of noblemen, but have also the characters of common pigs, think to make the King of France

more unpopular by pretending that it is the wish of the King that the people go hungry. So when these so wicked aristocrats tell their servants what joke their King and Queen they make, change to the last word of what Marie and Louis have say. The last word of the sentence was not "instead". What they say is—"Let them eat cake as well".

Anyway, no matter it is what Marie and Louis say. This is what they do. They find as much money as they can. They make call to all their servants in the Palace, chamberlains and cooks, footmen and hairdressers, coachmen, grooms and gardeners, secretaries and serving wenches and tell them—"here is much money. Go to all the grain stores or where you can find any flour, to all the meat shops, the fish shops, the sellers of vegetables and so on, and buy, buy, buy, until no money is left. Get plenty of wood for fuel. Make all the ovens in the Palace kitchens hot. Make many more fires in the gardens for many barbecues. Fetch in the people and let them come into the Palace and gardens and eat, eat, eat,"

(To be continued)

**SOUTHERN REGIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE BLIND***Mobility Course at Leicester*

A most interesting and constructive course on mobility, organised by the Southern Regional Association for the Blind, was held at Prebend House, Leicester, during the weekend 19th/20th November. High praise is due to the Association's Secretary, Miss Marjorie Henham-Barrow, and her staff. The subjects covered in the lectures, which were followed by discussion, were: Children and Mobility; Mobility and the Blind Adolescent; Mobility and the Blind Adult in a Day Centre and a Home Environment; Mobility Training in a Rehabilitation Programme; Mobility with a Guide Dog, Aids to Mobility; and the Administrative Background of Research Programmes.

St. Dunstan's was well represented at the course. The proceedings were opened by the Association's Chairman, Captain J. A. D. Cochrane-Barnett, O.B.E., Lieut.-

Commander Robin Buckley, G.M., our Public Relations Officer, took the chair at one of the sessions, and the speakers included Mr. Richard Dufton, A.M.I.Mech.E., our Research Director, and Mr. Walter Thornton, B.A., Founder-Chairman of the new Midlands Mobility Centre at Harborne, Birmingham.

**NO FINGER ON THE TRIGGER**

In an international shooting competition against a team of blind Australians, six blind-handless St. Dunstaners were beaten 571-339.

The teams fired in ranges more than 13,000 miles apart and exchanged their targets by post. The Australian range uses a copy of the St. Dunstan's electronic rifle which was the first of its kind in the world. On our cover Josef Loska is seen firing during the match.

**LETTERS TO THE EDITOR****From J. Robinson of Darlington**

I was very pleased at the suggestion for having a swimming pool at Ovingdean, I think this is an excellent idea and would like to give my support to such a scheme. Swimming like walking is a healthy form of exercise and would I am sure bring lots of fun and happiness to many of us. As well as being most convenient.

**From J. Macfarlane of Shoreham-by-Sea, Sussex**

In my opinion £50,000 plus maintenance is far too much to spend to benefit us swimmers and may I point out that those who have written to the *Review*, spent a fortnight or month at the most in Ovingdean.

I hope the Chairman will clear his mind of this idea.

If the Chairman and the Council are thinking of having a dip in the kitty to the tune of £50,000 why not a small holiday home somewhere else preferably Scotland! I'm sure all my English friends (if any) would like to visit the land of staunch men and Bonnie Lassies.

In conclusion no stagnant pool for me!

**From S. Scroggie of Kirkton of Strathmartine, by Dundee.**

Like Lord Fraser and the rest of us in this well-fed part of the world I have to guard against putting on fat. Six years ago, in fact, I had put it on to such an extent that about the chest I had begun to look like a candidate for a specifically feminine bracing device. It was not that I was getting too little exercise. What with seven miles rapid walking a day and regular, exacting expeditions in the hills forbye, I was getting as much exercise as any dozen men in their forties. It was not under-exercise that was the enemy but grub and in particular the wrong kind of grub. There and then I made a radical change in my diet. The era of good old Scottish starch was over and a new and permanent era of fruit, proteins and whatnot had been inaugurated.

Lord Fraser is tall and can view with complacency a personal weight which would seem on the heavy side for me even if I stood on the scale with a weekend rucksack on. I am a mere 5ft. 5in., pretty well-built with it mark you, good shoulders and arms, a big backside, crammed with muscle, and one leg broadened and toughened by race-track, rugger-pitch, gymnasium, swimming pool and heather-slope to something like that of a Greek Hercules scaled down. The other, below the knee at least, can be timber, tin or plastic according to taste.

I never weigh myself. Perhaps I am afraid some day of repeating the experience of Jock Tamson. This worthy was catching the train for Aberdeen, had time to spare and stood on the station machine to weigh himself. It was a modern machine. A voice boomed out of a loudspeaker: "You are Jock Tamson: you are 30 years of age: you weigh 10 stone and you are catching the 11.15 for Aberdeen". The information, where Jock could check it, was correct. "My gosh" says Jock to the machine; "You're right enough, lad, but if I can't outwit you the next time, my name's not Jock Tamson." So he went away round the corner, pulled down his hat, pulled up his coat collar and advanced on the machine from a different direction. "You are Jock Tamson," boomed the loudspeaker; "you are 30 years of age; you are 10 stone and you are catching the 11.15 for Aberdeen." This put Jock really on his metal. He went away and borrowed a porter's cap and tunic, lifted a bag and approached the machine with such a limp and such a hunch of the shoulders that it could not possibly recognize him as the same person. He leapt savagely on the platform. "You are Jock Tamson" boomed the loudspeaker; "You are 30 years of age; you weigh ten stone; and with all your messing about you have missed the 11.15 for Aberdeen."

I repeat I do not weigh myself. When something tells me all is not well, I make a significant gesture to Barbara, my wife.



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR—(continued)

## S. Scroggie (continued)

She gets out the tape-measure and measures my waist. If it is more than 28 and a half inches according to the average between measuring from the back and measuring from the front, then I take less sugar in my coffee or drink light instead of heavy in the middle of the day.

If it is 28 and a half or under I feel not only that physical well-being and sartorial comfort Lord Fraser speaks about, but also the immeasurable satisfaction of the man who knows his diet is doing the trick. That diet as a matter of interest, is anything but frugal. In particular, I must eat a bigger breakfast than anybody else in Dundee and Angus. Lord Fraser's grape fruit and cup of coffee would not do for me as I draw in my breakfast chair and roll my sleeves up to the elbow. There is a big plate of fruit of some kind, either fresh or stewed. There is a mug of pease-pudding, or pease brose as we call it in Scotland. There is a plate of bacon and eggs (plural), sausages, black pudding and what have you. There is toast, marmalade and (without milk or sugar) sundry cups of tea. This puts such a generous lining in my stomach, I suppose, that I can survive the rest of the day with only a pint of beer and some cheese in the middle of the day and a dangerous, sticky, sweet cake with the afternoon cup of tea. Morning and middle-day I walk two miles and for the rest is a case of eight hours shadow boxing at the telephone switchboard. Then I walk 3½ miles home and sit down to a pretty generous three course meal, the emphasis, however, being as far from starch as possible. This I say, is my regular diet. It is not what you do sometimes that counts, but what you do all the time. Occasional starving will not fine you down; occasional gormandizing (which I indulge) will not fatten you out. Perhaps 2,000 rough miles in the hills these last 10 years have something to do with it, but in spite of a pretty good intake of food you can count my ribs.

Barbara says I remind her of Belsen

and in what she imagines are my best interests surreptitiously contrives to introduce forbidden elements into my diet. Privately, I think she is jealous of my waist!

From Margaret Stanway, of Morecambe, Lancs.

## VIVE LE SPORT!

Whilst staying at Ovingdean during the summer, I went for a coach outing with a Swedish girl as my companion. I was telling her about the various places of interest en route and mentioned Beachy Head and how many people had committed suicide by throwing themselves over the cliffs.

There was silence for a moment or two, and then she said: "You British are so fond of your sport."

## A SATISFIED CUSTOMER

In a letter to Mr. Zipfel of the Sales Department, Mr. R. Britten, on behalf of Barclay's Bank Ltd, Lincoln writes:—

"This is the first time I have had the opportunity of personally seeing the woodwork carried out by St. Dunstan's and the high standard is astounding. Congratulations on your achievement . . . you will have my support for many years to come. Please thank the craftsmen personally on my behalf.

## JOHN WESLEY'S MOTTO

*George Emerson has sent us John Wesley's motto for a New Year Resolution and would like to pass it on as a suggestion to all St. Dunstaners:*

Do all the good you can,  
By all the means you can,  
In all the ways you can,  
In all the places you can,  
At all the times you can,  
To all the people you can,  
As long as ever you can.

## ST. DUNSTAN'S REMEMBERS

Lord and Lady Fraser were amongst those who paid a visit on Friday 9th December, 1966, the Anniversary Day, to Sir Arthur Pearson's grave in Hampstead Cemetery; brief prayers of remembrance were said and a wreath was laid.

M. Burran of London and E. Carpenter of Kings Langley, St. Dunstaners who lost their sight in the 1st World War and F. W. Taylor of Surbiton who came to St. Dunstan's after the 2nd World War, were also at the graveside.

PRESENTATION TO  
MATRON AVISON

St. Dunstaners who have stayed at Pearson House who may wish to contribute towards the Presentation Fund being arranged for Matron Avison on the occasion of her retirement, should send their contributions to the Commandant, St. Dunstan's, Pearson House, Kemp Town, Brighton 7.

## SURPRISE SENSATION

*The Rev. Michael Norman writes in the St. Dunstan's  
(South Africa) Review*

When I was first ordained, I went to work in the Parish of St. Peter-in-Thanel, near Broadstairs, Kent. Nora had managed to obtain the services of a "char" one morning a week. At tea-time on her first morning with us, Nora had made tea and I called upstairs to our "char" "Come down and have a cup of tea and take the weight off your legs". Nora hurriedly told me to keep quiet, adding, "She's 220 lbs. if she's an ounce". This must have endeared me to her, for after that she always called me her "sweetheart".

A year later I had to go to her house when her husband died. I was taken into the sitting-room, where she was sitting with her daughter, who was in her late twenties. Shortly after I arrived the rent collector called. He had not heard about the old man's death. He was a young man who was friendly with the daughter. She told him of her father's death and then

## MEMORIAL SERVICE

Air Commodore Patrick Huskinson,  
C.B.E., M.C.

The Memorial Service for the late Air Commodore Patrick Huskinson was held at St. Clement Danes Church on Thursday 8th December. It was attended by Lady Fraser and Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. Buckley representing St. Dunstan's.

## MR. A. ALDRIDGE

Mr. Aldridge, whose picture of Bishop Casey presenting him with a Papal Award appeared on the front cover of the November *Review*, has received hundreds of letters of congratulation. Through the columns of the *Review* he would like to thank all those who have written to him and to say how very much he has appreciated their kind thoughts. He will be answering all these in time.

added, "Would you like to come upstairs and see him?" The young man rather awkwardly said that he would rather not. To which the daughter then replied, "Go on, ain't ye got any guts. I had to lay him out". I suggested that the rent collector would probably prefer to remember him as he had been, rather than as he was not. He nervously agreed and shot out of the front door.

After a little while I suggested that the mother might like me to go upstairs and say a prayer beside her husband's body, we went upstairs and as we stood beside the body, the widow said, "Oh, its a shame you can't see him. He looks so lovely and peaceful." Then she added suddenly, "Would you like to feel him?" and with that she grabbed my hand and placed it on his face. I said the shortest prayer I could and followed the rent collector down the front steps.



## OUGHDE FOR BRAILLISTS

Straight forward English must be tough  
For foreigners who need the stough  
But through dense braille we have to  
plough,

The Blind must learn to read someough.  
Press on chaps, con contractions, though  
your bonce could burst with what  
you knough

Then, when the learning days are through  
Aspire to show what you can dough,  
Translate this verse without a cough  
To show your erudition ough:—

"Sough sougher Sough tough sough!"  
Yough scough

Tough tough touch your toughs,  
yough tough

"Dough crough and cough, doughn't  
groughl and glougher!"

Grough gough groughs gougey, coughed  
by pougher.

KEY:—

"So suffer Sue to sew!" you scoff,  
Too tough to touch your toes, you toff.  
"Do crow and coo, don't growl and  
glower!"

Gruff guff grows gooey, cowed by power.  
ROY W. HYETT.

## MORE DANCING SUCCESSES FOR ST. DUNSTANERS' CHILDREN

We are very pleased to record more dancing successes for Julie, aged 12, daughter of our St. Dunstaner, R. J. Vowles, of Portsmouth.

At the Portsmouth Festival this year Julie won the England Highest Aggregate Medal and the Noel Cup for Verse Speaking.

Julie won two cups and three medals for dancing and the duologue cup at the Gosport Festival, and at the Chichester Festival she won three medals and the aggregate medal for tap, song, dance and musical comedy.

## Laughs at Fred's Cafe

I would like to point out that many of the laughs I get at the cafe are born from tears and rising anger, but I always remember that one needs 97 muscles to frown and only 35 muscles to smile. That is why many of the events I write about begin on a somewhat bitter note but always manage to bring a smile at the end.

Poverty and hard times are quite common round here, and the cafe gets more than its fair share of sad stories. Some sad stories are true, as the one about the bedraggled middle-aged couple who called in the cafe one day. Their story and their plight so moved me that I packed up a bundle of basic foodstuffs to help them on their way. This quickly changed to stunned astonishment when they said on leaving: "Excuse me, sir, but do we get any Green Shield savings stamps with the goods?"

★ ★ ★

On 5th December Lord and Lady Fraser visited Brighton to interview St. Dunstaners and see the establishments and staff.

★ ★ ★

Our St. Dunstaner, L. A. Rogers, writes to tell us that his father reached his 100th birthday on 24th August, 1966.

We have pleasure in recording more dancing successes for Heather May Richardson the eleven year old daughter of our St. Dunstaner, Dickie Richardson. Heather has passed the following exams:— Latin American Gold Medal—commended. Old Time (dancing as man) 2nd Gold Bar—commended.

Modern Ballroom Dancing. 3rd Gold Bar and Statuette—commended. Old Time Dancing (as lady) Sixth Gold Bar, and Statuette—highly commended. Tap Dancing—Gold Medal—commended. Ballet Grade 1—Honours.

## BRIDGE NOTES

### OVINGDEAN BRIDGE CONGRESS

Fifty members of the Bridge Club attended this year's Congress which was held from Saturday morning, 19th November until Monday afternoon, 21st November. After bridge on Saturday afternoon, the Commandant and Matron had arranged for a party in the canteen at which all the players and helpers had been invited. It was a jolly gathering at which the excellent refreshments and drinks were greatly appreciated by all present.

We were very sorry to learn on our arrival that Matron was laid up with a severe cold. However, she felt sufficiently recovered to be with us on Monday

afternoon in order to present the prizes to the winners of the various competitions held during the week-end.

On behalf of the members of the Bridge Club, your Captain expressed to her and the Commandant as well as to the Tournament Director, Mr. A. Field, to the helpers and members of the staff, our sincere thanks for all they did to make this Congress so successful.

Miss Blodwyn Simon then presented Matron with a bouquet and Mrs. McDonald with a box of "Life Savers" which we hope will have given her renewed strength to face the coming Year.

### Congress Competition Results

#### INDIVIDUAL CUP.

1st R. Stanners      2nd W. T. Scott  
3rd J. Chell

#### FINAL PAIR—ELIMINATION

1st N.S. S. Webster  
L. Douglas  
1st E.W. R. Armstrong  
M. Delaney

#### PAIRS CUP

1st A. Caldwell      2nd R. Giffard  
P. Nuyens          J. Clare  
3rd Mrs. Delaney  
Miss B. Simon

#### FOURS CUP

1st C. Kelk          2nd F. Griffie  
B. Ingrey          E. Slaughter  
M. Tybinski      J. Clare  
W. Burnett      R. Giffard  
3rd A. Caldwell  
P. Nuyens  
S. Webster  
L. Douglas

#### BRIDGE DRIVE

##### SUNDAY AFTERNOON

1st M. Tybinski      2nd G. Andrew  
W. Burnett          P. Pescott-  
Jones  
3rd S. MacNamara    4th H. Selby  
Mrs. Jones          M. Clements

#### BRIDGE DRIVE

##### MONDAY MORNING

1st G. Andrew      2nd E. Carpenter  
P. Pescott-Jones    A. Caldwell  
3rd Mrs. Delaney    4th J. Clare  
Miss B. Simon      R. Giffard

#### DRUMMER DOWNS CUP

1st Miss Kemmish    2nd G. Andrew  
P. Nuyens          R. Freer  
3rd Miss Aldred    4th Mrs. Delaney  
B. Ingrey          R. Goding

#### 1st BEGINNERS BRIDGE DRIVE

1st R. Evans          2nd Mrs. Stanway  
H. Ward            T. Moorley

#### 2nd BEGINNERS BRIDGE DRIVE

1st W. Lethbridge  
A. Cook

#### ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The 28th Annual General Meeting of the St. Dunstan's Bridge Club took place in the Winter Garden at Ovingdean on Friday evening, 18th November.

Commandant L. Fawcett took the chair. After last year's Minutes had been passed he read the Captain-Secretary's and Treasurer's Reports. No comments having been made, the Meeting proceeded to



BRIDGE NOTES—*continued*

the election of their Committee. The following members were nominated:—

<b>Captain-Secretary</b>	<b>P. Nuyens.</b>
<b>Vice-Captain</b>	<b>R. Fullard.</b>
<b>Treasurer</b>	<b>S. Webster.</b>

**Other Committee Members.**

**J. L. Douglass, F. Mathewman, H. Meleson.  
C. T. Kelk. co-opted member.**

After the outline of the forthcoming activities had been discussed, it was agreed to send a donation of £2. 2s. 0d. to the Blind-Deaf Fund.

A vote of thanks to the Commandant, Matron and all the helpers who had contributed during the past year to the success of the Club having been expressed, the Chairman thereupon closed the Meeting.

**CHRISTMAS BRIDGE DRIVE**

On that dreary and rainy Saturday morning of December 10th, twenty-four members of the Bridge Club prepared themselves to foregather at Headquarters for this popular event. Not only did they come from the Greater London Area but also from places as far away as Eastbourne, Brighton, Winchester, Crowborough, Newbury, Gravesend, High Wycombe, Northampton, Ipswich, Kings Langley and Croydon. There was only one absentee and although we were only told of this during the morning, Miss Scott, secretary of the London Club before her retirement, at a very short notice kindly came along to take his place so avoiding any re-arrangement and sitting out.

During the afternoon Lord and Lady Fraser paid a surprise visit and wished all those present a Merry Christmas and a very Happy New Year.

At the end of play our Vice-Captain, R. Fullard welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Lloyds. In his short address Mr. Lloyds, Secretary of St. Dunstan's, remarked that it was quite a long time since he had seen such a large gathering and congratulated the members of the Bridge Club for showing such great interest in the game.

Mr. Horstead, of Waltham Forest NALGO, then announced the lucky

winners, to whom Mrs. Lloyds kindly presented the prizes. They were:—

1st.	<b>R. Fullard and Mrs. Manby.</b>
2nd.	<b>W. Bishop and Mr. Waldeck.</b>
3rd.	<b>R. Goding and Mrs. Honeyball.</b>

The Consolation prize for the nearest minus score to the number of a page picked out of the telephone directory went to R. Armstrong and Mrs. Vera Allen.

The prizes for St. Dunstaners had been chosen by Mr. and Mrs. Meleson whereas those for their partners were articles made by St. Dunstaners.

Our only lady member present, Miss Vera Kemmish, thereupon, presented Mrs. Lloyds with a bouquet of chrysanthemums. She also presented Mrs. Smith, wife of our London Club steward, with nylon stockings as a token of our appreciation for all the work she had done during the year in providing us at our meetings with such tasty and well chosen refreshments.

I would like to add that the success of our Bridge Club is mainly due to—and here I recall the words of our founder member, H. Gover, "It is not I, it is not you, but it is you and I".

**BRIDGE INSTRUCTION  
WEEK-END**

Once again Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Field and Mrs. Stokes, have kindly agreed to run an instructional week end for Bridge, starting on the evening of Friday 24th and continuing on 25th and 26th February.

Absolute beginners will be welcomed and catered for, as well as improvers and "professors" who wish to improve their "Acot" system of calling. The week-end will comprise talks and practice sessions in calling and playing hands under instruction. Wives of St. Dunstaners attending the week end may also avail themselves of this instruction, in which case their expenses will be paid.

Only a limited number of beds will be reserved. Please send Application Form for Admission to the Homes Booking Clerk at Headquarters. Travelling expenses will be paid out during the week-end.

## CLUB NEWS

**Midland Club Notes**

The first fortnight of December was a very active one for the Midland Club. On Saturday evening, December 3rd, was the occasion of our Christmas Dinner. This year it was held at the Austin British Legion, Northfield, Birmingham.

Our party included club members with their wives or escorts, and the Chairman and Membership Secretary of the Austin British Legion. A most excellent Christmas Dinner was put before us. A very sincere vote of thanks was given to the British Legion for accommodating us and another vote of thanks went to the steward and his wife for preparing such a fine meal.

After dinner was over we all relaxed for about an hour and then it was time for the usual social activities to begin, these are held each Saturday evening by British Legion members, and we had been invited to join in. Dancing commenced at 8 p.m. and went on until midnight, and quite a number of our party stayed to the end. It was a wonderful evening and everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves. It is hoped that this will be a regular feature at Christmas time in future and, it is hoped, at the same place.

The next event on the calendar was the Children's Party at our usual club meeting point, British Legion, Thorpe Street.

After tea we all assembled in the lounge and awaited the entry of Father Christmas. The kiddies did not have long to wait, the door opened and in he came, pulled along on his sleigh. Each child was then called to meet Father Christmas and they each received a very nice present. The winner and runners up of our Sir Arthur Pearson Domino knock out competition were also called and given their prizes.

After this we had a short film show of some coloured slides that were taken by my wife at Church Stretton and at other functions where our members had been during the past year. These included some shots taken at the AJEX outing to Trentham Gardens.

It was then time for club members and their wives to drink each others health and wish each other a Very Merry Christmas so every one had a drink, including the children. This brought us to yet another ending to another very enjoyable meeting and everyone went home quite happy with the knowledge that the Midland Club members really do enjoy themselves whenever the occasion arises.

If you are not a member of this club why not come along in the New Year at 3 p.m., on every second Sunday of each month. All the things that I have mentioned above are paid for by the club members from raffles etc., at club meetings and we all get our moneys worth out of it at the end, so come along and enjoy the company of other St. Dunstaners once a month and maybe at other functions that we run during the year. It may soon be possible for another night at the King's Arms for club members.

All Midland Club members join with me in wishing the Compliments of the Season to all St. Dunstaners wherever they may be and success in the New Year to all St. Dunstan's Clubs.

D. E. CASHMORE  
*Hon. Secretary.*

**Cardiff Club Notes**

Our December Club Meeting was held on Saturday, 3rd December, and we had a very enjoyable time. A presentation was made to our Chairman Mr Bert Evans, on the occasion of his Silver Wedding, but unfortunately Mrs Evans is still not well enough to attend the Club. We are all hoping she will join us once again in the not too distant future.

Our annual Christmas Dinner will be held on Saturday, 21st January, 1967 at The Grand Hotel, and we are all looking forward to an enjoyable evening. All Members of the Club, their wives and families wish all the St. Dunstaners for 1967 Good Health, Good Luck and Prosperity, and we hope you all had a very nice Christmas.

D. STOTT,  
*Secretary.*



## CHESS NOTES

**R. W. Bonham writes—**

Following the success of the tournament held at Ovingdean last month, it was decided that many more St. Dunstaners might recognise the appeal of the game, if a series of instructive and informative short articles were to be published in the *Review*. Norman Russell was chosen to be Editor of this series, but in order to get off to a good start, I promised to provide the early instalments of the series. This brief introduction should suffice to explain the insertion of my name at the head of the present article.

Chess is a game which I believe to be not only an interesting pastime but, and this is more important, a means of expressing one's own personality and for providing scope for the exercise of one's talents. Moreover, it is one in which blind persons can indulge with as much success as that achieved by their seeing acquaintances. For over fifty years the game has been played by the students of Worcester College for the Blind with so many successes that it would fill a small volume to enumerate them. I hope, then, that some of my readers, who have not yet taken up the game, will avail themselves of this opportunity of doing so now.

I devote half this article to complete beginners and the other half to those who already play.

**1. For beginners**

Before reading this section you must obtain a special chessboard and men, which you can do by writing to headquarters. I recommend the small size Merrick board with chessmen to match. Having obtained the board and men, it is better to get someone familiar with the game to explain the names of the pieces so that you can identify them by touch, as well as distinguish their colour (black or white), and how to distinguish the colour of the squares on the board (again black or white).

Any member of the local Chess Club would I am sure, be pleased to give this small service.

Each player has two Rooks, two Knights, two Bishops, a King, a Queen and eight Pawns. The symbols denoting these are:—R Rook, K king, Q queen, B bishop, P pawn, and either Kt or N knight.

To begin the game, set the pieces as follows: White: R Kt B Q K B Kt R., in order from left to right on the row of squares nearest to you and the Pawns all on the second row. Black: set as White with the proviso that the two Kings are on the same row and two Queens are on the same row.

The rows of squares which run across the board from left to right are called "Ranks" and the rows of squares which run from one player's side of the board to the other are called "files". In counting the ranks each player counts from his own position, that nearest to him being his first rank and the one furthest from him the eight rank.

The files are named after the pieces which stood on them in the original set up: namely: (White, counting from left to right) QR, QN, QB, Q, K, KB, KN, KR. Note that the pieces on White's left are on the Queen's side, hence, Queen's Rook etc., and the pieces on his right are on the King's side, hence, the distinction KB etc). In full, the left hand file is called the Queen's Rook's File and so on for the others.

Finally, the name's of the squares are formed from a combination of the file and rank on which each stands. Thus the fourth square in the King's file counting from one's own end of the board is written K4, and the fifth square in the KB file is written KB5, etc.

Next time we shall deal with the moves of the pieces and the aim of the game.

**2. For those who already play.**

One's King is safest near the corner of the board for in that position there are fewer lines of attack available to the opponent. For this reason each player endeavours to castle as early in the game as possible. The following two games

## CHESS NOTES (continued)

illustrate the fate which can overtake an uncastled King, especially when one of the centre files becomes open. They also illustrate the deadly effect of a double check.

**Reti V. Tartakower**

1 P.K4, P.QB3; 2 P.Q4, P.K4; (A new idea. Black attempts to break White's centre before he becomes too strong there. The accepted P.Q4 is better.) 3 PXP Q.R4ch; 4 N-QB3; QXKP 5Q.Q3 (White's plan is deep. He intends castling on the Q side so that when the Q file becomes open as Black intends, White's heavy pieces will be ready to act along it) 5 . . . Kt.B3; 6 B.Q2, P.Q4; 7 0-0-0, PXP; 8 KtXP, KtXKt; (The Q file is now open as White had anticipated. His next move must have come as a great shock to his opponent. The sacrifice of the Q must be accepted and the double check which follows is deadly.) 9 Q.Q8ch, KXQ; 10 B.KKt5dch, K.B2; 11 B.Q8 mate, (if Black had played 10 . . . K.K1, then 11 R.Q8 mate. A beautifully conceived combination.)

**The next game illustrates a similar theme, this time the K file becomes open.**

1 P.K4, P.K4; 2 Kt.KB3, Kt.QB3; 3 B.B4, B.B4; 4 P.B3 (A good move, preparing for the forceful P.Q4 attacking Black's centre.) 4 . . . Kt.B3, 5 P.Q4., PXP; 6 PXP, B.QKt5ch; 7 Kt.B3, KtXP; (attempting to take advantage of the fact that White's QKt is pinned. P.Q3 would have been safer.) 8 0-0 (The point. Now Black cannot follow by castling himself as his Kt is attacked.) 8 . . . KtXKt; 9 PXXt (and now the B is attacked) 9 . . . BXP; 10 B.QR3 (Now Black cannot castle because the square B1, over which K must pass, is attacked) 10 . . . BXR; 11 R.K1(ch) (using the open file with deadly effect) 11 . . . Kt.K2; 12 RXXtch, K.B1 (or give up his Q) 13 RXPdch, (again the deadly double check) 13 . . . K.K1; (if K.K1 14 R.B8dch and mate) 14 Q.K1ch Q.K2; 15 QXQ mate.

(to be continued)

**CHESS INSTRUCTION WEEKEND**

A special weekend will be held at Ovingdean, starting on the evening of Friday, 17th February, and continuing over the weekend, 18th and 19th, when Mr. Bonham has kindly agreed to teach Chess to St. Dunstaners who are interested in learning this game from scratch or wishing to improve their present standard, so beginners, improvers and experts could all benefit from this weekend.

A limited number of beds will be reserved. Please send Application Form for Admission, to the Homes Booking Clerk at Headquarters. Travelling expenses will be paid out during the weekend.

**BRaille WEEKEND**

It is proposed to hold a second Braille Weekend at Ovingdean from Friday, 10th, to Sunday, 12th March inclusive, since the first one proved most interesting and enjoyable for those St. Dunstaners who participated.

The greater the numbers the greater the interest, so all Braille readers are welcome, whatever their standard. Please apply for a booking in the usual way, indicating on your application form your approximate reading speed.

C. D. WILLS.

**GET IT OFF YOUR CHEST**

You too can be an author. Just type your article, poem, short story or letter to the Editor in double line spacing and on one side of the paper only. Post it to the *Review* at 191 Marylebone Road and providing it is not libellous!—we will do our best to print it. Just write your epic and leave the rest to us — but please, please let us have your 'copy' by the tenth of the month. Then you can be sure we have time to include your item in the next month's *Review*.

**FIRST CLASS PERK**

A traveller in one of the crack Euston to Manchester expresses tells us that the penalty for improper use of the alarm was £5 in a first class carriage and £25 second class on the same train.



## THANK YOU

It is with the sincerest and deepest of thanks that I offer to all St. Dunstaners and the Staff who contributed the generous cheque to me on the occasion of my retirement as chaplain. The past seventeen years of service are indelibly impressed on my life. I can never forget the association and inspiration made on me by St. Dunstaners.

Now you will be interested to know what I have done with the cheque. I have bought a wrist watch, which I shall wear for all time, and I have had an engraving and date placed on the watch. I have also purchased a reliable fountain pen for all my correspondence. These practical gifts will always be reminders of my close relationship with St. Dunstans.

W. J. TAYLOR,  
*formerly Chaplain, Ovingdean.*

Thank you all and your families both at home and overseas for the many Christmas Cards and Calendars you have sent me this year and I do most sincerely hope every one of you had a happy Christmas Day. My thoughts were with you then and I wish you all best of health, happiness and prosperity in 1967.

C. D. WILLS,  
*Welfare Superintendent.*

I hope that you have all had a splendid Christmas and I send my best wishes for the year just newly started, that you may have health and happiness throughout the twelvemonth.

I am most appreciative of all the cards and gifts that arrived in such profusion that it is impossible to answer them all individually and I hope that you will accept my thanks through the medium of the *Review*. All of Northern Area join me in wishing you all that you wish yourselves.

M. A. MIDGLEY  
*Northern Area Superintendent,  
Welfare.*

On behalf of the Welfare staff in Southern Area may I start the New Year by thanking everyone who kindly sent us Christmas Greetings cards and other expressions of seasonal Goodwill. Many cards and messages came from St. Dunstaners and their families who, unfortunately, do not always enjoy the best of health and we particularly appreciated the special effort which must have been made to send us their greetings.

I hope that everyone had an enjoyable Christmas and that our sincere good wishes for 1967 can be conveyed to all through the printed word in the *Review*.

Greetings and thanks also come to you all from our Welfare Visitors who will be looking forward to seeing each of you again soon.

P. J. ROGERS,  
*Southern Area Superintendent,  
Welfare.*

The Commandant, Matron and Staff at Ovingdean and Pearson House wish all St. Dunstaners a happy New Year and thank them for all their cards.

L. FAWCETT,  
*Commandant, Ovingdean.*

Once again my staff and I have been touched by the many cards and greetings we have received this Christmas from St. Dunstaners and their wives. We send our thanks to you all and hope to see you at Ovingdean during the year. We wish you all health and happiness throughout 1967.

JEAN BLACKFORD,  
*Matron, Ovingdean.*

Mr. Matthews would like to thank everyone who was so kind as to send him their Christmas Greetings and good wishes. Most unfortunately an exceptionally heavy load of work prevented him from writing individual letters of thanks this year.

PETER MATTHEWS,  
*Estate Manager.*

## FAMILY NEWS

### Birth

On 25th October, 1966, to Joan, wife of John Davies, of Harlech, Merionethshire, a son, William Saunders.

### Silver Weddings

Sincere congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Atack, of Blackpool, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 13th December, 1966.

Heartly congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. J. Inness, of Dewsbury, Yorkshire, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 1st November, 1966.

Many congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Stark, of Bristol, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 10th October, 1966.

Many congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. F. Steventon, of Culcavey, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 20th September, 1966.

### Diamond Wedding

Our warmest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. W. Hines, of King's Heath, Birmingham, who celebrated their Diamond Wedding Anniversary on Christmas Day, 1966.

### Grandfathers

#### Congratulations to:—

D. T. Edwards, Sandy, Beds., who announces the birth of a grand-daughter, Julie Anne, born on 20th November, 1966.

T. Evans, of Flint, on becoming a grandfather for the second time, when his daughter Victoria presented him with a grand-daughter, Veronica Anne.

G. H. Hale, of Bristol, on the birth of his second grandchild at the end of August—a grand-daughter.

H. Westby, of Manchester, on the birth of a grand-daughter on 22nd September, 1966.

P. Wood, of Crewe, who is pleased to announce the arrival of a second grandchild on 23rd November, 1966, when his daughter gave birth to a son.

### Great-Grandfather

#### Many congratulations to:—

P. J. Murray, of Wood Green, N.22 (better known to a vast number of people as Grandad Murray), on the arrival of his third great grandchild, who was born on 12th July, 1966.

Walter, son of our St. Dunstaner, W. Woods, of Edmonton, N.18, was married on 17th December, 1966, to Miss Doreen Keil, at St. Mary Fletcher's Methodist Church, High Road, Leyton.

Shirley, youngest daughter of our St. Dunstaner, M. Golding, of Thornton Heath, married Pilot Officer Roy Moore on 26th November, 1966.

Norah, daughter of our St. Dunstaner, G. J. Salters, of Liverpool, married David Hugh Williams, of Liverpool, on 10th December, 1966.

F. Collingwood, of Newcastle-under-Lyme, Staffs, is pleased to announce that his daughter, Valerie, has passed her final examination and is now a State Registered Nurse.

Yvonne, 19-year-old daughter of our St. Dunstaner, C. F. Beard, of Hove, has obtained her Silver Medal for Modern Ballroom Dancing. She won her Bronze Medal earlier in the year.

Janet Greenaway, grand-daughter of our St. Dunstaner, W. H. Harding, of Finchley, N.3, is training to be a Nurse, and has won her Green Belt as part of her Nursing Training at the Whittington Hospital, Highgate.



## FAMILY NEWS—continued

May, daughter of our St. Dunstaner, S. Barton, of Bootle, has just been appointed Sister on the Maternity Ward of Walton Hospital, Liverpool. She is the youngest sister in the hospital.

Edwina, daughter of our late St. Dunstaner, W. P. Ward, of Dublin, has recently won a Silver Medal for Irish Dancing.

John, son of our St. Dunstaner, B. Purcell, of Urmston, has now obtained his B.Sc., and won a research scholarship at Rugby College where he is now studying for his Ph.D.

Arthur, son of our St. Dunstaner, H. A. Dakin, of Blackpool, played for the Bachelors act at the Royal Command Performance recently. He was on the drums. Arthur has joined the Palladium Orchestra for the pantomime season.

Peter aged 11, grandson of our St. Dunstaner, A. Cavanagh of Salford, Lanes has come first in his age group in the Salford City Police Safe Cycling Competition for 1966 and as a result has won a new bicycle for himself valued at £25. This was presented to him on 30th November at the Town Hall, Salford.

## Deaths

We offer our sincere sympathy to:—  
E. Ashby, of Coventry, who mourns the death of his only brother at the beginning of December.

A. Drew of Manchester who mourns the death of his wife on 13th November, 1966.

S. Dyson of Bilton, Harrogate, whose brother died very recently.

G. Fallowfield on the death of his grandson Andrew, aged 16, who was tragically killed in a car crash in Victoria, Australia on 20th November, 1966. He took George for many walks during his stay in Victoria last year.

A. Haralambous of Winchmore Hill, N.21., on the death of his grandson Gary, aged 8 years, who died on 26th November after a long illness.

E. Marsden of Blackpool on the death of his wife, in hospital on 7th December, 1966.

Mrs. N. Robinson of Newstead, Blurton, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs on the death of her mother on 26th November, 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.

## Egbert George Baxter, Royal Army Medical Corps

Egbert George Baxter, of Tooting, London, S.W.17, died on 17th November, 1966, at the age of 69. He enlisted in the Royal Army Medical Corps in 1916 and served with them until 1919. He did not come to St. Dunstan's until 1963. Owing to his age he did not undertake any occupational training, but he very much enjoyed taking part in all functions and attended the Armistice Memorial Service on the Sunday prior to his death, which was very sudden, four days later.

## Johannes Mattheys Botha, Cape Town Highlanders

Johannes Mattheys Botha, of Dellville, Germiston, Transvaal, South Africa, died on 4th November 1966. He was 45 years of age.

He enlisted in January, 1943, and served with the Cape Town Highlanders until his discharge in September, 1945, having been wounded in Italy in September, 1944. He was admitted first to Tembani, and then came to England to train as a physiotherapist, returning home to South Africa in December, 1950, after passing his exams.

## In Memory—continued

## John Dunks, Royal Field Artillery

John Dunks, who lived at Pearson House, died on 29th November, 1966. He was 82 years of age. He enlisted in the R.F.A. in 1914 and served with them until his discharge in 1918. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1926. He trained in joinery and carried on with this work until the death of his wife in September, 1963. He then stayed for a short time with his sister before going to reside at Pearson House.

## Jack William Marlow, Royal Army Service Corps

Jack William Marlow, of Epping, died on 5th December, 1966. He was 52 years of age. He enlisted in the Royal Army Service Corps in 1940 and served with them until his discharge in 1943. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1961. His health was already a subject of concern and he, therefore, was not able to take any regular employment, but he entered Ovingdean for hobby training and had many interests which he continued throughout his membership. He re-married in August, 1966, and his untimely death in December came as a great shock to his second wife and his six children of his previous marriage.

## Ernest Montrose, Supply and Transport Corps

Ernest Montrose, of East Preston, died on 5th December, 1966. He was 96 years of age. He enlisted in the Army in 1889 and was discharged in December, 1919, but served in the Second World War as a member of the Home Guard. His sight gradually deteriorated, and he was admitted to St. Dunstan's in 1961. He enjoyed many holidays at Ovingdean and Pearson House. He was admitted to Southlands Hospital in November and died after a brief illness. Since the death of Sammy Wain in February, at the age of 97, Mr. Montrose had been our oldest St. Dunstaner.

## Percy Maynard, 19th Royal West Surrey Regiment

Percy Maynard, of Gamlingay, Nr. Sandy, Beds., died in hospital on 22nd November, 1966. He was 70 years of age.

He served in the 19th Royal West Surrey Regiment from February to May, 1917, and came to St. Dunstan's in that year. He trained in mat making and boot repairing, and also kept poultry. He had been in poor health throughout the whole of this year.

## Frank Middleton, Royal Army Service Corps

Frank Middleton, of Willerby, Nr. Hull, died very suddenly on 12th November, 1966. He was 84 years of age.

He served with the Royal Army Service Corps from 1915 to 1919 and was the victim of a mustard gas attack. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1949 but on account of his age did not undertake any occupational training. He enjoyed his annual visit to Ovingdean and was a regular attendee at Northern Reunions.

## Daniel Morrison, Royal Engineers

Daniel Morrison, of Cork, Eire, died on 18th November, 1966. He was 72 years of age. He served in the Royal Engineers from 1914 to 1916, but his sight did not deteriorate until 1950 when he became a St. Dunstaner. Because of his age he did not undertake any training and latterly he had very poor health.

## Herbert Taylor, D.C.L.I.

Herbert Taylor, of Brighton, died suddenly at his home on the morning of 29th November, 1966. He was 73 years of age.

He enlisted in the D.C.L.I.'s in 1911 and served with them until 1916. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1916. He trained in netting and rug work. Throughout his membership he has suffered from indifferent health, but did manage a little handicraft work. Following the death of his first wife in 1958 he went to live at Ovingdean. He re-married in 1959 and settled in Brighton, but his health gave cause for concern again in 1964.

## Reginald Edward Thomas, Herts 39th Battalion and Machine Gun Corps

Reginald Edward Thomas, of Watford, died on 20th November, 1966. He was 74 years of age. He enlisted with the Herts 39th Battalion and Machine Gun Corps in 1914 and served with them until his discharge in 1919. On his discharge from the Service, he worked for the London Transport for over 30 years. He had been retired for some time, during which his health deteriorated, and when his sight failed he was admitted to St. Dunstan's in July, 1966.

## Hugh Gordon Wilson, Div. Signal Coy., N.Z.E.

Hugh Gordon Wilson, of Mairangi Bay, New Zealand, died on 3rd July, 1966, at the age of 72. He enlisted in August, 1914, and served with the Div. Signal Coy., N.Z.E., until his discharge from the Army in February, 1919. He suffered mustard gas poisoning at Passchaendale in 1917.





Mrs. Josephine Bonham presents the Chess Challenge Cup to John Cruse.

## CHESS WEEKEND

"If St. Dunstaners' standard of play continues to improve it is not beyond their reach to be selected to play for their country in internationals or even in blind chess team Olympiads for a world title," this was the opinion expressed by Mr. Reginald Bonham, President of the International Braille Chess Association at the presentation of trophies which concluded the 1966 Chess-Weekend at Ovingdean on November 6th.

Mr. Bonham said that any one of four players could have won the championship right up to the last minute: John Cruse, who finally retained the trophy he won last year, Norman Russell, Roy Hyett, and Roman Donald. He specially mentioned Walter Lethbridge, who, in his first chess weekend, had two wins in four games in section "B".

Mr. Bonham, who is head of the Mathematics Department at Worcester College,

has been helping St. Dunstan's Chess players for many years and as a token of their appreciation, a presentation was made to him on behalf of the St. Dunstaners by Matron Blackford. Although blind Mr. Bonham has played chess for England alongside sighted players and has played in the Open British Championship six times. He has won the British Correspondence Championship and represented Britain in the World Correspondence Championship in 1966.

"I feel it is worth while to come down here and look forward to coming down again in a few months time for an instructional weekend," concluded Mr. Bonham, "I shall always have a soft spot in my heart for St. Dunstaners."

Mrs. Josephine Bonham presented the Chess Challenge Cup to John Cruse, winner of Section "A" and other awards to Norman Russell runner-up, Section "A",

Alec Cook, winner of all four games in Section "B" and Joe Culshaw, Section "B" runner-up.

Fourteen St. Dunstaners took part in the weekend, six in each section of the tournament and two learners. The full results, each player having four games, were:

Section "A"		
1.	J. Cruse	3½
2.	N. Russell	2½
3.	R. Donald	} 2
	R. Hyett	
5.	H. Boorman	} 1
	R. Newton	
Section "B"		
1.	A. Cook	4
2.	J. Culshaw	3
3.	W. Lethbridge	} 2
	C. Stockwell	
5.	A. Waters	1
6.	J. Chell	0



On behalf of St. Dunstan's Chess players, Matron Blackford makes a presentation to Mr. Bonham.

The winner and runner-up in action—  
John Cruse v Norman Russell.







Above: Because of severe injuries to his hands, Wally Lethbridge used a special board, his moves being duplicated on the standard board for his opponent, Joe Culshaw.

Below: Mr. Bonham adjudicates in the match between Wally Lethbridge and Joe Culshaw at the end of the period of play.

