

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Blinded British Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen

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[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN]

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

War Pensions

I AM continuing at every favourable opportunity to raise, both in Parliament and with the Minister of Pensions privately and with Members of Parliament, various questions relating to Pensions and Allowances.

There are many who feel with me that improvements, both in the conditions respecting the payment of Pensions and Allowances and in the rates of Pensions and Allowances are overdue. We have not succeeded yet in securing an advance from the Government, but by constantly raising the matter we are preparing opinion in governing circles. This is the proper course in a democratic country, and I am convinced that it will succeed in time.

The first reform that we are pressing is that conditions and rates and allowances for officers, N.C.O.s and men, disabled in the present war, should be the same as, or at any rate not worse than, those which are being paid to similar veterans of the old war. This policy is whole-heartedly advocated by the British Legion, by St. Dunstan's, by all small ex-Service organisations, and has already won the support of many M.P.s.

The next point in my mind is that the pensions of the veterans of the Great War should be improved to meet the increased cost of living, and the higher standard of the present time. I have urged this for at least a year, and have spoken on it three or four times in the House—other Members have raised it also, but for some curious reason the British Legion, at its Conference last Whitsun, turned down the resolution which asked for better pensions for men of the Great War. They evidently thought the time had not come for such a move. I hope that all St. Dunstaners who are members of the Legion use their influence in their Branches to see that this opinion changes before next Whitsun's Conference.

Apart from a general rise to meet the increased cost of living, I consider that another most important reform ought to be considered by the Government. I have spoken about this frequently, and have mentioned it in this magazine. It is the proposal that an allowance should be paid for the wives and children of seriously disabled men, even though they are married after they are wounded, and the children are born later still. As St. Dunstaners will know to their cost, hitherto the Government has only paid wives' and children's allowances if the man was married and the children were born before he received his disability. I consider this is bad for the nation, and that it is unfair to a young man to expect him to

bring up a wife and family on a single man's pension. I would like our members of the British Legion to bring this point to the notice of their Branches also. I go so far as to say that this reform would mean so much to our men that it is even more important than a general rise in the pension itself.

St. Dunstaners will feel as I do that the increases in wages which are so general throughout the country should be matched up by an increase in the incomes of disabled men, and I will continue to press consideration of this matter upon Parliament and Government.

But I venture to caution St. Dunstaners that in my opinion it will be very difficult to move Parliament and the Government from the position they have taken up that no change can be made until the cost of living figure reaches the point at which it stood in 1919. I have already expressed the view publicly that this is not right, and that we are no longer living in the conditions of 1919, but Parliament and public opinion are not yet fully convinced, and we must continue to work hard until our cause is better understood and bears fruit.

Meantime many St. Dunstaners, particularly amongst poultry farmers, basket-makers, and shop-keepers, are doing a little better than they were in pre-war days, because a bit of extra trade happens to have come their way. Others are not doing so well, and some have had everything ruined by the war. I am glad to say that in all hard cases St. Dunstan's has been able to give special help.

St. Dunstaner Sheriff

A St. Dunstaner is to become the High Sheriff of the City of Hull. He is Godfrey Robinson—an officer who was blinded in the last war, and came to St. Dunstan's in 1917 for training. Robinson is one of the partners in an old-established family business of Importers and Distributors of Foodstuffs in Hull. After he left St. Dunstan's he went back to this business, in which he has taken an active part ever since, and during the present war, his three brothers having gone to serve in the Armed Forces, he has been left in sole charge—a considerable responsibility.

Ever since his first return to his home near Hull, Robinson took a keen interest in the welfare of the blind. He became a Committee Member of the Hull and East Riding Institute for the Blind, and subsequently became its Chairman. He was a keen Rotarian, and became President of the Hull Rotary Club, and took part in many other local activities. Now he goes to the post of Sheriff, and becomes the second citizen of Hull. This is an honour and a dignity which he well deserves, and all St. Dunstaners offer him sincere congratulations. We congratulate ourselves, also, for it is an honour for St. Dunstan's that one of its men should attain so important a position.

Newington House

Towards the end of last month, a deputation representing the Committee of Newington House, and led by Baillie Barrie, the Convener, visited Church Stretton. Captain William Appleby, representing our Council, and Lady Fraser met the deputation and showed them all our activities. They showed great interest in our work, which they studied in considerable detail.

It was a pleasure to receive a visit from these representatives at Church Stretton, as well as to welcome at our recent Council and General Meeting, Mr. J. B. Adshead, J.P., the Chairman of the Scottish National Institution for Blinded Sailors and Soldiers, which is now co-operating so fully with us.

IAN FRASER.

Notes and News about St. Dunstaners

Congratulations to A. H. Luker, who had a narrow escape recently when an aeroplane crashed at the back of his house. Only an elm tree saved the houses and steadied the crash. Luker says "The crackling and flying bullets made me think of the Somme battle again."

★ ★ ★

F. Crabtree, of Scarborough, is a fire watcher, and does his share of all-night duty.

★ ★ ★

J. Brockerton, of Coleraine, is rightly proud of his young grandson. Although only 17½, he is 2nd Wireless Officer, and has just received a letter of congratulation and a cheque for bravery and devotion to duty when his ship was attacked.

★ ★ ★

Fred Brown, of Greet, Birmingham, has sent £6 7s. 6d. to the Ministry of Aircraft Production, the proceeds of a draw for a wicker log basket, made and presented by him for the war effort.

★ ★ ★

R. Biggadike has registered for fire watching, and enjoys his spells of duty. He says that they had two thousand fire bombs on them one night, so that it's not too dud a job!

★ ★ ★

J. W. Clare, of Brockenhurst, is now a very proud grandfather; his son Gordon's wife has just had a son.

★ ★ ★

H. W. Costigan, of East Sheen, St. Dunstan's well-known baritone, who has for some time been singing with "ENSA," is to leave very soon for a trip to the Middle East. He will be away for about a year.

★ ★ ★

L. W. Calvert, who works in an Ordnance Factory, is another member of the Home Guard. He is also a member of the R.A.O.B., and his Lodge has sent a donation to St. Dunstan's as a mark of appreciation.

★ ★ ★

W. Giles, of Penn, Wolverhampton, spends three days a week at the Beaver Club, Birmingham, helping with the Canadians. He is another fire watcher.

Author—Lecturer—Food Expert

Frederick Le Gros Clark arrived at St. Dunstan's shortly after the Armistice. One of his earliest thoughts at that time was "Surely one ought to be able to write fiction." Seeing one of his first attempts, Sir Arthur himself agreed. His first published short story in a popular monthly was a thriller with a blinded character in it, "Black as the Night." But by 1921, when he married, he was having stories accepted regularly, and is by now responsible for more than seventy short stories.

Meanwhile, he was beginning to be known as a lecturer and reviewer on social subjects. He contributed from time to time articles to the "Beacon" on "Blindness in Literature and in History." Later he published two novels, "Apparition" and "Between Two Men"; and finally a series of children's stories, collected in 1937, under the title of "The Adventures of the Little Pig and other stories." These last had considerable success, and were translated into various languages and broadcast.

Clark, who comes of a medical family, was, however, mainly interested in problems of human health and welfare. He had been for some time studying the social questions of nutrition, and of the production and marketing of food. In 1933 he was asked to take an active part in two scientific and medical bodies then formed to direct a public campaign against malnutrition in any class of the community. Since 1934 he has edited the bulletin of these organisations, which, with the present war, amalgamated to form the "Children's Nutrition Council." This has been his main work and his true release into public life. Besides a host of pamphlets and articles on every aspect of the problem, he has written three books, of which the last was "Our Food Problem and its relation to our National Defences," published in the Penguin Series. His latest work is a booklet reviewing the subject of Evacuation. He is at present investigating with a Leverhulme Research Grant various aspects of community feeding, and the problems in this direction that the war has created.

Wanted to Exchange

A Kodak Ia Junior autographic camera, in perfect order; distance gauge and range-finder, diaphragm, three speeds. Takes pictures 2½ by 4¼. Complete with crocodile leather case. To exchange for a VIOLIN.

Church Stretton Notes

Although winter is closing in on us, our oarsmen still go to Shrewsbury on Wednesday afternoons, where they are coxed on the Severn by the boys from Shrewsbury School. Physical training is held on the terrace before breakfast or during the lunch hour, and football is in full swing on the grass lawn, as the hard courts are no longer available—concrete hutments are being built there. Church Stretton folk looking down from the Longmynd mistook the concrete blocks for tombstones, but we have duly squashed the rumour.

There has been a revived interest in darts, and more men are learning card games.

Belmont—the staff house—has provided material for the game of consequences. For instance:—

(1) Captain Pickering, Adjutant of an R.A. Depot, met Miss Maureen Sargent, Secretary to Mr. Davenport, at the house-warming party at Belmont on December 14th, 1940; and the consequence was:

A wedding at St. Lawrence's Church on September 6th, 1941. Having passed under an archway of crossed bayonets, the bride and bridegroom were drawn through the streets on an army lorry by men of the R.A., to the reception at Battlefield.

(2) The Rev. John Ringdon Berry met Miss Joan Ginner, a V.A.D., who came here after being with us at Ovingdean for a year, in the lounge at Longmynd when he came to visit his brother, Leonard, who had lost his sight in an air-raid, and the consequence was—he came again, ostensibly to visit his brother, and on September 23rd at St. Lawrence's Church, there was a very pretty wedding, from which the happy couple were drawn in their car by St. Dunstaners as far as the market place, the reception being held at "Lis Escop," the residence of the ex-Bishop of Bristol—and the world said:

"Will Belmont do the hat trick and produce another bride?"

* * *

On September 6th the Raven Club invited all the men to the Cinema in Shrewsbury, followed by a tea and social at Ward's Cafe.

The Army Ordnance Club gave us another splendid evening in Shrewsbury on September 9th, and we had an ENSA Concert in

the Lounge on September 25th. All the patients from Tiger Hall were taken for a drive and tea at Much Wenlock.

Mrs. Graham, a friend of St. Dunstan's in Ovingdean days, has sent two large consignments of fresh grapes and peaches from Peterborough, a gift much appreciated in these days of rations.

During the holidays, Mr. Hawketts started a weekly social evening at Tiger Hall. It was so popular that he has been asked to continue it, and we feel it will be most welcome during the winter, when the weather may be too bad for the new patients to join in amusements at Longmynd.

From Tuesday, September 16th, till the 18th, we entertained four members of the Committee of Newington House, our Scottish equivalent, who had the foresight to bring blue skies with them. They spent two busy days inspecting our activities, grave and gay, and we welcomed the opportunity of discussing many points of mutual interest. They left behind them a feeling that they had enjoyed their visit, admiration for their ability to "sing for their supper," and the conviction that our skill at darts must be high indeed for Scotsmen to pay so handsomely for education in the art!

We finished the month with a Sports Meeting on Saturday, September 27th, all the more enjoyable because it was informal and short. Even the weather, which had been dull and cheerless in the morning, cleared up and gave us a sunny afternoon.

The results were as follows:—

Throwing the Cricket Ball—

Blinded Men: 1, Stanley; Key.

Slightly Sighted: 2, J. Ainsworth, J. Perowicz.

Ladies: 1, Miss Canti and Mrs. Tuffnell.

50 Yards Walk—

Male Staff: 1, D. Legge; 2, O. Mason.

Long Jump Standing—

Blinded Men: 1, G. Stanley; 2, J. Lawson.

Slightly Sighted: 1, J. Ainsworth; 2, J. Bennett.

Lighting the Candle—

1, J. Lawson and Miss Canti; 2, N. Corboy and Mrs. Tuffnell; 3, J. Ainsworth and Mrs. Colliver.

Tug of War—

Tiger Hall 2; Longmynd 1.

Ode to Church Stretton

*Church Stretton, how I bless the day,
When first my feet were led thy way,
Though only for a little stay,
Thy praises will I sing.*

*Thy loving people, good and kind,
The likes of whom are hard to find,
I'll always keep them in my mind
Until my dying day.*

*The lovely scenery which abounds
From thy great hill-tops all around,
Echoing Nature's natural sounds,
Among the oaks and pines.*

*Thy Ragleith Hill, oh, what a climb
To smell the fragrance of the pine,
Thy summit long and so divine,
With beauty on each side.*

*And giant-like old Caradoc!
Thy slopes have fathered many a flock,
And sheltered them behind thy rock
Till lambing time drew near.*

*Thy Longmynd with its pastures green
And mountain ponies paint a scene
Like Switzerland to some, you seem
More beautiful to me.*

*Thy breaking dawn and sunset gold
Remind me of the songs of old,
Oh, England, to the world unfold
Thy liberty and beauty.*

*Thy stately Church, divine and sweet,
Thy old-established Watling Street,
And thy old fountain seems to greet
Every passer by.*

*And last there are thy taverns dear,
They've given tourists mirth and cheer
Because they sell the best of beer,
Old England's greatest quencher.*

*Well, good-bye, Church Stretton, for a while
Memories of thee will bring a smile,
I'll return when I have made my pile,
And stay with thee for ever.*

J. McDONALD, Shaw.

Forthcoming Marriage

EVANS—JONES.—A. C. Evans, of Newport, is being married on October 28th to Miss Olive Mabel Jones, at St. Woolos Cathedral. The ceremony will be performed by the Rev. Oscroft Jones, Vicar of Six Bells, Abertillery, uncle of the bride.

Hop, Skip and Jump—

Blinded Men: 1, G. Stanley; 2, P. Campbell.

Slightly Sighted: 1, J. Ainsworth; 2, M. Fefferberg.

Three-Legged Race—

Blinded Men: 1, J. Lawson and Miss Canti; 2, W. Cowing and Miss Arning.

Slightly Sighted: 1, N. Corboy and Mrs. Tuffnell; 2, M. Fefferberg and Miss Canti.

Egg and Spoon Race—

Blinded Men: 1, J. Ainsworth and Miss Mold; 2, P. Campbell and Miss Headon; 3, J. Wilkinson and Miss Joan.

* * *

The following changes have occurred at Church Stretton during the month of September:—

Admitted to Hospital—

Pte. Alan Key, Reconnaissance Corps, Nottingham (21); Sergt. J. Ritson, Pioneer Corps, Carlisle (29); C.Q.M.S. H. A. Pugh, East Surrey Regt., Gravesend (43).

Admitted to Training—

Spr. N. Corboy, R.E., Luddendenfoot (21); S.P.O. R. Duffton (transferred from Hospital); W. Nixon, Sheffield (46), R.E. (old war); A. J. Colclough, Hanley (46), North Staffs Regt. (old war).

* * *

A. Evanno (Free French) was re-admitted to the Training Centre on September 1st.

Peter Smith (Civilian) has now left us and is at present at America Lodge, Torquay.

* * *

We congratulate the following on passing tests:—

Typing.—N. Cook, D. Campbell.

Braille Reading (Interline).—L. Copeland, S. Musty, F. Dickerson.

Braille Reading (Interpoint).—L. Douglass, W. C. Carlton, Sergt.-Observer Pearson.

Braille Writing.—J. Lawson.

A Gift for Blinded Prisoners

Sir Ian Fraser has received from Mrs. Paget Hett, President of the Esher Branch (Women's Section) of the British Legion a gift of £5 to defray the expense of Christmas parcels to blinded prisoners of war.

St. Dunstaners will be grateful for this generous expression of the interest of our Legion friends.

Sons and Daughters in the Services

BARLEY, Signaller J. W., Lincolnshire Regt.
 BIRCH, Corporal H. B. (London, S.W.6), Service Police.
 BROWN, Driver H. (Welling, Salop), Command Signals.
 BURNS, A.B. J. (Salford), Royal Navy.
 CAPTICK, L/Cpl. W., Transit Camp.
 COLLYER, A/c. 2 W. G. (Kingsbury), Royal Air Force.
 DANCE, A/c. 1 J. C. (Bishops Stortford), Royal Air Force.
 EDWARDS, Sidney (Hackney), Royal Air Force.
 EDWARDS, A/c. Donald (Norwich), Royal Air Force.
 EDWARDS, A/c 2 Michael (near Sandy, Beds.), Royal Air Force.
 EVANS, A/c 2 D. G., Royal Air Force.
 EVANS, Pte. T. L.
 GOUNDRILL, Owen, Royal Air Force.
 GREAVES, Band Boy D. (Oldham).
 GUNSON, L. A/c. R., Royal Air Force.
 HOLMES, J. (Harrow), Fleet Air Arm.
 HORNSBY, Marjorie (Sheffield), A.T.S.
 HORRELL, Pte. A. John (Treorchy), R.A.M.C.
 HUME, L. A/c. Fred (Alnwick), Royal Air Force.
 JORDAN, A/c. 2 A. F. (Norbury), Royal Air Force.
 MECKIN, Robert, Royal Navy.
 MULVANEY, Caroline, W.A.A.F.
 OWEN, Pte. Enid (Bethesda), A.T.S.
 ORAM, A/c. 2 C. N., Royal Air Force.
 PAYNE, L/Cpl. J. M., Royal Signals.
 SAMWORTH, Kathleen, Land Army.
 SHURROCK, Gunner Frank, Royal Artillery.
 SHURROCK, Gunner Kathleen, A.T.S.
 SKELLY, Ronald, Royal Air Force.
 SPACKMAN, C.Q.M.S. F. W., King's African Rifles.
 SPACKMAN, Bdr. C., Royal Artillery.
 SPACKMAN, Lce.-Cpl. G. A., Essex Regt.
 SPACKMAN, Pte. A., Essex Regt.
 SPACKMAN, Pte. P. H., Recruit Coy.
 STEVENSON, A/c. 2 E. A. (Brighton), Royal Air Force.
 STORY, Driver (Ashford), W.A.A.F.
 THORPE, Gunner F. (Morecambe).
 THORPE, A/c. 2 R. H. (Chelmsford), Royal Air Force.
 WALKER, Alice (Hanwell), A.T.S.
 WALSH, Rifleman F., Rifle Brigade.
 WILLIAMS, Trooper Jack (Shipley), Tank Brigade.
 WILLIAMS, Pte. Edward (Shipley), K.O.Y.L.I.
 YARE, A/c. 2 Thomas, Royal Air Force.

Gifts to the Comforts Fund

T. Thorpe, of Torrisholme, and his wife, have just received their first payment of their old age pensions. To mark the occasion they have both sent their ten shillings to Miss Pain, for the Comforts Fund for young St. Dunstaners. One of their own boys joined the Forces the same day. Thank you, Mr. and Mrs. Thorpe, and many happy returns.

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Our thanks, too, to R. W. Greenacre, of Earldham, Norwich, who has sent us the splendid sum of £4, which he collected by raffling a door mat, made by himself.

Missing

We have heard with regret that Keith Hunter, son of the late J. Hunter, of Bolton, has been reported missing. He was serving on the destroyer Juno, which was sunk off Crete in May, and Mrs. Hunter has had the sad news that Keith was one of those missing, presumed to have been killed.

Reported Missing—Now Prisoners-of-War

Mr. and Mrs. P. T. Maskell, of Rochester, whose son, Eric, was reported missing, have heard, through a German broadcast, that he is a prisoner of war in Germany.

After many months of anxiety, Mr. and Mrs. Donnelly, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, have heard that their son, John, is also a prisoner in Germany.

Promotion

F. Stratton's son, who is in the R.A.M.C., has been promoted to Sergeant.

Wedding Anniversaries

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. A. Allen, of Wirral, Cheshire, who celebrated their 40th wedding anniversary on October 6th.

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Congratulations, too, to the following, who have been, or will shortly be, celebrating their silver wedding:

Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Edwards, Sandy, Beds, March 30th; Mr. and Mrs. D. Melling, Coggeshall, July 9th; Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Waldin, Winchester, October 26th; Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Patston, Parkstone, Dorset, October 28th.

National Laying Test

Report for the eleventh period of four weeks, July 28th to August 24th 1941

Position	Name	Test Score	Value
1.	Fisher, T. M.	1104
2.	Holmes, P.	1089
3.	Campbell, John	1058
4.	Fisher, T. M.	1047
5.	Smith, W. Alan	863
6.	Hill, R. E.	839
7.	Chaffin, A.	827
8.	Capper, A. H.	767
9.	Holmes, P.	758
10.	Hammitt, H. A.	750
11.	Carpenter, E. H.	749

Average per bird, 178.76

Young St. Dunstaners

John, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Woollen, of Leyton, has matriculated and is about to take up an appointment as Junior Laboratory Assistant at the Belmont Laboratory, Sutton. He is a bacteriologist.

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Joyce, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Tomkinson, of Radlett, was married on July 20th to Leading Aircraftman F. A. Haynes, R.A.F.

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Leonard Frampton, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Frampton, of Higham's Park, has passed the General Schools Examination of London University.

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Eileen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Tarry, of Hastings, has won her London University Higher School Certificate, and has been accepted by Furzedown Training College.

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Frederick, the second son of J. McAndrew, of Bournemouth, has passed his Higher School Certificate, and has been awarded a State Bursary in Science at Bristol University.

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Edwin, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Brooks, of Bournemouth, has passed out third in a further Gunnery Examination in the Royal Navy, and has also won a silver medal for boxing.

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Another fine young boxer is Stanley Wood, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Wood, of Putney, who has now won a cup for his battalion, as a middle-weight.

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Arthur Payne, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Payne, of Cardiff, who we regret to hear is at present in hospital after undergoing an operation, has passed his matriculation.

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Phyllis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Bowers, of Hounslow, who is an A.C.1 in the W.A.A.F., has married Petty Officer Frederick Richards.

★ ★ ★

Phyllis Lee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Lee, of Doncaster, works in a hospital in South London which had a direct hit during the blitz. Apart from cuts, Phyllis escaped unhurt; now the Secretary of the Hospital,

and the Council, have sent her a letter expressing their appreciation of her splendid behaviour and help on that night.

★ ★ ★

Joan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Spencer, of Potton, Beds., was married on August 16th to Private Frank Titchmarsh.

★ ★ ★

2nd Lieut. F. A. James, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. James, of West Hove, was married on September 10th to Miss Pamela Dale, at the Church of St. Thomas, Hove. A Territorial before the war, he went to France as a Corporal, was evacuated safely from Dunkirk, and was subsequently recommended for a commission in his own regiment, the Royal Sussex Regt.

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Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Wheeler's thirteen-year-old son, Ivor, won first prize for the best poster in a Tank Week competition in Rubery. Five hundred children took part.

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Donald Greaves, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Greaves, of Oldham, has been responsible for saving the life of a man who had fallen sixteen feet down a bank into a stream. The man fell face downwards and was partially buried in mud.

★ ★ ★

Raymond Jenkins, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Jenkins, of Porth, has gained his Senior School Certificate.

★ ★ ★

Barbara, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Boorman, of Peterborough, has obtained her School Certificate.

★ ★ ★

Mary Davies, daughter of our late St. Dunstaner, A. Davies, of Middlesbrough, has won a scholarship to a secondary school.

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Tom Tuxford, of Redditch, has won his City of Birmingham Engineering Certificate—all his studies were done in the evening, after his day's work.

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F. W. Thompson, of Carshalton, tells us that his eldest daughter, Esther Mary, is now engaged—to Mr. C. Hamilton Johnston.

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Another engagement—Joan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. Sparkes, of Grimsby, to Writer Jack Vesey, R.N.

[Continued on page 12]

B.B.C. Programme Questionnaire

A number of St. Dunstaners responded to Sir Ian Fraser's invitation in the July REVIEW to give their views on B.B.C. programmes, and have sent him most interesting letters on the subject. Sir Ian is very glad indeed to have these, and is grateful for the trouble their writers have taken. But the great majority of St. Dunstaners did not reply. We do not know whether to assume that they never listen, or that they are satisfied. Accordingly we do not feel that the letters as a whole can be taken to be representative of opinion generally, and we will not analyse them, or make any deductions from them, except to say that those who sent in were unanimously in favour of more plays, talks, and features, while not a single correspondent supported jazz. Every correspondent preferred the Overseas News Bulletin to the Home Service one. It has more punch and vigour, they say.

We print below extracts from a number of letters we have received. A further batch will appear next month.

"The war-time programmes appear to me, upon the whole, to be pretty well equal in quality with those presented before the war. If anything, I should say they are lighter. There is less matter to which I desire to listen, as I like series of talks and discussions, but I know my tastes are not shared by many listeners. I should prefer more plays of the longer variety, and I prefer the plays that are given to be less of the fantastic type. If I were obliged to listen a great deal, there would be far too many jazz noises, I won't call it music.

"I think the Overseas News Bulletins are much more interesting and stimulating than those on the Home Service. They are more imaginative and sound as if they are got up by journalists, whilst the others smack more of the Civil Service and officialdom."

S. A. CHAMBERS, Birmingham.

"I do most heartily congratulate the B.B.C. on the excellent production of their plays—a very high standard. I also enjoy the various parlour games. Is it possible to find a team consisting of our colleagues at St. Dunstan's to oppose some other team in a parlour game of some description?"

"I like the Overseas News. It has a definite punch. The whole news service is virile. The Home Service news is fair and impartial, and one can depend on it, but there is a difference. The Overseas News is alive and very alert; the Home News is too academic.

R. P. COLES, Redhill.

For a great number of years now we have had to put up with several programmes daily introducing 'crooners,' and I really cannot imagine that this form of vocal entertainment can be in any way a good thing for the public in general. It always seems to me that the B.B.C. has a grand opportunity of gradually educating *upwards* the musical taste of the listening-in public. The way the 'crooner' performs is the very antithesis of everything that can be called singing, what with the pitch of his voice always being below the note and the excruciating sliding up and down the scale. Unless certain of the public complain, I suppose this fashion of singing out of tune will continue for another long period of years, and this is my only excuse for trespassing upon your time in reading this long harangue."

DOUGLAS HOPE, Walberswick.

"Too much repetition in news bulletins. It would save time and current if the announcer stated at the beginning of each bulletin if there were any fresh news items since their last news bulletin."

D. J. M. STEPHENS, Carmarthen.

"I think it would be better if some of the most interesting programmes were later in the evening, as more people would have a chance of hearing them.

"Regarding news bulletins, I have thought, and am still thinking, that there is a great deal spoken over the wireless which gives the Germans information. I have heard it on our news, and, a day or two later, the Germans have copied us, to their benefit. I like the Overseas News bulletin; it is more sound, and does not give anything away to the enemy.

"Too much dance music. Some more old music, please."

H. A. PERRETT, Devizes.

To the West Indies and back

My wife and I arrived in Bermuda from Halifax on October 5th, 1940, to start our tour of the West Indies on behalf of St. Dunstan's. Please do not imagine, however, that I am suggesting that Bermuda is part of the West Indies. It is, in fact, some 900 miles from the nearest of the West Indian islands. To reach Bermuda we had travelled via Boston, Montreal, and Halifax, a roundabout journey, but our first instalment in the lesson that the longest way round is often the shortest way home in war time. But when we did arrive it was to discover a little paradise, although there were signs of war enough, from a famous regiment walking the streets of Hamilton to the piles of scrap metal salvage waiting to be transported to Britain.

To a man as short-sighted as myself, the prospect of landing in an island which has no motor traffic was a fascinating one, soon to be dispelled on finding that the place is teeming with bicycles, mostly ridden by coloured gentlemen in a hurry. By the grace of God and my wife's constant care, I was only knocked down twice. In the West Indies, where motors abound, the white people are often heard urging that the coloured folks, for their own safety, should be made to whiten their faces at night, so that they would be made visible in the car headlights. However, as the coloured people have some say in this matter, their faces remain as Nature made them.

In Bermuda, Mrs. St. George Butterfield, an old friend of St. Dunstan's, was particularly kind to us, and though a large part of her time is taken up as a postal censor—she speaks several languages fluently, and therefore her services are greatly appreciated in this type of war work—she arranged an extensive programme for me, of both business and pleasure.

We left Bermuda very reluctantly for Nassau, in the Bahamas, but were cheered up on arriving there after four days at sea by two invitations to the opening of Parliament the next day by H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor. After leaving my card at Government House and signing the Visitors' Book, I received a message that the Duke would like to see me. We talked for about an hour, discussing the effects of the war on various charities, and what could be done in Nassau towards alleviating the

distress caused by air raids in Britain. He recalled, too, his visits to Regent's Park, and the great Silver Jubilee celebration at the Albert Hall in 1935, at which he was present.

The Bishop of Nassau made a very strong impression on me. For twenty years he served in the Navy as Chaplain, and went all through the last war, including the Battle of Jutland. Since the Bishop of the Bahamas must spend many months cruising in dangerous waters in a small yawl, a man with sea-faring experience is needed. We had many thrilling talks with him before he left for the Outer Islands on his bi-annual tour. The Bishop combines a very real and humble Christianity with the finest traditions of the Navy.

Owing to shipping difficulties, due to the war, we were forced to spend five weeks in Nassau. From the personal point of view it was no hardship, but I had only just started on my tour and was impatient to get on. Early in November we reached Jamaica. It was a distinct change from Nassau; a much bigger island with important industries, a large and restless native population, and a climate of extraordinary variety, from the temperate and often cold weather of the mountains to the sticky heat of the coast. My first job in Jamaica was to speak at a cinema, where the St. Dunstan's film was being shown. The coloured people were particularly interested in the work of St. Dunstan's, and were breathlessly eager to hear anything of first-hand experience about the Battle of Britain.

The journey to Barbados from Jamaica we accomplished by American freighter. Officially she took no passengers, but we were squeezed in. The trip took us twelve days—a most pleasant voyage, never more than forty-eight hours without a spot of land. Our ship carried foodstuff to Guadalupe, and we greeted the town of Pointe-a-Pitre by ramming the dock, although the captain saved it from serious damage by taking over from the pilot in the nick of time. In the afternoon another vessel was expected, and we were asked to move out into the bay and finish unloading by barge. The sea was blue and most inviting, and the afternoon was very hot. There was an interesting looking fourmaster lying some distance off, and the mate suggested that we might swim out to it. After a long pull through the warm and buoyant water we reached the side and waited for a rope

ladder to be thrown down to us. The mate went first. His feet must have been particularly hard, for he made no sound of discomfort on boarding the ship. My feet were not hard and a few minutes of that burning deck had me hopping like a cat on hot bricks. They were busy unloading coal, to make things worse, and after a brief glance round we were glad to slip back into the water and swim home. We were not sorry to leave Guadalupe. It was a sad island.

A day or so later we were in sight of Bridgetown, of Barbados. A beautiful town from the sea, and quite pleasant from the land. We had been warned that we should find Barbados more English than England, and it really is a very pleasant, rather sleepy, very tiny corner of England. Barbados has its own problems of over-population and diminishing industry, but it was the cheeriest, happiest place we visited.

I was very glad indeed to meet in Barbados Mrs. Hutson, who will be better known to St. Dunstaners who knew her as a V.A.D. at the House, as Miss Simpson, and Mrs. Gale, who is the sister of Miss Duley, at one time in the Dispensary. Mrs. Gale is the wife of the owner-editor of the leading paper in Barbados.

We reached Trinidad by air. The landing was not at all pleasant owing to bumpy air currents coming off the mountains. It was a hospitable and charming island, famous for its cool nights, though the days, especially in Port of Spain, can be blistering. The oil fields are not the only industry; some of the finest grape-fruit in the world are grown here, and cocoa, sugar, and other tropical produce would provide a flourishing industry if only there were markets in which to sell the goods.

From Trinidad we travelled by Lady Boat to British Guiana, leaving the islands for the mainland of South America. British Guiana belongs to the future. There is untold wealth in its jungles and swamps, but as yet we are not ready to make use of it. One day science will blast a way through, and then it should become one of the richest parts of the Empire. Georgetown, the capital, is a particularly fine town, with wide, tree-lined streets and grass verges. The canals, left by the Dutch who built the town, have been filled in and planted with avenues of trees and grass.

Georgetown lies six feet below the level of the sea; a great sea wall stretching for miles keeps out the tides, which would otherwise sweep the town away. In New Amsterdam we spent two hectic days and fled back exhausted by the unequal fight against sand flies and mosquitoes. As is often the case with unpleasant places, the people were charming and particularly hospitable.

From British Guiana we returned to Trinidad, in order to take the Lady Boat to the Windward and Leeward Islands, of which Grenada is the first from Trinidad. Carnival was in full swing when we arrived back. There is only one word for Trinidad Carnival. It is tremendous! The whole town of Port of Spain was jigging and jogging along in fancy costume, singing to themselves and anyone else who would listen, the carnival refrain of what sounded like, "Doh ray me, fa so la; whoopsy, whoopsy"—and whatever it was that followed "whoopsy."

From the ship, Grenada looked sun-scorched and deserted. It was not until we clattered into the Hotel Antilles that the town of St. George came alive. There was a sweet smell of spice from the nutmeg warehouses. The island is a busy little place of precipitous mountains, growing the finest cocoa in the world, of nutmegs, mace, sugar, and bananas. The tropical scenery on some of the mountain roads is very fine indeed.

From Grenada to St. Vincent we travelled by the schooner *Enterprise*. We were warned that it would be terrible, and that it would be better to wait for the Lady Boat. But time was growing short and we needed every day we could spare. The deck space was limited, and the tiny cabin full of women and children determined to be sick as soon as the ship started. The first exciting incident happened at dawn on the second day, when two respected white citizens of St. Vincent fell into the sea. They had left it a bit late and arrived on the quay side to see the schooner setting sail. They set off in a small boat to overtake her, and whether their oarsmen were excited, or the schooner annoyed at being delayed, they were tipped neatly out of the boat and into the sea. There was no damage done, apart from their nice white clothes, and soon we sailed merrily away.

The second incident was concerned with the landing of a 5ft. kingfish. The captain and crew would be most disappointed to finish a journey without making a good-sized catch. The sea was a bit choppy at the time, and the schooner was pitching and tossing at a cross wind. The passengers on deck were looking a little sorry for themselves, when the cry went up to clear the deck. There wasn't much other place than the sea to clear to. Everyone yelled and grabbed for the nearest support when five thrashing feet of monster landed among us. The captain dashed on it with a gaff (this, apparently, is his privilege); missed it, and dashed in again to deliver the coup de grace. No one was bothering about steering or sails, and a great gust of wind nearly heeled us over. It was the finishing touch for me, and the subsequent proceedings did not interest me for a long, long time.

We reached St. Vincent dirty and terribly sunburnt; our lips were raw for days, but we were happy. This was the real life of the West Indies, sailing small boats among the islands, catching fish, battling with the elements for a bare living. It was the life the Carribs lived, and a very full and satisfying one.

We stopped for a few hours on our northward journey at the island of Nevis, and had pointed out to us the little church, whose register still contains the signature of Nelson, after his marriage to Mrs. Nisbet. Nelson was married here on March 11th, 1787.

I experienced difficulty at first in getting a berth on a homeward-bound ship. Eventually, after signing a form that I travelled at my own risk, I obtained one on a small trading vessel. It proved a lot of fuss over nothing. The journey home was the longest, the smoothest, and most uneventful crossing of the Atlantic I have ever made.

From England back to England we had travelled about 12,000 miles.

ROBERT YOUNG.

Blackpool Notes

We do not have a great deal of reportable news, but although we seldom get "mentioned in despatches," that does not mean that our days are dull. Alas and alack, we have to-day decided we shall not require the deck-chairs for sun-browning on the front, so we have put them away for the winter.

From Munich to a Hotter Place

*In Munich city, far away,
An outcast painter planned one day
That all the world should own his sway.
His name was Schicklegruber.*

*Yes, Schicklegruber—what a name!
You craved for power, you craved for fame,
And few men tumbled to your game,
You gangster, Schicklegruber.*

*While statesmen shut their eyes and slept,
While German women feared and wept,
Forward your war plans crept and crept,
Vile, treacherous Schicklegruber.*

*You built your concentration camps,
You quenched the light of freedom's lamps,
You taught Gestapo's cruel scamps
To worship Schicklegruber.*

*You lulled the nations into sleep
With propaganda wide and deep;
Tore treaties up you swore you'd keep
For ever, Schicklegruber.*

*You vowed to Stalin: "I'm your friend,
On my pledged word you can depend."
And then attacked him in the end.
Oh, honest Schicklegruber!*

*But Russia's bear has sharpened claws,
And traitor-masticating jaws,
Soon he will get you in his paws,
And end you, Schicklegruber.*

*You murder Dutch, Czechs, Slavs and Poles,
Through neutrals small your Panzer rolls,
You crush their limbs, but not their souls,
Base, soulless Schicklegruber.*

*Now read the writing on the wall.
The great V Army's heard the call;
Soon from your throne you'll headlong fall.
We'll get you, Schicklegruber.*

*Don't trouble now to learn a prayer,
Because you'll never go up there.
You've a one-way ticket to—you know where,
No come-back, Schicklegruber.*

*And when old Satan tolls his bell
To let you know you're booked for Hell,
Goering, Goebbels, and Musso as well
Will join you, Schicklegruber.*

*And when you're safely down below
There'll be no frost or Russian snow,
But a roaring furnace, all aglow,
To roast you, Schicklegruber.*

J. McDONOUGH.

“ In Memory ”

PRIVATE WILLIAM FREDERICK GANNAWAY
(*Labour Corps and R.A.S.C.*)

WITH deep regret we record the death of W. F. Gannaway, of Shoreham.

Gannaway lost his sight as the result of service abroad in the last war. After coming to St. Dunstan's he took up training in mat-making, at which occupation he worked until the early part of this year, when his wife and friends began to be anxious about his health. In spite of a holiday at our Convalescent Home in Blackpool, and all the care and attention his wife and doctor could give him, Gannaway died on September 14th.

The funeral took place a few days later, at Kingston-on-Sea. Those present included two St. Dunstaners and their wives, Mr. and Mrs. A. Wilson, of Lancing, and Mr. and Mrs. T. Ashe, of Lancing. Among the wreaths was one from Sir Ian Fraser and his comrades at St. Dunstan's and another from the Shoreham A.R.P. First-Aid Post, of which Mrs. Gannaway is a member.

We extend our very sincere sympathy to Mrs. Gannaway and her little son in their great bereavement.

PRIVATE GEORGE COLE
(*2nd South Staffordshire Regt.*)

WE have to report, with deep regret, the death of G. Cole. He was a serving soldier and was wounded as early as October, 1914, at Ypres, and was, we believe, our very first St. Dunstaner, although he only stayed with us a few days when first admitted. He learnt a certain amount of carpentry, but was mostly employed on mat-making, which he continued for a long time; later he did only light wool rug-making. Although not always too fit, he seemed to thoroughly enjoy a holiday at Blackpool a short time ago, and his death, which took place in the local hospital after an operation, was most unexpected.

Two of his sons are serving; one was able to see his father before he died, but the other, unfortunately, did not. Both boys will remain for the funeral. A wreath from Sir Ian and his comrades was sent from St. Dunstan's. He leaves a widow and four children, to whom we extend our deepest sympathy.

Young St. Dunstaners *[continued from page 7]*

Kathleen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Samworth, of Burnt Oak, who is in the Land Army, married Corporal A. Cooper, of the R.A.M.C., on September 10th—the 30th wedding anniversary of her father and mother. Eighteen year old son, Terence, had his birthday on the same day, too.

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Joyce, 15-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Davies, of Darwen, has passed her School Certificate, while her ten-year-old sister, Margaret, has won a Lancashire County Junior Scholarship, which takes her to Darwen Grammar School, where she will join Joyce.

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Kathleen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Smy, of Yoxford, married Fusilier James Riddell, on August 23rd; and her sister Joyce married Gunner F. W. King on September 1st.

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Ernest Oram Carpenter, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Carpenter, of King's Langley, was married on September 13th to Miss Moira Kathleen Johnstone, at Abbot's Langley Church.

Death

COLLINS.—We extend our very sincere sympathy to W. H. Collins, of Sompthing, whose wife died on October 9th, after a short illness and an operation.

Broadcast Talks

There are a number of particularly interesting talks and discussions in the B.B.C.'s winter programme.

A series, "Please begin with us," brings to the microphone representative young workers to interview an expert on some problem which concerns them—and their parents. The talks are on Thursdays, at 7.30 p.m.

"Making Plans"—a series of broadcasts on rebuilding Britain, as it affects the ordinary man and woman (Mondays, 7.35 to 8.0 p.m.), and a series of philosophical discussions, "by all sorts of people on things that matter" (Fridays from 7.40 to 8.0 p.m.) have just begun.

Afternoon talks include "The Commonwealth at War" (Tuesdays, 4.0 to 4.30 p.m.), and "The United States and Ourselves" (Thursdays, at the same time), Forces programme.