

# ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Men and Women Blinded on War Service

No. 496—VOLUME XLVI

OCTOBER, 1961

PRICE 3d. MONTHLY  
(FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN)

## CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

### Northgate House

**W**E have been giving much thought to the use now being made of Northgate House, the Home at Rottingdean where for the past fourteen years St. Dunstaners could send their children between the ages of three and twelve, primarily for urgent family reasons and for short convalescent periods after an illness, but also for holidays.

Unfortunately there have been many months in recent years when very few beds have been occupied, and at times none at all, and although we have not always been able to accommodate all the children who would have liked to go there for holidays at peak periods such as during August, relatively few St. Dunstan's families now seem to have real need of this home; last year, for instance, no more than 120 children from 61 families used Northgate out of a total of 500 children between the ages of three and twelve from 280 families. A reason may be that many St. Dunstaners like to have their children with them when they take a holiday and that school terms do not permit a child to be away for many weeks of the year; and of course there are not so many young children of to-day as there were ten years or so ago.

Most regretfully we do not feel we can continue to maintain a home which is so little used, and to open it just for holiday periods would be quite impracticable. We shall therefore be closing Northgate House after the end of the coming Christmas holidays. We realise this will cause disappointment to a few St. Dunstaners, and therefore we will do what we can to help parents make alternative arrangements for the care of their children when they have to be away from them in cases of serious need arising out of illness or other causes; we will also next year, and for subsequent years, make a holiday grant of £3 for all children including those up to school-leaving age—there are altogether 900 children divided amongst 450 families—and this will be sent with the normal holiday grant we make to all men. Thus all families will receive a modest benefit for their children, rather than a limited number receiving the benefits hitherto afforded by Northgate House.

Just after the Second War and before the Forces were demobilised, all units of the Royal Air Force subscribed a substantial fund which amounted to £130,000 for St. Dunstan's. The fund was available for the general purposes of St. Dunstan's, but we told the Air Council at the time that we would like to use part of it for the maintenance of Northgate House and a part of it for St. Dunstan's Clubs.

When we decided to close Northgate House I wrote to the present Chief of Air Staff, Air Chief Marshal Sir Thomas Pike, G.C.B., C.B.E., D.F.C., giving him our reasons and I have received a letter from him in which he says: "Thank you for your letter of 14th September, 1961, about the use of the fund subscribed by the Royal Air Force some fifteen years ago.

May I say at once how pleased we all are that it has been possible to help the children of St. Dunstaners over the years, and that it has served a really worth-while purpose. Your idea of applying the sum remaining to a "Holiday Fund" is excellent, and one which I wholeheartedly support . . . I wish the scheme every possible success in the future."

### Assistance to Widows

Many St. Dunstaners are, I know, anxious as to what might happen to their widows should they fall into necessitous circumstances. St. Dunstan's has always done what it can within the terms of its constitution and trusteeship to make some provision for the widows of its men; we help towards the funeral expenses of a St. Dunstaner when he dies and make a substantial grant during early widowhood to help the widow establish herself in her new way of life. Many years ago, too, we offered to pay a share of the Widows', Orphans' and Old Age Pensions Schemes, and since the Government introduced the "all-in" scheme of National Insurance in 1948, we have paid a proportion of the contribution which has fallen upon everyone. We have also introduced several insurance schemes to provide benefits for widows; the most recent of these, to which both the St. Dunstaner and St. Dunstan's contribute, provides a lump sum of £500 for the benefit of the widow at her husband's death, and any St. Dunstaner who is not yet fifty-five years of age is still eligible to join if he has not already done so.

Like other citizens, several St. Dunstaners will themselves have set aside during their lifetime what they can for their widows, but with the passage of time and the fall in the value of money, what might have been thought sufficient many years ago becomes less in real money terms and consequently instances of hardship can occur. In order to be able to assist such cases, the Council of St. Dunstan's have now taken steps to amend our constitution for the express purpose of alleviating any real hardship when it arises.

Initially the Council have set aside the sum of £5,000 for assistance to widows. We do not intend to introduce a Widow's Pension or a regular payment for all. Indeed, we shall not be able to help all—probably it will not be necessary to do so—but those who have given many years to looking after their husbands and are in need, very often due to ill-health and advancing years, will now be able to receive some financial help.

We do not know how many St. Dunstaners' widows there are alive to-day, as it is not possible to keep in touch with each and every one of them, but whenever the case of a widow in necessitous circumstances comes to our notice, we will sympathetically consider helping.

### "My Story of St. Dunstan's"

I have written a book called, "My Story of St. Dunstan's," which will be published by Harrap a day or two before you read these Notes. The Finance Committee have agreed that a copy of this book should be sent to every St. Dunstaner and I am most grateful for this. A special edition is being printed and it will be some time before the copies are available.

Whatever sins of omission or commission appear in the book, I hope it will be a record of the history of our wonderful organisation and will call to mind many poignant and happy times we have spent together in the past forty-six years.

FRASER.

### Our Gardeners

F. C. W. Fullbrook, of Edgware, took five prizes (one a first) in three flower shows, including a third prize at the big Edgware Chrysanthemum Society. He specialises in chrysanthemums and his last success was particularly pleasing as there were several hundred competitors.

C. Tomlinson, of Beaminster, took a third prize for his tomatoes at the local show;

E. J. West, of Egham, gained two firsts, a second and three third prizes for his flowers at the Egham September Show; S. Purvis, of Seghill, Northumberland, has gained more prizes with his leeks, and H. F. Goodley, of Pulham Market, Diss, took a first (for grapes), two seconds and a third for flowers as well as prizes for (Flowering) Pot Plant and (Foliage) Pot Plant at the Norwich Blind Show.

### Reunions

Lieut. General Sir Brian Horrocks, member of St. Dunstan's Council, accompanied by Lady Horrocks, presided at our WINDSOR Reunion on Saturday, July 8th, at the White Hart Hotel, and Lady Onslow was the guest of honour. A good attendance of St. Dunstaners and their wives made the Reunion a roaring success. The numbers included approximately forty St. Dunstaners from each war, a total party of 184, and retired members of the staff and other old friends were well represented.

A much smaller party, but a gay one nevertheless, assembled at the County Hotel, CANTERBURY, for the Reunion on Wednesday, 12th July, presided over by our President, Sir Neville Pearson. There were some twenty First War St. Dunstaners present and only six from the Second War, quite a contrast to the Windsor meeting. Mr. Lale, representing the retired staff, and Mrs. Giorgi, received a great welcome.

Lord Fraser, accompanied by Lady Fraser, presided at the BOURNEMOUTH Reunion at the Grand Hotel, on Saturday, July 22nd. Of the forty-four St. Dunstaners present, about half were from each war and the total party numbered 100. The weather, as usual for the Bournemouth Reunion, was warm and sunny and the guests spent most of the afternoon enjoying it in the gardens.

### Liverpool Club Notes

On September 2nd, a very pleasant presentation took place during tea at the Club.

To celebrate the Golden Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Owen, the members presented them with an electric kettle and a bouquet of flowers. After the usual speeches of congratulation and good wishes, the happy couple were toasted in port and sherry.

On Saturday, September 9th, the Club held its usual summer outing; this time it was to Trentham Gardens, in Staffordshire; we were blessed with a fine warm day which made the journey through three counties a very pleasant drive. After a very good dinner everybody was free to enjoy the amenities of the Duke of Sutherland's estate; there was something for everybody. The more mature basked in the sun by the lake while the young and agile rowed and worked off their dinner. One member of the Club, no names no

pack drill, went all romantic and took his wife for a walk in the woods. Strange things happened there according to the whispers in the coach on the way home; there was mention of safety pins and stronger elastic, etc.

Some members even enjoyed reading the gravestones of four race-horses buried there nearly a hundred years ago—the pets of Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland.

After a sumptuous tea we left the gardens at six o'clock for home, with the usual halt at "Ye Olde Rose and Crown" for refreshments; we arrived home via the Mersey Tunnel at 9.30, tired and happy.

The Club meets every other Saturday at 3 p.m. at the British Legion Rooms, Hardman Street, and would welcome any St. Dunstaner who would like to spend a pleasant three hours among friends.

The next meeting is on October 28th. and then on every other Saturday.

JOSEPH BLAKELY, *Hon. Treasurer.*

### Tristan da Cunha

The recent sad news about this tiny island has reminded many of us that Dr. Kenneth Fawcett, the son of our St. Dunstaner, C. J. R. Fawcett, of Bournemouth, with his wife and family spent two years on Tristan—from 1954 to 1956—in a Colonial Office appointment. Dr. Fawcett now has a large practice in Gillingham, Dorset, but he has kept in touch with the islanders. He hopes to be able to put up one family with whom he has corresponded if they come over here. In an interview with the *Bournemouth Times*, Dr. Fawcett said that during his stay in Tristan he discovered a curious fact. While taking blood samples of a number of the islanders, it was found that the poliomyelitis germ must have attacked them at some time but none of them had been taken ill—they all appeared to have a natural immunity to the infection.

★ ★ ★

In the *South Wales Argus* series, "Names in the News," the subject on September 19th was a St. Dunstaner, A. C. Evans, of Newport. The article, which ran across four newspaper columns, was Bert's story from the time he was blinded until his recent reluctant retirement at the age of 65. He has been working on the assembly line at the Crown Forge (Stewarts and Lloyds) for the past thirteen years. When he retired his workmates presented him with a transistor radio set.

## Letters to the Editor

DEAR EDITOR,

I found Mr. Delaney's letter very entertaining—in fact, I laughed uproariously all the time I was reading his list of trying situations in which he has found himself at the hands of a certain type of "kind helper." Of course, we have all found ourselves in these situations from time to time, and we have had to rely on our sense of humour to enable us to cope with them, but it is ever so much funnier when some other blind man is the victim.

I consider Mr. Delaney has been lucky to be allowed to light his own gift cigarettes; mine have always reached me already lighted! Incidentally, he has omitted from his list some typical situations, for instance, where the blind man, lapsing into indiscretion and over-optimism, produces a pocket-sized braille book in a railway compartment or on the promenade. Of course, he never gets the chance to read more than half a sentence before being called upon to furnish details of the entire braille system to every occupant and every passer-by, to whom it never occurs that the blind man really wants to read his book just as they read theirs.

Then there is the one where you are quietly minding your own business and are suddenly assaulted by a wet spiky mass, and you hear a loud-voiced middle-aged woman (it is always a woman) saying "It's such a shame you can't see these lovely flowers; can you smell them?" As your entire face is buried deep in petals and pollen, you are unable to vouchsafe any reply that is intelligible—which is no doubt just as well. However, if Mr. Delaney imagines that any good results would accrue from a "code of do's and don'ts" I am afraid he is doomed to disappointment. People do not react to any extent to such campaigns and for evidence we have only to turn to the efforts that have been going on for years through posters, the press, radio and television to reduce casualties on the roads, accidents in factories and in the home; latest figures reveal that casualties continue to increase. As I see the situation of the blind man's relations with his fellow citizens, I am forced reluctantly to the conclusion that the only solution is for the Welfare State to provide each of us with a minimum of two really

tough bodyguards, preferably Chicago-trained, with full diplomatic immunity, and, moreover, with full dispensation to shoot to kill.

Yours sincerely,  
TOM FLOYD,  
*Teignmouth.*

DEAR EDITOR,

May I be permitted to point out to our friend, Mike Delaney, that when you have the additional handicap of total deafness, you are glad of someone to grab your arm and drag you to a seat in a bus. We cannot hear the bell ring and get no warning that the vehicle is starting; we like to get seated first. I do not travel much these days alone but I have done, and found both conductors and passengers very helpful and, after all, we are not always the unfortunate sufferers. Some years ago I was put on a bus with the late R. J. Williams. We reached the top deck when the bus started with a violent jerk. R. J. W. fell back on me but I had hold of the back of a seat. He then sat down and I sat next to him and he put into my hand what resembled some fluff and feathers. I was about to examine this article when it was snatched out of my hand by someone sitting in front and it was not until we reached Regent's Park that he told me that when the bus started he made a grab for the back of a seat. Unfortunately, the woman sitting in it was thrown back too, so it was her hat he grasped and pulled off—then shoved into my hand!

Yours sincerely,  
G. FALLOWFIELD,  
*Southwick.*

DEAR EDITOR,

While I was at Headquarters last week I was having a chat with two of the "boys" and somehow the conversation got on to the National Health prescription charges. They were amazed when I informed them that I had not paid for one since 1951, and that when I handed a prescription to the chemist, I asked for a receipt. This has to be filled in with the war pensioner's number, name and address and handed in with the pension book on the day the pension is drawn. One side of the form applies to people drawing National Assistance and the other to war pensioners if the prescription was given in connection with their disability. It is quite possible many St. Dunstaners do not know about this and just keep on

## My Trip to Canada

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Bramson, of South Woodingdean, Brighton, visited Canada at the beginning of this year to visit their daughter. Their friends may be interested in the following account Arthur has written of their visit.

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On January 1st, 1961, my wife asked me if I had made any New Year resolutions. My reply was that I had made one and intended to carry it out. I would tell her what it was at a later date.

I had retired from business owing to the ill-health of both my wife and myself and we were now living at Woodingdean. The wonderful air had had a good effect upon us both and we were very happy in our new home, but there was one thing that was a source of worry to us both. It was the home-sick letters which came from our eldest daughter, Dorothy, now living in Ontario, Canada. I was resolved that if it was humanly possible I would pay a visit to Canada.

We had not taken any holidays in 1959 or 1960 so with the odd money I had managed to get together in some way or other, and with the kind help and assistance of an old friend, Johnny Proctor, of Ovingdean, the Travel Agent, we booked our passages in the *Saxonia* and on May 3rd we sailed for Canada.

Our first call was Le Havre, France, and then we went on to Ireland. Crossing the Irish Channel, my wife was ill for three days but the ship's doctor then saw her and he soon put her right.

Words cannot express the magnificent food and service on the *Saxonia*; there was plenty of entertainment during the whole of the journey and in fact, it was a seven days' pleasure cruise on the Atlantic Ocean.

Our first stop after leaving Ireland was Quebec, then on to Montreal where we disembarked at 9.30 a.m. We had to wait until 4.30 p.m. for the train to Toronto, four hundred miles away, where we arrived just over six hours later. There my daughter and her family were all waiting to greet us. This was certainly a dream come true! One I had dreamed of for two years.

I found them all very happy and living in a very nice bungalow. Mortgage rates are rather high there and so is the cost of living and my daughter, like the majority

paying their two bobs without getting the money refunded. The form has a number but I always ask for a receipt.

Yours sincerely,  
MARGARET STANWAY,  
*Morcambe.*

(Mr. Rice says: "Mrs. Stanway is quite right. The Regulations provide that no charge is to be made for any drug or appliance supplied to a person for the treatment of a disability which has been accepted for an award by the Minister of Pensions. The method of recovering the money is for the chemist to give a receipt on Form EC 57, of which he should have a supply. At the back of this form is a Certificate which must be completed and signed. The form should then be taken to the Local Post Office with the St. Dunstaner's last pension voucher, and the Post Office will then refund the charge.")

## Disabled Drivers and Parking Meters

In Parliament recently, Lord Fraser asked that the concession by which disabled drivers were exempted from the payment of parking meter fees should be extended to disabled people who were unable to drive themselves.

Lord Chesham, the Joint Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Transport, in a subsequent letter to our Chairman, set out the terms and reasons of the special concessions to disabled drivers. With regard to disabled people who were not drivers but were driven by someone else, he thought there was no special hardship in the matter of parking which was not common to all drivers.

For places where there were no parking meters, the Ministry of Health was introducing a scheme for the issue of badges by local authorities which would help the police to identify a disabled driver's vehicle.

Lord Fraser then wrote to the Minister of Health, the Rt. Hon. Enoch Powell, asking that the scheme for Car Badges for disabled drivers should be extended to severely disabled persons generally who need a car or use a car but cannot drive.

The Minister replied that he appreciated the difficulties of such car users. He would note Lord Fraser's point for further consideration when he reviewed the scheme at a later date.

of wives in Canada, has a job. Practically everyone has a car and in consequence no-one does very much walking. The roads are much better than we have in England, allowing for three lines of traffic in each direction.

We paid various visits to many places of interest, the first being Niagara Falls. Another place we visited was The Midland. This is a camping site by a huge lake with everything laid on for campers. You pay according to the type of hut or bungalow you take. Or you can have your own Cottage Tent and just pay for the ground to put it on. Not far from the Camping Ground was one of the most wonderful places it has been my pleasure to visit. It was "The Martyrs' Shrine" and depicts the Crucifixion of Jesus Christ in bronze figures. We went to many beautiful lakes for picnics and bathing, the water being quite warm, with a sandy bottom. It was so tempting that even Mrs. Bramson, who weighs 13 stone, could not resist the temptation to join in. The children thought it was wonderful. "Come on, Nanny. Let's see you swim like Grandad," and of course she did, much to their delight.

Practically every house and bungalow has a telephone and they only pay a standard rate irrespective of how many calls are made. In consequence, children call up their friends and talk for as long as they wish. The only extra charge is for long distance, which reminds me that I received a call from Captain Woodcock, who is on the administrative staff of the C.N.I.B. Captain Woodcock invited us to lunch with him at the Institute and we were taken to Toronto and had a very enjoyable time. In the lovely grounds there are no handrails similar to those at Ovingdean but each pathway is different from its fellow and the blind people know by the feel of the ground under their feet what path they are on. Each set of rooms for the married couples who reside in the building, have a different door handle—some oval, some round, some diagonal, etc.

It took us a week or so to get used to the money but I eventually found out that everything was much dearer than in England, but of course, the Canadians earn bigger money.

The word "shop" is unknown in Canada. The stores are all in huge blocks for various commodities with very large car parks.

The majority of stores, large and small, are open until 11 p.m. each night and still do a good trade even at that hour. The grocery stores are all run on the self-service system.

Although the weather whilst we were in Canada did not come up to the usual standard of heat, it was quite hot enough, averaging 80 and 90 degrees. In consequence I was as brown as an Indian.

Well, time was going very fast and the time came when we had to start packing our trunks. We went back on our own ship, the *Saxonia*, much to our pleasure. Our trip back was just as enjoyable as the one going out, although the weather for the first few days was rather cold after the heat of Canada. The wife was quite well until the last couple of days when she stuck to her cabin as it was a bit rough crossing the Channel. For myself I am pleased to say that I did not miss one meal coming or going.

So we arrived back in our little bungalow looking extremely well and very happy in the knowledge that we had left my daughter in a much more settled frame of mind now that she had seen us both. We look forward to seeing her in two years' time when she comes over to England for a well-deserved holiday.

ARTHUR BRAMSON,  
Woodingdean.

### From All Quarters

H. W. ("Bunny") Greatrex, of Peacehaven, has had the honour of being appointed to serve on the Court of the new University of Sussex as the member for one of the Local Government Authorities.

★ ★ ★

Although W. T. Scott, of Streatham, has done many *Sunday Times* crosswords in the past he has never sent one in until a few weeks ago. To his surprise and pleasure, he was a prizewinner—with one of the first five correct solutions opened. The prize was a one-guinea book token.

★ ★ ★

S. Allott, of Hornsea, Yorkshire, is a keen racing pigeon enthusiast and he recently won the longest "young birds' race" from Lewes, and the second-longest from Welwyn Garden City with his entries.

### Tally Ho

During our stay with the Fleet Air Arm at Lee-on-Solent, a visit was paid by sixteen St. Dunstaners to *H.M. Submarine Tally Ho*, lying at Gosport.

Arriving at *H.M.S. Dolphin*, we spent a few very interesting minutes in the Ward Room hearing a little of Sub. life and asking questions, then escorted individually and in pairs, we went aboard the Sub. itself.

Mrs. Spurway, pointing out that we might knock our heads or slip over odd spots or hazards, thoroughly tightened the nerves of the escorts and we took our fourteen-foot walk along an eight inch plank over the water in good style, although some escorts were shaking by the time we had got aboard.

So up over the shell-back of steel and proceeding aft past the conning tower. Here we had eight inches of steel to walk upon, holding steel rails round the tower; no one fell in, and so we reached the hatch entrance.

Descending, we found ourselves in a comparatively large space, or so it appeared, facing six torpedo tubes and sundry switches, levers, etc. We learned of the firing of the "tin fish." Proceeding we found the crew's quarters—messes, bathroom, galley, etc. Each member of the crew had a bunk with foam rubber mattress, just large enough to slide into, the odd corners being used as lockers, etc. The mess was a narrow gap in the works, with a long narrow table and a form seat on either side. Should the first man in want to get out, he could either move all the others or walk along the table. The P.O.s' Mess was the same but with less room as there are fewer men. The Artificers or Engineers have a similar Mess, and the C.P.O.s the same. The Skipper has a square room, about 7 ft. by 6 ft. with a bunk on one side, a folding table and some small cupboards and several dials. My escort told me the Skipper has the best quarters—"and so he should; he's the loneliest man aboard and has to make all decisions." He spoke almost in reverence.

Opposite the messes is the bathroom, about 3 ft. by 4 ft., two small handbasins, no door, just a curtain; but when at sea, little washing is done owing to the need

for water economy. Next to the bathroom the kitchen or galley in which three meals a day are prepared for seventy-six men. Afterwards the next day's bread is baked. In the galley everything has a place and has to be put there, for the galley is only slightly larger than the bathroom—about 4 ft. by 6 ft. The electric cooker is 2ft. by 2½ ft.

Beyond the galley and the Skipper's quarters is the brain of the ship with its eyes, ears and voice. Two periscopes (Search and Attack), radar, echo devices, steering controls for buoyancy tanks, and voice tubes to other parts of the submarine. The Search periscope, some 30 odd feet of drawn steel 6 inches in diameter, with an eye of 4 inches by 3 inches, is raised and lowered by power and rotated by handles, the left being an elevating twist grip, the right a focusing twist grip. The whole thirteen tons can be turned by hand as easily as the handlebars of a bicycle. The Attack periscope is slimmer—about 2 inches in diameter, and is never extended more than about 18 inches above the surface as radar can pick it up at about five miles' range. Also, if very close, even this slight tube makes a large feather of water.

Beyond are the engines—diesels, beautifully clean and just like a car engine, but what power! These engines do surface work and battery charging whilst the batteries beneath the floors drive the boat under water. However, with the aid of "Snortle," the diesels may be used to charge the batteries whilst the submarine is submerged if need be.

It was rather uncanny as we passed the engines and switch-gear—the whole ship tapering off, the floor coming up, the ceiling coming down, and the sides coming in.

★ ★ ★

I was so glad I had managed to arrange the trip. All the men who went seemed to have enjoyed it. Our thanks were expressed to the submariners whose afternoon had been given up to our entertainment and interest, seeking out "How the other fellow lives." JOHN A. MUDGE.

## Talking Book Library

## Sinister October

Three books only this month. All three are kinds of thriller and this is a rough idea of them:—

"Nightmare in Copenhagen," by Martha Albrand, reader John de Manio, is the story of a Danish research chemist who discovers a formula, something to do with rocket fuel, I think. Feeling the Communists are too interested in him, he wires an American friend of wartime vintage who knew him and the resistance group to which he belonged. By the time Hank arrives by plane, the chemist has gone missing. The story is mainly the hair-raising account of Hank, assisted by the chemist's sister, discovering and trying to rescue the chemist before an ultimatum issued by the kidnappers expires. Nor too hair-curling! *Cat. No. 662.*

"Someone from the Past," by Margot Bennett, reader June Tobin, is interesting but rather frightening. As the reader would suggest, this is the story of a girl. It opens with murder, our heroine is implicated and due, one feels, to some shadowy figure in the background, becomes more so. Naturally panic makes her do one or two silly things until the constant framing of the poor girl brings her for a while to believe she actually did commit the crime. Quite a study! *Cat. No. 600.*

"Death Under Sail," by C. P. Snow, reader Tony Raymont, is an orthodox detective story. A house party on a yacht on the Norfolk Broads find their host at the tiller dot shed, sorry, shot dead. One member of the party is an investigator and he gets busy after the local police are called in. The party is confined to a house ashore and an interesting bunch of some eight or nine people they prove to be. By the way, the investigator did not do it! *Cat. No. 837.*

NELSON.

★ ★ ★

Colonel "Mike" Ansell was on September 26th, made an honorary Freeman of the Farriers' Company at the Tallow Chandlers' Hall in the City of London. Only three others have had this honour—the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Harding and Miss Pat Smythe.

## October Events

Opening the Competition and Exhibition of Pastime Handicrafts organised by the Southern Regional Association for the Blind at the Central Hall, Westminster, on October 10th, Lord Fraser praised the splendid work of those responsible for the Exhibition, namely, Captain J. A. D. Cochrane-Barnett, Chairman of the Southern Regional Association, and himself a St. Dunstaner, and Miss Henham-Barrow and other friends of the Association. There were some 3,000 exhibits on show.

On Sunday, October 15th, Lord Fraser made the appeal on television on behalf of the British Legion Poppy Day Fund. Although our Chairman has taken part in discussion groups and interviews on television, this was the first time he had ever made a solo appearance. We understand that his appeal for donations to the Fund and for poppy sellers on Remembrance Day is having good results.

## Storm

*Heavy seas crash and thunder upon the beach,  
Trying it seems their earthly bounds to reach,  
Filling the air with a tumultuous roar,  
Causing the shingle to scatter and the spray to soar,  
Waves rushing and falling, ceaselessly upon the sand,  
The eternal struggle between sea and land.*

*Heaving billows from the rolling main, a flurry of spray,  
Majestic and powerful as giants at play;  
Sea and wind making a crashing crescendo of sound,  
Which, in man-made music is never found,  
Shrieking, wailing, and sighing in wild abandon,  
As if in response to an unseen conductor's baton.*

*How puny is the voice of man midst this awesome sound  
Of the mighty deep, the wind and the trembling ground,  
The never-ceasing song of the storm and sea,  
Listening unheeding, but to the Master's plea;  
How the mighty waters rage, leap and bound  
While the air and the earth with their noise resound.*

T. MCKAY.

(Owing to pressure of space, Tommy's poem had to be omitted from last month's REVIEW although it appeared in the braille edition. The poem is taken from Tommy's published book of poems, "Morning Dip.")

## What Turns a Voice to Gold?

"Whatever else the critics may have to say about Sir John Gielgud's *Othello*, they all seem agreed on one point. His voice. 'Sir John ravishes us with his voice.' 'His wide, beautiful, musical voice still works its magic . . .'

Is an attractive voice so rare? I suppose it is. Casting around my friends I would say, that while they are not corncrakes, none of them has a voice I would call wide and beautiful.

How important is a good voice? Not very, if you want to be Chairman of I.C.I. You can croak or trill away about big business without having to worry about the tone you do it in.

But in other fields it can make the world of difference. Who can imagine our having been ready to fight on the beaches and all that, if we had been exhorted to do so in mincing notes instead of the Agincourt voice of Sir Winston Churchill?

Lord Boothby has probably the most vivid voice in the country. So compelling is it that I think he is the only man of my acquaintance who can convince me of something I *know* is not true. His voice is worth hundreds a year to him on television.

Voices can lead to trouble. Sir Oswald Mosley is the most complete master of speaking. His voice, as does Boothby's, soars to about 70 decibels, then sinks to a persuasive whisper.

Other kinds of trouble, too. I once asked a telephonist out to dinner on the strength of her voice and spent, I must admit, quite a pleasant evening with a 5 ft. tall lady of 65.

There is no doubt that women who care so surprisingly little about a man's appearance, are easily won over by his voice.

The reverse is strangely untrue. Men are little affected by women's voices. This may account for the fact that there are so few women TV personalities. Their voices attract no one. And in my case, while everyone seems to go for gentleman-like voices, no one can stand a lady-like one.

Can one change one's voice? Is it worth it? And what should one aim for?

Aim low. Nothing succeeds like the great deep sweeps and the sunken husky whispers. Unless you are a Welshman, like

Aneurin Bevan or Lloyd George, it is no good trying a high shrill note.

A slight impediment is a good thing. Not the sort when your face struggles round the room, but a slight hesitation which improves the timing of a punch line.

Where can you hear the right kind of voice?

The new voice is the confident, confidential note of the ad. man. I don't care for it myself, but at least it is more up-to-date than a fearfully, fearfully clipped intonation."

QUENTIN CREWE in the *Daily Mail*.

## An Invitation

You have read Quentin Crewe's article. Do you agree with his remarks or have you other ideas? What are your particular likes or dislikes among the voices of radio and television and why do you like or dislike them? Can you remember an amusing or interesting happening in which a voice or voices were concerned?

During the next two months we invite letters from St. Dunstaners on any aspect of this subject. The sender of each letter published will receive half a guinea. Make your entries as brief as possible please, consistent with the clear setting out of your opinion or the good telling of the story.

Send your letters to the Editor, ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW, 1 South Audley Street, London, W.1. The closing date will be announced next month.

## Traveller

L. R. Coussins, of Southwick, with Mrs. Coussins, sailed for Israel on October 21st. They will be away until March, 1962.

## The Alamein Reunion

At the Alamein Reunion which was held at the Royal Festival Hall on the night of Friday, October 20th, the following St. Dunstaners were present:—

A. G. Bradley, of Northwood Hills; C. Cook, of Brentford; W. Chitty, of Hove; I. Darling, of Slinfold; R. Ettridge, of Croydon; E. H. Foster, of Barnsley; T. Gaygan, of North Harrow; H. Greatrex, of Peacehaven; C. Hobbs, of Kingsbury; J. Jolly, of West Harrow; J. Lewis, of Ewell; R. Mendham, of Chadwell Heath; and Stewart Spence, of Hillingdon.

As he has done in past years, Lieut. General Sir Brian Horrocks sat with our party, to their great pleasure.

## "In Memory"

**Bombardier George Frederick Smith, M.M., Royal Field Artillery**

It is with deep regret that we record the death of G. F. Smith, of Guildford, Surrey. He was 79. His Army service went back to 1899—he had enlisted when he was a lad of 17. He was blinded at Ypres in 1917 and he came to us the following year. He trained as a joiner and he was able to continue with this work until 1957, when his health began to deteriorate. However, he continued joinery more or less as an occasional hobby until his death on October 7th after a brief illness.

He leaves a widow and grown-up family to whom our deep sympathy goes.

**Private John Wood, Royal Welch Fusiliers**

With deep regret we record the death of John Wood, of Grange-over-Sands, at the age of 74. He served in the First World War from 1916 to 1918, in which year he came to St. Dunstan's. He trained in boot-repairing and clog-making, and he also made mats. He ran a smallholding too, and when he gave up boot-repairing and his work on clogs and mats, he was able to continue with his smallholding and greenhouse, which gave him tremendous pleasure. His death came after a very brief illness.

Our deep sympathy is sent to Mrs. Wood in her loss.

### Family News

Mrs. J. E. Davies, of Llandyssul, gained second place at this year's Welsh National Eisteddfod in a competition for six sketches of Country Characters. Last year she won first prize.

★ ★ ★

Michael Underwood, Alton, Hants, has gained a State Scholarship to University College, London. He gained distinction in his Advanced Level Certificate in Pure and Applied Mathematics and Physics.

★ ★ ★

Our sympathy goes to Mrs. J. Salt, of Morecambe, whose father died on October 16th.

★ ★ ★

We have heard with deep regret that the daughter-in-law of E. G. Palmer, of Poole, Dorset, has died after a long illness, leaving her husband and three young children. She was only thirty-six.

### Marriages of Sons and Daughters

On September 2nd, Corrine Lambert, London, N.5, to Mark Furnival Gretton.

On September 16th, Marion Britton, Blackburn, to Harry Bolton.

### Death

TURNOCK.—Our deep sympathy is extended to E. A. Turnock, of Harrow, in the recent death of his brother.

### Ruby Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. W. Bentley, Levenshulme, Manchester, October 1st. Many congratulations.

### Grandfathers

New grandchildren have recently arrived for G. Power, of Bristol; N. H. Singleton, of Highbridge, Somerset; H. Payne, of Grangetown, Cardiff; G. Moore, of Blackpool (his daughter had a little boy in August and his youngest son's wife had a boy in October); A. Hazel, of Merton, London, S.W.8 (his daughter, who lives in South Africa, gave birth to another son on August 27th). Mr. and Mrs Hazel returned from a visit to their daughter earlier in the year.

★ ★ ★

A son has been born to the wife of Anthony Trelvelion, son of our Eastbourne St. Dunstaner who died some years ago. Mrs. Trelvelion writes to tell us of this news.

### John Salew

Mrs. Janet Salew thanks all St. Dunstaners for their kind sympathy in the loss of her husband, and sends her grateful appreciation of the lovely flowers sent from Ovingdean.