

# ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Men and Women Blinded on War Service

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## CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

I LEARN that St. Dunstaners all over the country heard the broadcast Service in Memory of Sir Arthur Pearson on the radio on the morning of December 9th.

It was a happy thought that for the first time ever, the whole body of St. Dunstaners in the United Kingdom were able to be together on such an occasion.

The congregation itself was composed of men who happened to be at Ovingdean or Pearson House, but in order to formalise the representative nature of the gathering, we also invited one St. Dunstaner and his wife from each of our Welfare Visitors' areas.

Considering that as a congregation we were unaccustomed to broadcasting and were not even a regular gathering of the same people as would be the case in most churches, I thought it went over very well.

Although so many of us were at Brighton, we did not overlook the usual ceremony which takes place at Sir Arthur's grave and a party of representative St. Dunstaners went there to pay their tribute and lay a wreath of poppies on behalf of war-blinded service men and women all over the world.

### Horace Kerr

Mr. Horace Kerr, perhaps one of the best known St. Dunstaners, retires at the end of the month.

When Horace came to St. Dunstan's in 1917, he trained as a telephonist and after a period with a commercial firm, he joined the National Institute for the Blind under Sir Arthur Pearson. In 1923 he was transferred to the board of St. Dunstan's Headquarters in the Inner Circle of Regent's Park.

In 1935 he was appointed to deal with information, demonstrations and supplies of the new Talking Book, and when we initiated a campaign to revive braille among St. Dunstaners, he had charge of that important section also. During the war years he was a representative for the Appeals Department, attached to the Brighton Office, and he did excellent work in this connection. In July, 1945, a new Department—Men's Supplies—was formed at Headquarters and it was Horace who took control and built up this department—no easy task in those days of shortages. He left at his own request three years later to take over a shop, but in January, 1951, came back again to the Appeals Department where he has been one of its most experienced and successful lecturers.

Horace has travelled thousands of miles in the course of his duties, often entirely alone, and his personal independence and bearing have won him the admiration not only of St. Dunstaners but also of the general public, to whom he is a truly representative St. Dunstan's man.

His many friends on the staff will wish him the best of luck in his retirement.

### Christmas

On Christmas Day Lady Fraser and I will be on board ship in the South Atlantic on the way to South Africa where I have to attend to my family business. Our warmest thought as we drink a toast to "Absent Friends" will be for all St. Dunstan's friends all over the world.

FRASER.

### At Sir Arthur's Grave

As the Memorial Service to Sir Arthur Pearson was taking place in the Chapel at Ovingdean, three St. Dunstaners stood at Sir Arthur's grave in Hampstead Cemetery where they had placed a wreath on behalf of St. Dunstaners everywhere. They were Messrs. J. Murray, of Wood Green, and H. N. Symes, of North Harrow, both of the First World War, and Mr. G. C. Andrew, of New Southgate, who is a Second War man.

### Our Inset

We are glad to be able to include in this number of the REVIEW an inset which is a reprint of a page of the *Illustrated London News* of December 2nd, dealing with the Chairman's book, "My Story of St. Dunstan's."

We think it appropriate that at a time when we are thinking about the 40th anniversary of Sir Arthur Pearson's death, the story of St. Dunstan's should be available, and we are particularly glad that photographs of the original and the present St. Dunstan's buildings should be reproduced, together with a portrait of Sir Arthur Pearson which appears in the book.

At the Conference of Welfare and other staff which Lord Fraser spoke about last month, the suggestion was made that from time to time some illustrations should appear in the REVIEW; we have obtained approval for this and will include an illustrated supplement or a picture or two in the text when something of interest justifies this.

### Christmas Greetings

The Commandant, Matrons and Staff at the Brighton Homes wish all St. Dunstaners a very happy Christmas.

### Well Done

John Whitcombe, of Chandlers Ford, is only 29 and one of our youngest St. Dunstaners. He lost his sight while serving in Egypt and came to us in 1954. His severe wounds had also damaged both hands. He is now a telephonist in Chandlers Ford. Before Bill Lowings died, he had started to give him instruction in basket-making. Now John is attending evening classes to become more expert. He is a good carpenter already.

His initiative in going on to evening classes is to be admired; perhaps other St. Dunstaners can tell us of skills they have gained in this way.

### "The Gang Show"

A party of St. Dunstaners, together with their wives and escorts, once again enjoyed a very good evening's entertainment at "The Gang Show," at Golders Green Hippodrome on November 29th.

This outing was arranged by our good friend, Mr. G. D. Cheesman, and his associates in the Gratitude Club, to whom we would like to offer our sincere thanks for making this evening possible.

### Brighton Club Notes

*Note.*—The Brighton Club meets in the Winter Garden, Ovingdean, on the *second* Thursday of each month, omitting August.

On December 7th we had a very successful Annual General Meeting when thirty-one St. Dunstaners were present.

Matron kindly presented the Sir Arthur Pearson trophies and we were also very pleased to welcome that stalwart of St. Dunstan's, Mrs. Spurway, M.B.E.

At the Meeting, Frank A. Rhodes was elected Chairman, and Messrs Edwicker, Kirk, Martin and Walch were elected to the Committee.

FRANK A. RHODES, *Chairman*.

### London Club Notes

A very happy Christmas to all St. Dunstaners and their families, and good health and all you wish yourselves for the New Year.

S. WEBSTER.

### Bridge

Dear St. Dunstan,

This is a report on the activities of the St. Dunstan's Bridge Club and even if you are not a bridge player, I hope that you will carry on reading and find the information interesting enough to spark off a little encouragement to make enquiries about learning the game.

This year of grace, 1961, has been a very pleasant one with plenty of bridge. In all, 17 matches were played. To make it quite clear to non-players, the matches are arranged for Saturday afternoons against teams of eight from business houses all over London; from the social side they are a great success and this is what we aim at. We had our usual four Bridge Drives, one every three months, and they were very successful, with an average of nine tables—about 40 people in all. Miss Hensley held her usual Bridge Drive for St. Dunstaners only, providing the prizes and the tea, and the afternoon was enjoyed by all. Another item looked forward to by all our members is the match against the Masters. The visiting teams are made up of the cream of Britain's Bridge world and I can assure you that the competition is very keen. Harrogate Week is another great event enjoyed by all who go. This year, 1961, was the 25th anniversary of our first visit to that lovely town and when I tell you that some of our men have made over twenty visits, it is the old story—the proof of the pudding. . . .

Other items are, firstly, the Sir Arthur Pearson Memorial Cup competition and this takes place at the London Club but is open to all members who are able to attend on Saturday afternoons. Then there is the Business Houses League, our team being Messrs. H. Gover, P. Nuyens, C. Bulman, C. F. Thompson, Freddy Winter and R. Freer. These lads have been very successful, having won their league section last year and up to the time of writing have won seven out of eight matches played this season.

Now the highlight of the year is our own Bridge Congress at Ovingdean. This took

place on November 18th and 19th and was attended by forty members. Saturday morning at 9 o'clock, all contestants were at their stations ready for battle to commence.

Mr. A. Field took charge of the proceedings, ably assisted by Mr. C. Stokes.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank the Matron, Commandant and the entire staff at Ovingdean for a wonderful time, Mrs. Willis at Headquarters for the excellent way she looks after everyone and the grand refreshments she brings forth through the year, and Mr. Willis, who is a friend to all and whose name seems to echo throughout the building day and night. Thank you, Bob. You look after us well.

The names of the winners are given below but I must say "Bravo" to our two lady members, Blodwyn and Violet, who were in the successful team of four to win the Sir Arthur Pearson Memorial Cup.

#### RESULTS:

#### *Sir Arthur Pearson Cup (Pairs)*—

- 1st W. Bishop and R. Freer
- 2nd J. Walch and C. Kelk
- 3rd A. Wiltshire and G. L. Douglas

#### *Sir Arthur Pearson Cup (Fours)*—

- 1st W. Bishop and R. Freer  
Blodwyn Simon and Violet Formstone
- 2nd H. Carpenter and F. Rhodes  
C. F. Thompson and G. C. Andrew
- 3rd F. Winter and H. Caldwell  
J. H. Smith and H. Gray

#### *The Drummer Downs Cup (Pairs)*—

- 1st P. Nuyens and C. F. Thompson
- 2nd H. Crabtree and J. W. Clare
- 3rd H. Gover and J. Walch
- 4th M. Delaney and W. Collins

★ ★ ★

The Committee for 1962 has been elected as follows: G. P. Brown (*Captain*); S. Webster (*Hon. Treasurer*); J. Fleming, F. Jackson, G. L. Douglas.

G.P.B.

### 41 Years Married

Sally Ashurst, of Wigan, celebrated the 41st anniversary of her wedding in August, and was recently presented with her third grandchild (all boys).

### Ruby Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. V. Jones, of Northwich, December 24th. Many congratulations.

### Letters to the Editor

DEAR EDITOR,

Congratulations indeed to Les. Dennis, who is the first blind man to become a "double Centurion." The physical and mental endurance to complete such a task even once is truly remarkable and the thought of it makes one feel a mere weakling when struggling into a car to post a letter just around the corner.

After the recent "stunt" propaganda and sentimental "bagwash" articles concerning sightless people, which in the long run can only do harm to the normal blind community, it is refreshing to read in the REVIEW of Les. Dennis's remarkable achievement.

Yours sincerely,  
PETER R. SPENCER,  
*Weston-super-Mare.*

DEAR EDITOR,

One of the problems of being totally blind is if, due to any circumstance, one is suddenly confronted with a cooker with which one is not in the least familiar. Bearing this in mind I have of recent weeks been doing some experiments with what is called an infra-red cooker and these are the conclusions at which I have arrived.

The first is that the method of cooking is by the food being in direct contact with the heated cooking elements, top and bottom. The thing opens rather like a crocodile's mouth. Although these elements get hot, one would really have to be trying hard to burn one's fingers on it.

The snags are (a) it costs twenty quid and (b) it takes twenty minutes to heat up ready for use. But in my opinion these snags are more than counter-balanced by the advantages, which are as follows: A simplicity of operation—there is only one control calibrated from zero to nine and that is all there is to think about. This control is set before switching on. Indication that the things are ready to operate is given by a warning light, but the ordinary hour clock set for twenty minutes gets over this one. Next advantage is that it will cook bacon in twenty seconds, steak in one minute and sausages in three or four minutes, with most other things to match. The next advantage is size; being under a foot cube it does not take up much room.

The one I have has a consumption rate of one and a half kw's, but there is a smaller one available at half the rating and, incidentally, half the price. Unfortu-

nately the recipe book is not in braille, but Miss Ogilvie brailled mine for me at a reasonable, in fact very reasonable, charge.

I do suggest that quite apart from the claim by the makers that food cooked in this way is more digestible, this is well worth its place in the home because of its simplicity of operation.

Yours sincerely,  
A. C. POINTON,  
*Bexhill-on-Sea.*

DEAR EDITOR,

May I comment on Mr. Ward's observation re the St. Dunstan's badge? The best treatment is to get a pair of pliers and cut off the lower "tongue" to not more than half an inch in length and then smooth the end by rubbing it on a metal file; the badge can then be put in and out of the button-hole quite easily with one hand. The trouble is, of course, that the thing has been designed—like so many other commodities we encounter—by non-practical people who do not have to use their perishing inventions.

Yours sincerely,  
C. J. R. FAWCETT,  
*Bournemouth.*

### News from Australia

At the Biennial Conference held in Perth a few months ago, Joe Lynch was re-elected Federal President of the Australian Blinded Soldiers' Association, Carl Porter being re-elected Vice-President. Foster McConnell retired as Hon. Secretary and Treasurer after serving for nearly 27 years.

At a presentation made to Foster at a big gathering of blinded Australian ex-servicemen in Perth, warm tribute was paid to him by Joe Lynch, supported by all the State Presidents. Joe spoke of Foster's long and devoted service to the blinded ex-servicemen of Australia.

Tom Melbourne, of Victoria, has been appointed Hon. Secretary and Treasurer in succession to Foster.

★ ★ ★

First hand reports of these items of news came to us through two very good friends of St. Dunstan's from Australia—Mr. C. M. Jewell, Hon. Secretary of the South Australian Blinded Soldiers' Association and Minute Secretary of the Biennial Conference, and Mr. A. C. Harris, Vice-President of the Burnside Returned Sailors' and Soldiers' Association, who were paying a visit to London.

### More About Books

It must have been one evening in 1918 at "The House" in Regent's Park that Sir Arthur walked into the lounge and called out, "Good evening, boys." He sat down with us and there followed a most fascinating chat about the highways and byways of journalism.

It included a description of Sir Arthur's own eruption into the jungle of Fleet Street and also an account of the origin of *Tit-Bits* and the prosperous publishing house of George Newnes, of which it was the forerunner.

I was reminded of this when reading "Hard Facts," by Howard Spring. This is a story of how a small provincial printer started a weekly paper, *Hard Facts*, which, like *Tit-Bits*, used to contain easy-to-read snippets and became a huge success, leading to the founding of the publishing house of "Dunkerley's," and a whole string of periodicals. The two stories, Sir Arthur's and Howard Spring's, were so similar that I couldn't help wondering whether one was based on the other.

"Hard Facts" is the first of a trilogy, the second is "The Dunkerley's," but I haven't read the third yet. I can recommend these stories to anyone who doesn't mind a yarn that ends in dire tragedy. I must confess that I have a great admiration for Howard Spring. He came up the hard way and made good in the tough school of journalism. In his early days he crossed my path but he didn't know anything about it, and I have nearly written to him on several occasions, but refrained.

It is a long time since I have read a novel which impressed me so much as the same author's "Fame is the Spur," and another book, "Shabby Tiger," is a lively and entertaining tale.

For those who, instead of fiction, prefer a more autobiographical type of book, this author has written, "In the Meantime" and "And Another Thing," which give interesting sidelights on his life and views, which I should have been sorry to miss, but then I am, as I said, an unashamed addict.

S. A. CHAMBERS,  
*Birmingham.*

### Festival Singing

I was never a music-maker by any standards and the mere thought of singing in public scared me stiff, but I had friends who sang and they encouraged me to have singing lessons to see if I could get anything out of it. I have learned since that anyone can sing in tune, if they really want to. However, my singing lessons started about five years ago when I was 36 years old and now I am a regular competitor in all the local music festivals, labelled as a baritone; of course, I'm still a doubtful music-maker and often feel out of my depth, but the absorbing interest, pleasure and excitement I have found is truly remarkable.

The syllabus for most music festivals is usually available three or four months before the day of the competition. Here the excitement begins. Are the songs set for you to sing really your type? Are those low notes in your range? Can you sing this or that passage in one breath?

You decide to have a bash at it. A couple of weeks before the festival you have sung and re-sung the song or songs with your teacher so often it must be right, but he says not. The big day arrives. Your teacher says the song is right, but you doubt him and, as happened with me at Blackpool, you have the programme read to you and find that having entered two classes, you are the first singer of the day in one and the last in the other. At Blackpool fifteen baritones from all parts of the British Isles, absolutely oozing self-assurance and poise, preceded me, all, of course, singing the same songs, the adjudicator listening intently to every word and note. I walked on to the stage. At this moment I would rather have gone home. However, here was the climax of all my preparations. My resolution was waning. Never mind, I was just as good as the other singers; the only difference was that I couldn't see. When the audience applauded my songs and I was seated again, I felt wonderful and when the adjudicator in his remarks from the stage, gave me a little credit and placed me fifth, I was delighted and said to myself, "Roll on the next festival."

BILL GRIFFITHS, *Blackburn.*

### Reminder

The next "In Touch" programme will be broadcast on Network Three on Sunday, December 31st, from 2.40—3.10 p.m.

### Voices

I find the Northern voice, with its soft, broad tones, easier on my ear drums than the Southern voice, especially some women's voices, which I find raucous and shrill. Jean Metcalfe has the loveliest voice in my opinion. It is so soothing, it could send me to sleep. News readers speak beautifully, too, and they rarely slip up, except to give the time checks an hour early or late. A few months ago the news-reader who was giving a news summary said, "Miss So-and-so is at present in hospital with *suspended appendix!*"

MARGARET STANWAY,  
*Morecambe.*

I'll make this short and sweet as I could write for ever my likes and dislikes of voices I hear on radio and TV, or whenever I may happen to be a listener. Being as Christmas is nearly on us, I always call to mind the good advice the Radio Doctor used to put over the air, especially one certain Christmas morning when he advised us in his good old country-style drawl, to go easy on our tummies and not overload them. Apart from the good old laugh it provoked it was a voice that I always looked forward to hearing and nothing would give me greater pleasure than to have that Christmas advice repeated.

H. C. OLLINGTON,  
*Aldershot.*

Robert Burns uttered words of profound thought—"Oh Lord, the power to see ourselves as others see us." Since then we have at our disposal tape recorders "to hear ourselves as others hear us." We frequently hear people expressing themselves in terms of incredulity after listening to their own voices on a tape recorder, disappointed mainly, I think. A good speaking voice is a great asset at any time, especially to blind people who are good judges of character of a person by the manner of his speech.

Two conditions are necessary to produce a good speaking voice—the physical and the mental. On the physical side the great breathing muscle known as the diaphragm must be kept very elastic and working freely. The breathing apparatus should fill the lungs at the bases, the neck and throat muscles should be relaxed and the frontal sinus clear to give resonance to the voice. This makes a produced voice and is based on relaxation of the body. The mental

side comprises the full development of the personality of the individual. I stress this for I feel that in this mass produced age, the tendency is to discount personality, even in speech. This method of pounding down on words savours all too frequently of the copy book type of speaking, covering up the personality of the speaker, which is so very important.

WILLIAM COLLINS,  
*Southport.*

I have been married for sixteen years but at the moment I would have some difficulty in picking out my wife's voice in a crowded room.

She has just had an operation on her throat and I haven't decided yet whether I like her new voice or not.

I have heard of women having their faces "lifted," but this is the first time I have heard of anyone having their voice "lifted"!

JOHN MARTIN,  
*London, W.11.*

I travel many thousands of miles as a lecturer for St. Dunstan's and I find:

1. Providing the unsighted person listens rather than just hears, we are able to enjoy the full meaning of what is said to us and there is no after-thought as to whether we heard correctly.
2. Where people speak at dictation speed I find it means they are thinking of the message they are giving us; they are trying to convey perhaps the scene of a play; this type of speech will not miss detail, which is important to us.
3. Where people speak in dialect I can identify the part of the country they come from and this is a way of being able to discuss the town they come from.
4. With practice one can also identify radio and television actors by their voices without reference to a paper; in time this makes one feel the voices are friends.
5. I do not like voices spoken through microphones in public halls. I find my own voice comes over rather metallic and loses its natural warmth and personal touch. But you can, by a study of the acoustics, get your voice over.
6. The most important voice is that of the inner self, which will guide and impress you with the things around you and also assist you to assess the type of person you are with.

F. B. ELROD, *Sheffield.*

## THE EPIC OF THE BLIND.

"MY STORY OF ST. DUNSTAN'S." By LORD FRASER OF LONSDALE.\*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

IT was a happy inspiration on the part of Lord Fraser of Lonsdale to write this book. We hear much these days of man's inhumanity to man and it is therefore the more refreshing to read in these pages of what St. Dunstan's has done, and is doing, for those who have been deprived of their sight. It is true that in the earlier days much of the credit must go to the late Sir Arthur Pearson but for many years now the blinded of the two World Wars have owed an enormous debt of gratitude to the present author. When he lost his sight on the Somme in 1916 he determined to create a new life for himself, and it was his success in this field that led him to try the same methods with fellow-sufferers. No one can read this book without realising why such should be the case, for there is in it no note of false sentimentality or self-pity, and Lord Fraser clearly has the knack of firing others by his own example.

St. Dunstan is not, of course, the Patron Saint of the blind—that honour belongs to St. Cecilia—and his chief claim to religious fame is that when he was tempted by the Devil he seized a pair of red-hot pincers and tweaked His Satanic Majesty's nose. His connection with the blind arose from the fact that when the church of St. Dunstan in the West was demolished in 1830 its projecting clock was purchased by the third Marquess of Hertford, and set up in a house which he had just built in Regent's Park. This building came to be called first St. Dunstan's Villa, then St. Dunstan's Lodge, and it was the house placed at Pearson's disposal by Otto Kahn. It was pulled down some years ago, and the organization has long since moved out of Regent's Park, while, as every journalist knows, the clock is back in Fleet Street; but the connection with the Saint has remained, and his name is now registered in accordance with the National Assistance Act.

Early in the book the author states the object of St. Dunstan's and from that object neither he nor it has ever deviated:

It was to be a hostel, not an institution. It would put them up for a while, but not house them for life. It would provide training, but not employment. It was not to be a refuge or shelter from the world, as all the existing institutions for the blind were at that time. The aim was to enable each man to return to a normal life in a community as nearly as possible like the one in which he had dwelt before he was wounded, and to make his way in the world like anyone else—to earn his own living, to create his own home, to marry and have children and, as far as possible, support his family by the products of his own work.

The machinery for dealing with the permanently disabled was certainly due for an overhaul in 1914. Lord Fraser reminds us that when the First World War broke out pensions for disabled soldiers were still awarded by the Chelsea Commissioners, who, in conjunction with the Army Council, examined in detail each application for a pension, and, if satisfied that the claimant was eligible, instructed another Government Department to arrange for the payment of a State grant. This system dated from 1754, and the author remarks that it worked well "when the Commissioners knew every pensioner by his surname even if they could not always remember his Christian name." Blindness rates as total disablement, and in 1914

the pension for this was 2s. 6d. a day for a private soldier, and slightly more, according to rank, for N.C.O.s. "This was not much even in those days of relatively cheap living." In due course the Ministry of Pensions was instituted, and ever since then, in one capacity or another, the author has been wrestling with successive Ministers of Pensions on behalf of blinded Servicemen: in these circumstances it is all the more satisfactory to find him paying a tribute to the sympathetic attitude of the present occupant of that office, the Right Hon. John Boyd-Carpenter, M.P.

Among the most interesting pages in this book are those devoted to the activities of the blind in work and play, but when we learn that Lord Fraser shaves with a cut-throat razor to this day we are prepared for anything. His own career is an outstanding example of the triumph of mind over matter, in this case, blindness, for the First World War had not long been over before he entered public life as a member of the London County Council, and from County Hall he passed in due course to the House of Commons.

while the man in the administrative or executive position has many people doing his seeing for him. He has to grasp facts, form judgments and make decisions. Blindness is no obstacle to a job of this sort of activity.

When it comes to sports and pastimes we are told that when some years ago a poll was taken of St. Dunstaners the following turned out to be the order of popularity:

- |                    |       |                   |
|--------------------|-------|-------------------|
| 1. Walking         |       | 7. Swimming       |
| 2. Cards           |       | 8. Cycling        |
| 3. Dominoes        | } tie | 9. Darts          |
| 4. Reading braille |       | 10. Chess         |
| 5. Gardening       |       | 11. Fishing } tie |
| 6. Rowing          |       | 12. Golf          |

This, in itself, is extremely revealing.

Mustard gas was one of St. Dunstan's more difficult problems, for its delayed effect meant that sufferers from its ravages had to be admitted many years after they had been subjected to it. In the institution's three and a half years of life up to the Armistice in 1918, some 1300 men were admitted for training, but more than that number came in after the fighting was over, while at the end of the Second World War there were still in its care 1700 men from the First. On the other hand it is satisfactory to know that more patients recovered in the later conflict. Great advances were made in ophthalmic surgery between the wars, and many cases that would have been quite hopeless in earlier days recovered enough useful vision to go back sometimes to the armed forces, but more often to civil life.

Of malingers and scroungers St. Dunstan's seems to have been relatively free, possibly because it is not easy to feign blindness when under the constant scrutiny of experts. "Usually the malingering kept it up for a few days, but then became over-confident and careless, and gave himself away by some simple act." Lord Fraser tells us of one officer of this type, who had to leave after being found out: a few weeks later Mrs. Fraser, as she then was, heard herself hailed in Piccadilly by this same individual from the other side of the street. He dodged the traffic to greet her, and on being asked how he was, said he was fine. "Either he had decided it was all over and no longer mattered, or he had completely forgotten his part; anyway, neither of us saw him again." Clearly a case for a psychologist, not an optician, one would imagine.

Lord Fraser has placed us all in his debt by a book which is not only eminently readable, but is also a valuable study of the rehabilitation of men who might have lost all hope, but who have been enabled to become useful members of the community once more.

\* "My Story of St. Dunstan's." By Lord Fraser of Lonsdale. Illustrated. (Harrap: 25s.)



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: LORD FRASER OF LONSDALE.

Lord Fraser of Lonsdale was blinded during the Battle of the Somme in 1916 and since then has devoted his life to helping other blind people. He succeeded Sir Arthur Pearson, the founder of St. Dunstan's, as chairman of its council in 1921 when he was twenty-four and has remained in charge ever since. He was created a life peer in 1958.



SIR ARTHUR PEARSON, BT., G.B.E.: THE FOUNDER AND FIRST CHAIRMAN OF ST. DUNSTAN'S, WHO HIMSELF WENT BLIND AFTER REACHING THE AGE OF FORTY.



ST. DUNSTAN'S LODGE, REGENT'S PARK: THE FIRST HOME OF THE GREAT INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND. THE CLOCK CAME FROM ST. DUNSTAN IN THE WEST, TO WHICH IT HAS NOW BEEN RETURNED.



THE PRESENT HOME OF ST. DUNSTAN'S AT OIVINGDEAN, SUSSEX. THIS BUILDING WAS DESIGNED ESPECIALLY FOR BLIND PEOPLE'S EASE OF MOVEMENT BEFORE THE LAST WAR. The illustrations from the book "My Story of St. Dunstan's" are reproduced by courtesy of the publishers, George G. Harrap and Co. Ltd.

In many departments of life the blind man is handicapped most in the least spectacular job. Fawcett could be Postmaster-General, but he could never have done a postman's round. Sir John Fielding, the Blind Beak of Bow Street, had been virtually Chief of Police of the Metropolis for twenty-five years, but no blind man could do the job of a constable on the beat. In each case it is the man in the junior position who has to see his way about himself,

What turns a voice to gold? After reading and re-reading Quentin Crewe's article I was rather puzzled about the title and seeing that he introduced the "money value" of Lord Boothby's voice through the medium of television, I was at once tempted to consider the "gold" value of many other voices, not excluding crooners, "pop" singers, comedians, and others.

If we disregard the "money value" of voices, then we regard them simply on their attractiveness, clarity, good range of tone and an easy flow of well-marshalled facts in good English. The voice of the actor is that of one reciting the words produced by others, whilst the politician usually produces his own words and gives expression to them as his mind "sees" the situation for him.

I disagree with Mr. Crewe's choice of voices being narrowed down to half a dozen. It seems to me that we could give "high places" in our list of very attractive voices to many politicians in their own particular field; the same applies to actors, comedians, scientists and others who have "words" as their jobs.

I would think, too, that such a wide-sweeping condemnation of women's voices can only lead to criticism from many quarters. Rather odd that a person with such a viewpoint should "fall" for the voice of a telephonist!

J. SHAW,

*Ashton-in-Makerfield.*

I suggest that a voice is made golden by its inherent rich quality, which is another way of saying by the generosity of nature, coupled with skill and technique in production. It is, of course, true that we all have to accept the organs which nature builds into our make-up. Yet, just as facial defects can be improved by a plastic surgeon, vocal shortcomings can be improved by a master of elocution. Unhappily it is also true that while articulation can be improved by training, it can also be distorted by exaggeration. Hence, we have the croaker or growler who sounds to have been gargling with shingle; the poseur, whose grossly affected tone makes you want to exclaim, "Come off that high horse or you'll be having a fall," and the irritant who starts on a high note, then trails off until what is being said becomes indistinct.

But let us turn from these nerve wranglers

to the attractive clarity of a Freddie Grise-wood, the unhurried ease of a Sir Harold Nicholson, the glory of a Joan Hammond or the thrilling memory of Gracie Fields singing "Land of Hope and Glory." Such voices will never fail to attract the attention and ear of the listener.

Of course, these are extreme cases, quoted to prove that like all nature's gifts, the voice is capable of being mutilated or cultivated.

T. ROGERS,

*Huddersfield.*

Every blind person must have given a great deal of thought to this subject and it goes without saying that the totally blind are affected more and are therefore more discriminating than the rest. No doubt every St. Dunstaner has been asked—as I have been many a time—if a voice conveys any idea of what a person is like; my answer is that a certain amount of personality is portrayed by the voice and I find that quite often a voice will immediately create a picture or portrait of that person which will come to mind whenever that voice is heard, and I can remember one occasion when the face I described was said to be "dead right." This must be because personality is shown to some extent by facial expression as well as by the voice.

Generally speaking, I am convinced that what is said is far more important than how it is said, simply because such qualities as pitch and volume are largely determined by the actual structure of the larynx; as evidence of this fact I am sure we can all recall either very brainy or brave individuals who are blessed with "pansy" voices.

I am surprised that no one has mentioned the contentment afforded by the patiently calm and serene voices of the V.A.D.s in our own organisation, and surely we must all agree that there is no sweeter music in the world than the voice of a really happy woman or the laughing voices of merry children.

I am tremendously impressed by the voices of mimics and impersonators and shall be eternally thankful that I am not married to one who could mimic my other girl friends.

C. J. R. FAWCETT,

*Bournemouth.*

### Queen's Gift

Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II has sent a Christmas donation to St. Dunstan's.

### Two Christmas Competitions

#### Doubles

The following sentences contain a clue to a certain word, and in addition a clue to a word which may be formed by re-arranging the letters which remain when the first word has been deprived of its first and last letters. Thus, "The girl has a notion" would be solved as "maiden" and "idea." Now see what you can find.

1. A receptacle may serve to instruct someone.
2. A Shakespeare character provides us with food.
3. This response furnishes fresh information.
4. A share of profits that we may foretell.
5. An embellishment with a style.
6. Such riches appear somewhat tardy.
7. This traveller seems to have a sum over and above the necessary.
8. A bar that conceals a fraud.

The initials of the primary words also form a word. Can you find that too?

There will be a prize of five guineas to the sender of the first correct list opened after the closing date. Entries should be addressed to the Editor, St. Dunstan's Review, 1 South Audley Street, London, W.1, and envelopes should be marked "DOUBLES."

#### Trans-poser

This might be called letter-jugglery. Take all the letters—no more, no less—in the following quotation and re-arrange the same letters to form a new sentence or phrase which has some bearing on the original.

*"How often have I blest the coming day."*

There will be a prize of five guineas to the sender of the sentence nearest to that in the Editor's office. If no correct solution is received, the prize will go to the next best.

Oh yes. To make it a little easier (or more difficult?) we give you a clue—You can lie on it and also lay it on!

Entries should be addressed to the Editor, St. Dunstan's Review, 1 South Audley Street, London, W.1, and envelopes marked "TRANS-POSER."

Closing date for both competitions—January 12th.

### Relieved

A letter to the *Daily Mirror*, November 24th:

"The other day a blind man who had just acquired a guide dog, was taking it for a trial run. His wife walked behind to see that all went well. Suddenly she was stopped by an "old dear" who said: 'It is sad to see a dog when it has gone blind.' 'It is not the dog, it is the man,' replied the wife. 'Oh, I am *so* relieved to hear that,' said the old woman.

"In this animal-loving country I suppose one must expect that sort of remark."

"NOT AMAZED,"

Brighton, Sussex.

### From the Chairman's Post-bag

At the last Reunion in Cork you told me to learn braille and I am now very glad that I did. I am able to read it very well and I look forward to getting the braille *Review* every month. It is a wonderful pastime.

D. MORRISON,

Cork.

★ ★ ★

My husband asks me to tell you how much he enjoyed his first holiday at Ovingdean last September and is looking forward to going again next year.

Mrs. E. M. JACKSON,

Bridlington.

### Births

BENTLEY.—On November 28th, to the wife of F. L. Bentley, of Small Heath, Birmingham—a fifth son.

CRADDOCK.—On November 27th, to the wife of R. Craddock, of Paddington, Warrington—a son, a brother for Denise, Peter and Alan.

### The Best of Everything

*The best of drinks the poets say*

*Is water from the spring.*

*But who am I that I should have*

*The best of everything?*

*Let prelates gather round the pump,*

*Peers to the pond go free,*

*But whisky, gin or even beer*

*Are good enough for me.*

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY.

### Family News

Twelve year old Stuart Bedford, Shipley, has broken the record for his school's cross-country championship; many older boys took part. Stuart is also goalkeeper for the school's first eleven.

★ ★ ★

At the Art Association's National Dancing Competition Finals, Joy Palfrey, Isleworth, was one of four to win first place for her Dancing School in the Small Group Mime Section and she herself took first place in the Junior Novice Mime Section. She therefore receives a gold medal and shares a trophy, together with a money prize.

★ ★ ★

John Cashmore, Selly Oak, Birmingham, who is twelve next February, after singing in his church choir for two and a half years, is now Head Chorister.

★ ★ ★

Cheryl Saywell, Leamington Spa, has won a life-saving certificate for swimming.

### Marriages of Sons and Daughters

One of the daughters of T. H. Moorley, of Chaddesden, married last November. This is all the information we have so far.

### Grandfathers

H. Roberts, of Dukinfield (for the second time); D. C. R. Cole, of Lower Tuffley, Glos., the fourth grand-daughter; J. Boyd, of Brighton—the fourth grand-child. Alison had a son on November 27th—Ian Stewart Milne.

### The Rest of the News

G. W. R. Shepherd, of Whitchurch Hill, was last month elected as President of the Pangbourne Branch of the British Legion. at the same time Mrs. Shepherd resigned as Chairman of the Women's Section to take over the duties of Secretary of the Section in the absence of any other volunteer. She is also the Standard Bearer.

★ ★ ★

Bert Greasley, of Coventry, who is in the Engines Branch of the British Motor Corporation (he assembles distributor caps) was featured in the *B.M.C. World* recently as an employee whose war-time bomb-disposal work, with that of others, was to be commemorated by a special ceremony at Chatham. The article said that many readers had asked to see a picture of him and Rufus, his guide dog. So there it was.

F. Fulbrook, of Edgware, entered three vases of late greenhouse chrysanthemums in the Edgware and District Chrysanthemum Show and gained a first and a second prize. This is one of the biggest shows he has entered this year.

### Treasure Trove

The following verses are taken from a book of this name published many years ago by George Newnes, Ltd.

#### The Usual Way

*There was once a little man, and his rod and line  
he took,  
For he said, "I'll go a' fishing in the neighbouring  
brook."*

*And it chanced a little maiden was walking out  
that day,  
And they met—in the usual way.*

*Then he sat down beside her, and an hour or two  
went by,*

*But still upon the grassy bank his rod and line did  
lie,*

*"I thought," she shyly whispered,*

*"You'd be fishing all the day!"*

*And he was—in the usual way.*

*So he gravely took his rod in hand, and threw the  
line about,*

*But the fish perceived distinctly he was not looking  
out;*

*And he said, "Sweetheart, I love you," but she  
said she could not stay,*

*But she did—in the usual way.*

*Then the stars came out above them, and she gave  
a little sigh,*

*As they watched the silver ripples like the moments  
running by;*

*"We must say goodbye," she whispered, by the  
alders old and gray.*

*And they did—in the usual way.*

*And day by day, beside the stream, they wandered  
to and fro,*

*And day by day the fishes swam securely down  
below.*

*Till this little story ended as such little stories may,  
Very much—in the usual way.*

*And now they are married do they always bill and  
coo?*

*Do they never fret and quarrel as other couples do?  
Does he cherish her and love her? Does she*

*honour and obey?*

*Well, they do—in the usual way.*

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

### From All Quarters

W. E. Harris, of Ipswich, still gets great pleasure from his radio "ham" activities and is Vice-President of the Radio Amateur Invalid and Bedfast Club. *Radial*, the lively magazine of the Club, is now edited by our St. Dunstan's son, Bill Harris, Jun., who is good enough to send it to us every month. The Harris's must give much pleasure to scores of invalid and bedfast fellow "hams."

★ ★ ★

Tom Hart, who with Mrs. Hart and their son, returned to this country from South Africa some months ago, is now living in North Wales.

★ ★ ★

R. Gadsby, of Leeds, caught a thirteen-pounder recently in the lake of Harewood House.

★ ★ ★

Maureen Lees' fourth Exhibition and Sale of Hand Crafts was opened by Lord Leverhulme at Hesketh Hall, Port Sunlight, on December 5th. It lasted for five days and was most successful.

★ ★ ★

Leslie Webber, of Tewkesbury, who already serves on the Borough Council, is now also Chairman of the Tewkesbury Chamber of Commerce. He recently took part in a Brains Trust.

★ ★ ★

The *Iford Recorder* last month gave headlines, two columns and a photograph to 10 year old Terry Williams and the way in which he and Eileen, his mother, "work as a team." Since the sudden death in 1959 of Eileen's husband, Terry has been her right hand. Eileen told a reporter, "Housework fills my day. . . I think nobody can do it as well as I can. . . I don't tie Terry to me. I must avoid this. . . But I am so proud of him."

★ ★ ★

Also featured in the *Iford Recorder* recently was our old friend, Jock MacFarlane. Jock was telling us of a coincidence which happened to him the other day. He is, of course, a telephonist in the Civil Service, and he was at his board when suddenly a caller said, "May I speak to Lord Fraser?" After further enquiries, Jock replied, "I know Lord Fraser, but he's certainly not the same one." It was a crossed line.

### The Muffled Drums Meet Again

There have been to date fifteen totally-deaf blind men in St. Dunstan's since I, the forerunner, arrived in May, 1923, and only six were trained and settled down before their hearing failed; in 1938 we had eleven deaf-blind men and amongst them have been shop-keepers and poultry-farmers and either as a hobby or profession, most of them have been remarkably good gardeners. Our craftsmen are second to none and we have all stood up to the sighted world in competition and emerged with flying colours. Our sportsmen—anglers, walkers, swimmers and scullers—have beaten all comers; indeed, no small body of doubly handicapped men have risen to such great heights, while our old pal, Joe, proved an experienced rider who did not require sight and hearing to ride a horse—plus a gammy leg.

To-day there are only six left and five of us met on November 9th to exchange handshakes and chats. We thoroughly enjoyed the "Welcome" dinner that night with Commandant, Matron and senior staff, and the following day went to sample the "Ten Pin" game, and Cliff Stockwell won our first *championship!* Saturday we journeyed to London where we were entertained to lunch by Lord and Lady Fraser, before going on to the Albert Hall Festival of Remembrance. Sunday we were entertained by Matron Avison and her staff at Pearson House and on Monday, after tea in the afternoon with the Welfare Department, we went to the White Hart, Lewes, where we sat down to our traditional dinner, after which Joe, in a fine speech, thanked St. Dunstan's from top to bottom for providing us with such a splendid reunion, and we all heartily agreed with all he said. G.F.

### Deaths

Our deep sympathy goes out to the following:—

WHARTON.—To R. Wharton, of Cowley, Oxford, whose mother died very suddenly on November 14th.

WOODHOUSE.—To J. Woodhouse, of Hull-and, Derbyshire, whose sister died in October at the age of 75.

### Wonder of Science

*Twinkle, twinkle little star,  
I don't wonder what you are;  
You're the cooling down of gases  
Forming into solid masses.*

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

### "In Memory"

#### Lance Corporal John Henry Ham, 12th Light Infantry

With deep regret we record the death of J. H. Ham, of Cardiff. He was 66. Enlisting in June, 1915, he served until December, 1918, and came to St. Dunstan's two months later. He trained in boot-repairing and he carried on this work until 1943, keeping as his hobbies netting, mat-making and a little poultry. In 1951 his health began to deteriorate; last October he was admitted to hospital but he was discharged and sent home at the end of November where he died a fortnight later. He leaves a widow and grown-up family to whom our very sincere sympathy goes.

#### Private Arthur Hamlett, 9th Cheshire Regiment

It is with deep regret that we record the death on November 28th of A. Hamlett, of Winsford, Cheshire. He was 68.

He served from the outbreak of war in 1914, until 1916, being wounded on the Somme. He came to St. Dunstan's immediately and trained as a basket-maker. He carried on his craft until 1956 when ill-health compelled him at last to give up. He was admitted to hospital at the beginning of November when he was seriously ill and his death was not unexpected.

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

#### Private William Joyce, 1/6 Manchester Regiment

We have to record with deep regret the death of W. Joyce, of Blackpool. He died at his home on November 18th at the age of 74.

His service was from 1914 until 1917 and he came to St. Dunstan's the same year. He, too, trained as a basket- and mat-maker and he carried on these two occupations until as recently as last year when ill-health compelled him to give them up, much to his regret. He had been a very sick man in recent months.

Our deep sympathy goes out to Mrs. Joyce and her son.

#### Private John Joseph Lappin, City of London Post Office Rifles

It is with deep regret that we record the death of J. J. Lappin, of Portadown, Northern Ireland. He died at his home on November 26th at the age of 73.

Enlisting in April, 1915, he was discharged from the Army in February, 1919. He had, however, been wounded and gassed in April, 1918, but it was not until June, 1959, that he came to St. Dunstan's, his sight having failed. His health then was already very poor. Unfortunately he contracted pneumonia and he died rather suddenly following this illness.

He was a widower and we send our sincere sympathy to his daughter, Mrs. Prunty, with whom he lived, and to the other members of his family.

#### Private Harry Marsden, 2nd Sherwood Foresters

It is with deep regret that we record the death of H. Marsden, of Alderholt, near Fordingbridge, Hampshire, at the age of 78.

He joined the Army in October, 1914, and was discharged in October, 1917, coming to St. Dunstan's in 1938. He trained first on wool rugs and later kept poultry; another interest was pigeon-breeding but his great love was dog-breeding at which he was most successful. He was a member of many clubs and societies and was always very happy to pass on his wide knowledge to other St. Dunstaners.

His health began to fail in 1959 and he became a very sick man this year. He died at his home on December 4th.

Our deep sympathy goes out to his widow and her family.

#### Private Ernest Dare Martin, Queen's Regiment

With deep regret we have to record the death of E. D. Martin, of Wolverhampton. He died while staying temporarily at Pearson House. He was 83.

His war service was from 1917 until 1919 and he entered St. Dunstan's that year. He trained in basket-making, netting and wool rugs and he was able to carry on all these occupations until 1939, when ill-health forced him to give up.

He had not been well for some considerable time and he was staying at Pearson House in order to be nursed there.

He leaves a widow and grown-up family, to whom we send our very sincere sympathy.

#### Private George James Maskell, Northumberland Fusiliers

We have regretfully to report the death in hospital of G. J. Maskell, of Hunmanby, near Filey, Yorkshire. He was 71.

He served throughout the First World War from 1914 to 1919 and he came to St. Dunstan's in 1940. He trained as a netter and rug-maker and he also did some boot-repairing. For some time his health had been very poor indeed. He entered hospital where he died on December 3rd.

Our deep sympathy goes out to Mrs. Maskell and her family.

#### Signaller James Donald Mercer, Royal Field Artillery

We have to record with deep regret the death at his home on December 8th of J. D. Mercer, of Blackburn. He was 64.

His Army service was from 1915 until 1919 and during it he sustained mustard gas poisoning. His sight gradually failed but it was not until 1959 that he came to St. Dunstan's, when his age and the state of his health ruled out any training. He had been gravely ill since the beginning of this year.

Our deep sympathy is sent to Mrs. Mercer and to the other members of the family.

(continued overleaf)



### "In Memory" (continued from page 11)

#### Sapper George William Savory, *Royal Engineers*

We have to record with deep regret the death at his home on December 8th, of G. W. Savory, of Norwich. He was 78.

He served in the Royal Engineers from 1915 until 1919, being gassed at Ypres in 1915. He was admitted to St. Dunstan's benefits in 1925. He trained in centre-cane and basket-work and carried on these occupations for some considerable time; during the Second World War he worked for a time in a factory on war work. His health had deteriorated very much in the past few years and his death came after a prolonged illness.

We send our deep sympathy to Mrs. Savory in her loss.

#### Corporal Robert Sheehan, *8th Bn. King's Royal Rifle Corps*

It is with deep regret that we record the death of R. Sheehan, late of Bridgwater, Somerset, but recently of Pearson House. He was 66.

Bob Sheehan enlisted in April, 1914, and he left the Army in 1917, being admitted to St. Dunstan's benefits in July, 1934. He was a basket-maker and he worked at his craft up to the time of his wife's death in 1958. He went on living in Bridgwater, cared for by a housekeeper and a relative who herself had to enter hospital. Bob stayed there until last spring when he decided to try for a house in the Sussex area. Unhappily he became ill and he went to Pearson House. His condition worsened and he died on December 11th after an illness of several months.

Our sincere sympathy is sent to his nephews and nieces and to the many other close friends who will mourn his loss.

#### Private Richard Lawrence Smith, *Royal Worcestershire Regiment*

We have to record with deep regret the death, in hospital, on December 2nd of R. L. Smith, of Holywell, Flintshire, North Wales.

He served with his regiment from May, 1915, until June, 1918, but did not come to St. Dunstan's until 1954. He had a smallholding and kept poultry right up to his death, which was sudden and unexpected.

Our sincere sympathy goes out to the members of his family.

#### Private Laurence Thomas, *8th King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry*

We record with deep regret the death of L. Thomas, of Rawdon, Leeds. He was 70 years old.

He served from the outbreak of the First World War until 1916. He had been wounded at Fleurs and he came to St. Dunstan's the same year. He trained as a boot-repairer and he carried on this occupation for a number of years, as well as mat-making which he was able to do right up to the last few months. He was an excellent worker for our Stores. He had been seriously ill for the past few months and he died at his home on November 21st.

He leaves a widow to whom our deep sympathy goes.

#### George W. Wilkins, *Royal Garrison Artillery*

With deep regret we record the death of G. W. Wilkins, of Reading. He was 69.

He enlisted in October, 1915, and left the Service in July, 1919. He came to St. Dunstan's in January, 1926, where he trained as a poultry-farmer and he also did wool rugs, which he carried on until his health deteriorated. He became much worse after he and his wife were involved in a car accident in 1957. Mrs. Wilkins died in August, 1960 and he had since been cared for by a housekeeper, Mrs. Eden.

He had no children and our sympathy goes to his relatives.

#### Michael Ignatius McFarlane, *2nd Canadians*

We have recently learned with regret that our Canadian St. Dunstaner, M. I. McFarlane, of Toronto, died in October last at the age of 67.

Enlisting in December, 1914, he was wounded in Belgium in October, 1915. He came to St. Dunstan's for training in January, 1916, qualified as a masseur, and after working in England for a time, returned to Canada in November, 1920. During the years which followed, he had spent much of his time in England and Canada, returning to his home country finally in July, 1948.

Our deep sympathy is sent to his widow and her son.

#### James Henry Palmer, *2nd Canadians*

We have also learned with deep regret of the death of another of our Canadians—J. H. Palmer, of Whitby, Ontario. He, too, was 67.

He enlisted in December, 1915, and was wounded at Cambrai in September, 1918. He came to St. Dunstan's in December of that year and trained in mat-making and netting, obtaining first-class certificates. He returned to Canada in 1920. Mrs. Palmer died in 1936.

The news of our St. Dunstaner's death came to us from his son, Mr. Louis G. Palmer. There were two children, and our deep sympathy is sent to them.

#### W. O'Neill, *31st Tunnelling Co., Australian Forces*

We have learned recently with regret, from his daughter, of the death of our Australian St. Dunstaner, W. O'Neill, of Mt. Hawthorn, West Australia. He was 87. Enlisting in December, 1915, he was gassed at La Bassée in 1916, but was not discharged until May, 1918. He was admitted to the West Australia Blinded Soldiers' Association in 1958, being then totally blind.

He was a widower and our deep sympathy is sent to his daughter, Miss E. O'Neill, who lived with her father.