

# ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Blinded British Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen

No. 237.—VOLUME XXII. [NEW SERIES] JANUARY, 1938

PRICE 6d. MONTHLY.  
[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN]

## CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

### Brighton : Commandant, Quartermaster and Matron

A VERY large number of St. Dunstaners have written to me expressing their sorrow at the death of Miss Thellusson and sympathizing with me in the obviously difficult task of planning the control and staffing of the present Brighton Home and even more so, the new Brighton Home. I thank my correspondents very much for their letters.

We have given the most careful consideration to this matter, which is very important. Miss Thellusson was Commandant-Matron ; she was, as everybody will agree, a most exceptional person ; her great qualities, coupled with her knowledge and experience of St. Dunstan's, were assets which made her irreplaceable.

We have decided upon a course which takes into account the very considerable administrative duties which will arise when the new Home is opened, and also the desirability of continuity so far as men and staff are concerned. Partly because the job in itself will be such an important one, and partly to relieve Headquarters of a great deal of supervision and responsibility, we propose to appoint a man as Commandant of the new Home. The type of man we have in mind is one who will combine the necessary administrative gifts with friendly understanding ; a man who has knocked about the world a bit and is broad-minded ; a man who can at the same time be a Commandant whom all can respect, and a friend. Such an one will be hard to find, but we are at present looking for him, and the appointment will be made as soon as we are assured that the right man has been found, so that he may have the opportunity of learning his job at the present Home, and becoming acquainted with St. Dunstan's work generally.

Under the Commandant will be two posts of equal standing. They will be the Matron—Miss Boyd Rochfort, and the Quartermaster—Miss Elsie Downing.

Miss Boyd Rochfort and Miss Downing have carried on the work of the Home during the past difficult months, and will carry on, I am glad to say, until the new Commandant is appointed, and under him after he is appointed. I am very grateful indeed to these ladies, as I know will be all St. Dunstaners, for the services they have rendered to us and for their promise to go on.

I spoke earlier of continuity. Nothing can provide this better than the continuance in office of Miss Downing and Miss Boyd Rochfort, for they have worked for St. Dunstan's continuously ever since the war years. Miss Downing has served at the College, Ilkley, North Berwick and Brighton ; and Miss Boyd Rochfort at the Bungalow, Townshend House, Headquarters and Brighton. I know that their continuance in the work will give great assurance and pleasure to St. Dunstaners everywhere.

All matters relating to the men and V.A.D.'s will be under Miss Boyd Rochfort, and all matters relating to other staff and household and kitchen departments will be under Miss Downing.

Let me make it quite clear that we have not yet found the man we want for Commandant, and that it may take some weeks or months to find him, for we must be as assured as we can that he is the right sort; but I have written this note so that all concerned may know how to carry on for the moment, and what plans we have in mind.

### Memorials

A number of St. Dunstaners have written or spoken to me about a memorial to Matron. I feel sure it would be the wish of all that we who knew and loved Miss Thellusson should see that some fitting memorial is erected in a suitable place.

Some of the men, including W. A. Biggs, of Leicester, and A. Evans, of Newport, have suggested a headstone for Miss Thellusson's grave in the Brighton Cemetery. Others, including W. H. Collins, of Sompting, have suggested a memorial in the Chapel at the new Brighton Home. Others again, including McLeod, of Cricklade, have suggested a tablet in the new Home.

After consultation with Lady (Arthur) Pearson, and after hearing from a number of the men, we had already decided some months ago that there should be in the new Home a fitting Memorial to Sir Arthur Pearson. St. Dunstaners will remember that we all of us subscribed soon after Sir Arthur's death towards a Memorial Portrait, which was painted by the famous artist Sir William Orpen. This portrait now hangs in the Lounge at Headquarters. We have decided to place it in a prominent position in a special niche in the big Lounge at the new Home.

With regard to Miss Thellusson my own feeling is that whatever memorial is settled upon it should be at the new Home, because it is particularly in connection with the spirit of St. Dunstan's Convalescent Home at Brighton that we will all remember her. However, this is a matter upon which opinions may differ, and I should be glad to have the views of my friends.

Meantime all who have written to me or spoken to me, agree about one thing; namely, that we would all like to contribute towards a suitable memorial for Matron. It is suggested that the contribution should be not more than one shilling each, so that all can join in and feel they are paying an equal share. Mr. Askew will be pleased to act as Honorary Treasurer of such a Fund, and those who wish to contribute should send their shillings to him.

IAN FRASER.

### St. Dunstaner at Broadcasting House

**E.** BUTLER, of Hayes, and his guide dog, Greta, took part in the Regional programme on December 11th, when Mr. Oliver Whiting gave a talk on "Eyes for the Blind." Our St. Dunstaner told listeners how Greta helped him, and Greta barked her approval.

Butler writes: "When the commissioner saw me going through with Greta he called out, 'You can't take the dog with you,' but Mr. Whiting explained that Greta was part of the talk and she was allowed to go on her way. Off we went, up in the lift to the studio. What struck

me most was the quietness everywhere, but it was certainly a great moment when the announcer came to my side and said, 'This is the Regional Programme—a talk on "Eyes for the Blind."' I hoped sincerely that the talk would be a help to blind people who were listening, and that if they decided to have a guide dog, they would get as much pleasure from their true and trusted companion as I do."

### A Marriage

"Sambo" (R. A. Inskipp) marries Miss Lily Violet James, of Wandsworth, at the Registry Office, Eastern Road, Romford, on January 26th at three o'clock.

### Brighton News

**C**HRISTMAS at the Brighton annexe went with a great swing. The house was full and one hundred and twenty sat down to the Christmas dinner. Sister Boyd Rochfort read telegrams from Lady Arthur and Sir Neville Pearson and absent friends, including E. Denny, of South Africa. After dinner Tim Healey paid a fitting tribute to the memory of our beloved Matron, and A. Evans presented a travelling writing case to Miss Downing, on behalf of the boys, assuring her at the same time of their help and support in the future. Miss Downing was deeply grateful for this expression of loyalty and the way in which everyone helped to make Christmas the great success it was at Brighton.

The decorations, as usual, were very artistic and effective. Sir Ian and Lady Fraser came down from London on Christmas night to join the boys in the lounge, and swelled the numerous other

### R.A.O.B. News

From W. Lowings, of Eastleigh:—

"Congratulations to Bro. Chamberlain on his obtaining the second degree. St. Dunstaner Brethren will be pleased to know that the Rt. Hon. Sir William Lowings has been unanimously elected to the highest office that any Brother can hold except Grand Primo, and is Provincial Grand Primo of the Province of Southampton for 1938.

"Fraternal and Brotherly greetings for the New Year."

[Our hearty congratulations, Lowings! —Ed.]

### The Revolt in the Desert

**P**ERHAPS one of the most outstanding epics in the Great War was that of the late Col. T. E. Lawrence, D.S.O.

Thomas Edward Lawrence was educated at Jesus College, Oxford, and specialized in Oriental languages. He spent some years in Arabia, Syria and Mesopo-

## A Happy New Year to all readers of the Review.

prizes with 10s. notes. There were games and competitions and all thoroughly enjoyed the party.

On New Year's Eve the usual big dance in the lounge was held and the New Year welcomed in at midnight. There were a great number of spot marches and dances which added greatly to the fun of the evening.

One particularly enjoyable feature of the week's programme was the presentation of a potted version of *Bluebeard*, given in the lounge by the Sisters, styled the West Cot Wanderers. The audience were kept in roars of laughter, and the jokes were both smart and topical. It seems as if Hollywood, the B.B.C. and Elstree will have to look to their laurels if the West Cot Wanderers decide to remain in the entertainment business!

### Silver Weddings

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. A. Davies, of Middlesbrough, whose silver wedding was on August 20th last, and to Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Hornsby, of Sheffield, and Mr. and Mrs. A. Chiverton, of Portchester, who celebrated their anniversaries on December 25th.

tamia mastering the Arabic dialects.

Just prior to May, 1916, Lawrence had strongly urged a revolt of the Arabs against the Turks, and in that month, as the Emir of Mecca had been threatened by the arrival of 3,000 picked Turkish troops in Medina, this was a sufficient cause for Lawrence to make representations to Cairo. The revolt broke out on June 5th, 1916, and the whole history of the campaign is related in *The Revolt in the Desert*, by Lawrence.

In the main, Lorrens Bey, as the Arabs called him, tells of the raids upon the Hedjaz Railway, from Ma'an to Dera'a, with the ultimate capture of Damascus.

Early in July, 1917, Akaba had been captured from the Turks, and Sherif Feisal was able to move up. This allowed operations and propaganda to be extended much further northwards.

History, travel and daring adventure, with intimate details in a phase of the lives of the late King Feisal, and his brother Ali, the pro-Turkish obstinacy of King Hussein, besides that of Lawrence himself, make this one of the outstanding books in the Talking Book Library.

"BOOKWORM"

## Letters to the Editor

The Editor, ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,

Reading in the December issue, Fallowfield's remarks, I am prompted to send the following:

A blind man, Jack Metcalfe ("Blind Jack"), surveyed and made the first metalled roads in England. In 1765 Metcalfe, while walking from London to Harrogate, was struck by the appalling state of "roads". He undertook the construction of three miles of road in Yorkshire and was so successful that he was given a further contract for 177 miles. He did all the measuring for cuttings, etc. His roads are still in use.

One hundred and fifty years ago a blind man, Carrol, was executed for being too clever. On entering a room Carrol could tell by stamping his foot in which drawers jewellery was kept. Burglars used him as a detector and this brought about his end.

Yours sincerely,  
A. V. LAW.

GOTHERINGTON.

The Editor, ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,

Some three or four years ago I wrote a letter in the REVIEW to see how many St. Dunstan's men were interested in chess so as to form a club. Nothing came of it as very few men seem to play the game, but I have found out that quite a number do play draughts, so I am wondering if something could be done here.

I would like all the men who are interested to send a post-card to the REVIEW; then perhaps we could form a small committee to form a club and arrange for games to be played. Men in and around London could have an evening at Headquarters, but we outside would have to do ours through the post. Maybe very few of the men have played correspondence game, but they should have no difficulty in picking it up. Trusting you will have a big response to this letter.

Yours sincerely,  
PETER T. MASKELL.

ROCHESTER.

(Now then, draughts players, send along your post-cards.—ED.)

## Miss Downing's Thanks

DEAR BOYS,

Just ever so many thanks to you and your wives for your thoughts of me this Christmas. I appreciate more than I can say all the beautifully worded cards I have received from you. It must have taken such lots of thought to choose them which I value even more than the cards.

With my very good wishes to you all, your wives and families, for every possible good luck and happiness in 1938.

Your friend,  
ELSIE DOWNING.

## Garden Topics

A. J. HOLLAND, of Rushden, who before the War was a professional gardener, and who has in recent years been a successful exhibitor at many local shows, has agreed to write a series of gardening talks for the REVIEW. Here is the first.

I propose each month to give a few very good hints on the way to grow just a few flowers, most of them suitable for cutting for the house.

The flowers will be antirrhinums, asters (special sorts), carnations, sweet peas, and early flowering chrysanthemums.

If you have a sunny border against the house, the best thing to grow is antirrhinums. If there are no plants on it now, dig it up at once. Do not put any manure on. These are better without it. Leave the ground rough, and dust 2 ozs. of hydrate of lime to the square yard. Put this on at once and let the rain wash it in (do not dig it in) and do not put soot on with it.

The other sorts of flowers I have mentioned are best grown on a piece of ground right in the open, away from all trees and in full sunshine. If you have such a piece of ground, and some good manure (*not* fresh poultry manure as it is too hot), dig this well in, and leave rough, and then put the lime on the top as I have stated. Lime is not a manure, but is a fine thing to make the soil healthy, but it should not be sown amongst growing plants. If your soil is on chalk you will not want the lime.

Next month: How to prepare the sweet pea trench.

## Honour for a St. Dunstan's Shopkeeper

W. Shakspeare, of Birmingham, has been unanimously elected president of the South Birmingham Branch of the Retail Newsagents' Federation. In our opinion, he is an ideal man for the position. He has always been very interested in all affairs affecting newsagents ever since he started in his trade, and he has been on the council of his branch of the Federation for the past eight years.

We are always pleased to hear of men taking an active part in local affairs, for in the case of shopkeepers in particular, it is a very good thing to have interests in activities outside the shop, but which are of vital interest to the business in general.

## Invitation from German War-Blinded

Last July we had the pleasure of meeting at Headquarters a party of war-blinded German soldiers, headed by Herr August Martens.

Since their return to Germany, Sir Ian Fraser has had a letter from Herr Martens in which an invitation is extended to a limited number of St. Dunstaners (each with a sighted male escort) to be the guests of German war-blinded men in their Rest Home during the months of July or August.

If there are any St. Dunstaners who are contemplating a trip to the Continent this year during either of those months, and would like to take advantage of this very generous offer and visit one of the Homes (there are three), Sir Ian would like to have their names. The Homes are situated by the sea and in the beautiful German mountains.

The friendly spirit which prompted the visit of our German comrades last year, and the goodwill on both sides which resulted, will be one of the happiest memories of 1937. This further friendly and generous gesture is very deeply appreciated.

## Miss Gracie Fields' Honour

St. Dunstaners were delighted to hear of the honour of C.B.E. which has been bestowed on Miss Gracie Fields by the King.

Gracie has always been a very good friend of St. Dunstan's and has given her services generously. On behalf of St. Dunstan's and St. Dunstaners, Mr. Swain sent a letter of congratulation on January 3rd, to which Gracie replied: "Thank you very much indeed for your letter of congratulations. I really do appreciate the kind thought which prompted you to write. Please convey my thanks to everyone concerned."

## Competition Corner

Most St. Dunstaners have a hobby. What is yours, or what is the queerest hobby you have ever come across? Ten shillings will be awarded to the sender of the most interesting letter. Closing date, February 4th.

A. J. Radford, of Castle Cary, wins ten shillings for the best entry in last month's competition, "My last Christmas in the firing line."

## The Quest

Slowly I made my way up the carpeted stairs, my left hand feeling the way as it moved along the banister. I must search that bedroom in the dark. Nine, ten, eleven; three more stairs and I should arrive at the landing. Fourteen stairs, turn left, follow the hand-rail forward five paces. It would take me to that bedroom door. I had not forgotten the details. A good memory combined with a light touch of my well-trained fingers would see me through this job. On I went, silently counting stairs and paces, whilst my hand moved forward, still feeling its way along the rail. Four, five paces; one more, then, cautiously I put out my right hand as I went forward. I felt for that door, but my hand touched nothing. That bedroom door must have been left open, and now for my search.

I dare not walk upright around that room. My feet might destroy all my hopes. So down on my hands and knees I made my way forward, my hands reaching out before me, feeling around. Ah, was I to be lucky in my search? My hand alighted on something hard and bony. Was I to be so quickly successful? My fingers closed around it, and, kneeling almost upright I brought the object to my other hand. My fingers felt deftly around it. Yes, its head moved. My luck was in. Quickly I slipped it into my pocket, and, rising from my knees, turned and cautiously made my exit through that open doorway. My outstretched hand found the rail. Five paces, turn right, fourteen stairs. I moved forward, turned, and made my way carefully, my hand lightly moving along, feeling its way down the banister. Twelve, thirteen, fourteen; I had reached the bottom of the stairs. I turned, and less cautiously felt my way through an open doorway to another room. Groping around with my hands I found a chair into which I sank. A smile of triumph hovered over my face; I had been successful. Putting my hand into my pocket I pulled out the object of that search. A gleam of satisfaction should have been seen in my eyes, but the Great War had taken those gleams and left me sightless, but blind though I was, I had found my collar stud.

R. Z. H., Lowestoft.

### New Zealand Notes

THE St. Dunstan's group in New Zealand numbers twenty-eight, of whom eighteen had their happy months of training at St. Dunstan's, and ten, losing their sight after their return to the Dominion, are newer, but just as enthusiastic, members. Being scattered over a sparsely settled country a thousand miles long has not prevented us holding together as a vigorous, friendly body. Three societies working in harmony hold us together—the Commercial Travellers' Blinded Soldiers' Trustees, who administer a generous fund for after-care purposes; the New Zealand Institute for the Blind, which supplies training, permanent employment, talking book, Braille library and other technical services, and the New Zealand Blinded Soldiers' Association. These bodies, acting together, organize periodic reunions, of which a most successful one was held in Christchurch in Coronation Week. In Auckland, which has the largest local group, frequent small social evenings are held, especially when St. Dunstaners from other parts of the Dominion are paying visits.

Four of us are still active masseurs—Donald McPhee, on the staff of the Auckland Public Hospital; Jack McGuone (many will remember that Mrs. McGuone was Sister Padbury), who has a good sporting connection in Wellington; W. T. Woods, who has a war hospital and private practice in Christchurch; and J. N. McIntosh, also in Christchurch, who operates Turkish baths in conjunction with his sporting connection. Andrew Johnston is kept tremendously busy as one of the leading evangelical mission workers in the Dominion. Various forms of farming occupy a number of the fellows—Jim Chisholm, in the far north, has a succession of good things growing in his mild sub-tropic climate—peaches, strawberries, oranges, corn, potatoes, etc., plus a few head of stock and poultry. Jack Ireland is an active bee-keeper, and has built up in connection with it a good trade in apiary joinery. Jack McGill has been a successful dairy-farmer for many years, but has just sold his place, and leaves for Scotland shortly, where Mrs. McGill went a few months ago to give their daughter special studies in the violin. Charles Johnston and Alfred Corey, both

of Christchurch, are keen poultry farmers while George Hooper has a hill farm near Wellington. Cyril Moloney, Harry Sime, Tom Roberts, Jack Simpson and Alec Grant are in regular employment at trades, principally basket making, at the New Zealand Institute for the Blind.

Where numbers are so limited, it has been found of mutual advantage to both groups that blinded soldiers should cooperate closely with the civilian blind, and since the war St. Dunstaners in New Zealand have played a leading part in greatly widening the field of opportunity for our civilian brothers and sisters, raising large sums of money for them, and assisting actively in the administration of the New Zealand Institute for the Blind. Donald McPhee is a Trustee of the Institute and has been instrumental in establishing splendidly successful social, athletic and rowing clubs, modelled on St. Dunstan's lines. W. T. Woods has devoted himself for the past fifteen years, as a voluntary service, to supervising the welfare of the blind of Christchurch and North Canterbury, while Neil Campbell assisted in the raising of the New Zealand section of the Sir Arthur Pearson Memorial Fund. The other St. Dunstaners and myself, too, working at the Institute, do our best to keep things always on the forward march.

The visit of Sir Ian and Lady Fraser three years ago, was, of course, a red-letter occasion, and we wish most heartily they could come more often. We were lucky, too, to have Lady Pearson here for a few days seven years earlier.

It is safe to say that the members of our little community are just as live St. Dunstaners as ever they were—St. Dunstan's is still our inspiration.

CLUTHA N. MACKENZIE.

□ □ □

W. H. Hill, of Liverpool, who is well known locally as a tenor, sang before an audience of three thousand recently at the Empire Theatre, Liverpool. The occasion was a grand concert in aid of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society.

Jill is now telephonist at Bootle Labour Exchange, having been transferred from Liverpool after thirteen years.

### More Coincidences

Our Coincidences Competition has ended but the entries which were sent in (some of them, in fact, after the closing date) were so good that we make no apology for printing some more of them.

R. Middlemiss, of Birmingham, was the sender of the first coincidence published last month. His name was inadvertently omitted.

□ □ □

It was a lovely winter morning. There was a covering of frozen snow on the roads but the sun had risen in a cloudless sky. The battalion was going on a thirty-mile route march and I, who had been employed in the company orderly room for months, thought I was due a holiday and should like to join them. I went—in a pair of new boots—and during the midday halt a kindly R.A.M.C. Corporal removed the numerous blisters from the soles of my feet and dressed them lavishly with iodine. I struggled on until about four miles from home when I was forced to take refuge in one of the company's transport carts. I knew the driver by sight but he was a quiet soul and perhaps his humour suited me very well that day.

Six months later, in June, 1915, I was learning to swim in Aboukir Bay, near Alexandria. A sudden, and to me unapparent, improvement in technique had taken me beyond my usual beat, and when I attempted to rejoin my companions I found that despite my sternest efforts I was being steadily carried farther away. I felt it was time to call for help, and after I had been down more than once and had swallowed more of the Mediterranean than I cared for, three strong swimmers reached me and succeeded, after a hard struggle, in getting me to the beach. The first of these three to arrive was the transport driver.

We were never to see each other again. But we were to meet many, many times and to become very good friends, for we were both blinded on Gallipoli within a month of each other that same summer.

As far as I am aware Arthur Heriot and I were the only members of the 5th Bn. H.L.I. ever to become St. Dunstaners. He has gone from us now, but we who knew him will always remember him as one of the best of quiet, unassuming, good fellows.

DUMFRIES. CHAS. MCINTOSH,

Being in my babyhood as a St. Dunstaner, I am, as the saying goes, "backward in coming forward," but the interesting coincidences of my comrades, prompts me to send one I am proud of.

In April, 1919, I received the sack from the Army, thus bringing my career as an acting full-blown private without pay, to an end.

That summer I received a motor cycle combination as a present, and at Christmas, 1919, 1920 and 1921, I put my bus to the best use possible, bringing it into action by assisting my brother and his party in their efforts to raise funds for St. Dunstan's through their Carol League.

I went round with the carol-singers on my bike which I had decorated for the occasion. One evening was set apart for a tour of the residential houses. You should have seen your humble servant, after rendering the postman's knock and receiving what I had knocked for, jumping over party railings and walls, to the next house. If I had exercised better manners by going through one gateway and into the other, I would have lost time and my ambition was to call on as many houses as possible before the party moved on. At home, my fiancée, now my wife, was ready to help to open the tins, and what joy it gave us when shuffling the coppers, to see the silver coins appearing in the picture. This process carried us into the early hours of the morning, because the tins had to be sealed again ready for the next trip. Christmas, 1922 and 1923, saw my brother's party still in harness, but I was in a nursing home, and by 1923 I was a helpless wreck. From this time and until 1936, I had not the slightest idea—I should become a registered St. Dunstaner. Now, as I lay helpless on my bed I have pleasant recollections of those days, blessed with perfect sight I tried to do my duty for my less fortunate comrades who were blind. I am happy (although loss of sight was a terrific blow to me) to be one of St. Dunstan's happy family and very proud to be wearing its badge.

So here's success to the home of St. Dunstaners, and Health, Happiness, and Prosperity to St. Dunstaners, one and all, is the wish of—  
SALFORD, BRISTOL. G. S. CHAPPELL.

During a bombardment near Ypres in 1915, the parapet was blown in only about four yards from me, partly burying my platoon sergeant. When extricated it was found that his back was injured, and all he could do was to sit and load three rifles whilst my chum and I fired them.

Time went on and I was trained as masseur, eventually being engaged at an institution in Sheffield. In 1922 a patient was placed in my hands, and I was instructed to treat his back. As usual I asked the patient how the injury occurred, and he told me he had been buried. As we have to deal with so many pit accident cases I asked if the accident in question had thus happened. I was informed that it happened in France. Naturally I was more interested by this time, and tracked the man down from division to brigade, battalion, company, and eventually to platoon. It was my platoon sergeant.

You can imagine the surprise we both had on discovering this. When I told the patient my name, he remembered it well, but did not recognize me at the moment. I suppose he tried to remember me in khaki, and found it somewhat difficult when looking at me in a white smock.

SHEFFIELD. C. GREAVES.

□ □ □

Young St. Dunstaner, Christopher McCairn, has been presented with the Royal Humane Society's certificate for rescuing a boy who fell into a canal last summer.

Well done, Christopher!

## "In Memory"

PRIVATE JOHN FRANCIS BESLEY  
(Royal Army Service Corps)

It is with deep regret that we record the death of J. F. Besley, of Cheltenham.

Besley enlisted in 1916, and as a result of his service during the Great War lost his sight, and also suffered from other disabilities. He was never able to take up any occupation, but led quite a full and happy life with his friends. Apparently he was quite well in health until just shortly before his death, which occurred very suddenly on the 30th December.

The funeral took place a few days later, and was attended by his many friends in the district. A wreath was sent from Sir Ian and comrades at St. Dunstan's.

CORPORAL WILLIAM COX  
(6th South Staffordshire Regiment)

We deeply regret to announce the death of W. Cox, of Balham.

Cox was wounded at the Battle of Loos in 1917, as a result of which he lost his sight. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1918, and was trained in boot-repairing and mat-making, at which he continued until the latter part of last year, when he was suddenly taken ill. He was admitted to hospital, but he died there a short time later.

The funeral took place at Streatham Cemetery, and was attended by his relatives and friends. A wreath was sent from Sir Ian and comrades at St. Dunstan's. We extend our very sincere sympathy to Mrs. Cox and her children in their bereavement.

PRIVATE WILLIAM DAVID JOHN  
(Army Service Corps)

We deeply regret to announce the death of W. D. John, of Swansea.

John enlisted in 1914, and served in France until 1917, when he was severely wounded, and as a result lost his sight, and also his left arm. He came to St. Dunstan's for training, and in due course started a grocery and confectionery business. After a few years he had to give this up on account of ill-health, and since then had led a very quiet existence. His death came as a great shock to his many friends, as he had only been ill for about a week.

The funeral took place at Mumbles, Swansea, and was attended by his many relatives and friends. A wreath was sent from Sir Ian and comrades at St. Dunstan's.

We extend our very sincere sympathy to his relatives.

## SPORTS CLUB NOTES

### Tuesday Night Concert

Miss Zucker's concert will take place at Headquarters on February 22nd, at 8.

The next meeting of the Brighton Sports Club will be on Wednesday, February 16th, at 5 p.m.

### Young St. Dunstaners

Ronnie, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Davies, of Middlesbrough, has won a scholarship for St. Mary's School, Middlesbrough.

☆ ☆ ☆

Violet, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, of Froyd, Abergele, has won the silver medal for singing at Walton Musical Festival.

☆ ☆ ☆

Rosie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, of Dover, has gained a scholarship to attend Folkestone Commercial School.

☆ ☆ ☆

Edward, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, of Sprotborough, who is thirteen, has passed the pianoforte examination of the Royal School of Music, Grade V, with honourable mention.

## Death

JONES.—We extend our sincere sympathy this month to W. T. Jones, of Farnham Common, Slough, whose wife passed away on December 18th.

### Death of Mr. J. N. Leigh

Poultry farmers will learn with regret of the death of Mr. J. N. Leigh, for several years manager of the National Laying Test.

Mr. Leigh has been consistently helpful and interested in St. Dunstan's poultry farmers. Of late years a special section of the National Trials has been reserved for St. Dunstan's competitors, due, in great measure, to the interest Mr. Leigh had in us.

### Miss Thelluson

Fain would our hearts deny the speech  
Of our slow tears,  
How can these sightless eyes feign  
gladness

When from each appears  
The crystal streams that marked the  
passing of a friend;  
Our Beloved Matron giving joy and service  
to the end. W. A. M.