

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Blinded British Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen

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[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN]

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

Join the Legion

THE other day I had the honour to be Guest Speaker at the Midland Conference of the British Legion. Sir Francis Fetherston-Godley, National Chairman of the British Legion, presided. How fortunate the Legion is in its local and national leadership! Good old soldiers, with the spirit of the Legion at heart and an abundance of energy and devotion, take their places as chairmen, honorary secretaries, honorary treasurers, at the centre, in the regions and in the branches. Sir Francis is a notable example; the Legion and the country owe him much for his devoted and able work for ex-service men. Many St. Dunstaners are members of the Legion and enjoy the comradeship and friendliness of its ranks. Some take an active part in its Councils, national and local. I have often mentioned it before, but it is worth repeating, that the ordinary St. Dunstaner will gain much by joining the Legion and mixing again with our old soldier friends. He may also contribute much by taking an interest and helping those who are less fortunate than himself.

The Legion is a general organisation. St. Dunstan's is the largest of the specialist organisations caring for a particular group of severely disabled men. The Legion has two specialist organisations within itself, namely, the Poppy Factory where disabled men work making the Haig emblems, and Preston Hall where tuberculous men are cared for. Thus our two organisations have much in common. In addition we have a collecting agreement. This sometimes leads to misunderstandings and it may be well that I should remind St. Dunstaners of its basis, so that they in turn can correct any wrong impression they may hear amongst the public or in Legion Branches.

The Agreement

St. Dunstan's used to have its own Flag Days, but the time came when there were too many street collections. Being an ex-service organisation we became a partner in Poppy Day. We are a small partner receiving 4 per cent. with a maximum of £15,000 in any one year. This sum was calculated to compensate us for what we received from our own Flag Days. Neither the Legion nor St. Dunstan's thought that this contribution would satisfy our needs. On the contrary, we both realised that it represents only a small fraction of our necessary expenditure. Therefore the Agreement allows both the Legion and St. Dunstan's to collect funds in any other way and pledges each organisation to extend its goodwill and help to the other. The only provision which qualifies this freedom is that St. Dunstan's undertook not to organise collections which would divert helpers or attention from Poppy Day for three weeks before November 11th. In fact we are not only very careful to maintain this close period of three weeks, but we have voluntarily abstained from collecting for a longer period before Poppy Day. Many members of the Legion and some branches of both the Legion itself and the Women's Organisation, help us to make collections in different parts of the country at other times during the year.

Now it sometimes happens that a member of the Legion asks the question "Why does St. Dunstan's need to collect in view of what they get out of Poppy Day?" If there is no one present who can explain the position as I have done in these Notes, misunderstanding sometimes arises. On the one hand there have only been a handful of occasions when this has happened. On the other hand there have been hundreds of occasions when our two organisations have worked in the fullest possible co-operation with the utmost of goodwill. But there ought never to be any misunderstanding between St. Dunstan's and the Legion, and we can each of us contribute towards avoiding this by explaining the facts when we get the opportunity.

I explained this matter at the Midland Conference to which I have referred and I am happy to say that by an overwhelming vote the delegates showed their appreciation of St. Dunstan's, and their desire to help us, and support us, in our work.

I am sure all St. Dunstaners join with me in expressing our admiration of the Legion's work, and our thanks for the abundant measure of co-operation which we enjoy from Branches, Women's Branches and Members throughout the country.

IAN FRASER

Reunion Meetings

THE following Reunions have been arranged to take place during 1938:

Southern Area		
Reunion.	Date.	Place.
Bristol	Wed., May 4	The Berkeley, Queen's Road, Bristol.
Newbury	Thur., May 5	Chequers Hotel, Newbury.
Plymouth	Tue., May 17	Continental Hotel, Plymouth.
Maidstone	Mon., May 23	Royal Star Hotel, Maidstone.
Bedford	Thur., May 26	Dujon Rooms, 34-36 High Street, Bedford.
Southsea	Tue., June 14	Assembly Rooms, Esplanade, Southsea.
Colchester	Fri., June 17	The Cups Hotel, High Street, Colchester.

Young St. Dunstaners

Edward, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Brockie, of Torphins, Aberdeenshire, has won a three years' bursary for the Higher Grade School.

☆ ☆ ☆

George Thompson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, of Sprotborough, is now on the training ship, H.M.S. Caledonia, at Rosyth. He is just sixteen.

Northern Area

Reunion.	Date.	Place.
Cork	Tue., April 26	Metropole Hotel, Cork.
Dublin	Thur., April 28	Jury's Hotel, Dublin.
Belfast	Fri., April 29	Carlton Restaurant, Belfast.
Birmingham	Tue., May 10	The White Horse Hotel, Congreve Street, Birmingham.
Manchester	Thur., May 12 and Fri., May 13	The Grand Hotel, Manchester.
Norwich	Fri., May 20	Bond's Thatch, All Saints Green, Norwich.
Glasgow	Wed., June 1	The Gordon, 19 Gordon Road, Glasgow.
Newcastle-on-Tyne	Fri., June 3	The Grand Assembly Rooms, Barras Bridge, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Derby	Wed., June 8	Assembly Rooms, 26 Market Place, Derby.
Leeds	Thur., June 9	Powolny's Restaurant, 4-5 Bond Street, Leeds.

Another young St. Dunstaner is on the "Caledonia"—Jackie Sim, son of the late W. J. Sim and Mrs. Sim. Jackie arrived home proudly at Christmas with his silver chain and the gold star for his arm.

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John Michael Law, the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Law, of Gotherington, who is at Bristol University, has passed his Intermediate Examination. He is very keen on rowing, and is cox of the second Eight. Soon he will cox the first Eight.

Garden Topics

PREPARING the ground for sweet peas: First break the top soil down with a fork. Take a little soil off to the depth of 2 inches, put half the soil each side and keep the trench 2 ft. wide.

Put 2 ozs. of good bone meal to every 3 ft. run of the trench and mix well with the top soil, about a week before planting. If you want to grow large spikes the plants must be 1 ft. apart and it will take two rows planted triangularly. This will leave 6 inches space on each side of your trench. The plants will have to be grown up 8 or 10 ft. canes. Push the canes quite 1 ft. in the ground.

These plants will only have one stem, and when you plant them you must take care to put the long roots straight down in the soil. I should do it with a trowel, so that you can shake the fine soil amongst the roots. Take care to plant them the same depth that they have been planted previously. This can be seen by the colour of the stem. Make the plants nice and firm with the fingers, and should there be any shoots at the base take care not to break them, as when they have been planted about ten days you must pinch just the top of the plant clean out. You must then take care of the strongest shoot that comes from the base. Use 2 ft. sticks to start them up, and do not tie the shoot too tight. It will want nearly 1 inch of space.

When you see it is growing all right, cut the other shoots off to the first leaf from the stem.

If you want a lot of flowers plant them 6 inches apart and take out the top of the plant in the same way. Let all the shoots grow and then run up ordinary peasticks which will have to be 5 to 6 ft. in height. These can be planted the first week in April: if the ground is moist they will want very little water—just enough to settle them.

Plant your antirrhinums at the same time. The sort that grow to 18 inches are best.

Other plants next month.

A. J. HOLLAND

Holiday Camp

I am arranging for a Camp at Stratford-on-Avon, Friday, June 24th, to Saturday, July 2nd.

A. O. SPURWAY

Talking Book Review

"I Was A Spy"

IN the early days of October, 1914, German troops had advanced as far as Westroosebeke, a small village some 19 kilometres north of Ypres, where the story of Marthe Mackenna opens. These inhabitants were transferred to Roulers, a town of about 27,000 people about 6 kilometres south-east of Westroosebeke.

It was here mainly, in a German Military Hospital that Marthe Mackenna carried on her work of nursing wounded German troops, British prisoners of war, and her spying activities on behalf of the British Intelligence Service.

Roulers being a railhead for the German troops on the Ypres sector, gave our heroine more than enough material for the work she was engaged upon. With the information at her disposal, she was able to get into communication with the British, and by so doing was able to bring about the destruction of an ammunition train, the partial annihilation of a German Division and many other feats for the cause of the Allies.

Her culminating triumph was the blowing up of a large dump of stores and ammunition which ultimately was the cause of her undoing. Her arrest and trial in a German Military Court with the pronouncement of "Death as a Spy" make this an outstanding book of courage and daring.

There appears to be in the minds of a great number of ex-service men who served on the Western Front, that both Belgian and French were responsible for a great deal of "spying." There was, however, very little that the Intelligence Service were not aware of, and Marthe Mackenna, although in enemy occupied territory, was definitely under British military instructions.

To those who know Flanders, this book will enthral them in again tracing in imagination the clandestine journeys of Marthe Mackenna from Westroosebeke—Roulers—Pilchem—Brussels—Bruges and finally to Ghent. "BOOKWORM"

German ranks mentioned in *I was a Spy*: *Oberarzt*—lieutenant (medical). *Oberst*—colonel. *Gefrierer*—lance-corporal. *Feldwebel*—sergeant-major. *Kriegsgefangenschaft*—prisoner of war.

"My Most Amusing Experience"

Ten shillings goes to J. McAndrew for his entry in this competition, with a consolation prize of five shillings to B. Hamilton, of Brookville.

Here is a selection from some of the many entries:—

Some little while ago, by a small miracle, never achieved before or since, except in the week before Christmas, I found myself the proud possessor of two weeks' pension at the Post Office. Deciding such an achievement must be tangibly recorded, I bought a table gramophone. We were carrying our purchase when I discovered I had no cigarettes. The wife left me outside the shop while she went in to get them. I held the gramophone in my arms, and was, to my idea, quite fondly caressing it, when a gentleman passing, patted my shoulder, put twopence on the turntable, and walked away. I felt pride comes before a fall, and at least it did in the case of

J. McANDREW,
Bournemouth.

In 1919 I was living close to another St. Dunstan's man, who, by the way, has no sense of smell. I kept goats; he decided to keep one too, but had no idea of milking it. Anyway he bought one, just kidded, and giving plenty of milk. One morning he came to me and said, "Tom, I can't get a drop of milk from that old blighter." I said, "Try a little grease; perhaps then she will let it come."

He proceeded to the house to get some. His wife not being in, he went into the larder, and brought out a jar, which he thought contained dripping, and smeared the goat's udder and teats with the substance. After a while he called out, "No good, Tom, she is just as obstinate. Come and see what you can do."

After feeling the goat all round I said, "She's in a sticky mess. What have you put on her?" "Dripping," said he. I put my fingers in the pot and tasted it.

"Dripping?" said I. "Why, its jam."

C. T. CONDON,
Worting, near Basingstoke.

About nine years ago, and the first time I was at Brighton, I met one of my old friends; Tom ap Rhys, of Bangor. We had not been there many hours, when Tom said: "Going for a stroll, Hammie?" I remarked that I did not know much about Brighton, so who was going to take us. Rhys replied: "I will take you; yoke on." I yoked on, and away we went.

After a few minutes we found ourselves on a broad pavement, bordered by a privet hedge about 18 inches high. Many of my readers will know of the existence of this hedge. Rhys is a tall fellow, with legs like a lark, and which reach up to his neck, so he strikes out with a long, raking stride. We were going along merrily when I felt a jolt, and I pulled up sharp, although I had hit nothing, but I knew that Rhys had. I waited for Rhys to speak, but instead of hearing the voice of Rhys, I heard a voice coming from near the ground, on the other side of the hedge, and it

said, "What the —. Who the —. Why the —?" and I remained dumb.

Rhys, who is the model of politeness, apologized, and the man walked away. Then I asked Rhys what had happened, and he replied, "That man was tying his shoe lace, with his head well down, and his tail well up; when I brought up my knee, caught him right under where his tail ought to be, and landed him right over the hedge. He somersaulted over the hedge, and when he eventually came to rest he was on his back, so he had to turn right over before he could get up."

In the space of about two seconds I reconstructed the whole affair in my mind's eye, and, like little Audrey, I laughed, and laughed, and laughed.

B. HAMILTON,
Brookville, near Thetford.

I wanted to move a 6 ft. by 4 ft. poultry house from one end of the garden to the other. En route it had to pass a large apple tree and three cherry trees. A neighbour volunteered to help me. After a discussion it was agreed that as he could see, he would take the leading end. As I am deaf, however, I was to give all warnings, "Lift," and "Drop," for the house was just about as much as we could carry.

"OK there?" I called. "Lift," and for a few yards we went, then "Now drop 'un," and little by little we progressed and were near the cherry trees when my neighbour's end went down without any warning with something of a crash. I thought he'd hit one of the trees. I went round to investigate and for a moment could not find him. Then I found him sitting in a large bungalow bath I had sunk for the ducks to swim in, his legs hidden under the house and he lying down in the water rather than sitting.

We had measured and planned everything, but overlooked the bath. Of course, he had been unable to give me any sort of warning, and I'd just staggered on until the crash.

GEO. FALLOWFIELD,
Worting.

St. Dunstaners in the News

Two of our telephonists were "featured" in the *Daily Express* a fortnight ago. On March 5th a long article, with a photograph, described H. Gover's work with the Government Exchequer and Audit Department and a few days later a similar article appeared about W. H. Harding, whose employer had seen the first story and had told the *Daily Express* of the good work Harding was doing for him.

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"I had the pleasure this week of meeting one of the most striking examples of cheery forbearance it has ever been my lot to encounter," wrote Captain Ruckholt in the *Leytonstone Express and Independent* on February 19th. He was speaking of our masseur, S. Kelly, of Leytonstone. A most appreciative article on Kelly's war record and his present success as a masseur followed.

First Grandchild

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Hornsby, of Pitsmoor, Sheffield, on the birth of their first grandchild—a girl, born on January 25th.

Memories of the Past

W. T. SCOTT, of Streatham, suggests that St. Dunstaners should send in their memories of past days at St. Dunstan's.

"Perhaps I can set the ball rolling," he writes. "There were many before me who might roll it backwards first and then others could take up the good work later so that we could have a chapter each issue. From a little beginning, we might be able to get a volume which would become a classic in the days when war shall be no more and everyone is in a house fit for a hero to live in."

This is an excellent idea and we shall be very glad to hear from others who would like to keep the ball rolling.

Here is Scott's contribution:—

I was bumped in an ambulance down the King's Road, Chelsea, to Ward 2 at the 2nd London Hospital, St. Mark's School, converted for the purpose. My regeneration came when I learned that there were thirty-six special eye cases in the same ward, and many others worse in wards near by.

We could not have got on without Ma Lydia, who arrived at 8 a.m. to get those kippers ready for breakfast. We were given spoons. By the time the nurse had started helping with the bones at one end of the ward, the chaps at the other end had found fingers very effective. Washings and dressings took a long time, but with the aid of bokes who could see from Ward 6, we were made tidy ready for Sister Padbury to come round. My word, how the staff worked! No wonder the nurses get a cheer at the Albert Hall on Armistice Night.

How many of our chaps remember Betts and Ross, those two R.A.M.C. orderlies with hearts of gold? There was Taffy Isaacs, from Ward 6 who used to play the piano to us most beautifully, and how anxiously we used to wait for Miss Preston to arrive to read the paper to us. The door by the stairs would be opened and a voice would say "Hello!" The owner of that voice would dance down the stairs and commence to embrace us one by one, leaving out only those who were too ill for a joke. There would be sharp banter and sharper repartee. Then to work and the owner of the voice would make herself useful by writing cards and letters for us. Who was this man? Over the years which have followed, how staunch he has been to us and how much better are we for having met him. Then there was a member of our Council who came with Miss Scoles in attendance. There was the tentative enquiry about how much could this man see and whether he might like to be introduced to Braille. How we were bribed to read with our fingers for a ten bob note and to write for a little chain! Oh, the patience of it all! Then we had frames with strings of elastic on so that we could write with a pencil.

Fellows who had matriculated and gone to Regent's Park used to come down to tell us what

was in store. We looked to the future, and a gleam of hope was kindled. Sir Arthur came to talk to us: more chats and a little more hope.

Then came the host of visitors with their various forms of entertainment. Parties arranged for tea in Kensington, Mayfair and Chiswick. One of our number recited "Gungadin" after a tea given by butcher friends. Who remembers the volume of sound which floated to us through the trees at Ascot as a baritone sang "The Windmill Song" to us after a perfect afternoon?

Shaving was a problem in those days. As we began to improve in health and find our legs, the bed-rails soon became signposts. We were able to collect together, ten or a dozen of us, and on the spirit of adventure find our way out through the long corridor away to Fulham Road to the barbers. This freedom and a clean shave—and what remarks we used to hear from passers-by as we somehow found our way back in time for dinner. What a job it was to dress ourselves in those days, the visits to the linen cupboard at the top of the stairs for the tailor-made ultra-modern blue suits with plenty of room in them.

But I think I have rambled on long enough. Perhaps we could turn to later days at the College, after a "regretter" when one of our chaps presented an ice cup from Maison L.—to Fred Ashworth after he had given us a demonstration of how he won the Singles. The gallery was the beds in one of the huts behind the College. But that is another story.

Believe It or Not—

The week after our Derby Sweepstake was announced last month, the first three applications for tickets were received. They came within two posts of one another. *Every one was from a St. Dunstaner named Thompson.*

☆ ☆ ☆

AN old friend of mine, picking up his walking stick one night, preparing to go home the same two miles he had walked about an hour previously, discovered the ferrule was missing from the bottom of his stick. It could not be found, so he departed. On reaching home he found to his amazement his ferrule was there in its place, on the stick. The ferrule was of iron, unfastened to the stick, and the explanation, he genuinely believes, is that by a chance in millions, his stick had, on his way back, picked up the lost ferrule from the soft soil where it had become embedded and left on his way out.

R. Z. H.

Competition

Send us your "Believe it or not" story. It must, however, be true and vouched for by the writer. A prize of ten shillings will be sent to the best effort. Closing date: April 4th.

National Laying Test

REPORT for the Fourth Period of four weeks, December 27th, 1937, to January 23rd, 1938:—

Position	Name	Test score value
1	Campbell, J.	414
2	Holmes, Percy	341
3	Knopp, H. A.	329
4	Carpenter, E. J.	317
5	Jarvis, Albert	314
6	Brown, M. Watson	309
7	Fisher, T. M.	288
8	Jackson, G. C.	286
9	Gwyn, A. Ivor	276
9	Powell, G.	276
11	Fisher, T. M.	272
12	Holmes, Percy	247
13	Hill, R. E.	243
14	McLaren, David	240
15	Roberts, Harry	234
16	Hammett, H. A.	223
17	Hamilton, B.	222
18	Smith, W. Alan	215
19	Smith, W. Alan	203
20	Hamilton, B.	200
21	Brown, C. H.	193
22	Chaffin, Albert	167
23	McIntosh, Charles	161
24	McLaren, David	155
25	Stock, C. H.	154
26	Capper, A. H.	147
27	Capper, A. H.	106
28	Woodcock, W. J.	102
29	Webb, W.	68

Temporary position of No. 1 birds to the end of the fourth month:—

Hill, R. E.	3433	W.W.	88
Holmes, P.	3355	R.I.R.	81
Jackson, G. C.	3361	R.I.R.	81

Winner of the Winter Medal

J. Campbell, with his pen of Rhode Island Reds, is the winner of the Winter Medal in the National Laying Trials.

Derby Sweepstake

OUR eighth Derby Sweepstake, open to all St. Dunstaners, has now begun and full particulars were given in last month's REVIEW.

Tickets are 2s. 6d. each, and a remittance to cover the number of tickets required must be enclosed, together with the sender's name and address, with each application.

The closing date is May 23rd.

SPORTS CLUB NOTES

12-MILE WALK

IN perfect weather conditions the 12 Mile Inter-Club Handicap Walk was held on February 26th over the usual ground of the Outer Circle.

Col. R. E. Bickerton, M.B., D.S.O., very kindly acted as starter to a strong field. The Metropolitan Police were good enough to turn out two teams, one to replace the P.L.A. team who were unable to compete.

Everyone was walking at the top of his form. T. ap Rhys, finishing with a great burst of speed, lowered the record for Section B competitors over the distance to the splendid time of 110 mins. 30 secs. The previous best time, also set up by T. ap Rhys, was 114 mins. 27 secs. in 1936.

The result of race and times were:— 1st, A. Brown, 106 mins. 15 secs.; 2nd, T. ap Rhys, 110 mins. 30 secs.; 3rd, J. Jerome, 111 mins. 5 secs. The handicap placings were in Section A: 1st, W. Trott; 2nd, G. Jolly, and 3rd, A. Brown; and in Section B: 1st, T. ap Rhys; 2nd, W. E. Castle, and H. Kerr and A. Lenderyou tied for 3rd place. The fastest losers were J. Jerome and H. Boorman in Sections A and B respectively. Special mention must be made of T. ap Rhys's very sporting action in giving up his first prize to the second man, which enabled H. Kerr and A. Lenderyou to divide between them the remaining two prizes.

Dr. C. Chittenden Bridges, M.D., before presenting the prizes, thanked all who had come along to make the afternoon a success, especially the members of the Metropolitan Police, who, in addition to finding two teams, had through Inspector Bidgood also supplied as many as 20 escorts.

In a few well-chosen words, T. ap Rhys thanked Dr. Bridges for kindly presenting the prizes.

Sports Meeting

The Meeting to discuss the summer sports will be held on Tuesday, April 26th, at 7.30.

Brighton

The next meeting of the Club will be on Wednesday, April 13th, at 5 p.m.

Birmingham and Wembley Walks

Birmingham Saturday, April 2nd
Wembley Saturday, April 23rd

12 Mile Walking Handicap

Competitor	Actual Time	Handicap Allowance	Handicap Time	Position in Handicap	Team	Scratch Race
A. Brown	106.15	12	94.15	3	1	1
J. Jerome	111.5	13.30	97.35	11	1	2 (Fastest loser)
P. Ashton	114.13	13	101.13	8	1	3
W. Trott	115.20	25	90.20	1	3	4
H. Gover	117.44	19.30	98.14	10	2	5
A. Giles	121.21	23.30	97.51	9	2	6
J. Coupland	122.58	28.30	94.28	4	3	7
S. Dyer	123.42	28	95.42	6	2	8
W. T. Scott	126.9	30	96.9	7	3	9
T. Rouse	126.9	30.30	95.39	5	Res.	10
P. Cashmore	139.10	35	104.10	12	Res.	11
G. Jolly	144.45	50.45	94	2	Res.	12
T. ap Rhys	110.30	15	95.30	1	3	1
H. Boorman	119.16	21.45	97.31	4	3	2 (Fastest loser)
W. E. Castle	127.48	32	95.48	2	2	3
A. Craigie	128.1	29.45	98.16	5	2	4
H. Kerr	129.11	32	97.11	3	2	5
A. Lenderyou	130.11	33	97.11	3	1	6
W. C. Scott	135.35	34	101.35	7	1	7
F. Rhodes	142.33	42.30	100.3	6	1	8

Match A v. B Section

A.	Nett Time	Aggregate Time	B.	Nett Time	Aggregate Time
W. Trott	90.20	hr. mn. sec. 9 24 24	T. ap Rhys	95.30	hr. mn. sec. 9 44 19
G. Jolly	94		W. E. Castle	95.48	
A. Brown	94.15		H. Kerr	97.11	
J. Coupland	94.28		H. Boorman	97.31	
T. Rouse	95.39		A. Craigie	98.16	
S. Dyer	95.42		F. Rhodes	100.3	

Inter-Club Team Race

Competitor	Actual Time	Handicap Allowance	Handicap Time	Aggregate Time	Team
S. Roberts	97.39	9.35	88.4	hr. mn. sec. 5 57 41	Metropolitan Police Team "A"
B. Hamilton	99.18	10.15	89.3		
A. Readman	96.44	7.25	89.19		
F. Wood	102.30	11.15	91.15	6 9 22	Metropolitan Police Team "B"
R. Harris	96.43	7.50	88.53		
H. Thaxter	101.12	11.25	89.47		
B. Mann	106.29	12	94.29		
R. Martin	104.38	8.25	96.13	6 17 49	St. Dunstan's No. 3 Team
W. Trott	115.20	25	90.20		
J. Coupland	122.58	28.30	94.28		
T. ap Rhys	110.30	15	95.30		
H. Boorman	119.16	21.45	97.31		
S. Dyer	123.42	28	95.42	6 26 32	St. Dunstan's No. 2 Team
A. Giles	121.21	23.30	97.51		
W. E. Castle	127.48	32	95.48		
H. Kerr	129.11	32	97.11		
A. Brown	106.15	12	94.15	6 29 4	St. Dunstan's No. 1 Team
J. Jerome	111.5	13.30	97.35		
A. Lenderyou	130.11	33	97.11		
F. Rhodes	142.33	42.30	100.3		

"In Memory"

Chief Petty Officer RICHARD EGGLETON
(Royal Navy)

It is with deep regret that we record the death of R. Eggleton, of Bridgend. Eggleton went through the early years of the war in the Navy, and at one period served in France with the Heavy Naval Guns. As a result of his war service he completely lost his sight, and was admitted to St. Dunstan's, where he was trained in boot-repairing and mat-making. He first went to live in the village of Llanybyther in Carmarthenshire, where he will be well remembered, but some time afterwards moved to Bridgend where he remained for the rest of his life. His health, however, was not good, and gradually he found himself compelled to give up work, and since then had lived quietly with his wife and son. During the past few years he gradually grew worse and died on January 25th. The funeral took place a few days later, and was attended by many friends and relatives. There were a great many beautiful wreaths, including one from Sir Ian Fraser and his fellow St. Dunstaners. Eggleton leaves a widow and one son, to whom we send our very sincere sympathy.

Private REGINALD JOHN THOMAS
(16th Battalion Gloucester Regiment)

We deeply regret to announce the death of R. J. Thomas, of Worcester. Thomas enlisted in 1915, and was admitted to St. Dunstan's as early as 1916, having lost his sight as a result of his service. He was never able to take up any strenuous training on account of his health, and although he had a certain knowledge of poultry farming and mat-making he was able to do very little at either of these occupations. He had been very ill for a considerable period, and his condition gave cause for anxiety several weeks before his death, which occurred on January 26th, 1938.

At his express wish he was buried at Bridgnorth, where he was born and where he still had many relatives. A wreath was sent from London from Sir Ian and his comrades at St. Dunstan's.

Thomas leaves a widow and seven children, to whom we extend our deepest sympathy.

Corporal JOSEPH WILLIAM BELLIS
(Royal Welch Fusiliers)

It is with deepest regret that we announce the death of J. W. Bellis, of Flint. Bellis, who was in his 73rd year, was blinded as the result of an explosion of a drum of sulphuric acid in 1916, while he was on Government work. It was not, however, until December, 1930, that he came under the care of St. Dunstan's. His age and the condition of his health made it impossible for him to take any training, but in spite of this he lived a quiet and happy life in his home town.

Bellis, who also saw active service in the South African War, was a well-known breeder of racing pigeons, and during the Great War he reared several birds which he sent to the Government for carrier work. Two of his pigeons rendered meritorious war service, and Bellis was officially thanked by the War Departments concerned, for the services rendered by these birds.

Although he had not been fit for several months, his death on February 11th was unexpected.

The funeral took place on Monday, February 14th. Bellis was well-known and esteemed throughout the borough and many officials of local organizations were present, including members of the British Legion. A wreath from Sir Ian Fraser and his comrades at St. Dunstan's was among the many flowers.

Bellis leaves a widow, to whom we extend our deepest sympathy. They had been married forty-six years.

Birth

CAPLE.—To the wife of A. J. Caple, of Cardiff, on February 14th, a daughter—Carol Valentine.

Death

SPENCER.—We offer our very sincere sympathy to J. Spencer, of Leicester, whose wife died suddenly on February 15th.

Marriage

FITZPATRICK—BIDDULPH.—On Wednesday, March 9th, at Barrow-in-Furness, Bernard Fitzpatrick to Miss Lavinia Biddulph.

Silver Wedding

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson, of Alderholt, who celebrated their silver wedding anniversary on February 26th.

Holiday Apartments

Brighton.—Full board-residence, 30s. per week. Children half price.—Mrs. Stracey, 4 Bloomsbury Street, Brighton.

Sandown.—A. Vernon caters for bed and breakfast, or full board.—15 Louis Road, Lake, Sandown, Isle of Wight.