

# ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

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For Blinded British Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen

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[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN]

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## CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

**L**AST month I outlined our policy to care for old St. Dunstaners and make preparations to give a proper start to new St. Dunstaners when they come. This month I will fill in a few details.

But first let me say how grateful I am to many of my friends for their letters of encouragement and for their understanding of our problems. St. Dunstaners generally seem to be adapting themselves to the many alterations of daily life which the War imposes upon all citizens, with calm and fortitude and with a high sense of responsibility. Many have difficulties to overcome, but their own initiative, and sometimes the advice or assistance of St. Dunstan's, has in most cases found a solution. I have letters asking my advice about all sorts of subjects. I have read them all personally and have given the best counsel I can. I hope my friends will continue to write to me as I want to share their troubles with them and bring the great influence of St. Dunstan's to bear upon their problems whenever this is possible.

I said last month that we had already placed forty-two beds in the Hospital at Ovingdean at the disposal of old St. Dunstaners. Since I wrote we have extended the number. The place is rapidly filling up now, every bed is available to be used by old St. Dunstaners who need it except one ward, which we are keeping on one side for any emergency. Accordingly, any who feel they have a claim to a period of treatment, convalescence or change at Brighton may apply to the Welfare Department confident that practically the normal number of beds will be available and that their application will be fairly considered.

I am spending four days a week in London and three in Brighton. In London I am attending to our Appeal Organisation, which is being strengthened and prepared for its great task. I have negotiated a new Agreement with the British Legion, under which we shall receive 10 per cent. of the net proceeds of this year's Poppy Day. I hope Poppy Day will be a great success and that we shall have a nice sum of money to go on with. I have started an appeal in India and the Colonies and Dependencies. In India, Sir Clutha Mackenzie—the well-known New Zealand blinded soldier leader—has taken charge of the appeal for us. He happened to be staying there on holiday and accepted my invitation to remain for five or six months to undertake this work. I cabled the Viceroy asking him to be Patron of the St. Dunstan's India Fund and he was good enough to send me an immediate cable reply accepting. I am beginning to receive cables from Governors in the Colonial Empire offering to help. In Great Britain we shall not issue an appeal until after Armistice Day is over, as it is not in our interest or in that of the Legion to clash with Poppy Day. Our Appeals Office is still in London, working very hard, and so are one or two representatives of the Welfare Department to deal with local London matters.



When at Brighton I attend to general welfare matters—for practically all the Welfare Staff are there—and I also go up to the Hospital during the week-ends to see how they are getting on and meet many of my old friends. Mr. Ottaway, who very nobly carried the whole burden of the welfare work during the first few weeks of the change-over, has now taken up his duties again as Superintendent of the Southern Area, and Mr. Swain has been moved from the Appeals Department to take charge of the Northern Area. I am sure all Mr. Swain's friends in the Midlands and the North, in Scotland and in Ireland, will welcome him back. I have brought Mr. Swain back to this job and appointed a new Appeals Organiser, because Commander Smyth has had to go back to the Navy. Commander Paul, hitherto Commandant at Brighton, has also been passed for service, and the following members of the staff have also left us:—

F. Baker, Appeals Stores	...	Royal Corps of Signals
W. T. Berry, Headquarters Cashier	...	Royal Air Force.
S. Broster, Appeals Representative	...	Royal Air Force.
G. J. Carter, Raglan Street Storekeeper	...	Auxiliary Fire Service
F. Coppard, Brighton Motor Driver	...	Royal Training Reserve
J. H. Dawkins, Headquarters Sports Instructor	...	Royal Horse Guards.
N. Hayward, Junr., Brighton Orderly	...	Royal Marines.
R. Jarvis, Raglan Street Storekeeper	...	Territorials.
A. D. Lloyds, Headquarters Assistant Secretary	...	Royal Artillery.
G. McLaren, Raglan Street Office	...	London Irish.
R. J. Palmer, Raglan Street Motor Driver	...	Auxiliary Fire Service.
Miss A. T. Scott, Raglan Street Sales Department	...	Women's Auxiliary Force
R. A. Sparkes, Raglan Street Storekeeper	...	Police Force.
G. A. Stevenson, Headquarters Estate Department	...	Royal Air Force.
G. Syrett, Brighton Orderly	...	East Yorks.
W. Webster, Brighton Orderly	...	Royal Artillery.
F. Wilkinson, Brighton Orderly	...	Royal Artillery.
R. W. H. Willoughby, Appeals Representative	...	Middlesex Regiment.
T. F. Wright, Brighton Orderly	...	Militia

All St. Dunstaners will join in wishing those members of the Staff who have been called up, or have rejoined the Army, Navy or Air Force, the very best of good luck. We have told them, as a good employer should, that their jobs will be open for them when they come back from the War.

During the month of September we did practically no trade at all at Raglan Street, that is to say, we had practically no sales. We now have very great stocks, as we always do at this time of the year, in anticipation of good Christmas sales. Trade is moving a little now and we must all hope that Christmas sales will revive and enable us to keep the trading service going as usual. The outlook for trade at the moment is not very bright, but I realise the tremendous importance of distributing as much work as possible amongst our men, and we shall do the best we can.

There is one little ray of hope, namely, that as materials become more difficult to obtain and labour generally is attracted from the handicraft trades, which compete with us, to munition making, and as imports of mats from India and baskets from the Continent are cut off by the War, there may be a better chance for us. There may even be a little bit of a boom in our trades. Let us hope so.

A number of St. Dunstaners have written to me about their sons, telling me of their feelings now that they are being called up. Some write with pride telling me of their boys' progress in the Services, others write with sorrow in their hearts that war should descend upon us twice in our lifetime and affect our children. Unfortunately I have no son of my own. If I had I am sure he would be doing his bit and his mother and I would wish it to be so, but many near and dear to me are serving in different parts, and all of us, I suppose, must take our chance, for this War may come nearer home than the last. We used to say in France, and I think it helped us when a shell was coming over, that we would be all right unless our number was on it. I think this is the best philosophy now. I share your pride and your sorrow too. All we can do is to wish the young fellows the best of luck; do everything in our power to help the country and Empire along, and hope that out of this grim business we shall get rid once and for all of the disturbing elements in the world, which prevent people from leading their own quiet and peaceful lives in their own quiet and peaceful way.

IAN FRASER.

### Tally-ho at Brighton

THE physical fitness of the Trainees has been seriously taken in hand by the "St. Dunstan's Harriers." The Meet takes place at 1.30 each day on the Terrace. The hares are given ten minutes' start, and usually manage to lead a varied and interesting trail, over hedges and through fences, etc. On one memorable day the hounds caught the hare at the entrance to its form.

These short daily excursions into the countryside proved so popular that on the afternoon of Saturday, September 31st, "The Harriers" organised a Hunt to Telscombe. "Taffy" Reed and Miss Hickley (the hares) set out at 2 o'clock to lay the trail. The hounds, numbering 18 in all, followed twenty minutes later—

*"Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth like bells,*

*Each under each a cry more tuneable,  
Was never holla'd to, nor cheered with horn."*

The clues found on gateposts, poles and trees led a varied course across the downs. As each clue was sighted the hounds gave tongue loud and long. One clue found on a pigsty read: "Don't waste time looking here—we are not one of these—carry on to the waterworks!"

At this point the hounds sighted their quarry, struggling up the opposite hill, but as some of the hounds were in bad condition, by the time they reached the summit of the hill the hares had made good their escape.

Near the Saltdean dog kennels was a clue reading: "Bed and Breakfast can be obtained here for tired hounds." However, no one fell out, and after scrambling up a steep hill, had the final run into Telscombe, where the hares, with "Mr. H." and Billy, were waiting.

A convenient field was found for tea, each produced his packet of sandwiches, a kettle was boiled, and a well-earned tea was enjoyed, enlivened by much light-hearted banter.

The return journey was made at a more gentle pace—the old-time songs being sung all the way.

The following Saturday a "Scavenger" Hunt was organised. Amongst the articles to be collected were:

A policeman's signature.

A "dicky."

A photograph of one of the Staff under 12.

The regimental march of the St. Dunstan's Unit in the field opposite the Four dead flies.

Both staff and men enjoyed the many telling amusing tales on their return. Owing to the bad weather, they all had tea in the men's dining-room, after which they displayed their objects in the Winter Gardens. Matron Boyd-Rochfort and Mr. Hawketts acted as Judges. Billy Anderson and Miss Saunt having completed their list received the prize. Miss Poole, unable to procure a "dicky," brought the canary from the V.A.D.'s sitting-room.

We are looking forward to many more happy outings, and new hounds will always be welcomed by the pack. "M.F.H."

### War-time Notes and News

AS we expected, St. Dunstaners have adapted themselves magnificently to the new order of things, and from every quarter come reports of the way in which they are quietly carrying on. Some are able to give active service: L. Johns, of Enfield, for instance, evacuated with his family to Exeter when his firm closed down temporarily, immediately offered himself to the A.R.P. authorities there. He was selected from twenty applicants to act as night operator in the Exeter Control Room—a signal tribute to the worth of St. Dunstan's telephonists.

Others have accepted cheerfully the descent of evacuated children upon them and have proved model hosts. One report—upon a Scottish St. Dunstaner—says: "In a fortnight's time there was a great change in the children's health and appearance. Their mother is delighted about it."

G. Fallowfield, of Shoreham, has made wooden shutters for his windows and arranged fire buckets on each landing. Now he has drilled the entire household—including his evacuees—into a "systematic and routine crew!" His evacuees have already learned to talk to him.

A. C. Cooke, of Nottingham; H. Kirby, of Wimbledon; H. H. Barnard, of Leytonstone; J. Burley, of Norwich—these are just a few who have made shelters for their families which might well prove models for the rest of the community.

### Notice

Turn to page 7 for an important announcement regarding the Armistice Dance.



## Miss Jean Fraser

MISS JEAN FRASER, only child of Captain Sir Ian Fraser and Lady Fraser, was married at St. Marylebone Parish Church, London, on Wednesday, September 27th, to Mr. Anthony McDonald.

The veteran Bishop Winnington-Ingram, until recently Bishop of London, who married the bride's father and mother during the Great War, officiated.

Those present included Mr. Askew, Miss Boyd-Rochfort, and a number of St. Dunstaners and members of St. Dunstan's staff; Miss Boyd-Rochfort took a large cake from the bride for the men at the Brighton Hospital.

## Air Raid Warnings and the Deaf-Blind

THE problem of warning deaf people of air raids is one which has given the authorities—and the deaf people themselves—a great deal of anxiety. As G. Fallowfield, of Shoreham, says, if a deaf person leaves the house open to the Air Raid Warden, it is open also to anyone else who may feel inclined to walk in. Fallowfield has drawn up for himself a number of excellent rules, which we think will be of interest to all our deaf-blind St. Dunstaners.

1. Never go out of the house alone, or travel alone.
2. Never be left in the house alone.
3. Do not lock a bathroom door, and if there is only one other person in the house, he too should leave such doors unlocked so as to be free to get in or out to a deaf-blind man.
4. The deaf person must tell other people in the house where he might be found, always warning the others when a change is made from one room to another—i.e., from workshop to bedroom, etc.

## From Commander Smyth

My friends of the Northern Area—good-bye to you for the present. The Admiralty have another job for me, but I shall often think of you and hope to come back to you as soon as Hitler and his gangsters have been wiped off the face of the earth.

In the meantime I know that Mr. Swain will look after you just as well as I have tried to do.

Good luck to you all.

A. D. D. SMYTH.

## 'Ware Gas!

J. L. BROOKE, of Sheffield, sends us the following:

*If you get a choking feeling and a smell of musty hay,*

*You can bet your bottom dollar there's Phosgene on the way.*

*But the smell of bleaching powder will inevitably mean*

*That the enemy you're meeting is the gas we call Chlorine.*

*If your head begins to ache and you feel you'd like to sneeze,*

*You may find it is a nose gas and can count on on of these:*

(D.M., D.A., D.C.)

*When your eyes begin a-twitching and for tears you cannot see,*

*It isn't mother peeling onions, but a dose of C.A.P.*

*If the smell resembles pear-drops, then you'd better not delay,*

*It's not father sucking toffee, it's that ruddy K.S.K.*

*If you catch a pungent odour as you're going home for tea,*

*You can safely put your shirt on it, they're using B.B.C.*

*If you get a smell of garlic or very similar thing,*

*You'll know the so-and so's dropped Mustard,*

*and of gases it's the King.*

*And lastly, while geraniums look pleasant in a flower bed,*

*Beware their smell in war-time; if it's Lewisite, you're dead.*

To which Mr. D. W. FERGUSON, who is A.R.P. Officer for Brighton Headquarters, adds the following:—

*When you've withstood the nervous fear*

*Of hearing sirens wail*

*Don't get alarmed when "Gas!" you hear*

*And promptly "kick the pail."*

*If in a refuge room you hide,*

*With gas mask on your head,*

*The gas to fear is not outside,*

*It's that which cries "I'm dead."*

## None so Blind as Those Who Can See

"A blind masseur at a Great Portland Street clinic arrived at work with a damaged forehead.

Asked by the sister-in-charge how he had come by the injury, he explained that unfortunately he had gone out in the black-out with someone who could see."

—"Peterborough" in the *Daily Telegraph*.

## Drums

THE drums of the British Army are made to-day in the way they have always been made; only when new materials have been admitted as proper for drum frames has the craft changed at all. Until the middle of last century drums were made of wood. Since that time they have been made of brass as well, and after the Zulu wars the custom began of having ceremonial drums made out of silver. The first of these was the South Wales Borderers' silver bass drum, commemorating Rorke's Drift and Isandlwana, the reason being that after the massacre of Isandlwana only the regiment's bass drum was found intact.

Drums then were in the front line, and many of them were pierced by bullets in the Crimea and in South Africa. But nowadays, when they are kept more safely, they do not, on the whole, last longer. Indeed, they last less long, if anything, because they are not used enough. All the same, many last for twenty years. When they do leave the bands in the end, it is usually for a museum, an officers' mess, or an officer's home. Except that there is almost no cavalry left now for whom to make kettledrums, the Army needs new drums as much as ever.

—From the *Manchester Guardian*

## Brief Notes

F. A. Cole, of Birmingham, has six sons of military age.

★ ★ ★

F. J. W. Westaway, of Yeovil, who for fourteen years was an enthusiastic member of the Executive Council of the Yeovil British Legion, but retired two years ago, has now been asked to stand again and has been returned unopposed.

★ ★ ★

We mentioned once of the interest of many St. Dunstaners in Toc H. W. H. Stanley, of Stony Stratford, is another who is an enthusiastic member.

## Wear Your Badge

It would be helpful if all men going to Brighton would wear their St. Dunstan's badges, in order that they may be more easily recognized by orderlies, station staff, etc., at the Brighton terminus.

## Important Notice to Craftsmen

Mr. Doughty is at Raglan Street every day and all orders for raw materials, and communications regarding them, should be forwarded to him there so as to avoid delay.

## To Puzzle You

Take a piece of metal weighing 40lb. Cut it into four pieces of different weights so that by using these pieces it is possible to weigh any quantity from 1lb. to 40lb.

★ ★ ★

Fill in the missing letters to form words, the clues for which are given below:

H O - - - -

- H O - - - -

- - H O - - -

- - - H O - -

- - - - H O

1. Truthful; 2. Used for digging; 3. Place of learning; 4. Writer; 5. To resound again.

(Answers next month.)

## Recommended Braille Books

*Death on the Borough Council*, by Josephine Bell.—A very cleverly contrived mystery. Councillor Hicks was stabbed to death in the office of the Borough Librarian, and suspicion fell on the Librarian, his wife, and several other people.

*It Happened in Essex*, by Victor Bridges.—The author has taken marshes, creeks and estuaries of Essex as the setting for the mystery. The hero's love of adventure brings him into conflict with a gang of criminals.

## Early to Rise!

PHIL MAY (the famous *Punch* artist) had promised his wife to spend the evening at home, and had then asked her if she would excuse him whilst he ran down to the Savage Club for a couple of hours. But the boys there would not let him go until daylight. Not having a latch-key, he had to wait until the maid took in the milk. His wife being asleep, he undressed quietly on the landing and was just creeping quietly into bed when his wife woke up and said: "Is that you, Phil?" He promptly replied: "Yes, dear. I have to get up for an early appointment. You get off to sleep again." Then he dressed and took a cab to the Charing Cross Hotel, engaged a room, and went to bed."

—ARNOLD HARTLEY in *Men Only*.



### Walking-sticks

By MARTIN THORNHILL

**M**EN have carried sticks since the days of the Pharaohs.

From the long staff beloved of the biblical Hebrew, the walking-stick degenerated into cudgel and bludgeon. The sword interposed, but the age of chivalry displaced it, and both men and women took to the long slender staff set in vogue by the elegant courtier.

Woman improved on the fashion in her own way, attaching a ribboned bow of chosen hue, which earned the flippant title of a "love-knot." But five feet is an awkward length, and fashion in a moment of sanity reduced the walking-stick to its present-day size, though retaining many elegant trappings.

Superstition took a part, and occupation too. Because gold-headed canes were considered a safeguard against infection, physicians always carried them. And when barbers were surgeons, their professional sign was a walking-stick wrapped about with a bloody bandage.

Since then, the fashion of carrying a walking-stick has stuck, without lapse, like man to his trousers. If you browsed in a stick shop, you'd find such an array of the implements as would astound you by its colossal variety. Essentially, however, stick shapes are of five kinds: the crook, the pull-down, the cross-head, straight root, and straight knob.

The first is the popular curved handle. A straightish length is cut from the tree, and the bottom end bent over to form a half-circle. The pull-down differs from the crook only in the degree to which the bend is made. The result is that right-angle handle for which, in ash sticks, many people have a special preference.

Natural cross-heads are a different story. Here the handle is the tree's root, trained to grow laterally. At anything from three to six years of age the sapling is uprooted, and the root cut to form a T-shaped handle with one of the T's laterals shorn off about three inches from the stem, and the other lateral cut off altogether.

Ever thought of cabbages as sticks? Once walking-sticks were made from tree cabbages reared to heights of twelve to fifteen feet, in Jersey. But that is a dead industry. The stick that does look something like an outside in cabbage stalks is a

whamboa or a whangee, imported from China and Japan; while other imported sticks are the manilla, blackthorn, malacca, and cherry. For some reason the English cherry does not produce good sticks; it's the Austrian tree that importers like best.

Full-bark malacca canes fetch prices from £2 upwards, according to the quality of the markings and the length of joint. The female tree has short joints and therefore produces cheaper sticks than the male, whose joints are so long as to make a single stick worth as much as £10. One of the most beautiful materials is snake wood. It's a Brazilian tree, and the markings remind you of a handsome tropical snake. The wood is shipped in the solid block, the sticks being hewn in English factories and sold for as little as £4 4s. and £5 5s., except for the very best markings.

Now and again you may see in a first-class stick shop a staff ticketed at £100, or even more. More likely than not, this has been made from a freak rhinoceros horn—a freak because few rhino horns exceed a couple of feet in length. Anyone who would part with £100 for a stick must, you might think, be as much of a freak as the stick. But you might be wrong; he would probably be an explorer or big-game hunter, anxious to acquire what he might tell the world was a memento of one of his own exploits.

Take a peep into a stick factory and watch the fascinating process of straightening, bending, and preparation for market. The straightening "horse" is probably a solid piece of beech of venerable age, with correcting notches worn smoothly by as much as fifty years on the job. To make it pliable, the stick is pushed into a bank of hot sand, then straightened in the horse. Then the handle is bent over to the shape wanted, tied in this position with string, and stacked for several days to cool off and stiffen.

Next comes scouring, and afterwards bleaching, to produce the "white bloom" that characterises the correctly prepared ash stick. If a "scored" effect is wanted in chestnut, this operation is performed before bleaching, as also is "scorching" in the case of the black, green, nut brown, and other colours variously selected by lovers of the chestnut stick.

Leave the factory, and look in at the retail side of the business. Here is a

malacca cane mounted with a white ivory billiard ball as handle. Another is topped with a ball of tortoiseshell. Over there is an ebony crook studded with brilliants—they may even be diamonds. A locked showcase houses a collection of treasures finished off with skin of crocodile, python, or lizard. You may find a Rosebery Crutch or a Prince of Wales Knob—freak shapes by which these celebrities were first attracted, and so set a fashion.

And here and there, among the best breeds, you may be trapped into believing that the marvellous imitation markings contrived by the skill of the stainer-varnisher are priceless malaccas from Malaya, Japanese partridge, Brazilian snake wood, or green ebony from the West Indies and West Africa.

And if you want to steal a march on a competitor-photographer, you can buy a stick in which a baby camera is concealed.

—MARTIN THORNHILL in *Men Only*.

### The Music Room

Mrs. Brancker has asked us to say that, in view of the fact that the Music Staff have either left London or are otherwise occupied, and also because of the black-out, it will not be possible to continue the activities of the Music Room at 60 Paddington Street.

### Found

**A** CHAIN has been picked up in the Hove district, and attached to it is a gold cross, a cigar-cutter, and a pencil case. There are initials on one of the articles and an inscription which indicates that the owner has been connected with St. Dunstan's at some time. The initials are A.K.S.

If anyone knows the owner of these articles will he please write to the Editor and identify them.

### Max Miller Says—

**T**HERE'S all sorts of ways of proposing to a girl. I remember how I put the hint to my wife.

She was complaining about how men had the best time in this life and she said, "I wish nature had made me a man."

So I ups and says, "It did, and I'm him."

So you can see it's simple enough if you're smart.

Then I said, "Give me a kiss." And she said, "Mother mightn't like it." And I said, "Mother isn't going to get it."

"LILLIPUT."

### Armistice Dance

**T**HE Annual big Armistice Dance for London and district will not be held this year, owing to difficulties of travelling and A.R.P. But a smaller Armistice Party or Dance will be held in the Lounge at Headquarters, on Tuesday, November 7th.

In view of the necessity not to overcrowd the Headquarters Lounge beyond the capacity of the Air Raid Shelters, those wishing to come on Tuesday, November 7th, must apply to Miss Morris for tickets. Tickets will be issued in order of application.

The Social and Sports Meetings every Tuesday night in the Lounge were started again on Tuesday, October 10th. About twenty St. Dunstaners and their escorts came, and a Whist Drive was held.

### Letter to the Editor

*The Editor, "St. Dunstan's Review."*

DEAR SIR,

I wonder whether these meagre words will induce a few more of our men to join the recently-formed Bridge Club? I am sure that many of them play Bridge, some probably very well, but if they play it well or badly they will find a welcome waiting for them.

We have our own Committee, elected annually, which makes all arrangements as to the tournaments held amongst ourselves, or the "drives" (to which visitors are invited) and keeps a fatherly eye on our doings. So please come along if you play Bridge and give us the benefit of your experience, and if you are just a Whist player come just the same and learn Bridge. I am sure that in a few years time, when we become less enthusiastic about physical culture and the like, we shall enjoy these competitions. For those who have not indulged in the game up to the present let me advise them not to be afraid of the word "Bridge," but to write to the St. Dunstan's Bridge Club at Headquarters, asking for particulars. I hope many will join us and give the pleasure of their company to the existing members, including

Yours sincerely,

C. F. THOMPSON.

### Wise Words

When you have made up your mind what to do, don't bother till the time comes for action.



## "In Memory"

SAPPER WILLIAM PIKE  
(Royal Engineers)

We record with deepest regret the death of W. Pike, of Cork, which occurred on July 31st, at his home.

Pike was gassed in March, 1918, in the Lens Sector, but he did not come to the notice of St. Dunstan's until June, 1932.

He was a widower with two children, to whom we extend our sincere sympathy.

PRIVATE A. URRY  
(Royal Army Medical Corps)

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of A. Urry, of Kensal Rise.

Urry was called up in 1914 and lost his sight as a result of malaria, contracted while serving overseas. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1921 and was trained as a poultry farmer, which occupation he carried on until a year or so before his death.

He leaves a widow, to whom we offer our sincere sympathy.

### Birth

POWER.—To the wife of Mr. and Mrs. G. Power, of Merthyr Tydfil, a son.

### Deaths

We extend our sincere sympathy to the following:—

BRIGHT.—To A. G. Bright, of King's Cross, whose wife passed away on September 24th, after a short illness.

MCCARTE.—To H. McCarte, of Baldock, whose wife passed away on October 14th.

McFARLANE.—To Mr. and Mrs. J. McFarlane, of Barnhill, by Dundee, whose son has recently died.

### Marriage

YOUNG-BELL.—On October 7th, at St. Barnabas Church, Hove, J. Young, of Hove, to Miss Olive Bell.

### Silver Wedding

We regret that the news has only just reached us that Mr. and Mrs. W. Moorcroft, of Liverpool, celebrated their Silver Wedding anniversary on August 18th, 1938.

Congratulations to them, and also to Mr. and Mrs. Kirkman, of Thorpe Bay, who have recently celebrated their anniversary.

### Young St. Dunstaners

Arthur, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Porter, of Southampton, was married to Norah Evelyn Thompson, on September 9th.

Eric Maskell, son of Mr. and Mrs. P. Maskell, of Rochester, who has finished his studies up to University standard, was awarded, with his friend, a special prize for the best all-round pupil.

★ ★ ★

Thomas Tuxford, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Tuxford, of Redditch, has passed the Oxford School Certificate examination with honours in seven of the ten subjects.

★ ★ ★

Harold Gunson, the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Gunson, of Batley, has secured the Higher Schools' Certificate, and has now entered Leeds University.

★ ★ ★

The youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Brockerton, of Coleraine, was recently married.

★ ★ ★

Evelyn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Z. Hurrell, of Lowestoft, has secured a scholarship to attend a secondary school.

### With the Services

The eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Kerr, of Widnes, who has been in Canada for some years, joined the Canadian Ordnance Corps the day following the outbreak of war. On September 13th he married Mary Curran.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Owen, of Liverpool, have four sons, all of them in uniform. Two are in the Air Force and the others are in Ground forces.

The sons of Mr. and Mrs. G. Hadfield, of Ottery St. Mary, are serving. Donald is at an Army Technical School and his elder brother is in the Royal Engineers.