

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Blinded British Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen

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[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN]

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

Very shortly I shall be repeating in Parliament a question I have raised on a number of occasions. The formal text of the question is as follows:—

Captain Sir Ian Fraser to ask the Minister of Pensions if he has any statement to make as to his intention to increase disability pensions and allowances for officers and men, and others, suffering from war-service injuries, having regard to the rise in the cost of living since the last adjustment was made.

As I have pointed out on a number of occasions, the first plank in our pensions policy is to get the pensions of St. Dunstaners of this war raised to the level of those of the last war. I hope the Government will not delay any longer in giving us an instalment to go on with.

Blinded Prisoners of War

There are now a good number of British officers and men who are prisoners of war in enemy countries and whose sight has been severely damaged. We are trying, through official channels, to get particulars of each of these men. In many cases we have succeeded and are giving them very considerable help.

In this matter I have been fortunate in securing the full and generous co-operation of the Invalid Comforts Section, Prisoner of War Department, British Red Cross. Mrs. Bromley Davenport, C.B.E., who did so much to help prisoners in the last war, is the head of this organisation, and our prisoners, along with so many others, have the benefit of her very great experience and devotion to their special needs. Mr. H. G. M. Strutt, a certificated brailist but not a professional, is Honorary Braille Secretary of the Section, and has been good enough to make a special study of the needs of the blinded, with whom he carries on a most intimate and friendly correspondence through the Red Cross Braille Service, run in the closest co-operation with us.

We have agreed to the principle that St. Dunstan's should meet all the expenses of sending parcels of ordinary comforts and of special comforts for the blinded, and of apparatus of special use to the blind. For example, every prisoner whom we know to be blind receives a braille watch and material to enable him to learn braille, and it has been arranged that sighted prisoners will instruct them and look after them.

I hear that in one Camp there is a substantial group of blinded men, who make quite a little cheery community of their own. And, owing to the contacts we have made with them, we may call it a true St. Dunstan's community. I have sent them some literature about St. Dunstan's, in particular an article which I recently wrote for newly blinded men,

and they are beginning to think about their future and take a more hopeful view of it than they did at first.

Mr. Strutt recently visited Church Stretton to get an idea of the atmosphere there, and we are deeply indebted to him for the very great detailed trouble he has taken to encourage our prisoner St. Dunstaners to take a new and optimistic view of life, and to learn to read braille and play various games to help pass the time.

Here in this country I have made contact by letter and through our After-Care Visitors with as many as possible of families of the prisoners, so that they may feel that they too are part of St. Dunstan's, and at Christmas-time I sent each family a present and a plum pudding.

Talking about plum puddings, I have received numbers of letters from St. Dunstaners and their families all over the country, expressing their sincere thanks to their Canadian comrades for this most appropriate and welcome gift.

IAN FRASER.

In Memory of Sir Arthur Pearson

On Thursday, December 11th, a Service was held in the Lounge at Longmynd, Church Stretton, in memory of the late Sir Arthur Pearson, Founder of St. Dunstan's. The Rev. A. C. Nugee, Rector of Eckington, Sheffield, conducted the Service.

Mr. Nugee, who is himself a St. Dunstaner, spoke of Sir Arthur's life, and emphasised his fitness for his great work, since he himself had become blind gradually, and so knew the difficulties with which the newly-blinded man was faced. Sir Arthur had always agreed that blindness was a handicap—but the longest handicap was given to the best man.

Blackpool

On the afternoon of December 9th, a Memorial Service was held in the Lounge at the Blackpool Home, which was attended by St. Dunstaners staying at the Home, and by old and new members of the staff.

The Rev. R. Wilson spoke movingly of Sir Arthur's fine qualities, and of his inspiration to blind people throughout the world.

Melplash

At Melplash a Memorial Service was held on December 7th, at the Parish Church, when the Rev. A. H. Pope gave the address. St. Dunstaners from the Home, and a number living in the district, were present, with members of the staff.

St. Dunstaner Rotarian

E. Slaughter, recently of Haringay, and now of Salisbury, has had the honour of being elected a member of Salisbury Rotary Club.

Fraternity

1914-1918

*Can you bear more, who long have suffered much
Since time ago when war was made on war?
This new inferno, with its grasping clutch
On flesh and spirit, ever calls for more
And still more food to feed its foulsome brood;
I know the previous price that has been paid
To keep a smiling face and bear the load—
Such splendid courage—and the vows re-made
At each fresh turning in the ruptured road;
Yet in those days, those earlier, striving days,
There were not lacking means of grace to hand
That flowed from faithful friends, whose steadfast
zeal
Made premature resolve more firmly stand
And spurred afresh the slow, reluctant will;*

*So now I say, my friend, in this your day
Of resurrected trial and demand,
When those you love are severed from your side,
And all the hopes you had, the joys you planned
Again are lost in one submerging tide,
So there will rise to ease the sacrifice
A new born world of compensating love
That fills the vast horizon's vacancy,
Giving a strength of purpose that will move
And dissipate the mists of infamy;
And one bright star will glisten out afar,
Shaming the constellations of its birth,
And flood the darkened road with silver light
That never fails; and all the fire-scarred earth
Will heal its wounds and clear a clouded sight.*

*Can you bear more, who see a second war?
I know, I know you can and will endure,
Bathed in the starlight of fraternity,
One long reunion in a country pure
Where those you love and those you loved will be.*

R.J.V.

Church Stretton Notes

Longmynd and Belmont closed on December 19th for the Christmas holidays, leaving the "Tigers" in sole possession of the hill until January 5th.

Breaking-up festivities started on the Thursday evening, when George Formby, the well-known comedian, broke his journey to the north to call and give us an hour's grand entertainment. At the end of the evening, Mr. Formby, on behalf of the George Formby Fan Club, presented St. Dunstan's with a cheque for £50.

On Friday evening came our own Concert, compèred again by Joe Walch, with a fresh set of quips from his seemingly inexhaustible stock. Everyone was in excellent form. The programme varied from the lugubrious philosophy of "The Cobbler" from "Chu Chin Chow" (L. Webber) to the rollicking jollity of "The Stoker" (J. Walch). Other soloists were J. L. Davies, P. Todd, W. Carlton, G. Stanley, L. White, and Miss Sleight, and the programme was fittingly brought to a close with the beautiful carol, "Silent Night."

Saturday and Monday brought the Dramatic Society's performance of "High Tension," a one act play by Clemence Dane, of which the following account appeared in the *Shrewsbury Chronicle*:—

"... The performance maintained to the full the thrilling features of the incident portrayed in the drawing room of a house in a lonely part of Exmoor. Those taking part included Lieut. Esmond Knight, R.N.V.R., the well-known film artist and West End actor. He was blinded in H.M.S. *Prince of Wales* in the *Bismarck* engagement. He took the rôle of Capt. Dallas, V.C., and also assisted Lady Buckmaster in the production of the play. Other actors were Petty Officer Norman Stephenson as "Bloggs"; Pilot Officer Denis Tufnell as the Professor; Bertram Cole (a munition worker) as "Inspector Pollock"; Norman Cooke, a former driver in the Corps of Signals, and Lce.-Cpl. Mark Goundrill, formerly Northumberland Fusiliers, as "Police Sergeant" and "Crook" respectively.

On Tuesday we had our Christmas Party, mustering over 110, from Longmynd, Tiger Hall, and Belmont, presided over by our Chairman and Lady Fraser. The dining

room was decorated with spoils from previous Christmasses at Ovingdean and Portland Place, and the dinner did credit to our chef and the domestic staff, and we were treated to several excellent speeches.

Having toasted "The King," the Chairman said:—

"It is eighteen months since we first came up to Church Stretton, and this is the second Christmas we have spent here. May I open my very few remarks by offering to you all my sincere congratulations and my thanks upon the extremely good relationship which St. Dunstan's has established with the people of Church Stretton, and, if I may, I would like to make reference to the exemplary conduct of all St. Dunstaners during the time we have been here, and pay tribute to you for the affectionate regard in which the town looks upon you.

"You will remember—those of you who were here last Christmas—my speaking to you of the apprehension and anxiety with which Church Stretton viewed the prospect of our establishment in its midst. They went so far, by way of seeking protection, to place at the bottom of the roads leading from this place notices which say, 'Caution—Beware of blinded soldiers' (laughter).

"Some of you are leaving us, but I like to think that you are not leaving St. Dunstan's, because St. Dunstan's will be there to help you whenever you may need it, and I am sure that those who are returning will join to-night in wishing all those who are leaving all possible good luck and success in their new lives (applause).

"Except for a few in the Hospital, whom we think of specially to-night, since they cannot be with us, all of you will be going home, and some of you will perhaps be going home for the first time, and you will meet with new experiences and new difficulties. Here, in a place designed to meet our difficulties, we put blindness aside. The staff and those around us know how to minimise it for us and make us feel at home in new surroundings, and you will go home where, with the greatest loving-kindness in the world, you will find some misunderstanding or lack of knowledge of your circumstances, and it will be for you to teach those at home how to look after you. You will require great patience and tolerance, because many people think we are not only blind but also mentally

deficient! (laughter). It will be for you to teach those at home how to look after you.

"Christmas is a time when we should turn our minds towards absent friends, and the St. Dunstan's family must needs think of its various branches throughout the world. We are represented by men of the Great War in Canada, in Australia, and in South Africa. They will be thinking of us at their Christmas dinner, and we may well think of them, and have them in our minds when we are drinking our toast.

"Then may I turn to the new men, and may I say that we older men of the last war are extremely gratified and extremely proud of the way in which you are meeting the difficulties of blindness. We are not surprised that you are quicker at learning braille and typewriting than we were, because we were shockingly idle about it, but we do admire the way you have met your difficulties and got over them. We welcome you in our midst, and it is our desire to do everything we can for you.

"Now we must have in mind the services which have been rendered to us—not merely to-night by those who have prepared this dinner, by those who have decorated the rooms, to them a special word of thanks, not merely to them, but to all the staff who have worked—here at Longmynd under the supervision of Mr. Bankes-Williams and Miss Pain, the staff at Tiger Hall under the supervision of Mr. Davenport and Miss Postlethwaite, and at Battlefield under Mrs. Irvine—at Belmont, where Miss Palphremand looks after them—in particular to all those members of the staff, of Hospital Sisters, and V.A.D.s, Orderlies—in the Offices, in the Kitchens, and the Domestic Staff, who have done more than is their obligation to us to make us happy and comfortable during the past year—we would like to express our sincere thanks to them for their work and for their friendship.

"May I turn from the subject of to-night's festivities to a matter which will be, I think, of interest to most of you, and may I make my excuse that the opportunity of saying this has not arisen before, but I hope does arise now. Ever since this war broke out it has been my concern to try to secure an improvement in the pension rates which are paid to the Officers, N.C.O.s and men who have been blinded in this war. The rates given are not equal to those which were

paid to similar casualties in the last war, and the first point of our policy has been to secure equalisation of the rates between men of the two wars. Some months ago an increase upon the original rates fixed was made, but we did not regard this as sufficient, and we represented to the Government our desire that, as soon as possible, the rates should be brought to the same level.

"In this matter of pensions we do our best to co-operate with the British Legion, because it must be realised that no change can be made for the blind which does not also affect the many other categories of persons who are disabled in the highest degree, and we therefore make it a point of our policy to march along the same road as the British Legion, and in co-operation with them, so that all ex-Servicemen may speak with one voice.

"In the House of Commons I happen to be a Vice-Chairman of the House of Commons British Legion Committee. This is a Committee in which it is possible for members of all parties to come together to discuss matters affecting ex-Servicemen in a manner that is not related to party politics at all, so that right may be done. Within the Conservative Party this honour has recently been paid me—that I have become Deputy Chairman of the Committee within the Party that is considering post-war problems of ex-Servicemen, and such recommendations as may be made upon that subject. This is a long way from to-night, but it may interest you to know that this problem is being discussed by all political parties, and as far as possible we are trying to take every step to see that our interests are safeguarded.

"During the past year or more the question of the rates of pensions has been raised by many friends of mine in the House, and by myself, and always we have been told that a further rise above the present rates paid to newly-blinded men must wait on a sustained and substantial rise in the cost of living. I have, within the last month, pointed out to the Government that in my view that has already taken place, and on Thursday of this week I am asking a question in the House of Commons—I cannot tell you what the answer will be, but I hope that then, or perhaps later—let us hope soon—an answer which you may regard as a satisfactory step along the road

we are trying to follow may perhaps be given to us (applause).

"May I return to the subject of my toast—may I ask you to have in mind St. Dunstan's throughout the world—St. Dunstan's in all its aspects, and particularly the staff in their various capacities here at Church Stretton? May I ask you to rise in the first instance to drink to the health of St. Dunstan's?"

Mr. Bankes-Williams, our Director of Training, in a witty little speech, recalled his first interview with a St. Dunstaner, who greeted him with the ambiguous remark: "Oh! You're D.T.'s!" He reminded us that Sir Ian had been Chairman of St. Dunstan's for twenty years, and hoped that he and Lady Fraser would celebrate their Silver Wedding with St. Dunstan's, and even perhaps their Golden Wedding.

Mr. Davenport thanked Sir Ian, on behalf of Tiger Hall and the Medical Staff. Lady Fraser presented the four trophies for the Football Competition, which, as we forecast in our last issue, was won by the "Bashers" (R. Dufton, P. Campbell, S. Bennett, and J. Lawson). They had won all their eight matches, and each "Basher" received a silver cup. Prizes were also given for the top goal scorers—Monty Fefferberg of the "Rattling Blues" and G. Stanley of the "Soaks."

Petty Officer W. Stephenson thanked Sir Ian and Lady Fraser and the staff for all the help and kindness he had received during the fifteen months he had been with us, and R. Dufton was called upon to speak on behalf of the trainees, instructors, and men from Tiger Hall. Thanking the Chairman, he said what an inspiration Sir Ian was to all the newly blinded. He thanked the staff, and then called upon Lady Fraser to present silver propelling pencils as Christmas souvenirs to the two Matrons.

T. Rogers then asked Mrs. Cohn to accept a sealed envelope as a joint present from the men, staff, orderlies, and other well-wishers at Longmynd, Tiger Hall, and Belmont, hoping that the future would treat her as well as she had treated us, one and all, during the last twenty years. After her charming little speech, we sang "For she's a jolly good fellow."

The rest of the evening was given up to dancing and games, with an interval at 10.30 for American drinks and Christmas cake. This latter, weighing 24lbs., a

triumph of culinary art produced by our chef, complete with St. Dunstan's badge (not to mention a generous layer of almond icing) was cut by the Chairman, with true B.B.C. ceremony. At 11.30 we sang "Auld Lang Syne" and so to bed.

We congratulate the following, who have passed tests during December:—

Typing.—Lieut. E. Knight, S. Musty, G. Etherington.

Braille Writing.—W. Nixon, L. Cope-land, F. Dickerson, F. Reid.

Braille Reading (Interline).—N. Cook, D. Baker, L. Nicholas, R. Dufton.

Braille Reading (Interpoint).—W. Nixon, L. Webber.

Admitted to Hospital.—

King's Cpl. J. R. Barlow, D.C.M., M.M., Queen's Own Hussars, Sheffield (25); Lieut. R. C. B. Buckley, R.N., Carshalton (30); Gnr. W. Glover, R.A., Birmingham (25); Cpl. Waas Reinder, Royal Dutch Army (23).

Transferred to Training—

G. Etherington, A. Key, Miss Sleigh (all invalided from the Services).

Discharged from Hospital—

A. Bales (hoping to take up civil employment); W. Dougal (returned to his home in Scotland).

Things We Want to Know

If Mrs. Goundril noticed any difference in Mark, or if he dropped his Irish dialect.

★ ★ ★

If Tuffy will give his formula to the chef for next year's Christmas pudding?

★ ★ ★

If Rowley Pollock is really Cole?

★ ★ ★

If Stanley found a use for Sweeney's sparkling eyes?

★ ★ ★

If compères usually set themselves on fire?

★ ★ ★

If Leslie White is a singular person, or if Les-Slea is a charming couple?

★ ★ ★

If Johnny Dale has found the best tea shop yet?

★ ★ ★

If Miss Canti thought her table a generous one?

★ ★ ★

If her table appreciated her response?

★ ★ ★

If Tommy Milligan thinks the beer is always at its best?

Letter from Mrs. Cohn

MY DEAR BOYS,

As I am retiring from St. Dunstan's, I feel that I must write a few lines to say "goodbye" to you all. I shall always remember with great pleasure the years I have passed amongst you. Your courage, cheerfulness, and patience have been a great source of inspiration to all of us who have had the privilege and honour of serving you, and I thank you all from the bottom of my heart.

Sentiment and socks do not seem to go well together, but I know I shall never see a pair without feeling sentimental.

Goodbye—with my very best wishes to you all—God bless you.

Your affectionate friend,

VALENTINE COHN ("KO-KO").

Young St. Dunstaners

Joyce Christine Radford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Radford, of Castle Cary, married Mr. Claude Deane, of Evercreach, Somerset, on Christmas Day.

William Alfred Byrd, son of W. H. Byrd, of Bridgwater, was married in September last to Miss May Bond.

Dennis Williams, the son of Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Williams, of Llandaff, was married on October 13th to Miss Glenys Humphrey, while on leave from Iceland.

Alfred James, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. James, of Darlington, married Miss Rebecca Roddy on August 23rd.

Sons and Daughters in the Services

ANDERSON, Hilda (Forfar), W.A.A.F.
 EDMOND, O.S. Will (Bridgnorth), Royal Navy.
 EDMOND, Myria (Bridgnorth), Women's Land Army.
 EDMOND, Annie (Bridgnorth), Women's Land Army.
 FEARN, Wireless Operator T. F., Royal Air Force.
 FORRESTER, Jean (Glasgow), W.A.A.F.
 HARRIDGE, Vera, A.T.S.
 HOLMAN, Pte. James, Northants Regt.
 HOLMAN, A.C.1 Fred, Royal Air Force.
 HOLMAN, L.A.C. Richard, Royal Air Force.
 LATH, Gunner L., Royal Artillery.
 MITCHELL, Pte. J. D. (Leith), Army Ordnance Dept.
 NELSON, Lce.-Cpl. H. R.
 PINNER, A.C.2 B. L., Royal Air Force.
 SIMMONS, Sapper A. (Northampton).
 WARIN, Pte. J.
 WERNHAM, A.C.2 O. A., Royal Air Force.
 WILLIAMS, May (Usk) W.A.A.F.
 WILLIAMS, Ursula (Usk), W.A.A.F.

Missing, Presumed Killed

With deep regret we have heard that Sub.-Lieut. Lindsay Barry Caudle, only son of Captain and Mrs. L. E. Caudle, of Southsea, is reported missing, presumed killed, from one of H.M. ships.

A Sassenach in Scotland

We were very glad to have news of Commander Smyth. After reading his amusing article, we can only hope that Hitler also has his eye on this part of Scotland for a landing.

While doing a job of work at a certain place in Scotland, I landed one afternoon (in plain clothes) with my terrier, Toby. Walking through a small wood, I heard a bellow, "Hey, where are ye going?" Turning, I saw a large, forbidding-looking person in a Glengarry cap and leggings, with a bunch of rabbit traps in his hand. Looking as pleasant as I could, I said, "I'm going for a walk, can I do anything for you?" He spluttered a bit and then exploded, "It's damned impertinence ye're coming here; ye're a — Englishman and ye're a thief; ye're dog catches rabbits, I seen him."

"Well, my friend," I said, "you're a — Scotchman and you may not be a thief but you look like one; and what harm is done anyway if my dog does catch an occasional rabbit? You've got thousands too many here, the farmers ought to be grateful. The farmers are no' grateful, the rabbits are valuable."

"If that's so," I said, "it's the only place I've heard of where they aren't a pest. However, as I don't want my dog to be caught in one of your traps I'll go another way. Come on, Toby."

Another day, in the same neighbourhood, I was assailed by a most savage Home Guard who thought me a suspicious character. "Come on, stick them up! No nonsense!" his rifle pointing menacingly at my stomach. In response to his shouts, an elderly H.G. sergeant appeared, inspected a visiting card I had in my wallet (my identity card was regrettably in my cabin on board) and Toby's identity disc, with the ship's name engraved on it, and apologised for troubling me.

There was a regretful look in my captor's eye as he was called off; he was longing to shoot someone, especially me, just then.

A. D. D. SMYTH.

From Cornwall to Australia

G. M. Riseley, until recently of Bude, Cornwall, sailed with his wife for Tasmania in the autumn of 1939. The following amusing extracts are from a long letter just received from our St. Dunstaner:—

September 29th, 1941.

Our residence is the antithesis of any similar "bungalow" in England—plenty to eat, no traffic, no car sirens, and, above all, no WIRELESS, that form of jitterdom being excommunicated by us in our desire for the simple life.

We have not yet merged into spring, as the hills at the rear are covered with snow, though all the trees in the orchard are covered with buds, and my new potatoes, cauliflowers, leeks, sprouts, celery, tomatoes and other greeneries are well to the fore.

In my ignorance I had hitherto deemed that persons who were afflicted with the gardening flair were only to be compared with enthusiasts who play golf or (worse) chess.

However, one Mr. Thomson Brown, led me into the paths of Mr. Middleton, and I am now a confirmed vegetable addict.

Most of my garden and carpentering tools successfully accompanied me here and are doing yeoman service; needless to say, much blood flows, and the sale of iodine promises to make millionaires of sundry chemists.

Last Christmas Eve we crossed the river to Hobart in order to acquire a present for our landlady, and as a hydrangea seemed applicable, both financially and otherwise, we adopted a well-grown specimen in a flower-pot.

Of necessity it fell to my lot to trail this hibiscus, which weighed about three pounds when purchased, but rapidly put on weight in a temperature of 100 degrees, and I immediately went on strike; so, discovering a comfortable and shady hotel lounge, I was ensconced in a lounge chair and my wife proceeded on her shoplifting venture.

Presently the attendant presented me with a parcel, with the compliments of the hotel. This proved to be two bottles of port wine, which discovery immediately dissipated any lingering affection I had for the hydrangea, by now unliftable.

However, my wife retrieved me and we cavorted to the wharf, where I wanted to raffle the geranium, but unsuccessfully;

so we boarded the boat with our munitions plant intact, and on reaching the other side of the river we collapsed into another lounge.

To our horror the attendant at once presented me with yet another parcel, with the compliments of the hotel, which I unerringly guessed to be port wine; so, making a supreme effort, we staggered along the Esplanade, ricocheted into our home, where we swooned on the verandah.

As our landlady is a religious teetotalarian we could not unload our bibulous cargo on her with love and kisses, and as neither my wife nor myself like port, we finally bestowed it upon the Secretary of the Comforts Fund, with a pious wish that it would comfort someone, and he told us afterwards that it did.

The result of the journey is that the cactus is flourishing, so is the landlady, so are we.

Our dog has successfully infiltrated himself, and having completely exterminated, annihilated, extirpated, and wiped out the canine population of this township, he is reduced to lessening the fly fauna of the country, and this occupation seems to suit him, as it can be pursued lying down.

The local post office bears the legend that Christmas mails for England close on September 30th, so my wife, my dog, and myself (in order of importance) send our heartiest greetings, and the very best wishes for the future to all connected with St. Dunstan's anywhere and everywhere.

G. M. RISELEY.

Promotion

Derek Condon, son of C. T. Condon, of Basingstoke, has received his commission, and is now an Acting Pilot Officer in the R.A.F.

Model Destroyer Result

No less than 13,000 entries were received for the Model Destroyer "Guessing the Weight" Competition, announced in last month's REVIEW. Entries came in from every part of the country, but all of them were wrong. The actual weight was 54 lb. 9 oz. 10 drams, and the nearest guess was sent in by Mr. J. Pullen, of 11 Barnham Road, Greenford, Middlesex, whose entry was within two drams of the actual weight, as certified by an L.C.C. Weights and Measures Office. Mr. Pullen has collected his prize—a destroyer for sixpence.

“ In Memory ”

PRIVATE JAMES SADLER LEVER
(Royal Fusiliers)

WITH deep regret we record the death of J. S. Lever, of Telscombe Cliffs, Sussex.

Lever, who lost his sight as a result of his service in Salonika and France, came to St. Dunstan's in 1920, and was trained in boot-repairing, continuing at this work for a number of years. His health, however, which had never been good, began to get worse, and for some time latterly he had been far from well. Lever re-married in 1940 and settled down very happily with his wife at Telscombe Cliffs. At first, with the care and attention his wife gave him, he was better in health, but there was a relapse and, after a few weeks in hospital, he died at his own home on December 16th, 1941.

The funeral took place on December 19th, at the Brighton Cemetery, the coffin being covered by the Union Jack. Among the wreaths was one from Sir Ian Fraser and his comrades at St. Dunstan's, and also one from Mr. and Mrs. Bass.

We extend our very sincere sympathy to Mrs. Lever.

(PRIVATE ARTHUR ALDRIDGE
(Royal Warwickshire Regiment)

WITH deep regret we record the death of A. Aldridge, of Becontree.

A regular soldier—he had served in the Army since October, 1904—Aldridge was wounded at Ypres in 1914 and came to St. Dunstan's for training in mat making, at which occupation he worked until a few years ago, when his health began to fail. At the beginning of last month he was suddenly admitted to hospital but his condition then was very serious, and a few days later—on December 6th—he died.

The funeral took place at the local cemetery and was attended by his family and other relatives, and also by his St. Dunstan's friend J. H. Fleming, of Becontree; among the wreaths was one from Sir Ian and his comrades at St. Dunstan's.

We extend our sincere sympathy to Mrs. Aldridge and her family.

Birth

PETERS.—To the wife of W. Peters, of Huyton, Liverpool, on December 23rd—a son.

Death

COLE.—Our deepest sympathy is extended to S. Cole, of Swansea, whose wife died on December 29th after a long illness.

A Golden Wedding

Many congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. H. Simpson, of New Edlington, Doncaster, who will celebrate their Golden Wedding anniversary on February 14th.

They were married in 1892, and have six children, twelve grand-children, and one great grandchild.

Silver Weddings

We congratulate the following St. Dunstaners and their wives upon the celebration of their silver weddings:—

Mr. and Mrs. N. McDonald, Glasgow, July 14th; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Kerr, Widnes, December 12th; Mr. and Mrs. W.

Bonner, December 27th; Mr. and Mrs. E. Boswell, Gainsborough, Lincs., January 3rd, 1942.

Announcers' Competition

The order of popularity of the eight B.B.C. announcers, as judged by the votes of St. Dunstaners, was as follows:—

- | | |
|-------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Alvar Lidell | 5. Freddie Grisewood |
| 2. Frank Phillips | 6. Joseph Macleod |
| 3. Bruce Belfrage | 7. Wilfred Pickles |
| 4. Alan Howland | 8. Elizabeth Cowell |

No correct forecast was received, and the prize of a National Savings Certificate goes to G. E. Wickens, of Reading, whose entry was the nearest.

Answers to Last Month's Puzzles

Placing the matches—Spread three matches fanwise, with bases touching. Spread remaining three matches in similar fashion, across first set. Every match then touches all the others.

★ ★ ★

Ten-word message—Nine men rooked one man ninety pounds in one min.