

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

For Blinded British Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen

No. 292—VOLUME XXVII [NEW SERIES]

JANUARY, 1943

PRICE 3d. MONTHLY.
[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN]

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

Blinded Prisoners of War

I HAVE described in these notes the St. Dunstan's unit in Germany, where there are about thirty British prisoners of war who have been blinded. Some of these men have now been prisoners since the early months of the war, and we must all regret that an exchange of prisoners has not yet been found possible. I keep closely in touch with this position, and am assured by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs himself that everything is being done that can be done to promote an exchange.

Meantime we are doing all we can to make the lives of the British prisoners as tolerable as possible, and to enable them to pass the time by useful lessons, which will help them in the future. By now the majority of the old hands are good typists and braillists, and we have sent them some carpentry and boot-repairing tools so that they may learn to be handy and enjoy making useful things for the camp, or mending their own boots and shoes. In some cases special courses of reading have been arranged, for we have studied the history, inclination and aptitude of each individual.

This little enterprise is a very good example of the best kind of co-operation. St. Dunstan's provides the inspiration and guidance and pays the cost, the Red Cross and St. John War Organisation, through Mr. H. G. M. Strutt, of the Braille Comforts Service, conducts the correspondence, despatches the goods, sends parcels of comforts, and puts into braille the letters of next of kin, and the Y.M.C.A. occasionally gets a neutral visitor to go and see the camp. In Germany itself, two British officer prisoners of war are of the greatest help to our men. Lt. Lord Normanby, who has become an Honorary Member of St. Dunstan's staff, is in charge of the blind section of the camp, and Major Charters, pre-war a well-known Liverpool eye specialist, gives the men skilled medical and surgical attention. The men think of themselves and call themselves St. Dunstaners. Each has a St. Dunstan's badge and a braille watch, and there are typewriters and braille machines and a very substantial braille library, all of which have been sent out by us through the Red Cross.

This is a fine piece of work, which Britain can be proud of, and it will be a special pleasure to St. Dunstaners at home and in the Dominions to know that their comrades in the enemy's hands are being so well cared for under the circumstances.

Although this community has grown up in isolation, and although its only contact with the real St. Dunstan's is by correspondence, it is very gratifying to notice from the

men's letters that they have absorbed much of the St. Dunstan's spirit and are proud to be members of our organisation. Without exception they write courageous and hopeful letters, and say they look forward to coming to St. Dunstan's itself in due time. Members of the staff at Church Stretton have organised the writing of regular letters to the prisoners of war, telling them all the St. Dunstan's news, and although these letters are necessarily rationed in number, they form a most valuable unofficial bridge, carrying goodwill and knowledge and sub-conscious instruction to our fellows in Germany.

Here are one or two extracts from recent letters received from the prisoners:—

"I was interested to hear that the boys at St. Dunstan's are keen on hiking and swimming; we also go for a walk every day, and during the summer we had some swimming in a lake near here. I am still practising on the accordion."

"We have a very nice braille room here; it is quiet and we find we can work much better away from the noise of the camp. Last Sunday night we had a debate on 'Should Women use Cosmetics?' it was very interesting and we hope to have one each month."

"This is a very nice spot for walks, which we have every day for at least two hours, and the air is quite good here, too. Besides our usual daily lessons on the typewriter and the braille lessons, we have evening entertainments, consisting of plays, concerts, spelling 'B's,' and almost something every evening."

"I am learning the typing; I also have learnt netting, etc., and I also have a book now for poultry-keeping on small lines, as it is the nearest thing to my civil occupation."

Just before Christmas I received a post-card from Private B. E. W. Bright, of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment. The card was dated November 16th. It said:

"I have been asked by the St. Dunstaners here to send this card to you, the St. Dunstan's Staff, and all our fellow St. Dunstaners; wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. We would also be very pleased if you would pass these greetings on to Mr. Strutt and his assistants."

"We are all progressing favourably with our work, but we are hoping that it will not be long before we can begin our work side by side with our fellow St. Dunstaners at Church Stretton."

Yours sincerely,
BERTRAM BRIGHT."

I also received a message from the Y.M.C.A. in Switzerland, saying that a Camp Visitor had recently seen the St. Dunstan's Group in Germany, and he was asked to send a request to me that all the next of kin in this country should receive a message of Christmas greetings from the blinded men. This, of course, was done.

Disabled Soldier Honoured

Major J. B. Brunel Cohen, who has been Honorary Treasurer of the British Legion since its foundation over twenty-one years ago, received a Knighthood in the New Year's Honours List. Major Cohen is one of the most popular and best-known figures in the ex-Service world. He lost both his legs in the last war, and is often to be seen about the streets of London, or on Legion parades, in his very mobile electric chair. Major Cohen has been a Member of the Council of St. Dunstan's for many years, and a few months ago visited Church Stretton, where he was heartily welcomed, and his address on the ideals and objects of the British Legion was widely appreciated.

As old soldiers and as St. Dunstaners, we offer Major Cohen our sincere congratulations.

Save Talking Book Records

I learn that the Talking Book continues to give pleasure to a great many, though there is a waiting list for the more popular books. I am afraid this cannot be helped, as our production in war-time is necessarily limited and subject to many difficulties.

We can all help to provide more reading matter in the Talking Book Library by taking care of the records, for the less they wear out the greater the number of readers who can enjoy them. If a record is really taken care of it can be used for as many as a hundred times; if it is handled carelessly it may be useless after the first reading.

To aid listeners to give us their co-operation in this matter we have begun to record a message at the end of each book, when there happens to be a little space to spare on the record. Since it will take some time for this message to get round, I think it worth while printing it here. The message says:—

"Now to help us:

1. Please pack the records in the right container in the right order.
2. See that every record has its paper cover on it.
3. If any record is seriously damaged or broken, please put it on the top of the container, with a little note to call the attention of the Library to the fact that there is something wrong with it.
4. Please put your needle down and take it up very carefully and always use a fresh needle for each side of a record.
5. Never use other needles, but only those supplied by the Library.
6. If you have a lot of Library needles please do not use them for ordinary gramophone records, but return them in the container.

If you will very kindly carry out this advice you will save records from wearing too quickly and will be helping the staff."

Alarm for Basket-Makers

Many basket-makers must have heard, as I did, on the wireless the Government announcement that the making of certain types of baskets would be forbidden in future. This must have caused alarm to some St. Dunstaners. St. Dunstan's, however, was very quick to take this matter up, for Mr. Bennett immediately got in touch with the authorities concerned and, accompanied by Mr. White, went to the Ministry to put the point of view of our workers. I am glad to say that the operation of the order, so far as we are concerned, has been delayed for two or three months to give time for discussion. We will do the best we can to secure that an exception is made in our case, or that alternative work, suitable for our men, is made available.

IAN FRASER.

Notes and News

W. A. Muggeridge, of Great Bookham, has been appointed by the Minister of Pensions to serve upon the Local War Pensions Committee for the Leatherhead area. For several years he has done splendid work in connection with the Citizens' Advice Bureau at Leatherhead. During the past four months over 1,400 enquiries have been dealt with, including Service and dependants' cases. Muggeridge's practical knowledge and experience of these matters should stand him in good stead in his new appointment. We wish him the best of luck.

T. Burrige, of Maidenhead, sold about £40 worth of wool rugs for St. Dunstan's during 1942.

R. ("Sambo") Inskipp, of Stanford-le-Hope, continues to take a prominent part in Salvation Army activities. He frequently conducts their services, memorising the various items.

G. Matthews, of Staffordshire, works in a West Midland aircraft factory, and the

Wolverhampton *Express and Star* gave him a fine write-up recently. Matthews, who is on de-burring, works six days a week, doing his share of night work, and travels seven miles to his job. To get there in time he is up in the wee small hours. A letter we had from him was written at 5.30 a.m.!

His appointment was an experiment with this particular firm, and an official said: "If other blind people can be trained to be as good as Matthews the firm will be delighted."

A. Hayes, of Nottingham, goes on fire-watching duty with a very deaf friend. The Chief Warden says that they are the best couple he has had. Hayes says that he tells his friend when he hears anything, and his friend tells him when he sees anything!

F. W. Boorman, of Ropley, has made good use of his knitting frame. He made scarves for the Forces all the year round, and received tokens of gratitude from the King's Royal Rifle Corps and the Rifle Brigade for his great help.

The Tigers At Home Christmas at the Hospital

by R. D. WALL

Pilot Officer R. D. Wall was blinded in action as a rear-gunner. He has been a patient at St. Dunstan's Hospital for some time and is recovering a substantial degree of sight.

Far away from the noises of war, in the peaceful valley which hides the nestling Tiger Hall from the outside world, Christmas was celebrated in seasonable fashion, and though the wooded slopes were bare of crisp white snow, the festivities were, in the literary sense of the word—white.

Patients, and guests, and staff alike, had a thoroughly enjoyable time, and at the end of the day everyone was loud in praise of the manner in which Christmas came to Tiger.

I was fortunate enough to spend my fourth Christmas of the war with St. Dunstan's, and as long as I live I shall never forget the untiring efforts made by the Matron and her Staff to ensure that Christmas, 1942, was a really happy one for the patients.

True, there were few patients present—nine, including myself—but the party was made up by the attendance of St. Dunstaners and friends, and throughout the day and evening, happy laughter and voices typified the spirit that prevailed.

One pleasing feature was the "parking" in a bed in the main ward of Violet (Mrs. Formstone), who was a bed-patient. She was a happy little soul all day, and quietly whispered in my ear: "How thoughtful of them to bring me up for the party. And, look! instead of medicine I've got this!" *This* was a glass of "tonic."

Just to make Violet happy, and to watch her smiling face, and to stand aside as the boys, one by one, came to her bedside for a chat, made my Christmas complete. What grit! What courage! I thought, and I'm sure all our sighted guests felt the same.

Another pleasing sidelight was the visit for tea of four American fliers, new-found friends of Tom, the first United States Serviceman to come to St. Dunstan's. Tom was really thrilled, and so were we to have his pals.

One said to me: "Gee, pal, but you folks over here are all right. We Americans didn't know the half of it. Look at Tom there, and look at the other boys, all happy and contented. The folk here at St. Dunstan's certainly are grand."

There, then, is an unbiased opinion of St. Dunstan's which, to me, came as a simple, glorious Christmas message from an ally.

This young American insisted on carrying Violet back to her downstairs ward, saying, "That's the least I can do—to-day!"

I've mentioned that little episode just to prove the spirit which prevails in Tiger Hall, and which was pre-eminent over Christmas.

Now, as to the actual festivities. Matron Postlethwaite certainly started the day off with a good, old-fashioned gesture. Everyone found a Christmas stocking on the bed when early morning tea arrived, and while there was a certain amount of sergeant-major tactics to get some of the lads to "show a leg," the gay laughter and spontaneous wit augured well for a jolly day.

After the Padre's early celebration of the Holy Communion (later, a short Church Service), breakfast of cold ham, etc., was had, and then the remainder of the morning was given over to yarn-swapping, music and laughter until dinner-time.

I've never seen so many "Oliver Twists" before! Where all that good food went to I don't know, but, as Mr. Davenport didn't seem to worry, why should I?

Mary, the cook, found the right route to the hearts of all—*via* their waist-lines.

Her preparation of turkey, roast potatoes and brussels sprouts, followed by Christmas pudding (threepenny pieces and all!) and liquid refreshment, was superb. And at tea-time those who could still eat had mince pies, Christmas cake, etc. Supper consisted of poached eggs and more mince pies, and afterwards—more tonic (not strictly of the medicinal variety).

The day was rounded off by an E.N.S.A. show in the Hut, and when our guests departed and the patients crawled into bed, it was evident from their beaming countenances that all had thoroughly enjoyed Christmas at Tiger Hall.

In conclusion, I would like to mention how grateful all are to the Matron and her staff for everything (including the tree and the decorations and mistletoe!), and also extend warm thanks to all others who helped the Tigers at Christmas.

I may add that it was one of the most enjoyable and educational Christmases I have ever spent.

Sir Clutha Mackenzie

The London *Times* of January 19th carried the following paragraph:—

Major Sir Clutha Mackenzie, who arrived in India some months ago to organize the St. Dunstan's system for blinded Indian soldiers, has been asked by the Government of India to prepare also post-war plans for welfare work among the 1,000,000 civilian blind persons. Major Mackenzie, who is a New Zealander, himself lost his sight in Gallipoli during the last war.

This official paragraph announces an arrangement which has been the subject of cabled discussions between the Government of India and our Chairman for some weeks past. Sir Ian Fraser has gladly agreed that half of Major Mackenzie's time should be taken over by the Indian Government for the purpose of the review of the welfare of the Indian blind world as a whole, while the other half of his time will be devoted to studying the needs of European and Indian blinded soldiers.

In the first instance, Major Mackenzie went to India for St. Dunstan's, on the request of the British Army authorities and the Indian Government to study what should be done for blinded soldiers and, if necessary, to set up homes for training them.

We offer our congratulations to yet another St. Dunstaner who takes the message of St. Dunstan's to a new and vast part of the Empire.

Sons and Daughters in the Services

BOON, Driver F. P., R.A.S.C.
 BUTLER, Julia (Waterford), A.T.S.
 FAIRFIELD, Pilot Officer Charles (Toronto), R.C.A.F.
 FORRESTER, Signaller Lundie, Royal Navy.
 FOWLER, Pte. F. (York), P.C.
 GOBOURN, Pte. P. C. C., Highland Regiment.
 HARRIS, Ian (Charlton Kings), Royal Signals.
 HURRELL, A. V., Royal Air Force.
 JONES, Driver J. E. (Flint), R.A.O.C.
 LEA, Gunner H. (Hulland Ward), Royal Artillery.
 MARSDEN, Stoker E. S. (Salford), Royal Navy.
 MECKIN, ELEANOR, W.A.A.F.
 MECKIN, Driver H., Royal Artillery.
 MECKIN, Robert, Royal Navy.
 MILLS, E. J. (Bloxwich), Fleet Air Arm.
 MITCHELL, L.A.C.W. Mima (Leith), W.A.A.F.
 MITCHELL, A.C.W.2 Marion (Leith), W.A.A.F.
 SHURROCK, Gunner F., Royal Artillery.
 SMITH, A.C.W.2 Phyllis (Leicester), W.A.A.F.
 STEW, A.C.2 Ronald, R.A.F.
 TRENDELL, Trooper I. A., R.A.C.
 TUXFORD, T. H., Fleet Air Arm.

Blackpool Notes

Christmas at the Blackpool Home was a bright and cheery affair.

Our first invitation was to hear the tiny mites at Roseacre Infants' School sing carols. On Christmas Eve we "bought" a tram car, and travelled to the Grand Theatre in grand style to see the spy play, "The Watch on the Rhine." Our return journey was also made in peace and comfort. We were all very grateful to the transport people of Blackpool for this consideration.

On Christmas Day, Father Christmas arrived, but this time he was accompanied by Mother Christmas. Everybody in the house received a large envelope containing useful gifts. At 1 o'clock a large party sat down for dinner—a real pre-war feast. After dinner we were all invited into a Sergeants' Mess, where the company was as mixed as the drinks, but we managed to call for silence to hear the King's Speech. After many good wishes had been exchanged between the old and the new Forces, we returned to our own fireside to prepare for our own jolly party in the evening, when games and dances went on until nearly midnight. We danced gaily on Boxing Night, and on Sunday several of the lucky ones went to the Contact Show. We had the Domino Tournament in the evening. On Monday a large party went to the Palace Theatre, and on Tuesday the dancers danced gaily and the non-dancers went to the Jubilee Theatre to see "The Bird in Hand."

The New Year of 1943 was greeted by a very gay party. Before midnight everybody went out through the back door. Joe Walch and his charming little wife let in the New Year, and led the happy party back to the Lounge. Johnny Dale, of Church Stretton, representing the youthful 1943, stood with Matron to welcome everybody. It was a cheery start for the New Year.

All the festivities and good things of the Christmas Season were made possible by the generous gifts of many good friends, including a nice cheque from George Formby and Beryl, who paid us a visit on Christmas Eve, and had lots of cheery things to say to the boys. John McAvoy received the cheque, and had much to say to George, as they had both been employed in the same racing stable in Ireland.

B.V.D.

Letter to the Editor

To the Editor, "St. Dunstan's Review"

The Rt. Hon. Rhino, M.P.

DEAR SIR,—I was extremely pleased to see the report in the REVIEW that Sir Ian Fraser had again approached the Minister of Pensions *re* an increase in disability pensions. The Minister certainly has the skin of a "RHINO." I do wish Sir Ian would ask him for me how he would feel if he were blinded by war service and forced to exist on the present rate of pensions. I think he would soon alter his tune about cost of living not increased. The present rates are a disgrace to him and the country. I am glad that the Press is also taking it up—there were three letters in the *Daily Sketch* within the last ten days.

Please do ask Sir Ian to keep at the Minister every time he can get near him. I think if I had the chance to get near him I should lose my temper. If, as he says, the cost of living has not gone up, then why has it been necessary to raise all civilian wages? Best of luck to Sir Ian for the cause.

Yours sincerely, G. W. WARDLE.

The Army Welfare Service

We believe Captain R. W. Slatter is the first St. Dunstaner in this country to have been appointed to an official post in the Army Welfare Service. We have asked him to explain the work he does, and have pleasure in printing his article below.

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The Army Welfare Department was formed under the Director General of Welfare and Education, War Office, in November, 1939, and Army Welfare Officers so far as the United Kingdom is concerned serve in an honorary capacity. There is an Army Welfare Officer attached to each Command, and subordinate to him are County Army Welfare Officers, under whom serve Sub-County Welfare Officers and Local Army Welfare Officers, each being responsible for an area within the county or city.

The main object of Army Welfare work is to assist the Regimental Officer to relieve the men of their problems and thus making them as happy and contented as possible. To this end the Army Welfare Officer deals with all types of problems, assists in the provision of sports equipment, organises hospitality, collects and distributes books,

helps with men's private and domestic problems, etc.

An Army Welfare Officer is in a position to wear uniform or mufti, as the occasion demands. Already the men talk quite freely to me. Moreover, I am welcomed as one who has, to a certain extent, experienced the inevitable difficulties and problems in their varying degrees which occur to members of the Forces, but which can nearly always be successfully overcome.

What shall we do during the long winter evenings has been the question asked at most sites. By now, however, the Department of Army Welfare has made certain that every unit has darts, cards, books, and gramophone records, too, if they have a gramophone. In addition, for the sites to which an ordinary cinema is inaccessible, we in this area are fortunate in possessing a mobile cinema, which does much to cheer the men.

Apart from the British troops we are in touch with the U.S. Forces; in fact, my second visit to one such unit was so welcomed that the hospitality tables were turned, and I was entertained royally for six or seven hours. Indeed, we are no less interested in all our brave Allies who are fighting this war for the same cause.

Whilst I visit the Forces in my area I realise the great value of Army Welfare work, and am pleased to have the honour of continuing to assist in the national effort.

Young St. Dunstaners

Wren Rosemary Curtis-Willson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Curtis-Willson, of Brighton, who has been stationed at Alexandria for the past year, broadcast a special message to her father from there on December 18th, "at the special request of the little ships of the Mediterranean Fleet."

Marriages

Herbert Chapman, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Chapman, of Scaldwell, to Miss Olive Robinson, July 25th.

Joan Sparkes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Sparkes, of Grimsby, to Mr. Jack Vessey, on September 19th.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Nolan's youngest son, Henry, to Miss Margot Ancill, August 1st.

Rose Alexander, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Alexander, of Bournemouth, to Corporal Edward R. Payne, R.A.F., September 26th.

Christmas Ramblings, 1942

(from "Malice in Blunderland") by A. B. LINDMAN

May Christmas and the coming year
Bring lots and pots of foaming cheer.

May coming years most amply spread
A mass of butter on your bread.

May they, as well, for us provide
A peep inside the bullock's hide;

For, I confess, 'twixt me and you,
I long to see a steak or two.

And as for saddles, legs and chops,
You must admit they are the tops.

At Nature's laws may poultry mock,
By laying eggs despite the clock.

May fish, fowl, flesh all do their stuff
Till famished mortals cry—enough!

And, in the meantime, may you be
Content to wait on Destiny.

And after all, we know full well,
Most roads to Heaven lead through hell.

While other routes would seem to be
Through what some folk call Purgat'ry.

A shell or bomb, or lucky miss
May blast a life-long prejudice;

And through the gaping hole maybe,
We'll face at last reality.

And through it reach a promised land,
Where heads aren't buried in the sand.

For buried head with bottom up,
Why, no amount of verbal gup

Will save that bare posterior
From being plastered mighty sore.

They've learned such blindness can but spell
A first-class dose of first-class hell.

A post-war world of nobler schemes
Is not unreal—the stuff of dreams,

For many, many years ago
A Christmas Child assured us so.

Of His assurance, proof and fount
Are in His Sermon on the Mount.

Man's strivings, sweat and mental urge
To reach the goal—his upward surge—

Has been frustrated through the years
By laws, restrictions, countless fears

And, laugh it off as best you can—
The whole darned lot are made by man.

Our history books are full of shocks,
Of murder, death and paradox.

Crusaders would, in lands remote,
Slit any Saracenic throat.

And when at home, not think it strange,
To slit each others for a change.

Descended from the pilgrim stock,
We're chips indeed of that old block:

That block of man which first found shape
In anthropoidic form—an ape.

From this old stock we all must trace
Our ancestry—a common race.

Some folk, therefore, can well complain,
A colour bar is quite inane.

Perhaps that's why Abe Lincoln saw,
The future was worth fighting for:

Perhaps the good Lord, on the whole,
Does not see colour in a soul.

In modern times the textbooks say,
Conflicting "Isms" had their way.

Their way! The way we all now tread,
Piled with wounded, maimed and dead!

With politics from blue to red
Democracy was daily fed.

Young men in Universities
Enunciated their decrees.

Man was thought worth fighting for,
In fighting talk—but not in war.

While all the "Isms" thought their pills
The only cure for Mankind's ills.

With jackboots, screams and coloured shirt
Some crunched all gainsay in the dirt.

Peace ballot boxes soon were rife,
In vain attempts to box up strife.

'Twas therefore not a great surprise
That dust arose and clogged their eyes.

Some twenty-eight odd years ago
In Flanders' fields where poppies grow,

The British Tommies in retreat
Learned many things—but not defeat!

In Burma, Greece—again in France
Their fighting sons stood not a chance.

The same old story as before—
They weren't equipped for modern war.

Party leaders thought it rash
And mad, forsooth, to waste much cash

On building up a force which might
Defend the weak, uphold the right.

To keep their seat in Parliament,
They chose to plug disarmament.

It never struck them till too late,
That they were guardians of our fate.

To Thee, good Lord, we humbly pray,
That Thou wilt show Mankind the way.

We humbly pray this Christmastide
That Thou with us will e'er abide.

Imbue in us simplicity,
That's shorn of all hypocrisy.

Implant in us the moral guts
To build anew with Christian struts,

And based upon Thy master-plan,
That edifice for common man.

And, in conclusion, may we ask
That when we start upon that task,

You'll give us leaders who're content
To build for Mankind's betterment;

And help us one and all to see
Our common fellowship in Thee.

"In Memory"

PRIVATE CECIL FRANK PERRETT
(2nd Wiltshire Regiment)

WITH deep regret we record the death of C. F. Perrett, of Devizes.

Wounded in France in 1918, as a result of which he lost his right eye, he came to St. Dunstan's shortly afterwards for training. In latter years he put in a great deal of work in his garden, from which he obtained good results. He had not been very well for some little time past, but his death was unexpected and came as a great shock to his wife.

The funeral took place a few days afterwards and there were many friends and relatives present, including St. Dunstan H. Perrett and his wife. Among the wreaths was one from Sir Ian Fraser and his other friends at St. Dunstan's.

We send our very deep and sincere sympathy to Mrs. Perrett in her sad loss.

PRIVATE ERNEST CLARKE
(1st King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry)

WE record with deep regret the death of E. Clarke, of Edwinstowe, near Mansfield.

An old soldier, although he was a miner at the outbreak of the war, Clarke was called up for service at the very outbreak of the Great War in August, 1914, and was wounded at Ypres in December of that year, as a result of which he was totally blinded. Admitted to St. Dunstan's in April, 1915, he trained as a poultry farmer and carried on with this for a little while; he then had a small business. For a considerable time, however, he had lived a very quiet life on account of his ill-health, but his death, which occurred on December 31st, 1942, was unexpected. A wreath from Sir Ian was sent for the funeral, at which members of the British Legion acted as bearers; the coffin was covered with the Union Jack.

He was a single man and we extend our sympathy to his brother and Mrs. Hewitt, who cared for him for many years.

Young St. Dunstaner Dies in Prison Camp

We have heard with deep regret that Private James Fleming, son of Mr. and Mrs. "Tiny" Fleming, of Sudbury, who had been a prisoner of war in Poland for two years, has lost his life in an heroic rescue attempt.

In a letter to our St. Dunstaner and his wife, a fellow prisoner writes:—

"I have known Jim for over two years and I have never come across a whiter man.

"I wish to tell you how gallantly he died. A well was being dug where he was working. A civilian went down the well as usual, and had only been down there five minutes when Jimmy heard a groan, and then, without thinking of his own safety, went down to help him and was overcome by gas. There was no lack of volunteers here to try and fetch him to the surface, but the gas was too strong."

Mr. and Mrs. Fleming have since received a letter from the padre of the camp. It says: "Be very proud of your son. He died as nobly as any man in battle, and he is in line with the heroes of all ages....He was buried with full military honours. The Last Post and Reveille were sounded by one of our men. Over the grave were laid seven wreaths—one from you, one from the German High Command, and the others from ourselves."

Jimmy would have been twenty-four this year.

Miss Haynes

Many St. Dunstaners of the early days, particularly those who lived at "The College," will deeply regret to hear of the death of Miss Haynes, whom they will remember with affection as a V.A.D. in the Dispensary. She passed away peacefully in her sleep on November 22nd, 1942, at her home, Mount Dart, Bridgetown, Totnes. A note of sympathy from the St. Dunstaners, to whom she was so good a friend, has been sent to her sister.

Silver Weddings

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. J. Rutter, of Liverpool, whose anniversary was on July 1st of last year, and to Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Loram, of Brixham (January 20th).

Marriage

BUCKLEY—RENWICK.—On Saturday, December 19th, at St. Stephen's Church, Avenue Road, London, N.W., Lieut. Commander Robin Cecil Burton Buckley, G.M., R.N., to Miss Pauline Enid Lewis Renwick.

Deaths

We offer our sincere sympathy to the following:—

COLLIER.—To J. Collier, of Prescott, Liverpool, whose wife died in hospital on Christmas Day.

DENNISON.—To C. Dennison, of York, whose wife passed away on January 18th, after a long illness bravely borne.